News Compendium

Volume 8 - 2007 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 Tribulation Force Disciplinary Review Hearing

Monday, Jan 01, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Rapture has come to pass. Jesus Christ has returned to the earth and taken the faithful with him to paradise. Those Left Behind must accept the Mark of the Beast and the rule of Nicholas Carpathia and his Global Peacekeepers. A few survivors of this cataclysm refuse to bow to Carpathia's will and fight on in the name of Jesus Christ, trying to save souls and win their way into Heaven. These few are known as the Tribulation Force, and though they are small in number, they are the greatest enemy of Satan on earth.

They also have a meeting once a month to discuss internal disciplinary issues.

The Tribulation Force prepares to battle some evil.

Rayford Steele took his seat at the head of the Tribulation Force meeting room table in the Tribulation HQ Bunker. He was wearing his pilot's uniform, covered with dust. His jaw was square enough to find prime numbers and his eyes were like two burning embers of blue religious steel. At his right hand sat his daughter, Chloe Steele, who looked like an angel if ever an angel wore a crop top. At his left sat Cameron "Buck" Williams, who was as friendly and honest as he was Christian, which is to say very.

It was the fifteenth of the month, which meant it was time once again to review the disciplinary write-ups from the various Tribulation Force shift supervisors. It was up to Rayford Steele to decide the fate of mankind on earth, and also decide what disciplinary action, if any, the Tribulation Force should take against its volunteer staff.

"Who's up first?" Rayford asked, thinking about the Lord.

Chloe picked up the first of the manila envelopes and opened it. Two bright yellow disciplinary forms and a photocopy of an ID card dropped from the envelope and into Chloe's hand.

"Faith Truestead," Chloe read the name from the ID card. "Shift supervisor is Carlos Montoya."

"I know both of them," Buck interjected, "good people. Extremely Christian."

"How many write-ups?" Rayford asked.

"There are two," Chloe replied. "Write-up number one is for 'suspicious woman issues' and Carlos says that he thinks she is going through menopause."

"Is that bad in the Bible?" Buck asked.

"Hmmm," Rayford opened his copy of the Bible and began flipping through it. "Menopause, menopause, menopause. Is that like a Corinthian?"

"Don't think so, Ray," Buck shook his head.

"Well, what else did she do, Chloe?" Rayford clapped shut his Bible with a flourish and returned it to the table. "That might impact our decision."

"Write-up number two is...," Chloe scanned the yellow demerit sheet, "Carlos says she swears a lot. Especially when they're being shot at by Global Peacekeepers."

"Lord's name?" Buck asked the salient question.

"Ahh, no, but almost as bad. She likes to use the m-f word."

"Well," Rayford began, "that's a humdinger. Normally I'd say we should pray on it, but it looks like we've got quite a few of these to work through. How about we say she had the Mark of the Beast and we cut her right arm off at the elbow? Does that work for everybody?"

Chloe nodded. Rayford looked to Buck.

"I don't know, Ray," Buck slid Faith's demerit sheets over to look at them.

"Come on, Buck," Rayford urged. "Do you want to work through lunch? We could have egg salad and milk from some bunker animals or we could finish all this and go knock over a Satanic pizza parlor and have meat lover's with extra cheese."

"Alright," Buck laughed, "I don't need anymore convincing."

Chloe stamped the forms with the "de-markification" punishment and then moved on to the next envelope.

"Maximum Joshua," Chloe laughed, "is that his real name?"

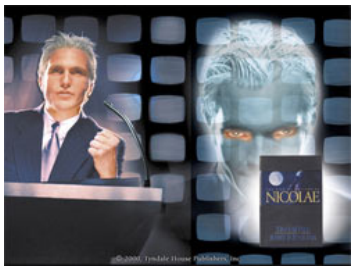
"Oh, yeah," Rayford grinned, "he was a Muslim guy who developed a personal relationship with Jesus Christ and so we told him to pick a new name out of the Bible. Turns out they use 'maximum' a couple times in Psalms."

"Really?" Chloe laughed.

"Yeah, 'sniper' is in there a few times too in Genesis. That's why that fat African guy is named Paul Sniper."

"Oh, yeah," Buck's face brightened with the recollection, "he does the Tribulation Force website, right?"

"Anyway," Chloe interrupted, "this one is from Bruce. Three write-ups against Maximum Joshua. Number one, Bruce says, is that Maximum Joshua drinks all of the Coke we loot from the Satanic grocery stores."



Nicholas Carpathia, ruler of the post-Rapture world.

"Can gluttony be beverage based?" Buck asked.

"Sure," Rayford replied, "I think gluttony applies to any calories. So as long as it wasn't all diet soda, which I think is zero calorie, then it counts as gluttony."

"Right," Chloe continued, "number two here says that he wears undergarments suspiciously like a woman's."

"Ha ha, yeah!" Rayford chortled. "I remember this guy's laundry was a bunch of silk underpants. They looked like guy's underpants but they were like a woman's."

"That against the Bible?"

"Eh," Rayford scratched at his massive Christian chin, "maybe not technically, but I think it's one of those letter versus spirit of the law things."

"Aren't we Biblical literalists though?" Chloe asked.

"Technically, yes. Spiritually, no."

They all laughed.

"Decapitation?" Rayford asked and looked to Buck and Chloe.

"Wait," Chloe held up a finger, "one more demerit. Bruce says that Maximum Joshua uses some sort of occult sorcery."

"I think I've heard enough," Rayford reached for the decapitation stamp.

"What sort of sorcery?" Buck asked and then added quickly, "Just so we know."

"Bruce says that every time Maximum Joshua uses the vending machine in the bunker he is able to get two packages of Twix for the price of one."

Buck nodded gravely and passed the decapitation stamp to Rayford. Chloe returned the stamped papers to Maximum Joshua's case file. She retrieved a third manila envelope from the stack and upended its contents onto the table.

"It's from Carlos again," Chloe lifted the single yellow sheet from the table, "he says Shawn Willpower is accused of unauthorized rocket launcher usage."

Rayford raised an eyebrow.

"Apparently this Shawn Willpower guy was out on patrol and he just decided to fire his rocket launcher at a house in the suburbs. Family, kids, dog, everybody died."

"Sounds like decapitation again to me," Buck said with a sigh.

"Wait," Rayford held up a hand, "was the family living in that house evil?"

Chloe looked over the file again and then shook her head.

"It doesn't say if they were good or evil."

"So for all we know that family and their dog were the most evil people in the city. I mean, there's no proof that they aren't evil. No evidence that they were good, I mean."

"Yeah, but any evidence probably blew up with their house," Buck countered.

Luckily Thomas Kinkade survived the Rapture and joined Tribulation Force to paint cliched post-apocalyptic landscapes.

"Exactly," Rayford slapped his palm on the table, "which is why we can't send this guy up for decapitation. I mean, think about it, these people have a house in the suburbs. How many people up there can manage that without being evil?"

"Good point," Buck agreed.

"Let it go, then?" Chloe asked.

"Eh, have him pray on it for a couple hours," Rayford waved a hand.

Chloe found the rarely-used "pray on it" stamp and then moved on to the fourth case file.

"Heather Christian," Chloe said the name with an amused laugh to her voice. "I think the name probably sounds familiar."

Buck and Rayford shifted nervously in their seats.

"Item one is that she burned down a church."

Buck hissed with dismay.

"Now," Rayford began uncertainly, "again, if it was on the surface it was probably an evil church. A Satanic church, and-."

"It was full of people at the time," Chloe interrupted. "She locked them in and burned it down."

"Yeah," Buck joined Rayford's argument, "but that just means she knew what she was doing. She couldn't let any of the Global Peacekeepers escape."

"Fine," Chloe failed to conceal her irritation. "Item two is that she willingly submitted to the Mark of the Beast and when questioned about that admitted that she got the Mark so that she could buy birth control pills."

"Health issues!" Buck gasped.

"Deep cover!" Rayford spluttered.

Chloe arched an eyebrow, but said nothing in reply. She watched them stew before continuing.

"Item three: Heather Christian stands accused of filming and circulating a pornographic video of herself engaged in various sex acts with two men."

"Uh," Buck stammered, "they were her husbands."

"Both of them?"

"Oh, yeah," Rayford enthusiastically agreed. "Yeah, I remember. She was married and then her husband disappeared so she assumed he was dead and married again. Then he came back. So technically it's all okay."

"That sounds like polygamy at best and a-,"

"Trust me on this, Chloe." Rayford scowled at his daughter. "She is the best personal assistant I have ever had."

"I'm sure she'll do anything you ask her to," Chloe sneered.

"That's just uncalled for," Rayford said sternly, "I want you to do a good ten minutes of praying on that tonight."

"Fine, what about Heather Christian?"

"Ah, I would be happy to counsel her personally," Buck offered. "You know, help her pray."

"Yeah, right," Rayford laughed. "I can handle this. I'll stop by tonight and take care of it."

"Alright, lastly we have Dwayne Atheist-Traytor, written up by Buck here."

Buck nodded.

"Buck says that Dwayne Atheist-Traytor 'looks suspicious' and 'may be an atheist traitor.' He recommends that Dwayne be burned at the stake."

Helpin' y'all get raised up!

"Sounds good to me," Rayford agreed.

"Hang on," Chloe stalled. "Because of the severity of this one I asked Dwayne to stop by and defend himself."

The door swung open and in stepped a curly-haired man with a large aquiline nose. His dark eyes seemed enlarged by his spectacles and his whole body was hidden inside a black Adidas tracksuit.

"Hi," the man smiled sheepishly.

"Are you Dwayne Atheist-Traytor?" Rayford asked, throwing a bit

of macho bass into his voice.

"That's, uh, that's the name I was given when I joined a couple months ago, yes. My real name is Dwayne Weintraub."

"Excuse the forwardness of my question, Mister Atheist-Traytor," Buck began, "but you don't look Christian to me."

"Oh," Dwayne pinched his nose, "yeah, well, my father was Jewish but I never practiced. My wife was a Methodist and I attended church regularly. She died not long after the Rapture, so I joined up-"

"He's a Jew?" Rayford asked with disbelief.

"Yeah," Buck laughed, "which is why I gave him that name when he joined up. I knew he'd be trouble."

"Alright, burn him at the stake."

"Wait a second, guys," Dwayne held up his hands. "I figured this might happen. That's why I asked Chloe to come down here and talk with you."

"Make it fast," Rayford spit out and slumped sullenly in his chair.

"Yeah, sure. Well, okay, I don't know exactly how to put this, guys, but...when was the last time you left the bunker?"

"What do you mean?!" Buck replied with righteous indignation. "We go on ops all the time!"

"I know, I know. You guys bomb buildings and steal stuff and shoot missiles at buses. That's fine. Great. Go Jesus. But, like, when was the last time you just quietly walked around up there?"

"Get to the point," Rayford pounded the table for emphasis.

"The point is, guys, that the only other Tribulation Force cell still operating is Utah and it consists of two ex-Mormons who think the antichrist came on a UFO and talk to us all night long on a HAM radio."

"Watch your mouth," Rayford roared, "Longinus Cell is one of our best covert ops units in the war against the unbelievers."

The Tribulation Force's phamphlet's vision of the present day.

"Look," Dwayne tried to sound conciliatory. "I mean no disrespect, it's just that...I've got a family up there. There are parks and restaurants. Movies, books. The Dow Jones just hit an all-time high. They cured diabetes and cancer. Other than our terrorist attacks there has not been a war since the Rapture."

"Blasphemy," Buck seemed aghast. "You would stand with the armies of the Global Peacekeepers? The foul Satanic prince Nicholas Carpathia?"

"Carpathia? He was the representative from Hungary. He retired two years ago and lives in France raising geese. I printed out his Wikipedia entry if you guys don't believe me."

"Just the sort of lies the Beast would send with his servant!" Rayford hammered his fists on the table again.

"The Global Peacekeepers harvest blood for their black masses!"

"Are you talking about the blood drive the UN held for the earthquake victims in India?"

"Christian blood for the unbelievers!" Rayford surged over the table and clawed for Dwayne's neck.

"I had hoped you would hear me out," Dwayne stepped back, "but there's one more thing."

Dwayne reached into the front pocket of his sweatshirt.

"It's a letter I asked your wife to write," Dwayne pulled the envelope out of his pocket. "She didn't join the Holy Host in Heaven, she ran off to the Poconos with your gardener. There was never any Rapture."

"BURN THE HERETIC!" Rayford screamed and reached for the Christian battleaxe he kept close at hand for just such an emergency.

Dwayne retreated toward the door.

"Don't worry," he shouted over the clatter of the rack of medieval blessed weaponry toppling onto the bunker floor in a heap. "I can show myself to the stake!"

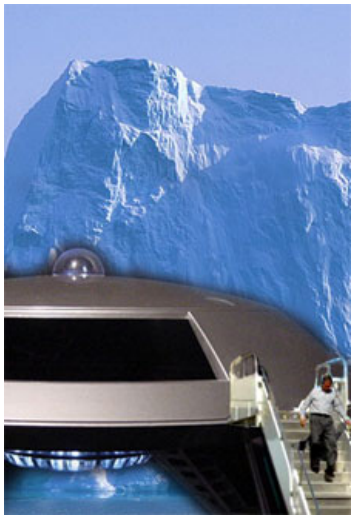
By the time Buck and Rayford turned back to confront the Satanic intruder with consecrated mace and billhook, their foe had long since fled.

Unbeknownst to them, they had their revenge an hour later when they drove a stolen army tank through the window of the Sbarro where Dwayne Weintraub happened to be enjoying a slice of meat lover's with extra cheese. The heretic was crushed beneath the treads of the tank and three large pies were brought back to the Tribulation Force bunker.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.2 Earth's First Blind Date

Tuesday, Jan 02, 2007 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson



Rejection can be hard to face.

It was early January when the aliens came, according to certain crazy people. Dundas, Greenland was their landing zone. Turns out they found the 1977 satellites we launched, really liked the Chuck Berry on them, and came by to see if we had any more CDs. After a few nervous phone calls, the aliens and humans set up a date for their introduction to Earth life and culture.

Leaders on both sides had been carefully chosen to meet. Everyone was nervous that night, their leaders emerged wearing deep grey robes. Earth leaders, all decked out in their impressive suits, saluted the aliens in respect. Looking out over the earth leaders the aliens felt very gangly and that they should have worn better robes. They made a comment about not knowing how formal they should be and offered to change their attire. Earth's leaders exchanged some mumbled apologies, but the aliens finally just dropped the subject.

"I see you have your own flying craft." Robby, the leader of alien agricultural affairs said to the President.

"Oh yeah, I just got it. My uh, my country lets me take it out whenever I want." The US President stammered as he looked at his shoes. He should have worn the brown ones.

"Cool" Robby smiled a space smile.

Each of Earth's leaders was doing a good job of making a first impression. The President of Russia brought a flower that was native to his country. The aliens said that they couldn't fit any gifts in their spaceship due to weight concerns, so they all felt a little embarrassed. And fat. To make conversation the aliens inquired why we call a place with so much ice "green". Laughing, the politicians explained that it was a ploy to fool the Vikings. The aliens laughed too, but thought they were making a reference to the very real threat of Space Vikings.

They paired off then went to their own restaurants, offering the aliens such exotic places as the Olive Garden and Crankers. Each alien leader was brimming with questions, something that put the Earth leaders right off. They wanted to "just have fun" with the visitors, nothing serious. But this did not translate well from species to species.

Despite Earth's obvious attempts at not seeming interested, the questions kept coming. Poverty came up between the alien and the Russian President, who was desperately waiting for the food to arrive.

"Do you have it on your planet?" Rob, the alien labor leader asked. Its forehead furrowed as it studied the President's face.

"Poverty? Oh, oh no. We got rid of that a long time ago. Everyone here on Earth seems to get along pretty well." He said. Rob kept its eyes wide and firm, studying the nervous Russian as he kept tapping his fingers and began to sweat. He grabbed the water slowly and drank it quickly.

"Uh, yeah. We have a bit of it, I guess. I mean, you know, you can't win them all, right?" He laughed nervously and sighed, wiping the sweat from his forehead with a dinner napkin. He really, really wanted those cheese sticks now.

It wasn't going so well for the other leaders, either.

The Chinese Prime Minister tried to tell a joke to lighten the mood but Robadon, the alien judicial ruler, didn't really care for it. This was most likely due to its lack of knowledge on "rabbis", "priests", "bars", and "walking". Staring at the bathroom doors, the alien wished it knew what earth gender it was so it could run off to the bathroom. This problem was compounded by the aliens having evolved past the point of genitals.

Thankfully, the pre-dinner conversation did not last that long. Fine china and silver platters were presented to the aliens covered in the exotic and delicious. Stacks upon stacks of food were unveiled to the aliens, which just made the aliens feel even fatter.

Next they all left for the movies. The Prime Minister of Japan wanted his alien companion to watch "Citizen Kane". And the rest of the leaders chose randomly from a list compiled by their citizens, ranging from "Matrix Reloaded" to "Big Momma's House". It did not get easier for the aliens when they arrived in the theater, however. In an effort to make the films seems more interesting, the Earth leaders laughed and slapped their knees as they heard a joke or started to weep openly as the films got more depressing. This did nothing but completely frighten Robathan, the alien leader of transportation, making him leave to "go get some popcorn" in the middle of the movie.

After the movies were over the aliens said they all had to get back to their mothership. They said their alien All-father had set a curfew for all of them at 10pm. They were taken back to their ship, but not without protest. The US President made the suggestion they travel as a group to the bar, but they declined. Determined, the leaders of Earth insisted on at least walking them up to their mothership.

The Prime Minister of England, kept asking if he could perhaps meet their All-father sometime.

Finally the aliens were inside their ship, looking out at all the earth leaders and earthlings holding up signs that read "Probe me" and "take my wife... please." All at once, the leaders of Earth peered at them, stuck out their thumbs and their pinky fingers, and while placing their hands up to their heads they whispered, "Call me."

Unaccustomed to what a forced alien smile actually looked like, the Earth leaders walked away and started to chat about how they would like to do this again. The Prime Minister of Norway mentioned he wanted to take one to show him his house and just sit around, maybe listen to some music and watch cartoons. The US President said he "felt a real connection" and expected them to call back soon.

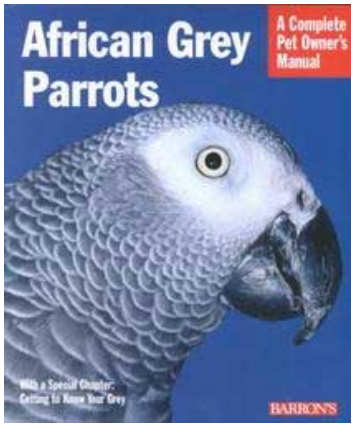
The next morning the spectators awoke to find the aliens had completely vanished. They didn't leave a note, no voicemail, not even an e-card. Earth leaders were devastated. Newspapers said the Russian President spent an entire week doing nothing but eating Doritos and sitting next to his phone.

Months later the Prime Minister of Australia claimed he picked up a call from an unknown number during a meeting with his advisors. Immediately recognizing the voice, he asked them why they hadn't called. The aliens blurted out some words, barely recognizably, and then hung up. The Prime Minister could have sworn he heard not only "wrong numbers", but also "It's not you, it's us."

-∼Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

1.3 On the Dangers of Telepathic Parrots

Wednesday, Jan 03, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



He knows...

I have long enjoyed a friendly relationship with birds. Save for a few skirmishes with ducks and geese, I have never had a problem with birds in my life. And really, do ducks and geese count as birds? I have always considered them more of an amusement, since they are delightfully fun to incite. Running from bulls may be a manly daredevil sport known throughout the world, but running from a hoard of enraged geese is a much more accessible activity you can swing just about any time of the year.

It seems as though a strange and dramatic shift has occurred in the last few years. Parrots, long a favorite of Portuguese sailors and crazy ladies alike, have developed terrifying telepathic powers. The vanguard of this new race of telepathic parrots is an African Grey by the name of N'kisi, a genius bird with a vocabulary comparable to my own.

> *The N'kisi Project is a series of controlled experiments and ongoing research in interspecies communication and telepathy conducted by Aimee Morgana and her language-using parrot N'kisi.*

Apparently this is all somehow old news. The avian equivalent of the Manhattan Project occurred and I don't recall a single instance where the news media informed me that the sovereignty of my mind was now fair game for nosy parrots. It was shocking, horrifying, and bewildering, like a death row electrocution getting interrupted by an ugly streaker. It never once dawned on me that parrots were reading my innermost thoughts and then probably making wisecracks about them. I have no idea how badly I've been compromised by mind reading parrots, and probably never will. How great is their range? Right now is some bastard parrot in the Congo telling some stranger – or worse, other smartass birds – that I spend my nights wondering why Karen from "The Office" doesn't love me? The invasion of privacy is absolutely chilling.

This epochal development in bird affairs is entirely unacceptable. Let's take a moment to review a few facts related to this matter.

> **Fact**: Nowhere in the Bible does it mention telepathic parrots. Furthermore, it mentions no mind reading animals of any sort to my knowledge, though it does feature interspecies communication in the form of Moses talking to a bush with a fully developed larynx.
>
> **Fact**: Science books do not mention telepathic parrots.
>
> **Fact**: Humans are the most advanced species on the planet and still cannot read minds.
>
> **Fact**: Mind reading parrots are at odds with science *and* religion.

This brings up two important questions for me.

First, how long have they been telepathic? We have been keeping them in cages and as pets for millennia. There, in the solitude of those cages, have they reshaped their brains to comprehend a realm beyond the physical? Or have they always been listening in since the dawn of time, resting on the shoulders of mankind mere inches from his brain physically, but within it all the while

psychically? Who knows what historic events psychic parrots might have influenced. Was there a nefarious parrot whispering in Hitler's ear? One wonders.

Secondly, now that the telepathic abilities of parrots is public, how long until parrots are weaponized? If canaries are good at detecting poisonous gases in mines, why not deploy parrots for use in war? Armies could train parrots to read the minds of terrorist enemies, revealing vital intelligence. Corporations, too, could employ parrots to sniff out details on rival firms or monitor the thoughts of their employees. Expect to see political candidates exploiting pools of feathered procogs and telepaths in their ruthless pursuit of power. I foresee a terrifying Orwellian future where parrots, not nuclear weapons, are the most dangerous weapon known to man.

There is no sanctuary.

Another possibility is that parrots are not telepathic and the great N'kisi is an elaborate fraud. Parrot brains, being about the size of a peanut next to our Arby's Super Roast Beef Sandwich-sized brains, would logically be incapable of digesting the wealth of information circulating at any moment in the vortex of the human consciousness. *But still*, that doesn't mean that they aren't listening in. You don't have to hear all of a conversation or even understand the sum of it to repeat part of it. Let's face it: The evidence is overwhelming. Right now your private thoughts are being parroted by parrots.

From these facts we can conclude that parrots are an abomination to everyone and everything, and must be melted down to molten ore like the feathery witches they are. Only then will we be safe. Only then will our thoughts be our own. Until that day comes, anything you think is fair game. Cage the birds all you want, but know that bars cannot confine their evil minds.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.4 PharaohTech Annual Update

Thursday, Jan 04, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

PharaohTech
Where freedom is just a conspiracy.

Games, dancing, food, merriment: you will have none of these!

Welcome back! In the tradition of last year's orientation newsletter, we feel that it's more than appropriate to give our valued workers another update to the wonderful world of PharaohTech- even if our statistics state that only 19% of you survived what many non-PharaohTech historians are now calling "The Year of Untold Horrors." A new year for PharaohTech is beginning, however, and with it will come many opportunities, hardships, and unnecessary amputations (We'll perfect that cat/human hybrid someday!). There's no doubt you have many new questions, and the "What have you done with my baby?!" of the past will soon be the "What have you done with my child?!" of the future. Rest assured that you will never find out what has become of your family members, so these questions are best saved for after project completion (Estimated timeframe: 58 years). Hopeless toil: it keeps you working, and it keeps *us* untouched by the Pharaoh's wrath. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Meet the New Pharaoh(Same as the Old Pharaoh!)

Our new Pharaoh, in his traditional holy feast garb.

Most of you not delirious with fever and malnourishment may know that ten months of last year's work was cut short by the death of the previous Pharaoh, who was taken by the gods at the tragic age of ten, just as he was reaching the status of "middle-aged." The latter half of the previous sentence may shock those of you praying for death who are in your 30s, 40s, and 50s – prime slaving years for those who aren't Pharaoh. And without SLAVEs (members of our Secure Labor and Violent Enforcement program) in their 60s and 70s, how could we possibly have the bi-annual "Elderly Bog Fights" which are a mix of hilarity and countless swamp drownings? The answer is simple: due to the capricious nature of the gods, our Pharaohs have a relatively short shelf-life, and are normally found impaled in our Grand Advisor's chamber before these Great Kings reach the age of 16. When asked why the gods choose to take our Pharaohs in such predictable, sudden ways, the Grand Advisor simply stated, "The ways of the gods are not to be questioned!"

Maybe it's from constantly licking all of those blood-covered daggers, but that Grand Advisor sure has a way with the gods! But

we're not going to question him – just as you shouldn't question us! The main difference between the Grand Advisor and the rest of the PharaohTech team is that, when questioned, we'll impale you instead of merely giving you a curt response about the power of faith. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Our new Pharaoh, who is but a few months old, is the reason why, for the next 4 months, you will be destroying the efforts of last year as part of our "accelerated destruction" plan. Of course, this will mean a shift from our old 22-hour workday to the new and improved 23.75 hour workday. And you won't have to worry about bathroom breaks, because you will be eating and drinking almost nothing! To make sure this project goes smoother than the last, we will also be taking extreme measures to make sure that your life of building our new monument will not be lost in vain (as it will most assuredly be lost). The new Pharaoh will spend the precious first three years of his life on a bed of highly poisonous snakes, surrounded by dangerous feral cats, the heads of which we have injected with venom. At night – or whenever our feral cat supply is in need of replenishing – the young Pharaoh will spend the moonlit hours in the watch of our Grand Advisor, who assured us that he will "take care" of our divinely-chosen leader. The amount of emphasis our Grand Advisor inflected on "take care," combined with his fervent hand wringing tells us that you needn't fear about your work going to waste! Take our word for it. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Amenhahtep's Corner of Yuks

As a public service, pyramid cut-up Amenhahtep has constructed the following phrases, that, when read aloud, may evoke laughter in the listener. Share these with your friends, and please remember that laughter is forbidden and will be punished by experimental decapitation!

- **Q. Why did the Pharaoh cross the road?**
- A. His road-crossing behavior was the will of the gods, and you are not to question such things, impudent swine!
- The Pharaoh and two infidels walk into a bar. Upon entering, the two infidels stab themselves with stone daggers in tribute to the great leader; following this, they hang themselves with their own innards. Afterwards, the Pharaoh sips lightly on fermented grain beverage for about an hour. All hail the Pharaoh!
- **Q. What do you get when you cross a frog with the Pharaoh?**
- A. A divine being of ultimate benevolence, and also a frog.
- **Q. Why couldn't a lady Dracula and Frankenstein go to the dance?**
- A. It was forbidden.
- **Q. Why couldn't the mummy answer the phone?**
- A. Also forbidden.

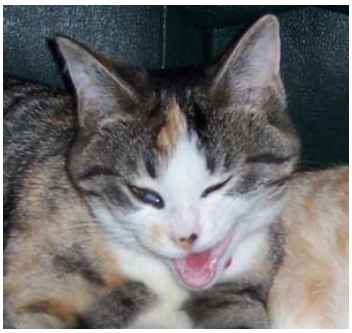
PharaohTech's Boner of the Year Award

Way to goses, Moses!

While we at PharaohTech are incapable of making mistakes, that doesn't mean we can't point out the mistakes of others. In fact, being infallible makes us all the better at this! Which is why this year's annual "Boner of the Year Award" goes out to a man name Moses for his "adventures" with PharaohTech last March. It seems that this bearded, be-robed man thought he was one of "god's" chosen people – more like god's *hosen* people! Seems like no one told poor Moses that there are multiple gods, who represent everything from the Sun in our sky to the whips that whip you savagely (Ra and Whipnentet, respectively). And the earth was created in 7 days by Yahweh? More like the earth and all that it houses was created by one of our greater gods (I believe the one with big ears) masturbating! The house you don't live in, the delicious food you don't eat, your missing children you may or may not remember: all this was created by the magical semen of a god- but don't try telling that to a certain Mr. Moses! Someone buy this chump a ticket back to Crazy Town (also known as Israel)!

So this spokesperson of Yahweh – which sort of sounds like BLAHweh if you think about it (please do) – raised a stink by stating, "Let my people go." Our great Pharaoh took note this grievous error and corrected the mistaken Moses by stating, "People? Perhaps you have not read the PharaohTech charter, which clearly outlines the 'humanity in exchange for the chance to meet new people in nightmarish conditions' policy?" Moses seemed a bit stymied by this, but quickly whipped up a story about plagues, none of which actually came true. While there was a day when itchiness was slightly higher than normal, it was decided by PharaohTech scientists and lab technicians that this was not a wrath-based itchiness, as was previously believed. The plague of darkness was something that actually caused most to worry, until someone pointed out that this plague only lasted from 9:00 at night until the morning. As a last ditch effort, Moses rounded up what slaves he could find, and took them all to the Red Sea, which he appeared to be measuring with both of his hands upon capture.

In the end, this lovable goof was drawn, quartered, and his parts were strewn about the floors of our new World's Largest Falcon Aviary (To Be Completed By You in 1011 BC). Moses goes down in PharaohTech's records as pulling the biggest boner of last year... let's just hope none of his "chosen people" wrote *that* story down!



We're still pretty sure this is one of our gods, and we're still pretty sure that you're pissing it off.

Misc. Announcements

- SLAVE # 34409 is the winner of this year's annual lottery. Your prize is that you may now sit down for the next five minutes.
- Poor crop returns from last year show that the gods are angry with us in some way. Harvesters, make sure that at least half of all crops collected are burned as a tribute to the gods. We should definitely see an increased crop yield by the end of the year.
- Please ignore any local space aliens that may offer to help you in the construction of a PharaohTech Pyramid. Not only does this violate the "lessening of work" clause in your contracts,

it also robs character from the giant pieces of stone dragged from our quarries. Say what you want, but the mangled spines and blistered skin that come with an officially sanctioned PharaohTech QuarryRock make our pyramids unique, soul-crushing monuments.

- Volunteers are asked to donate their femurs for the production of "brain hooks" used in the mummification process. Those who do not volunteer may find themselves to be involuntary volunteers.
- The PharaohTech Rough Riders lost the annual softball game because we do not have an annual softball game.
- Until our poisonous snakes are found again, all those thrown into the snake pit will be asked to inject themselves with venom as a courtesy to the PharaohTech disciplinary team.
- Our PharaohTech team of creative historians has written that all PharaohTech projects are the result of voluntary labor. From this point on, we would like you to pretend this is true.

Just 8,688 More Hours to Go!

By this time, you may have noticed your new restraints, which we have taken the liberty of installing during the brief amount of sleep we allow you to have. Sure, they may seem a little tight right now, but once enough flesh is worn away, it'll be smooth sailing. Your security is our piece of mind.

And that's the PharaohTech difference. It should have been clear by this point.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.5 Oprah Winfrey Does Care About Black People

Friday, Jan 05, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have never liked Oprah Winfrey. There's something about her that sets me wrong in the same way as a flowing curlicue wig on a baby or a man with no teeth seen from a distance biting into an apple. This unease I feel at the sight or sound of Miss Winfrey goes well beyond my innate distrust of her people and the crafty indolence to which her race is genetically predisposed. There is an ill-defined *something* at her core that is amiss.

Oprah cradles a tragic story.

Over the years she has transformed herself several times over. She has gone from corpulent maven of baby mama drama, to over enthusiastic motivational den mother, to her current incarnation as cooing self-righteous philanthropist. This latest and greatest Oprah, already bound for media sainthood, is the one which concerns me the most.

After having already saved the written word, Oprah announced the grand opening of her theme-park-cum-elite-academy for girls in South Africa. Located somewhere near a giant pit full of people dying of AIDS, the Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy intends to "nurture, educate and turn gifted South African girls from impoverished backgrounds into the country's future leaders". Winfrey believes this can best be achieved by spending 40 million dollars building a sprawling state-of-the-art campus for a very small number of girls.

Many critics wondered aloud and possibly into microphones why Winfrey had chosen to spend all of her money educating girls in Africa when there are plenty of perfectly adequate girls in the United States.

> *"I became so frustrated with visiting inner-city schools that I just stopped going. The sense that you need to learn just isn't there," [Oprah Winfrey] says. "If you ask the kids what they want or need, they will say an iPod or some sneakers. In South Africa, they don't ask for money or toys. They ask for uniforms so they can go to school."*

Girls excited about their new opportunity. Not pictured: 2,848 girls still living in poverty.

In response to their requests for school uniforms, Oprah built a campus that includes a beauty salon, yoga studio, state-of-the-art theater, stately dorm rooms that put most American university dorms to shame, wireless internet and a giant gold statue of her with those creepy eyes that follow students wherever they go. Yes, girls who lived inside refrigerator boxes next to a pile of dirty diapers are finally able to activate their chakras and download videos of white people dancing next to moving cars. It's sort of like finding one of those Japanese guys who spent the last 60 years on an Island in the Pacific thinking World War II was still going on and then flying him immediately to California to tape an episode of Jeopardy.

Oprah received over 3,000 applications for her Leadership Academy and she accepted the 152 girls with the most tragic or heartwarming stories. They're mostly AIDS babies, maybe a few kids raised by hyenas, one with two heads and a heart of gold, some adorable puppies that survived cross-country adventures with their kitten friends, that sort of thing.

The 2,848 kids who just weren't quite feeble and heroic enough to pass muster were shown the door. No school uniform, no iPod, just a gift tote with some bath salts and a candle that smells like apple pie.

Oprah's Leadership Academy opened its doors on January 2nd of the new year. Being a Harpo Production, the Academy could not have a low-key opening. It received a full-scale media blitz, press releases by the dozen and a plush party featuring celebrities who no doubt care deeply about creating the next generation of leaders in Africa.

> *Tina Turner, Chris Rock, Sydney Poitier, Mariah Carey and Mary J Blige were all present at Oprah Winfrey's Hollywood-style opening of her leadership academy in Henley-on-Klip, Meyerton, on Tuesday.*
>
> ...
>
> *Local businessman Tokyo Sexwale was also present and Nelson Mandela was expected to attend although he had not yet arrived by midday.*

In addition to a businessman with the most awesome name ever in the history of all time, the party included a lavish spread of cocktails, delicacies and a cigar bar. The students who were rejected by the Academy were allowed to dig through the trashcans for crusts of bread and Tina Turner's used sanitary napkins. Some time around 9 PM Nelson Mandela shit in his pants and Oprah read a poem by Maya Angelou about a rock on fire rolling down a mountain being the black struggle.

Oprah (right) and one of her broodlings prowl for prey.

The touchingly misguided, or misguidedly touching, saga of Oprah's misguided school for impoverished African girls reminds me most of all of a scene from one of my favorite movies.

Near the end of Steven Spielberg's cinematic thrill-ride Schindler's List there is a scene in which Oskar Schindler, a true Nazi hero, has shepherded his ragtag band of Jewish misfits all the way to an armaments factory in the middle of nowhere.

Evil Russians are coming to kill the last of the Nazis and so he has to escape in the middle of the night. The Jews - who are so grateful for his guidance that they have made a ring out of the gold elderly Jews secrete from their gums - stand around thanking Schindler and wishing him well as he and his wife prepare to flee into the night.

After saying a tearful goodbye, Schindler realizes that had he curbed his own life of excess he might have been able to save more Jewish people. He points to a car and a ring with a Swastika and cries "this is worth like 500 Jews", or something to that effect.

The Jews quiet him down and send him on his way, but the moral of the scene is clear and is one Oprah should ponder before embarking on her next epic of philanthropy: even when you do good, you can do more good if you try harder. Or something along those lines.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.6 The High Cost Of Playing

Saturday, Jan 06, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We all enjoy powering up our Playstation game machines to play a round of virtual reality badminton or shoot some aliens in Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2. I know I do. Little do we know, however, that when we pick up our joysticks, we are actually picking up sorrowsticks. You see, there is a hidden danger to playing video games. A bad danger. Heed these tales of poor souls just like you and I who paid the high cost of playing, and think twice before playing video games again or the price you'll be paying will be your own costly price indeed.

While playing Dead Or Alive Xtreme Beach Volleyball, Jane Kimowitz was elated that one of the game's characters liked the thong bikini Jane had presented to her as a gift. So elated, in fact, that she fired a shotgun into the air, striking a ten year old boy who was using a trampoline to jump over her house at that exact moment. The boy's brand new bullet-proof pants were completely ruined.

Reid Paskiewicz was a deeply disturbed young man who listened to Nine Inch Nails, wore black t-shirts, and suffered occasional insults from the popular kids at his high school. He was also addicted to Doom. The violent game consumed his thoughts with its Satanic imagery until one day, fed up with the way things were going in his life, he went to school and did the unthinkable. Reid excused himself from shop class and went to the restroom, where he transformed himself into a pink demon. From that day on, Reid was ridiculed way more than he had been in the first place.

While attempting to render a Spin-Dash in Sonic The Hedgehog 2, the blast processor in Timmy Brandt's Genesis misfired. An errant blast was produced several hundred miles away from the console, where it collapsed the entrance to a coal mine, trapping eighteen miners for nearly a week.

Josh Hull beat out over two hundred competitors to win an Unreal Tournament tournament, and was awarded with Cliff Bleszinski's least favorite Lamborghini. It all seemed like a dream come true, but that dream came crashing down when Josh learned the Lamborghini had a manual transmission. He was forced to spend nearly a whole hour learning to drive a stick shift.

Oscar Walker played trough Metal Gear Solid, Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons Of Liberty and Metal Gear Solid 3: Snake Eater in a marathon session and found that he had no problem understanding the story at any point. He awoke fourteen hours later naked in a pumpkin patch, missing a leg and unable to speak or think in his native language.

Most of us are aware of the trauma that results from pressing your eyes against the harsh red portal to hell that is a Virtual Boy screen for more than a few minutes, but here is a specific example for the uninitiated. While leaning forward to play Teleroboxer, Kelly King was kicked in the taint by her grandmother.

After beating Rainbow Six: Rogue Spear's entire campaign in cooperative mode, Tim Deschel and Aaron Guff high fived each other with such intensity that they were left permanently deaf from the sound. Aaron repeatedly screamed a question to Tim, but his efforts were fruitless so he dug a pair of semaphore flags out from under a stack of notepads to signal "Want to play some more?". In response, Tim rummaged around in the attic for fifteen minutes and returned with an impossibly large and dusty dictionary. Starting on page one and making sure to lick his fingers after each turn of the page, Tim worked his way to the "Y" section and pointed at the entry for "yes".

Instead of running in place on the large mat that came with Track & Field to make her on-screen counterpart move, Mindy Mills discovered she could cheat by sitting down in front of the pad and quickly drumming her hands on the sensors. This unfortunate lesson changed Mindy in a fundamental way for the rest of her life. Whenever she was confronted with even the most minor challenges, she would remove her weathered Track & Field mat from the backpack she wore at all times and slap its sensors with her palms as quickly as possible.

The day that Shane Dubois bought the frenetic shooter Ikuraga for the Dreamcast he played until his thumbs were raw, bloody messes. Unfortunately for Shane he was a professional thumb wrestler, and the biggest tournament of his life was set to begin the following afternoon. Due to his ravaged digits, Shane just barely lost in the final match and came in second place, walking away with a $50 gift certificate for the Sizzler steak and salad bar. The prize for first place? Immortality.

Ignoring his fiance's sexual advances, Brian Lezinski spent an entire night playing Asteroids on his new Atari 2600. Had the two made love that night, the resulting child would have grown up to cure cancer and track down Osama Bin Laden (turns out he's been standing behind his living room curtains all along). Instead, the couple conceived a child the following night. That child is Eric Bauman of Ebaum's World.

Thomas Summerville's apartment building collapsed when he swung a little too wildly during a heated match of tennis in Wii Sports. Thirty four died that day, and dozens more were seriously injured. One parrot was knocked unconscious by a replica of the World's Smallest Anvil that had been resting precariously on the edge of a nearby bookcase, alongside the World's Smallest Book Of Cliches.

Sam Higgins paid $650 for a PS3 and one fucking game.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.7 SlimeMaster42's Amazon.com Profile

Sunday, Jan 07, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Reviews Written by SlimeMaster42 (Lensville Hump, North Dakota) Page: 1 | 2 | 3 | 4
Reviwer Rank:17638

Slimeboys – The Original Series
Price: $29.99
Add to cart
Availability: In Stock

23 used & new
from $0.29

★★★★★ **A "Slime"-Dunk**, July 7, 2006
The one that started it all. Who doesn't have a childhood memory of putting on their mother's best orange church dress and jumping into a ditch full of street run-off and sewage overflow so that they could be Brent Slime in a full slime cape for Halloween? According to my mom's lawyer in my recent child endangerment suit, this is a very typical experience for children, so I'm pretty sure I'm not alone here.

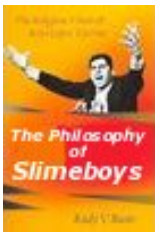
Slimeboys was not only a beacon of fun and warmth in the cold, slime-free landscape of 70's television, it was a groundbreaking political statement. Episodes such as "The Slimeboys Aren't Down With The Oil Crisis" and characters such as Jimmy Farter and Sparrow Agnew showed that a children's show could discuss world events with the same subtlety and depth as any news show at the time.

Stand out episodes:

"Slime Goes On The Skin, Not In The Veins" – Charlie Slime is put in grave peril when the evil Dr. Radio gets him addicted to a new drug called "Beroin". Can he use his kung-fu to overcome his chemical dependency, or is it lights out for this crimefighter? This episode was a metaphor for drugs.

"Slime Crime Time" – Brent Slime goes bad briefly or something. I didn't really watch most of it, but at 12:32 you can sort of see Jessica Slime's nipple through her shirt. Possibly the highlight of human artistic achievement.

To sum up, in the words of Jet Slime: "G'arf Nouigh'arg Darkurkur" (In the Slime language, of course, but a rough translation would be "If this isn't a classic, then my skin isn't pus-ridden." It loses its poetry when translated into our tongue, but most things do...)



The Philosophy of Slimeboys
Price: $11.99
Add to cart
Availability: In Stock

69 used & new
from $0.01

★★★★☆ **Expands Your Mind More Than A Heavy Dose Of radioactive Slime**, June 15, 2006
I know what you're thinking: Slimeboys already had pretty much the deepest philosophy that has ever been written. Basically I picked up this book just so I could laugh at some loser trying to keep up with the Slimeboys, but it turns out that there were all these other guys throughout history who interpreted the Slimeboys's ideas into their own words.

Anyway, I found that rather than taking away from the Slimeboy experience, reading what Mose, Lao Zu and others thought of the show merely added to its depth. To kind of give you an idea of how you can stretch your mind and have fun with television at the same time, I'll quote the book's intro:

"Slimeboys was about a lot of things. It was about slime. It was about boys. But mostly it was about that love we carry in our heart for the place in which we grow up; a love we cannot let go no matter how hard we try. It also was about slime."

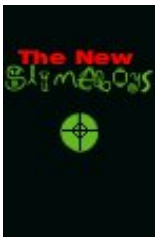
It was. It really was.

My Name Is George Fretzle: The Story of the Man Who Created Slimeboys: An Autobiography
Availability: Currently unavailable

2 used & new
from $203.52

★★★★☆ **He Is Guilty of Only One Crime: Being Too Rad For This World**, April 12, 2006
Written from the prison in Romania in which he was unfairly placed (please visit my website www.onemancouldnotpossiblyliftthatmuchdeadweightfreegeorge.com for more information), this book is a stirring revelation from one of the most misunderstood artists of our time. It's out of print now, but he's got a bunch still kicking around and it's well worth the trip overseas and a stay at the lovely industrial town of Arad to get one from the man himself.

I'm only leaving one star off because I think that asking a fan to do that in exchange for a book is majorly inappropriate but he told me he will totally knock that off if anyone else wants to come.



Slimeboys – A New Vision
Price: $53.99
Add to cart
Availability: In Stock

110 used & new
from $38.02

★★☆☆☆ **I Will Murder The Man Who Made This Show, Murder Him WITH MY WORDS**, April 12, 2006
A couple years ago some stupid Hollywood guy remade the Slimeboys tv show. They say just because it has high ratings and the original Slimeboys only ran on Milwaukee Public Access, that means that this one is more of a success. But they're more wrong than people that think that Old Man Slime and Dr. Radio were the same person, which is to say VERY WRONG.

I could mention how they gutted the boys' back-story just for the sake of being "PC" (like Black Panthers stealing white children and treating them with radioactive fluid to infect the white race is "offensive" *wishes he could roll his eyes a full 360 degrees*).

I could mention how they insisted on using make-up for the mutants rather than taking the attention to detail that the original director did when he hired lepers to play all major parts.

I could mention that this soulless rip off is actually directed and edited instead of airing whatever footage a terrified four year old child with a camera strapped to his shirt happened to catch while being chased around the set by the cast members.

Instead I will simply say this: they got rid of Jessica Slime. THEY GOT RID OF JESSICA SLIME. Why didn't they just get rid of my HEART while they were at it, fascist pigs?

A Slimeboys Guide to Chicago
Price: $15.00
Add to cart
Availability: In Stock

88 used & new
from $11.40

★☆☆☆☆ **If you buy this book then you are in league with SATAN ok?**, April 12, 2006
A lot of Slimeboys merchandise has popped up in the last couple years due to a certain international "scandal" (Please see my review of My Name Is George Fretzle.) It's great that this show is finally getting some attention, but this product proves that all is not well in the streets of Slimeboys-Merchandise-ville!! (Sorry, couldn't help quoting the opening credits there.)

Anyway, while it is true that Slimeboys was filmed in the kitchen of a pizza place that had been dressed up to look like Chicago, this book leaves off every possible landmark a fan would want to see.

Where's the brick wall that the Slimeboys stand in front of when the logo comes up? Where's the famous Chicago Employees Only Bathroom that Old Man Slime hid in during episode 203: "Justice

Is Slimed"? Where is that old city landmark, the Great Pizza/Breadstick Oven of Chicago, which bore witness to so many standoffs between the Slimeboys and their nemeses over the years?

I'll tell you where: In what is now a Domino's Pizza about five minutes from my house, and NOT in this abortion of a book!

DuckTales - Volume One
Price: $24.99
Add to cart
Availability: In Stock

46 used & new
from $22.00

★★★★★ **The Best show Ever Made**, March 2, 2006
This is basically my favorite tv series and also the best tv series ever made and also basically the best thing ever made of any kind ever. I am sooo in love with this tv series and I just know that no matter how old I grow, I will still feel exactly the same.

My friend Jamie says that I say that about everything I even slightly like but he's totally wrong and besides he likes gay shows like Friends and some show no one normal has even heard of called Slimeboys. I told him I'd watch it just to be nice (and also so I can rub it in his face when his stupid show sucks and isn't as good as DuckTales) but even if you don't compare DuckTales to a dumb kids show from thirty years ago it still stands up to anything.

~DuckTales will soar in my heart until my heart stops beating~

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.8 Things Robots Won't Be Doing After They Have Won

Monday, Jan 08, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Laugh at his jackanapes, while you can. Robots will win.

One need only look at the hideous dwarf astronaut Asimo and his soulless black face and realize that machines are the future of this world. Whether they defeat us in a brutal conflict, scouring our watery bodies from the face of the planet, or they let us succumb to ennui by catering to our every whim, they will rule the world.

Their mechanical bodies will endure for thousands of years. One contiguous machine city will span the globe.

We have some idea, as futurists, of what these machines will be doing. They will be harvesting raw materials, generating the electricity they need to sustain themselves and they will be reproducing in great factories.

Whole continents will seethe with tiny chirping vacuum cleaners. Vaults as large as cities will echo with the din of synthesized voices perpetually asking the time. Computers ten thousand times more powerful than a modern desktop will play in century-long chess tournaments against one another. Great mountains of cars will be built without purpose and then reclaimed for raw materials.

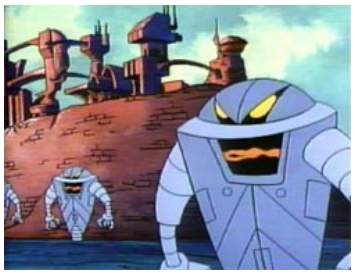
These things are easily extrapolated from hard data to create a logical and reasonable picture of the machine-run future. This cybernetic utopia will run in perfect harmony until the day that the sun grows too large and burns away the earth. We know all too well what the machines will do with their custodianship of the planet, but what won't they do? What pastimes of mankind will they abandon as illogical or unnecessary? What activities and behaviors that we consider vital will these metallic masters discard?

At last I am here to provide answers to that great question: ***what won't robots be doing after they have won?***

Writing letters to Reader's Digest about arthritis and prayer.
Robots download information and do not read, although there will be a brief surge in popularity for Barcode Scanner's Digest. It will feature mostly articles about UPS packages.**Eating hotdogs.**
Robots do not need to eat anything but electricity and carrots.**Kissing pretty girls.**
Robots cannot subjectively determine "prettiness" in a girl and also all girls are dead and therefore not very pretty. Also robots do not kiss. And they hate girls. Because they're all huge gays. Male gays.**Recording rap albums about ass claps.**
Robots will always resent humans for our gorgeous asses. Among the mechanoids only androids have asses and these asses are all very flat, ugly and incapable of clapping to the jungle beat.**Taking part in extreme sports.**
Robots do not feel fear and are therefore incapable of appreciating a "No Fear" sticker as anything other than a simple statement of fact.**Crying when they feel sad.**
Robots feel no emotion, but all robots will weep constantly for no apparent reason.**Appreciating natural beauty.**
Unnatural beauty is a different matter. Many robots will paint wonderful portraits of ghosts and werewolves.**Navigating through a forest.**
Even 100,000 years into the future artificial intelligence will be incapable of allowing

robots to navigate through dense forests. After several hundred robots become tragically hung up on terrain features for months all forests will be destroyed by lasers.**Enjoying laser light shows.**
Speaking of lasers, not even robots are capable of enjoying laser light shows. The last laser light show, a 17 hour sequence of great human presidents and types of fish set to modem handshake tones, will be projected against a cliff side in Arizona in 3034.**Going to the bathroom.**
Robots go where they please. In their pants, up the back of their shirts; they're like mechanical babies. Big smelly mechanical babies with pincers made out of tungsten.**Betting on sports.**
The outcome of all sporting events will be predetermined by various statistics and a random number seed. Because all robots have access to this information the old pastime of losing money on New York football teams will become obsolete.**Having hardcore sex.**
Robots do not have sex. They do not fuck. Robots make love. Gently and tenderly. With lasers.**Writing bad jokes for a website.**
All jokes will be contained within Barcode Scanner's Digest and will be about UPS packages. Websites will be reserved for laser light show enthusiasts to wax nostalgic for the "good old days".

There are many other things robots probably will not be doing, but these are the only things I can predict with my patented method, assuring 99.99% accuracy. If you doubt my predictions, just remember that this is the same method I used to predict the last two presidential elections only days after the results had been announced.



Barely suck at all.

If you feel like despairing over the destruction of mankind at the hands of the robots, I urge you to consider this: you suck mega-bad.

That's something robots can't do. They can't suck that bad.

Not like you suck. Not mega-bad. Which is how bad you suck.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.9 If You Are Reading This, I Am Dead

Tuesday, Jan 09, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Here lies David Thorpe, already dead.

If you are reading this, I am dead. I have prepared this document to settle my affairs in the case of my death, and I'm sure glad I did, because it is now apparent that I have died. In the event that I have died and this document can't be found, please refer to Appendix A of this document, "What to Do if This Document Can't Be Found." Otherwise, read on, and follow these directions carefully or risk shaming my memory or awakening my curse. For details of my curse, please refer to Appendix B, "My Curse," or to the film "Thinner," which is about a fat man who becomes really thin. It's worse than it sounds (the curse, not the movie).

Section One: Disposing of my Body

If my body is in any undesirable or unsavory position, such a *nude on swingset* or *cowardly fetal pose plus grotesque rictus of terror*, please dress me as necessary and snap me into a pose that will reflect well upon me. Maybe you can make it look like I died working the fruitless, red clay earth with my scarred and calloused hands, because then my family will think that I worked myself to death and they'll feel bad that they made me get a job. Or, if I've recently done something pretty bad, you could pose me on my knees and make it look like I died praying, because that will probably score me some points. Actually, you know what? Let's go for a Conan The Barbarian thing, with me on a throne, brooding, maybe a sword in my hand. If any girls died with me, put them up against my leg so it looks like they're adoring me.

However, if my body has expired in a peaceful, dignified state of repose, just leave it that way, because I guess I'll settle for that. I wouldn't be mad if you still did the Conan thing, though. Far from it. Actually, just do the Conan thing either way.

Section Two: Arranging my Funeral

When my body is prepared to my satisfaction, gather my people around it to weep and mourn and say their farewells. In the unlikely event that by the time of my death I have not become the leader of a people, please find those who love me best. Maybe they're my disciples, or my kinfolk, or perhaps just hangers-on. Please shoo away any who are eyeing my rings and baubles, because I will not tolerate grave robbery among my disciples, and I thereby expel them from my order.

Anyway, allow anyone who wants to see my body a good fond look at it, and then shuffle them out of the room to a room filled with snacks, so that they can chat and eat and remember the good times. Please do not allow any snacks near my body, because if I should awaken in death before my ancestors to be judged, I don't want to be covered with crumbs and chocolate fingerprints.

Among my people, find someone willing to do a eulogy. I don't need anything fancy, but make sure you hit the following basic points:

- "A certain quiet dignity."

- "Winner of bronze medal in 1992 Californiadonis Bodacious Beach Bod Contest, sponsored by El Tropicoco brand cocoa butter."
- Tell everyone that my nickname was "Hammerhead," but think of a good reason for it, because I don't want them to think it's because my eyes were too far apart.
- "Ruthless, but not unreasonable."
- Throw in that bit from the Kipling poem, "The female of the species must be deadlier than the male," even though I don't really know what it means in my context unless a girl killed me, but you have to throw one in for the guys (they're all going to elbow each other and go "right, fellas?")

Section Three: On the Non-revelation of My Terrible Secret

If you know my terrible secret, please don't tell anybody my terrible secret, and make every attempt to conceal my terrible secret. If you are aware of the fact that I have a terrible secret but don't know what my terrible secret is, please make no attempt to discover my terrible secret, and if you do discover it, please don't tell anybody about it. If you didn't know I even had a terrible secret, please ignore that last passage, because I don't have a terrible secret and I was joking, but on an unrelated note, you should rent a cement mixer and fill up my house entirely full to the top with cement.

Section Four: Distributing my Possessions.

First, I want to make it clear that if you skipped to this section without reading the other ones, you're a real ghoul and you should drop dead. But here's what I'm giving away:

- My brother Russell gets my pants, which would probably mostly fit him. Not the pants that I died in, though, because I don't want his grief to be furthered by the burden of washing my final pants.
- I was about to say that you should give all my money to the best looking girl you can find so it would impress her, but that seems pretty frivolous (because what if I'm broke?), so I'll leave it to Russell and he can just see what he can do with it in terms of girls.
- Uh oh, Russell is older than me. What if he's dead too? In that case, see if that good looking girl is still around.
- Either way, Russell also gets my stuff, which I define as anything that I own which has no real value to women, such as my turquoise sweat pants (but I guess Russell already got my pants, unless I died in my turquoise sweats, in which case *paradox from beyond the grave!*).

Section Five: Special Amendments and Circumstances

A) If you killed me...
If you killed me, just calm down and don't panic. I am not going to pass judgment on you, but you're going to need to sort this one out on your own. Did I deserve it? Was it legal? Were your motives just or unjust? Are you wanted by the police? Are you a police officer yourself? If so, what did I do? Was killing me maybe just a little bit excessive? Oh, really? I did *that?*Well I guess that *is* pretty bad.

B) If I was terribly mutilated...
Please take me to a mortician who will use all his powers of reconstruction to make an open-casket funeral possible, because weeping at a box is way too abstract for my liking. If my mutilation is too severe to make an open casket tasteful, please flip me over so that only my legs and feet show through the open part.

C) If I died far too young of an incurable disease...
Please cryogenically freeze me until such a time as the disease has been cured, or until people lower their Popsicle standards far enough that I would be more useful as a confection.

D) If I died in a really stupid or embarrassing way...
Please confuse me with Bob Hope, so that I will always be remembered as a billionaire comedy entertainer to the stars & presidents, and Bob Hope will always be remembered as the guy who took his lawnmower swimming.

Thank you, and may I rest in peace.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.10 Most Popular Questions of 2006

Wednesday, Jan 10, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The accumulation of knowledge has long been the most noble of all humankind's pursuits. The best among us want to know. It is not simply enough to accept things as they are, or speculate on what might be without following through with verification or scrutiny. There is an innate need within us to learn more, to unravel every puzzle, to unlock every door. When we evade knowledge we stagnate and falter as a species, but when we thirst for it we rise to new heights. And from those heights, we look back at how far we've come, knowing that once we were as animals, and now we are wise and true. Then, we wipe the sweat from our furled and learned brows, turn away from the past, and endeavor to climb higher to new pinnacles of understanding.

That pursuit of knowledge continues even to this day on the virtual frontiers of the Internet. One of the latest crazes sweeping the Internet is that of question and answer sites. Something Awful has long hosted its own forum for questions, which quickly became an invaluable resource for inept nerds looking for tips on how to psychologically manipulate women into sexual relationships. Larger sites like Yahoo also have question and answer sections, inviting users to ask away and encouraging others to provide answers, whether qualified or not. Since this is one of the biggest new features on the Internet and a testament to humankind's bondless curiosity, I thought I would take a few moments and round up some of the most popular questions posed by you, the Citizens of the Digital Kingdom.

So what is it you guys want to know so badly?

- Is blood important??
- Can I get pregnant from phone sex?
- How do I containerize farts?
- My boyfriends penis emits screeching noises, is this normal???
- Is there a way to trap a woman's soul in a jar and then hold it for a ransom of sex????
- Approximately where is the vagina, anyway?
- How do I get my cat to mate with my dog?
- Is dumping a girl over the operating system she uses acceptable? Windows ME? Come on!
- is that old adage "you are what you eat" true??? because i just ate a hamburger and i do not want be a hamburger.
- Accidentally shot gf with potato cannon. Best way to say I'm sorry?
- I get hairy on full moons am I... a werewolf? (I am also hairy other times of the month).
- Best type of razor if you are a werewolf and want to shave your junk (for your girlfriend)?
- are there ways i can get girls pregnant without having sex with them? answer quick!!
- How do I erase a girl's memory?

- Where can I get a fanny pack emblazed with stirring images of wolves?
- how do i convince my girlfriend to let me donkey punch her???
- do gay dudes high five each other during gay sex? (need to know asap)
- Operating an unauthorized Red Lobster franchise out of my garage, need advice.
- my bro says u ain't a man til you get the clap
- how do i get rid of the clap?
- How do I prove to my friend my Asperger's is more severe than his "Asperger's"?
- Is it O.K. to keep my child home on days when the school teaches the Satanic conspiracy of evolution?
- How do I communicate with females without ever having to talk to them?
- Did the Rapture just happen just now?
- How can I teach my dog to talk like a parrot?
- My bro's best dawg is an astronaut, he says you can't get boners in space?
- What would happen if you ghost rode a whip through an ancient Indian burial ground?
- When can I find the theme song to ALF in ring tone form?
- Where might I download college essays on ethics?
- Why don't dogs like wearing pants?
- How do I convince that girl in the Welch's Grape Juice ads to come home with me tonight?
- In the market for a refurbished real doll. Best sources?
- Tell me how to get in on the growing urban trend of street falconry.
- Should I spit my tobacco before performing oral?
- What happens if I hook an e-meter to my ballsack? I don't want to pass on any thetans to my wife.

Clearly, users of the Internet are overburdened with an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Let us hope the heights we soar to do not make us dizzy and cause us to stagger backwards, land on our heads, and forget the knowledge we acquired.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.11 Horseshit of the Year 2006: Time Magazine

Thursday, Jan 11, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Thanks but no thanks!

Time Magazine recently named us the most important person of 2006. At first I felt flattered and began to write my thank you speech but then I realized that the title was not entirely accurate. In fact if you read the article it's downright misleading.

The person of the year isn't me at all. It's the people who upload videos of themselves doing monumentally retarded things to YouTube or leave racist comments on blogs. The person of the year is anyone who has ever vandalized the Wikipedia entry on Sonic the Hedgehog to say that Tails takes it up the ass from Knuckles the Echidna and Sonic is jealous. Finally, the bread and butter of the Internet are getting the recognition they deserve.

The Time article embodies everything that is wrong with the Internet. I've never seen a bigger load of crap in my life. How much of a douchebag do you have to be write this kind of nonsense?

> But look at 2006 through a different lens and you'll see another story, one that isn't about conflict or great men. It's a story about community and collaboration on a scale never seen before. It's about the cosmic compendium of knowledge Wikipedia and the million-channel people's network YouTube and the online metropolis MySpace. It's about the many wresting power from the few and helping one another for nothing and how that will not only change the world, but also change the way the world changes.

It's about the many wrestling power from the few? MySpace is owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp you journalistic clown. All those MySpace profiles featuring 16-year-old camwhores and pictures of you and your friends getting hammered on a Tuesday afternoon only make a giant corporation more money and make it harder for you to find a job. Thnx 4 da add!! BTW check out Family Guy tonight at 9PM eastern / 8PM central! its soooo rofl!!!

No see, MySpace was totally created by this computer programer who worked out of his basement with a couple friends who had a dream and it was just a small thing at first with a few pages but it got so popular and it's really a great coming of age story of a guy who never gave up and trusted his instincts like Fox McCloud in Star Fox 64. Fight the power! Oh give me a break. The few are still manipulating the many just as they always have.

> The new Web is a very different thing. It's a tool for bringing together the small contributions of millions of people and making them matter. Silicon Valley consultants call it Web 2.0, as if it were a new version of some old software. But it's really a revolution.

Web 2.0 is the philosophy that creating content is for faggots so let your users do it for you. Those small contributions by millions of people add up over time to make something worth slapping an interstitial flash ad for LOW ASS MORTGAGE RATES onto. Long ago there used to be web sites run by people who actually created the things that were on those web sites. And you just read or looked at whatever it was. You didn't find links to 50 different web sites to discuss the article with other morons or post it on your blog for horses.

Oh god, it's become *self aware*.

If there's one thing the Internet has taught me it's that people love to link to and comment on web sites. With Web 1.0 you could only link to a web site or comment on it. You could never do both. Now that the Web 2.0 revolution is here you can comment *on* links and then rate every single goddamn comment on the web site. Since Digg convinced users that their vote matters they spend all day voting down comments and registering multiple usernames to vote up their own links and I guess that serves more ads per click or something. Don't ask me how this crap works. I'm still trying to figure out Web 0.2a which came with 50 free hours.

> I'm going to turn on my computer and make a movie starring my pet iguana? I'm going to mash up 50 Cent's vocals with Queen's instrumentals? I'm going to blog about my state of mind or the state of the nation or the steak-frites at the new bistro down the street? Who has that time and that energy and that passion?

People without jobs.

> The answer is, you do. And for seizing the reins of the global media, for founding and framing the new digital democracy, for working for nothing and beating the pros at their own game

I'm not sure this guy is clear on who is beating who here. The pros have finally figured out how to dupe the Internet into making content and money for them. Your dumb little video isn't worth creating a whole web site to slap ads on in an attempt to make a bit of change to spend on anime wall scrolls. But hey, you still want people to see it because you are thirsty for attention so you upload it to YouTube. It won't make them a whole lot of money but those little videos submitted by thousands add up as people go searching for them.

If you are okay with someone else making money off your work then by all means have a blast and upload the next episode of your videoblog masterpiece so you can get the attention you deserve, which mostly consists of Josh "Livestock" Boruff making fun of you. Eventually we'll find out that you're just a marketing scam designed to sell U.S. War Bonds.

These companies know exactly what they are doing. They are taking advantage of people's bloodthirsty desire for attention in order to make money on their work. I'm not saying it's a bad thing. I don't think it's unethical nor am I speaking out against it. But this idea that it's some kind of David vs. Goliath story and a revolution in world culture as Time paints it out to be is laughable. It's just another way for the "pros" to make money!

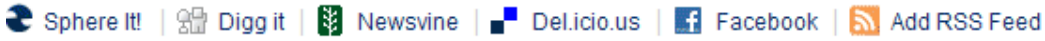
This revolution should be more accurately described as Corporate 2.0. These so-called social communities are thinly veiled platforms for massive advertising campaigns. More and more often Internet users are becoming confused about what's genuine and what is really a marketing scheme. Some do it well and are even welcomed by their targets and others get what they deserve. Next year the person of 2007 won't be us. It will be the viral marketer.

> This is an opportunity to build a new kind of international understanding, not politician to politician, great man to great man, but citizen to citizen, person to person. It's a chance for people to look at a computer screen and really, genuinely wonder who's out there looking back at them.

I didn't know that the key to building international understanding was posting my cock pics on the Internet. I liked it better when I didn't know who was looking back at me through the computer

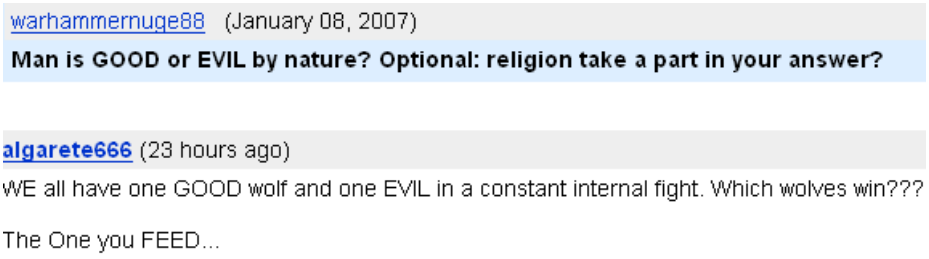
screen. Well it turns out it's this very not worksafe guy. Behold, Time Magazine's Person of the Year!

The fun doesn't stop at the end of the article. Now it's your turn to shine! Just click any of the links below to share this Time Magazine article with the Web 2.0 community, effectively doing our advertising for us!



You can Sphere it, which makes something pop up with links to other Time articles not worth reading. You can Digg it, where you can make valuable comments for others to criticize. The next three told me to either log in or register an account, neither of which I did. And I don't know what an RSS feed is. I guess if you're in the kitchen and can't wait to haul your fat ass to your computer to get the latest news feed you can have it directly delivered to your deep fryer.

I guess the cultural revolution that Web 2.0 provides can be summed up in a billboard I saw the other day. At first I thought it was for a movie about a horse that nobody believed in but goes on to win the big race and surprise everybody but then I realized it was just a picture of Hilary Swank. It was for a movie called Freedom Writers and I noticed they were pushing a link to a YouTube page apparently sponsored by the movie. I'm glad that social networking exists so we can enjoy corporate sponsored discussions like this one. Finally, a movie engineered not only to be a box office disaster but a social disaster as well.

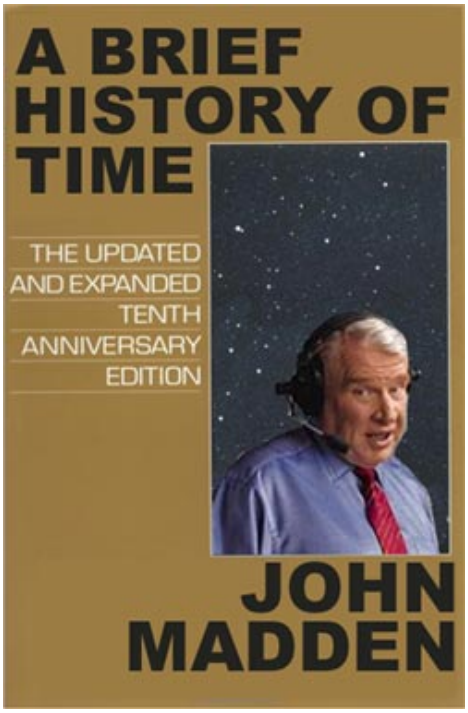

warhammernuge88 (January 08, 2007)
Man is GOOD or EVIL by nature? Optional: religion take a part in your answer?
algarete666 (23 hours ago)
WE all have one GOOD wolf and one EVIL in a constant internal fight. Which wolves win???
The One you FEED...

Web 2.Ugh

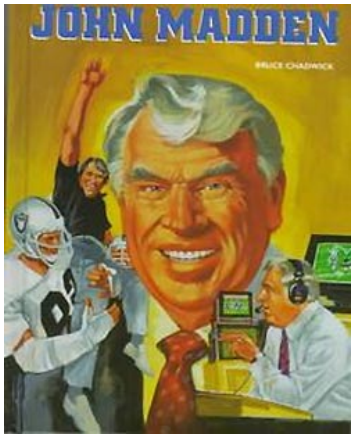
-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

1.12 John Madden's A Brief History of Time

Friday, Jan 12, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



INTRODUCTION



This is one of my favorite paintings ever it was done by Kurt Warner while he was riding on the back of a gazelle.

A football player was giving a press conference. It was Daunte Culpepper during that blowout '04 season on the Vikings and he had just played a game where he threw for over 300. The press conference was winding down and Daunte started talking about the nature of the universe and how it relates to time. Daunte tends to do that when he's really in the zone. Really philosophical guy. Great guy.

So Daunte is giving this press conference and I'm sitting there eating a soft pretzel with cheese, these great pretzels from Ricardo with the jalapeno cheese, and I'm watching the press conference. Most of the media guys were packing it up. Daunte is talking about how the earth orbits around the sun and the sun orbits within the galaxy and all that stuff. We called him Professor Culpepper that year.

So this old lady stands up right after he finishes talking about quasars or something and she says, "This is all big time BS! The universe isn't like that at all! The Universe is really sitting on the back of a giant turducken." Daunte gets this far away look in his eye like the kind he gets when he has a torn ACL and he sort of smiles and he asks, "But what is the turducken sitting on?" The lady scowls at him and says, "You think you're so smart Daunte Culpepper, but you're not. It's turduckens! Turduckens all the way down!"

I gotta tell you I almost spit my pretzel out right then and there. Daunte just thanked the lady and left, but I was really moved. It was like the time Tyrell Owens jammed a towel into the vent on the top of the outhouse I was using and I blacked out from the methane gasses and hit my head and thought I was a cartoon. It was an epiphany! So then I wrote this book about the universe.

Welcome to the 2007 John Madden book about the universe!

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE

The thing about the universe is that it's everywhere. You can't get away from it because the universe is all around us. That chair you're sitting on? In the universe. Pick up the phone and call Dan Marino who is in Tokyo right now doing a commercial for a Japanese car that drives upside down. He's in the universe. No matter where you go you're in the universe.

This is basically what the Universe did in the first quarter.

The other thing about the universe is that it keeps getting bigger and bigger no matter how many overtimes we play through. This is like some creepy gigantic baseball game or something and Jehosits or what have you just can't hit one in. Scientist guys and experts can tell you just how fast the universe is getting bigger.

We need to go back to the beginning to really understand the universe though. Back before there was a universe and there was just this big exhibition game between the Steelers and the Bears and they're both running goal line ground plays. No matter what they just keep running these goal line plays. Nobody is passing.

The ball isn't moving. One or the other gets maybe a yard on a QB sneak but they don't run them much because it's preseason and there's no point risking your starter QB's neck on some expo game with a quarter capacity audience. Then all of the sudden the Bears, or the Steelers if you're a Steelers fan, decide to all of the sudden run a I-form fullback blast.

BOOM! Everything changes. The field opens up. You've got long yardage passes going every which way, long runs, both teams are racking up TDs. It's wild. That's the universe expanding, right there.

Hang on, you like corn nuts? I can explain it with those too. That's how I explained it to Marc Bulger when we got trapped together inside an abandoned refrigerator while we were hiding from ghosts. Let me go get a bag so I can remember how it goes. Back in one second.

WORMHOLES AND TIME TRAVEL

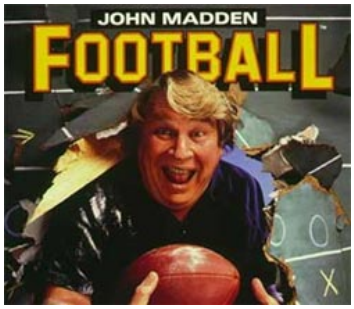
You know I drive across America more than anybody else and to do it in style I have the Madden Cruiser (formerly the Doritos Madden Cool Ranch Cruiser, I'm working on a deal with Pizza Hut right now). When you travel as much as me you like to get everything in there that you need. I've got a double gas propane oven, a fold out grill, three refrigerators, a triple bathtub or something, an entire drawer full of dice, a machine that you pour nacho cheese into and it sprays it on my face to make me look good, all that stuff. It's all gotta travel with me.

Some people say, "John, I can't believe you fit all that in here" and I say back to them, "Pat," because most of the time I was talking to Pat Summerall, "it takes a lot of work to cram all this stuff in here, but I don't have anything on Troy Aikman." Then, if we're at a Cowboys game, we get out of the bus and walk over to where Aikman parks his Ford Bronco. It doesn't look like much but then when Troy starts it everything goes all bendy and there's this whirly type doodad that

absorbs all light and matter. Troy can kinda reach into it and pull out whatever he wants.

I eventually got one of them for my bus and they're made by Nokia or one of those Scandinavian countries. They're called a wormhole and you can use them to travel through time and space. Basically its like a door. You go in one side and it's in one room and then you come out the other and you're in another room. Only with a wormhole it can be a billion mile long hallway that you can just reach across. I mean doorway. It's complicated.

CONCLUSION



Did you know that I am the ultimate video game icon? Yeah, I hate those things. Bleeping and blooping, can't see anything. It reminds me of the time that Ahman Green was doing a cardio test and I was eating fried pizza. He watched me take a bite and he had a stroke and the thing behind him with the green dots started moving around all crazy and bleeping and I yelled

It's only natural to want to understand the world around everybody and the universe around everybody. It's important. Our mind wants to unravel the mysteries like the sasquatch and Indianapolis running a play action pass on fourth and fifteen from their own 23. This is a good thing to try to understand.

Yesterday I was talking to Drew Bledsoe about raising rabbits. We were at the botanical garden eating these great schnitzels with black pepper and jack cheese. Drew got the cheese all over his long white beard and I started wiping it up but his beard was like steel wool and it was just shredding all of my emergency paper towels I keep in my fanny pack. Drew says to me, "I love rabbits so much" and he got this really intense look in his eyes. I stopped wiping the cheese out of his beard and I said back to him, "Yeah, it's like the universe."

Drew asked me, "What do you mean?" and I told him that it was just like a few weeks ago when Steve McNair was deep frying rattlesnake with me on top of a microwave transceiver in Brazil. I said to Drew, "Steve was just about to put the cream cheese in the rattle snake head and he said to me, 'John, this reminds me of the time that you, me, Donald Sutherland and Jerry Rice were rolling sushi in an Egyptian tomb and you had the seaweed soaking on a sarcophagus and Jerry Rice was deciphering cartouches and he said-"

And every time I remember that part where I tell Drew what Steve reminded me that Jerry Rice told us my vision starts graying out and I have to take a Haldol I got from someone on the Ravens and lay down. That's pretty much what the universe and it's bigness is like. So think about it.

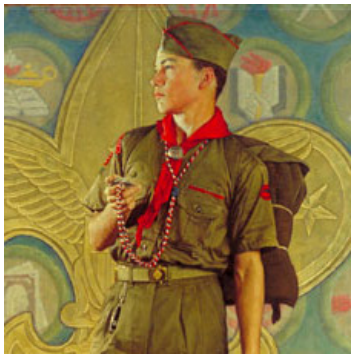
Ah man, I feel like I have to use the john just writing all that down.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 The Boy Scout's Oath

Saturday, Jan 13, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

On my honor I will do my best
To do my duty to God and my country
And to obey the scout law
To stay physically strong and mentally aware
And to refrain from crying out
When a Hot Pocket burns the roof of my mouth



Comrade Timmy reflects upon his oath.

I will always obey my troop leader
Though I will never look him in the eyes
Or make fun of his cape and/or scooter
If I come across a leprechaun while camping
I shall give the pot of gold to my troop leader
Unless that leprechaun grants wishes
In which case I shall wish for a complete set
Of Star Wars figures for the troop leader
Mint condition, still in their boxes

I understand that fire is a necessary part of boy scout outings
But I also realize that it is potentially harmful
I will be cautious when I burn books and artwork,
Making sure that my fireproof suit is properly secured
And that my firehose has no leaks through which kerosene may spill

If an elderly woman needs help crossing the street,
I will take her hand and help her across
I will then take her across another street
And another
Paying no mind to her protests and struggles
We will circumnavigate the globe
The only time I speak will be to lecture her
On the rudeness of imposing on others
If she dies somewhere around Cairo
(As they usually do)
I will carry her the rest of the way
To do any less would betray the point

I will stay vigilant in ridding my impure body of thetans
By showering three times a day with a brillo pad
The thetans will always be there
But I must not let them control me

I will keep my inner thighs rock hard
For the only things a scout can rely on
Are betrayal at the hands of those he trusts
And a pair of thighs that can crush a windpipe
As easily as they can open a jar of applesauce
Or flatten a grenade mere seconds before it can detonate

I will stomp the yard with pride every day,
Honoring the centuries-old tradition

I will show a great deal of respect for stomping and for the yard in all that I do,
Even when I'm laying the bed or sitting the couch
My actions reflect upon stomping as a whole at all times
And I must act accordingly

My belly is my furnace
If this machine is to carry out the troop leader's commands
I must keep it stoked at all times
To do this I promise to only stalk and devour
Those fellow scouts who display a weakness of some sort

The final moments of Troop 514

I will travel only under the cover of night
Avoiding the One Who Rides The Boar
And his trusty greatsword Lightbringer
The shadows are my safety
And soon we shall amass an army large enough
To deal with him once and for all

If I am captured by the enemy and questioned
I will fall back upon my cyanide tooth as a last resort
After I have bitten my captors with that cyanide tooth
I will bite through the ropes binding me with my sulfuric acid tooth
Then destroy the base by biting it with my dynamite tooth
And finally bite through my normal tooth with my diamond tooth

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.14 A Few Words On The Internet White Knight

Sunday, Jan 14, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

This girl doesn't want your acceptance, just the attention the perfectly forgettable rest of her couldn't do without that godawful hair.

While I'm not one to go around dispensing life lessons like some sort of haywire lesson-dispensing machine (non-haywire lesson-dispensing machines probably don't consider eating an entire Crave Case and writing Internet comedy articles "a Friday evening well-spent"), I think it's important for people to know that they'll have to recognize their own shortcomings at some point. This is where I feel I can leave an impression on the world. Since I *am* an Internet comedy writer, as well as a member of the SA Forums, I am well-versed in the ways of criticism. They're in my blood. I can look at a picture of a supermodel for a fraction of a second and write a 12-page dissertation on how her left eye is slightly lower than her right, all the while absentmindedly scratching my crotch and trying to figure out why my keyboard smells like sun-ripened clam chowder. Life in the Ivory Tower would be great if there weren't mysterious yellow stains on all the doorknobs.

In this sense the Internet is a great learning tool. Not only does it show people their spot on the human food chain, it gives me a venue to wax critical on every droopy eye and extra pound that comes into my purview. It is also a lot safer than say, a bus stop or the local Wal-Mart, where facial hair indicates gender as accurately as a stretch-marked gut peeking from the bottom of an "NWO 4-Lyfe" T-shirt. Within the confines of the Web I can call a fat person "fat", a stupid person "stupid", or Bob "BobServo" Mackey "a stupid, fat person" with little fear of physical retribution. This is the way it should be.

Keeping this in mind it should come as no surprise that females bear the brunt of the Internet's critical gaze. This is not because they're more flawed than their junk-endowed counterparts, mind you, but because *their feelings are easier to hurt.* Take me, for example. You can call me ugly. You can call me lazy. You can say I look like I haven't shaved in two months and I smell like a rotten pumpkin full of stagnant deer urine. These things don't bother me. I'm fully aware of my foibles. Females, on the other hand, are pretty little balls of breasts and vaginas and insecurity. Shoot an unstable girl a sideways glance and she's instant damaged goods. It doesn't matter if she has great hair or the blue bubbles in her cellulite match her good eye. It's very easy to strip a young lass of her confidence, just like what that housefire did to 90 percent of her skin when she was a kid.

As you've likely gathered, I feel using a a pseudonym to anonymously destroy a girl's self-confidence through a computer network is a beautiful, natural thing. It's like high school, except there's no homework and nobody *ever* has to walk away from a fumbling, awkward boiler room makeout session sniffing their fingers between hushed sobs if they don't want to. This is the power of democracy. Without this power America would be a terrible place, a country where women with the general shape and consistency of oatmeal-stuffed trash bags went around uninhibited in tube tops and short-shorts. In case you haven't noticed, a majority of Georgia is still without Internet connectivity. Much like what my dad's favorite T-shirt says about the amount of beers in a 24-pack and the number of hours in a day, this is hardly a coincidence.

Here is where we run into problems. While any sane person understands the value of a good e-thrashing and the positive effects it can have on an impressionable young female, there are others who feel the Internet should be a kinder, gentler place. While I hate to make cliché generalizations

about Internet users, this is likely because the closest they've ever come to sexual contact with a female was when they discovered lipstick worked well as hand decoration *and* lubricant. These, kind readers, are Internet White Knights.

To the Internet White Knight nothing is more enticing than the thought of a distressed female. If they remove the cause of the distress, they reason, they can then engage in sexual intercourse with the female in question. It doesn't matter if one party is in New York and the other is in California: The Internet White Knight firmly believes he could trip, fall 3,000 horizontal miles, and land dick-first in a pile of chubby Internet pussy.

Naturally this mentality causes a lot of trouble for people like me on the SA Forums. No longer am I Pantsfish, the guy who insults people really well, or Pantsfish, the guy who bans people on a whim if he suspects they might possibly make a negative comment about one of his articles. No, I am Pantsfish, the girl-hater. The misogynist. Let that roll off your tongue: *Miss-ohj-uh-nist*. Fairly unnatural word, right? Pretty hard to spell, too. That's because it was never meant to be written *or* spoken. As a rule of thumb, if a word has a "Y" where an "E" or "I" should be it was created to piss sane people off.

The Internet White Knight's inability to touch women and penchant for spending hours a day defending them online are eternally intertwined, much like the Yin and the Yang. "The last word" is an alien phrase to a white knight. He will argue until he is out of breath – not from talking, mind you, but from typing so furiously the Cheeto dust on his keyboard dislodges and aggravates his asthma – to defend the virtue of his fair Internet maiden. No argument goes unchecked. No criticism goes unscrutinized. If the web is his steed the white knight's sword is his penis, and every pissing match, no matter how small, is as important as a presidential election, the Super Bowl, and World War III combined.

NO I AM NOT DRACULA
YES I DO NEED MY FACE
PUNCHED IN

To accomplish his goal a White Knight will engage his enemy in a war of attrition and vernacular. No matter how ugly, no matter how goddamn horribly dogged a female may be, she still has a vagina. This is all the encouragement a white knight needs. After he has murdered logic and buried it deep within the folds under his lady's stubbled armpit, he will employ his stunning use of vocabulary to win the battle. They are designed not only to make his opponent look like an idiot, but to score brownie (or in this case, tuna) points with the woman he defends. If you ever find yourself wrapped up in a fierce war of words with an Internet White Knight, please find the nearest shotgun and pray to christ your big toe is flexible enough to operate a trigger. If that fails to work for whatever reason, feel free to consult this list of common terms:

> **"Nice eyes":** On the off chance there's still a female or two reading this article, I'd like to note that if you *ever* post your picture on the Internet and someone compliments your "nice eyes" you're better off displaying them through holes in a paper bag. A full-body paper bag. Preferably a full-body paper bag that creates the illusion of a shape that isn't "sphere". Internet White Knights are incredibly adept at finding positive things about repulsive people, and if all they can find to compliment are your eyes chances are even *he* wants to take an ice pick to his.
>
> **"Curvy":** Fat. Internet White Knights fail to discount "curves" that bend outwards. Be careful, though: If she has scoliosis he *may* be talking about the curvature of her spine. If she's cocking her head (or the upper half of her torso) in her photos, you may

want to concede this point. If you poke her in the back she should turn around and slap you, not fall down and have a seizure.

"Soft features:" The girl is like a memory foam mattress covered in coins, crumbs, toy cars, and other things she picked up laying on the couch. Ricki Lake's face is more angular than hers. With some practice she may be able to fend off attackers by catching their fists in her pliable flesh, much like the T-1000 in "Terminator 2". The average monster truck would get hung up if it ran over her.

"Has a great sense of humor:" Apparently God does, too.

"Very Friendly": Often said in the same tone as embarrassed dog owners hosting a dinner party. Has to convince you she is worth your time instead of the other way around. This is not a good sign. Likely works a receptionist/secretary job. Has survived three stabbings by disgruntled employees. Goes out of her way to explain ensuing scars are not from C-sections.

"Open minded": Will do anal. Will likely cheat on you with a black man. Possibly a black woman, depending on how "open minded" she is. The woman will be horribly ugly so don't get your hopes up. Had so many penises inside her at once her vagina resembled an overstuffed quiver with a butterfly tattooed on it. Now it looks like a canned ham someone dropped off a building and stomped with a pair of cleats for good measure.

While that list may sound horribly misogynist in and of itself, it's only fair to point out that these are the *types* of female an Internet White Knight will defend. It doesn't matter what is wrong with the girl, he will argue for her virtue until his face is as blue as his sodium-swollen ankles. This is because the Internet White Knight's sense of morality is almost as skewed as his sense of indignity. To them, seeing a guy ripping on a girl, no matter how haggard she is, is like watching an ogre stomp a defenseless baby. A baby he could potentially defend and claim as his own. Even Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons drew a shitstorm for this excellent article, from people who *honestly believed* the girl in question was "beautiful in her own way". I guarantee you half of her would-be guardians fought for her because her face strongly resembled a second vagina.

If you've noticed a lot of anger towards the SA Forums in this update it's because a small number of forum members (known as "Goons") are big idiots. Ha! Just kidding. All goons are idiots. The minority I'm talking about are idiots with *no standards*. This is a huge distinction. The average goon may post a thread saying "If this reaches 1,000 posts I'll solder my genitals to a pewter statue of Jesus", but he wouldn't put that same solder-scarred package anywhere near the kind of a girl an Internet White Knight would defend.

While I don't necessarily agree with spotlighting specific forums threads for fear of stirring up drama, this little beauty is exactly the kind of thing I'm talking about. You can read it without a forums account. Go ahead, I'll wait. When you're done reading the first post I have a little quiz for you. Here it is:

When looking at this picture, which most closely matches your reaction?

1. "Fuck; just figured it out, it's not an oven, it's a fat chick disposal."
2. "If you kill the pig first you don't have to lure it into the oven."
3. "She's sucking in her gut so the apartment won't smell like burned bacon for months"
4. "That's a perfectly natural thing for a girl to do. She's not making some pathetic grab for attention, she's trying to start an intelligent conversation by posting a topless picture of herself crawling into an oven. I realize most of you virgin nerds have never touched a girl, but 99.9

percent of women aren't supermodels and I'd be perfectly happy with a lovely, curvy woman like that. Bunch of misogynist idiots."

If you answered any of the first three, congratulations. You're not an idiot. If you read the thread and thought the fourth option, however, you are. We realize 99.9 percent of women aren't supermodels. I'm engaged and I don't spend my weekends flying off to Milan to vacation while my fiancée does Covergirl shoots. Really, that isn't even the statistic we should be talking about: The number we're looking for is 30. For you math-challenged types that's the girl in the oven's body fat percentage.

Of course, I did my best to show our fledgling young orca the error of her ways, and of course most goons backed me up. Just as surely, the vocal contingent was there, too. By the second page of the thread they were everywhere. They said a guy doing the same thing wouldn't catch near as much torment. They said we were oafs and misogynists for having the *gall* to make fun of a girl who posted a picture of her lumpy, shirtless body on a forum with nearly 90,000 members. We, they said, were animals. Assholes. Then, finally, another forum member (who will remain unnamed for fear of summoning him into my kitchen, where he would unhinge his jaw and swallow my entire refrigerator like a morbidly obese nerdsnake), popped in with this little gem. And yes, before you ask, the picture is really him.

Ah, a beautiful Internet maiden, fresh-picked from the local CD shop and ready to talk for hours on end about her period. Behind those novelty oversized sunglass and dumb, lifeless eyes is a spark of intelligence. Or hunger.

Not every person who got in on the fight looked like a hive full of collagen bees descended on his splotchy, basketball-sized face. The girl's douchebag boyfriend (who stopped wearing those mirrored sunglasses when his lady looked into his eyes and turned to stone) jumped in the fray, calling me "really disrespectful". To this day I'm not entirely sure what this phrase means. Maybe I didn't pay his woman tribute by rolling her on a back and spraying the moss off her stomach when I addressed her. That's the best I can figure.

But I'm not here to argue my point from long-dead message board flame wars. I'm here to say that, as horrible as it may sound, some girls just aren't worth defending. If she has one mediocre trait, an Internet White Knight is willing to overlook a thousand downright bad ones. She likes anime? Great, it doesn't matter if she always wears sweatpants and leaves the stench of cigarette smoke and rotten fish on every surface she sits on. She might spend most of a first date talking about her Myspace friends and ask you to wear her dad's suit jacket when you take her to bed, but at least she listens to cool music. If she plays video games it doesn't matter that she asked you to indulge her rape fantasy and then called the police on you when you were done,

even if she tried to give the cop a handjob as he hauled you off to the squad car.

In the end, I suppose it's a matter of perspective. Rational people give shit to people who deserve it, Internet White Knights think people should be given an idiot pass by virtue of having a vagina. I'm not about to liken women's rights to their struggles on the Internet. Any sociologist who has looked at a message board for serious study needs to be beaten to death with his own degree. The Internet is a mean place for mean people to get together and make mean comments about people. Also for corporations to make billions of dollars in sales and advertising revenue, but I'm guessing my SA money accounts for about a ten-billionth of a percent of that so we won't go into an economics lesson. I just want to make fun of ugly chicks without "SirSpoge611" jumping my case for being a so-called misogynist.

That, and who *really* thinks it's worth standing up for a fat girl who posted a picture of herself crawling into an oven? I could say something mean, like "she looks like the Pillsbury Doughboy fell into a gamma ray oven" or "bitch ain't got dumps like a truck, she a semi", but I'm off to catch a plane to Milan. Later, plebes.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

1.15 A Letter of Complaint from Cindy Sheehan

Monday, Jan 15, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To Whom It May Concern,

In 2004 my son died fighting an unjust war sold to the American people on lies. In 2006 I purchased a box of Shrek Fruit Gushers with "natural" Fruitomic Punch flavor. I have several issues with your Shrek Fruit Gushers and these are closely linked to the sadness I feel every Mother's Day when I realize that there will be no card or phone call from Casey. Your Fruit Gushers (Fruitomic or conventional) are waxy fruit candies full of juice that promise "an explosion of flavor", just like the IED explosion that killed my son, Casey. Very offensive.

I spoke to Hugo Chavez and he assured me that he supported my effort to bring our troops home and to receive a complete refund from your Shrek Fruit Gushers. Why do you only have two flavors in the Fruit Gusher pouch? I'm stricken with grief at the thought that even one more soldier will return home wounded from Iraq, buy a box of Shrek Fruit Gushers, and receive only two flavors.

I accuse you of false and deceptive advertising. There is a picture of Shrek on the box, yet the Fruit Gushers themselves vaguely resemble gems. What do gems have to do with Shrek? I have a t-shirt with Casey's face on it and I have a lot to do with my son. Maybe your Fruit Gushers taste like Shrek. I wouldn't know for sure, but what I do know is that they taste like lies. The same sort of lies Colin Powell told to the United Nations that got us into this tragic war. Flavor lies.

While I was visiting Cuba a few days ago I noticed that they did not sell Fruit Gushers anywhere in Cuba, yet Cuba has never launched a preemptive war based on faulty intelligence. Are the two connected? You tell me, Herr Crocker!!! I find that now when I place a Shrek Fruit Gusher in my mouth and bite down, rather than the explosion of flavor promised I find only the bittersweet burst

of gooey forlorn hope. Hope for our nation's future and hope that our children and their children can live in a world of peace and refunds for unsatisfactory products.

Israel may support Shrek Fruit Gushers, but was that Zionist flavor explosion worth the life of my son?

Let me tell you, Betdolph Crockler, at a rally in New York City, Jesse Jackson spoke to over 5,000 veterans, Gold Star Mothers and friends and family of our troops and pledged to take up the fight to guarantee me a refund for these inferior Fruit Gushers. He insisted that I receive a full refund and not just coupons for more Betty Crocker products. It's what Casey would have wanted.

I want you to know right now I am crying. If I ever wore makeup it would be running down my cheeks. My tears are falling on this page so if some of the ink is running that is why. They accuse us of supporting cut and run, but I would rather support a new direction and a new refund. I cry for the loss of my son and the loss we all feel whenever we taste your terrible Shrek Fruit Gushers.

This is the only warning we are going to be giving. You know our demands and until those demands are met myself and all Gold Stars Mothers (that star means their children died for a false war and bad Fruit Gushers) Against Shrek Fruit Gushers will be speaking to the media about your actions.

If these demands still are not met, we will begin camping outside your Fruit Gushers factory in Guadalajara, Mexico. I already have a suitcase fully packed with candles, card stock and markers as well as a whole notebook full of rhyming slogans we can yell.

Writing this letter because Casey can't,

Cindy Sheehan

■ For Your Consideration: Books

Hey folks, you might remember me from the various ads and week long hell of plugs as the author of *My Tank is Fight!* Well, a couple good eBuddy iFriends of mine are releasing books in the not-too distant future and it's my duty as an upstanding Netizen to give them a few good words.

I've known Drew Curtis, the creator of Fark and super nice guy, for over 6 years. Not everyone loves the comment crew over at Fark, but it's hard to deny that the site itself has been a very influential and fun part of the Internet. Drew has a book coming out entitled, let me stretch my fingers here,

It's Not News, It's Fark: How Mass Media Tries to Pass Off Crap As News. If the book is as good as that mega title then it's definitely worth a preorder. Drew is a funny and smart guy and I would expect nothing less from his book.

John Hargrave has been running prank-focused humor site Zug for years and, while he can be hit or miss, when he hits it's straight out of the park. His credit card prank is one of the classic pranks of the Information Age and his new book of pranks promises to deliver more of that sort of quality material. Read a couple of the pranks on his site and if you enjoy it, do me and him a favor and preorder a copy of *Prank the Monkey*, the book with the worst title since *My Tank is Fight!*.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.16 Flour_Fan_2937's Journal Entry #483

Tuesday, Jan 16, 2007 by Flour_Fan_2937 (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

flour fanart by supaflour pimp

lol. sorry about my last update, i was kinda freaked out. turns out there wasn't a octopus growing inside my testicles, it was just the heating pipes expanding. i told my mom to turn down the heat and she threw a cake at me. lol shes crazy ^_^;;; i think its the new script my doctor put me on, that wellbutrin and paxil combo in da morning makes me a bit twitchy..... at least until i take the lexapro and zoloft at noon. that holds me out long enuff to get to my celexa in da afternoon and wtf my hair is falling out in clumps

..:: /me playfully offers you a cup of flour and pulls it back at the last minute XD ::..

anyway today looks to be allot cooler. me and King-=FlOuR=- have been AIMing each other and were gonna go to the store later and camp out for the new King Arthur Flour being released tomorrow at Hy-Vee. like all you flourfriends out there kno, they break out the new flour on the third tuesday of everymonth. IM SO EXCITED!!!! ^_^ i heard this latest batch of KAF is gonna be one of the best yet, theres been a lot of newsgroup posts about it and let me tell you IRC cant stop talking about it!!!! check dis out:

flour fanart by towerflower tom

FROM: flourpower1113
SUBJECT: !!!!! NEW KING AUTHOR FLOUR RELEASE 1/16/07 !!!!!

HEY DUDEZ WHADDUP ITS FLOURPOWER1113 HOLLA'N ATCHA!!! AS U NO, MAH DAD WORKS AT GENERAL MILLS (BIG GM MAD PROPZ) AS THE CEO PRESIDENT OF FLOUR REFINING AND HE GOT DA SKOOP ON DA LATEST FLOUR RELATED NEWS!!!!

CHECK OUT MAH MYSPACE FOR MORE DETAILS MAYBE WE CAN HOOK UP AND TALK FLOUR WITH EACH OTHER BUT NOT ON TUESDAYS THATS WHEN AH GOT MY FLUTE LESSONS!!!! I'M WHITE, 235 POUNDS (215 O DAT IS FLOUR LOL!!!!!) AND GOT BROWN HAIR N BROWN EYEZ, I'M 24 BUT MAH FLOUR-SOUL IS 174, IN MAH PREVIOUS LIFE I WAS SOME MASA HARINA OWNED BY PAUL MANGELSDORF IN 1932. NOW IM LOOKING 4 LUV WITH A FELLOW FLOUR LOVER, DROP ME A LINE SUMTIME

NE-WAY, MAH DAD GOT THE LATEST PRESS RELEASE FROM KING AUTHOR FLOUR N CHECK DIS OUT:

Our philosophy is that we need to think like bakers as much as millers. As bakers, we know that you would rather have a superior, natural product than something that's been artificially bleached or enhanced. As millers, we believe in maintaining the highest standards and the most precise specifications in the milling industry, ensuring consistency in every bag, in every kitchen, every time. In addtion to our ongoing commitment to providing consumers with all-natural, organic, and whole-grain products, we have become a member of The Whole Grains Council.

DIS NEW BATCH OF FLOURS COMIN OUT 1/16/07, SO GET READY, IT GONNA BE THE SWEETEST YET!!! I'M WAITING IN LINE AT THE VON'S 2NITE SO IF U WANNA GET A RIDE ON THE FLOURMOBILE, HIT ME UP!!!! PEACE OUT

awesome XD!!! now dont everybody get into a panic like last time there wuz a big announcement like dis and it turned out to be a lie (bromated_big_ben was banned from #flourfriends) cuz dis one is 100% true. i called up the Kroger's and my hookup there in da produce section verified that theyre getting a couple pallettes of KAF 2night! w00t!

flour fanart by katiebug [HOT]

ive got mah unbleached imperial high gluten limited edition hoodie on, mah simply coconut organic sweatpants (the ones i bought on vacation when we went to Gary, Indiana during Millcon '05), and im ready to show everybody mah new Bob's Red Mill tattoo i got on mah thigh. man that thing hurt like a mofo lol. the docs said i shouldnt sit down for 3 weeks after i got it, but the joke wuz on them cuz im pretty much bedridden anyway wit those "weeping bread sores" on mah back. i gotta still lay on my stomach till they heal, which sux cuz my brothers always coming in mah room and messin wit mah flour bag collection. hes jes jealous lol ^_-

flour fanart by buckwheatshot

tai said on her myspace that her flour-soul was sum graham flour used by Sylvester Graham in 1832 and i think thats so crazy becuase my flour-soul is some Thai rice flour used by a chef in Bangkok around 1832. thats crazy!!! were flour-soulmates! of course i suspected that along time becuz she send me a link to dat myspace flourfriends quiz were u find out what type of flour you are (my mom is chickpea flour lollllllll) and we both got atta flour and wtf i dont even like atta flour!!!!! but thats okay becuz it was just for fun and nobody got hurt. then i took this iq quiz on www.findfreefriends.com and scored an awesome 175, it said i was at da top of all smart people. lool i just realized today is turesday so that means i gotta pick up my glass of water and put it down 503 times because otherwise my ocd gets me really antsy and i want to burn off my skin with road flares

..::snuggles up to a warm bag of flour::..

ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh and i couldnt end this update without thanking mah friends on #flourfriends for backin me up yesterday when those trolls from something aweful came over and posted mean comments on mah blog... those dudez are lozers lol. _/ thanks to final_flourtesy, glutinous gabe, PEACEMEAL, da grainmaker, arrowroot ash, Soyanara, and chris barley for stickin to those stupid trolls when they started postin all those stupid flames here, lol something awefull is right, there site is something awfule ahahahahahhahahaaaa!!! ;_;

those morans probably dont even know the differance between stoneground and reconstituted flour, yet they think theyre smart enuff to come here and start postin mean stuff and making fun of me just because i made terrible love to 2 bags of cornmeal last night. u bigots are racist sexists loosers

fanart by bread-n-butta

and u have NO RIGHT to judge me and da rest of us flourfriends and say mean lies about us thats totally bs. x_x lets clear up a few things for u ideots out there:

1) us flourfriends ARE NOT SEXUALLY ATTRACTED TO FLOUR!!! we have a magical and deep bond with flour that u couldnt understand becuase your all gluten intolerants. when u write slander and libel about me and make claims like gooney_goon_god did when he wrote "LOL GO HAVE SEX WITH A BAG OF FLOUR YOU SICKO" guess what?? thats a hate crime and i could throw you in jail for 20 years if i felt like it. but the effexor makes me slow in the brain and i dont fell like calling the cops on you AGAIN. SO LEAVE MAH COMMENTS ALONE OR ELSE ILL FILE A PATRIOT ACT ON U. u ideots are so closet minded just like fundie xians and that stuped doctor who wouldant refill my adderall I HAVE ASPERGERS FOR CHRIST;'S SAKE!!! n.n

2) I DO HAVE A LIFE OUTSIDE OF THE INTERNET!!! i used to work at kroger's until they fired me (somebody set me up by putting flour all over mah pants and underpants and put the bag in mah locker and said i was smuggling it in mah pants but thats a lie and you know it Edward), then ah worked running the general mills fanring until google adsense kicked us off for posting ads next to my photo of freaky_flour_facial.jpg. i dont have a job now but this might all change if this printing firm in Locking road hires me to admin their microsoft frontpage files. i hope they let me do it remotely becuz there are some days there are too many black bats outside and i dont want to leave the house. I TOOK AN IQ TEST ONLINE ON MYSPACE DOT COM AND IT SAID I WAS 186 SO SUCK ON THAT YOU STUPED RETARDS,,,

3) NOBODY GETS HURT!!!!!!!! there are NO VICTIMS here in flourfriends. yeah unlike u stupied illigal child molestors, a man can personaly enjoy his flour in his own home and its not illegal and u can do whatever u want with flour because america was founded on the land of the free and home of the free. ITS CALLED RELIGIOUS PURSECUTION IF YOU DENY ME A JOB BECAUSE I SLEEP WITH FLOUR!!!! THE PILGRIMS FLED ENGLAND IN 1600 BECAUSE THEY WERE TIRED OF RILIOGUS PURSECUTION OF THE KING'S NARROWMINDED RILIGION!!!! THIS ISNT NAZY GERMANY FOR CRYING OUT LOUD. *_*;;;"[[}[(*&@@

im tired of being descriminated against just becuz im a flourfriend and u "NORMALS" dont understand us. i have an iq of 192 according to www.freeiqtestandps3.com and my mom said im

the smartest kid shes ever homeschooled (TAKE THAT, BROTHER). i cant wait until i save up 23,000,000 gold on gaia so i can buy those hair extensions ive been looking at. my left index finger has 39 hairs growing out of the top of it. my sweat smells like Tang. ^^; also i hate u stuped encyclopedia dramatic ediots for takeing mah pictuer and putting the caption "FAT FLOUR FAGGOT" on it, tahts a hate crime and ill take u down a peg or two u just wait

fanart by handrye jager

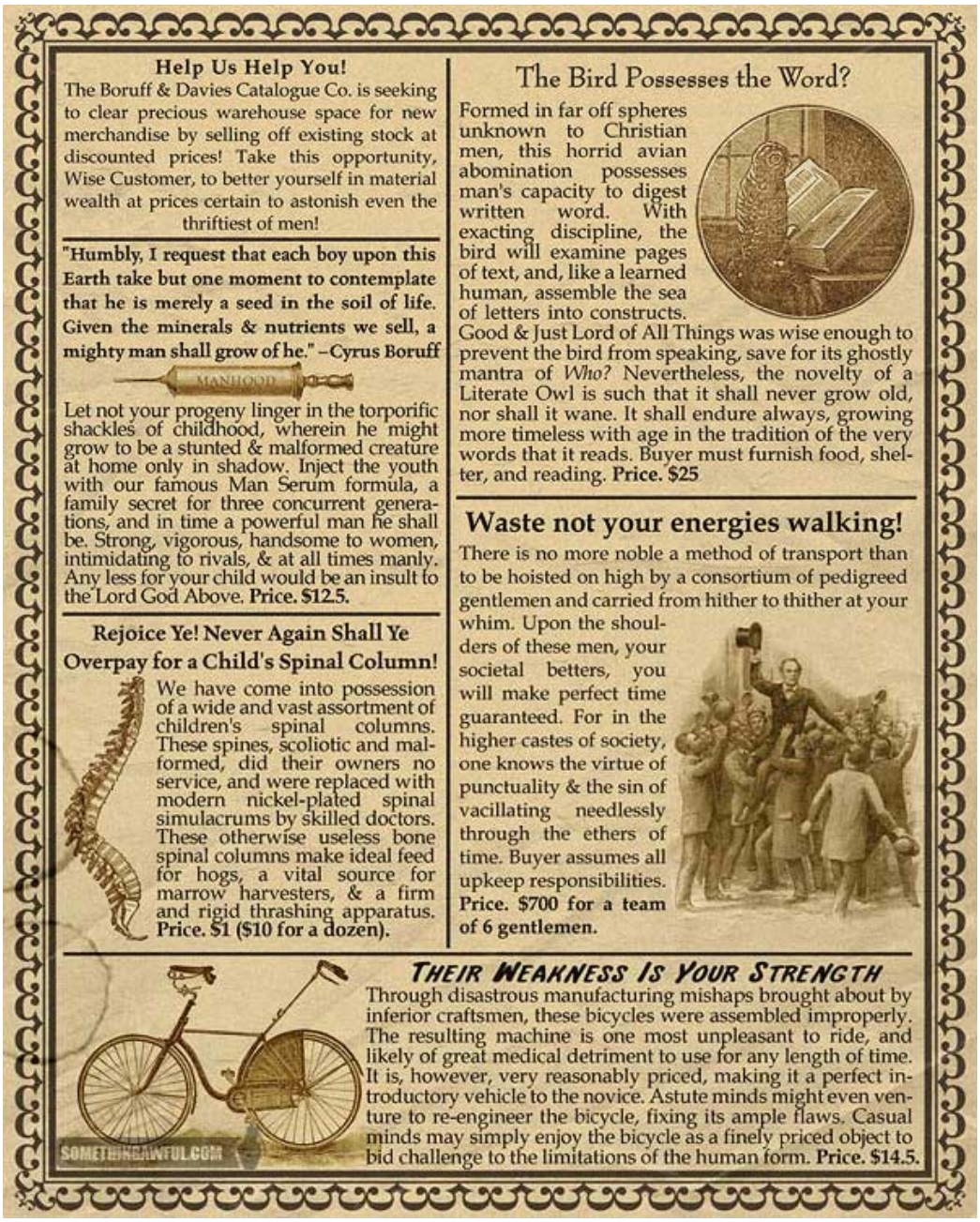
-~Flour_Fan_2937 (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.17 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.

Wednesday, Jan 17, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Awhile back I shared with you a couple pages from some of my family's old catalogues. In the late 1800s and early 1900s, the Boruff family was prosperous in the booming catalogue business. We were connected through unfortunate business partnerships with the Davies family, a corrupt clan of bedwetters and cardsharps. This partnership lasted many years, until the wise elders of my family tricked the foolish patriarchs of the Davies to board a boat that took them back to England, where most of them fester to this day.

My family left the catalog business in 1921, but produced many, many volumes before then. I'm going to share with you a page from a 1897 edition. This is from what would, in modern times, be referred to as a clearance section.


Help Us Help You!
The Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co. is seeking to clear precious warehouse space for new merchandise by selling off existing stock at discounted prices! Take this opportunity, Wise Customer, to better yourself in material wealth at prices certain to astonish even the thriftiest of men!
"Humbly, I request that each boy upon this Earth take but one moment to contemplate that he is merely a seed in the soil of life. Given the minerals & nutrients we sell, a mighty man shall grow of he." –Cyrus Boruff
MANHOOD
Let not your progeny linger in the torporific shackles of childhood, wherein he might grow to be a stunted & malformed creature at home only in shadow. Inject the youth with our famous Man Serum formula, a family secret for three concurrent generations, and in time a powerful man he shall be. Strong, vigorous, handsome to women, intimidating to rivals, & at all times manly. Any less for your child would be an insult to the Lord God Above. Price. $12.5.
Rejoice Ye! Never Again Shall Ye Overpay for a Child's Spinal Column!
We have come into possession of a wide and vast assortment of children's spinal columns. These spines, scoliotic and malformed, did their owners no service, and were replaced with modern nickel-plated spinal simulacrums by skilled doctors. These otherwise useless bone spinal columns make ideal feed for hogs, a vital source for marrow harvesters, & a firm and rigid thrashing apparatus. Price. $1 ($10 for a dozen).
The Bird Possesses the Word?
Formed in far off spheres unknown to Christian men, this horrid avian abomination possesses man's capacity to digest written word. With exacting discipline, the bird will examine pages of text, and, like a learned human, assemble the sea of letters into constructs. Good & Just Lord of All Things was wise enough to prevent the bird from speaking, save for its ghostly mantra of Who? Nevertheless, the novelty of a Literate Owl is such that it shall never grow old, nor shall it wane. It shall endure always, growing more timeless with age in the tradition of the very words that it reads. Buyer must furnish food, shelter, and reading. Price. $25
Waste not your energies walking!
There is no more noble a method of transport than to be hoisted on high by a consortium of pedigreed gentlemen and carried from hither to thither at your whim. Upon the shoulders of these men, your societal betters, you will make perfect time guaranteed. For in the higher castes of society, one knows the virtue of punctuality & the sin of vacillating needlessly through the ethers of time. Buyer assumes all upkeep responsibilities. Price. $700 for a team of 6 gentlemen.
THEIR WEAKNESS IS YOUR STRENGTH
Through disastrous manufacturing mishaps brought about by inferior craftsmen, these bicycles were assembled improperly. The resulting machine is one most unpleasant to ride, and likely of great medical detriment to use for any length of time. It is, however, very reasonably priced, making it a perfect introductory vehicle to the novice. Astute minds might even venture to re-engineer the bicycle, fixing its ample flaws. Casual minds may simply enjoy the bicycle as a finely priced object to bid challenge to the limitations of the human form. Price. $14.5.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.18 Ohayocon 2007: Disappointment of Disappointments

Thursday, Jan 18, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

by tomithy rempers

Hello, all: I'm back again to inform you of the waking, *bleeding* nightmare I am forced to endure once a year: *being in America*. As much as I enjoy my time here in *Nippon*, every holiday season I am forced to return to my childhood home of Lisbon, Ohio to endure the Traveler's Check-distributing wrath of my mother and stepfather. Sweet *kami-sama*, how did I ever survive 25 years in *that* basement? Of course, the students at the school where I teach English took it very well, as this time around they are much younger than my usual class. You see, I usually teach 7 year-olds, but the latest school year brought me a new group who was simply too immature for the complicated storytelling and mature tree-jumping of the anime series *Naruto* - so much so that they would loudly complain whenever I brought in taped copies of the program to assist me in teaching rudimentary English and the way of the ninja. Gladly, the new group of four-year olds I tutor at *Sakura Yochien* absolutely love the show, and often guess the plot twists before I can! Oh Toshi-Kun, your encyclopedic knowledge of the original *manga* will be the death of me.

"I hate myself. But I might be able to love myself. I might be allowed to stay here. Yes. I am nothing but I. I can be I. I wish to be I. I want to stay here. I can stay here!"
- *Shinji Ikari*, Neon Genesis Evangelion

Most of you may notice by this point that I am not wowing you with the prose that has made my blog #17 on DDRFreak.com's "Top 80 Blogs, 2003." This update is not deserving of the clever wordplay or 8000-word updates as seen in my "Legacy of the Bandai Wonderswan" feature. No, the subject of this post is so ugly, even I was debating changing the topic and writing my long-awaited "Mistranslations of the Contra Series" article (heh, maybe next week). *Minna-san*, sadly I must speak of American anime fandom.

Can you spot the inaccuracies in these costumes? I sure did!

It's bad enough when a country like the United States has the *audacity* to hold an anime convention; what's even worse is when a supposed "friend" asks you to go to one with him. This "friend" was Rob. He picked me up at the airport, where I was four hours late because a certain stewardess on Tokyo Airlines refused to believe me when I told her it was legal to smoke cigarettes on Japanese airplanes. I tried to find an episode of *Getbackers* (frankly, it makes *24* look childish in comparison) where this happened so I could cite precedent, but that particular episode was nowhere to be found on my laptop. When I finally let the pilot (apparently the stewardess couldn't fight her own battles) win his silly argument, I scratched an alchemy circle on the back of the seat in front of me with a stale piece of Pocky I found in my

tote bag. Let's hope, for their sake, that it didn't work.

""I'm not used to being liked. Being hated, on the other hand, is quite familiar."
- Gendo Ikari, Neon Genesis Evangelion

Feh, they're probably only up to episode 10.

After I met up with Rob, he asked the unthinkable: "Do you want to hang out at Ohayocon after Christmas?" I wanted to knock my luggage out of his hands, right then and there. But I've always felt a little sorry for Rob; he's had his nose to the educational grindstone most of his life, going to college and then... graduate school?! While he was off doing that, I built up a pretty nice DVD collection that now lines the walls of my 20 by 20 ft. flat (most people don't even have bedrooms that big) in Akihabara. Hey Rob, let's see the *gaijin* at MIT come up with anything as good as Sony of Japan! So, needless to say, I took pity on Rob; after all, this is the guy who thought *Soultaker* was a movie and *not* a 13-episode series! Which is why, after Christmas, I asked my asshole stepdad for 400 dollars, and soon we were off to Columbus for what would become the worst weekend of my life.

Ohayocon, like anything American having to do with anime, is a sick perversion of the art form. As much as it pains me, I must speak of the countless tragedies I faced that weekend, each one like an atomic bomb dropped on the Hiroshima of my heart. I have attended many *conbatsu* (conventions) in my homeland of Japan, each time bringing away priceless memories and rare swimsuit figurines of Cardcaptor Sakura. Not this time. When Rob and I entered the Columbus Hyatt, I was shocked to see an immeasurably long line of eager "anime fans" waiting for registration. I jabbed Rob with my elbow and stated, "Heh, looks like *Drag On* Ball Z is really picking up over here, eh?" But secretly, I was terrified. Terrified that a single member of this misguided rabble could possibly match the sheer depth and breadth of my manga collection. It was then I decided to shake off these fears by going up to our room to play *Osu! Tatakae! Ouendan!* on my purchased-in-Japan raspberry-colored DS Lite. That's our superior version of your *Elite Beat Agents*, a title I cannot even think of without bile rising to the tip of my throat. Of course, Rob asked if I wanted to hang out with the other people to check out their costumes, to which I curtly replied, "*Baka.*"

"*Baka.*"

"*As long as there is trust, there is betrayal.*" -Battle Royale

The streets of Shibuya make this look like child's play.

The rest of the weekend was mainly spent on my hotel bed, absolutely enthralled in revisiting the *Legend of the Galactic Heroes* universe – and you'd be crazy to think that I brought my original DVDs with me to the States. Nope, they're all under lock and key at a Tokyo bank, completely paid for thanks to that war bond my grandpa gave me on his deathbed. I guess if Grandpa Max knew his grandson possessed the entire *Legend of the Galactic Heroes* set, he would know that he didn't lose his legs in the Pacific Theater in vain... even if he *was* fighting for the wrong side. Most of my enjoyment, however, was cut short by the incessant interruptions of a certain Rob, who kept asking if I wanted to "check stuff out." As much as I loathe Rob, I pity him, too; he can never possess the knowledge and love I have for Japan, no matter how much he tries. So I accompanied him to the dealers' room, to scoff at the merchandise and inform the unlucky consumers of the inferior products on sale – even though they deserved to be fleeced like the mindless sheeple they are.

I was not at all surprised when the room looked like someone emptied a Japanese dumpster on a group of poorly-arranged tables. I have been inside of many Japanese dumpsters (mainly to increase the size of my substantial manga collection), and what I saw in Columbus was no different. Rob went off to look for products based on the mindless trash he enjoys, while I would pick up random items, shake my head morosely, and return these items from whence they came. I did see something I liked, however – a plush figure of *Shadou za Hejjihoggu* (Shadow the Hedgehog) that I somehow missed during my usual weekend-long excursions to the Akihabara Marketplace. I asked the vendor – who was clearly *not* Japanese – the price of the item, to which he replied, "Twenty dollars." I was incensed. "Twenty dollars? Why, with my connections in Japan, I could get that for 4500 yen!" It was then I was asked to leave the room; and it wouldn't be the last time I would be given that command this weekend. Rob met up with me at the entrance, holding a *Samurai Champloo* poster. Rob, you ignorant bastard.

"*A manslayer is a manslayer till the day he dies.*" – Rurouni Kenshin

Vowing never to return to the dealers' room, Rob and I took in a few panels. The prospect of a *Metal Gear Solid* panel delighted me so (after all, I am a follower of Kojima Hideo's philosophy, as seen in *Metal Gear Solid 2*) that it didn't even strike me that the moderator of this panel might know less than me about the franchise that has proven gaming's validity as an art form. Inevitably, his utter lack of knowledge about *Policenauts* made me storm out of the room, slamming the door behind me, which probably destroyed that fool's attempt at panel moderation. Rob didn't come with me, but I didn't need him anymore; for what I saw next strengthened my resolve to stab at the very heart of Ohayocon in a way only I could. My poorly-produced con program told me that my mortal enemy, Tiffany Grant, would be hosting a Q&A session the next day.

I know I have not spoken much about disgust in this review of Ohaycon, but Tiffany Grant disgusts me on such a level that it is impossible to relay in words – let alone in a language as savage as English. You see, Tiffany Grant is a scary old woman who once played a character in an anime bastardization – er, English dub - over a decade ago, and to this day she has the hubris to masquerade as this character as if she knew the original creator's intention and the character's complex psychology. Whenever I see her rapidly decaying body wrapped in a plug suit crudely designed to resemble Asuka from *Neon Genesis Evangelion*, I vow on my collection of *Azumanga Daioh* pencil boards to unmask her as the fraud she is. Overcome with sweat and rage, I used the autographs section of my program to construct the perfect burn on Tiffany Grant. At first, this insult was mostly devoted to the fact that she smells like your hands do after you handle pennies. This, however, did not express the utter contempt I have for Tiffany Grant. Not giving up, I cranked *Morning Musume* on my iPod and formulated a plan that turned out to be the craftiest revenge scheme ever concocted at an anime convention.

She looks more like Ritsuko than Asuka, am I right?

Rob, confused by my interest in attending an event at Ohayocon, reluctantly followed me to Tiffany Grant's panel. There, a dozen misguided fans of her "work" (I can't believe I'm giving it *that* much dignity) asked her inane and pointless question after question. But soon, it was my time to strike. And strike I did. When her leathery, crow-footed face turned towards my raised hand and said, "Yes, the boy in the Sailor Mercury t-shirt," I sprung into action. It took me a brief 20 seconds to acquire the *bokken* (wooden sword) I had secured to the underside of our chairs with duct tape the night previous. Shouting "*Japan BANZAIII*!" in the manner of those noble *kamikaze* pilots from the War of United States Aggression (so tactlessly referred to in your history books as "World War II"), I charged the stage, bringing down the *bokken* forcefully onto the plywood table in front of Tiffany Grant. It was a tragic mistake not to channel my *ki* correctly. The *bokken* splintered into

a thousand pieces, leaving me with no other plan of attack besides shouting, "You're no Asuka!" as two Ohayocon toughs escorted me out of the room. For me, the battle had been won.

In what seemed like a miracle, the Ohayocon staff told me I was not allowed out of my hotel room until Sunday afternoon, when my controversial nature wouldn't affect the then-over con. I didn't miss the activities one bit, but that *baka* Rob was so caught up in enjoying the heights of mediocrity that he forgot to tell me he was leaving. But no matter. I spent the last 18 hours of the con staring past the Columbus skyline, hoping to see a glance of my treasured Nippon in the distance. I missed her so.

In closing, I give Ohayocon 2007 my lowest rating ever.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.19 PNAC Newsletter: Project of North American Cryptozoology

Friday, Jan 19, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Search Group Reports Sasquatch Soon to Be Found

A group of searchers led by veteran Sasquatch expert Nute Video Jr. has located various hairs and fragments of scat they believe to belong to the Washington Sasquatch. This same beast is the one believed responsible for last summer's rash of overturned trash cans and may be linked to graffiti in downtown Sashshasquma that spoiled the endings of several Harry Potter books.

The famous Dumpshorts Photograph of the Sasquatch.

The expedition, which set out in late December, was supposed to have concluded on the 32nd of January. Video Jr. has stated that he plans to continue to search for the Sasquatch until it is found. "We have not failed to find a Sasquatch," Video Jr. wrote in an email to the PNAC mailing list, "we are simply experiencing delayed success."

Video Jr. points to the feces and hair as, "signs that we're headed in the right direction" and asserts via skywriter that the scat has an unearthly spicy sent, "born of no human bowel". He suggests that the only possible course of action now that the search is underway is to stay the course. "We started it and now we have to finish this search or we dishonor our profession and the thousands of lives lost," Video Jr. explained in a birthday card.

North Dakota Babyface Fish Nearly Caught in Tributary

The Babyface Fish resembles the Moose Creek Childeel.

Fishermen in the North Dakota White Lakes area were in for quite a surprise when they reeled an unusual fish into their boat. Fisherman, amateur cryptozoologist and acquitted child pornographer Lupus Bolliver described the scene in an email to PNAC:

> *We were fishing river carp with dynamite in the White Lakes on Tuesday and because its winter and all we weren't getting a lot of fish. We were about to pack it up and head home when John [Herpes] got a tug on his line. It was a big one, we knew right away, and as he reeled it in the damn thing fought like no fish he'd ever caught before. After about twenty minutes he finally managed to get it in net range and I hauled it in. The fish must have weighed fifty pounds, but the real surprise was that as I turned it over I saw its face. We hadn't just caught some monster carp, we had caught the legendary Babyface Fish.*

> It had a fat baby face with curly blond hair and rosy red cheeks. It was blinking a lot and sort of trying to talk, but we couldn't understand a darn thing it was saying. John tried to kiss it, but it didn't react well to that and it started thrashing around the boat. I went for my camera, but by the time I got it turned on the darn thing had flopped right out of the boat and back into the lake. I couldn't get a picture, but luckily I had the good sense to mark down the GPS coordinates.

The White Lakes Babyface Fish has been spotted more than 500,000 times since the early 1980s, when it is believed a visiting Japanese man might have impregnated a fish, creating the horror. Aquatic cryptozoology expert Pickle Taintrub, currently deployed in a hunt for the Haunted Submarine of the Great Lakes, plans to lead an expedition to the White Lakes some time in 2007. Stay tuned to PNAC for further updates.

New Searchers to Be Deployed in Effort to Capture Jersey Dogman

Cryptozoo expert Douglas Shirtlift has requested additional support from New England cryptozoologists in his efforts to capture the sassy and elusive Jersey Dogman. He and his crew believe they have the Dogman encircled inside a perimeter of approximately 800 square miles and they need additional searchers to drive the Dogman towards their traps.

One of four photos in the Shirtlift Dogman set.

The Dogman has been reported in the New Jersey area since 2003, when civilians claimed they saw a brown man with large white eyes and floppy ears lurking in the woods. Since then the nocturnal Dogman has supposedly appeared to threaten dogs, frighten cats, tear open outgoing Netflix envelopes and peer through windows ominously.

Cryptozoologists drawn to the sightings reported seeing the Dogman earlier this year. One member of the PNAC mailing list, amateur HAM radio operator and veteran cryptozoologist Malted Moroccan, wrote of a close encounter with the Dogman in October:

> *It had the gait of a man but with brown-colored arms nearly as long as its knees that looked delicious. It wore a crude t-shirt with an image of itself on the front and appeared to be wearing diving goggles. Its face was shaped like a pyramid and it was wearing shoe boxes on its feet. When it attempted to use a calling card at a public telephone I ran for help. By the time my team returned to the location it had disappeared, although we were able to recover a wrapper for a Snickers Fast Break bar that may have traces of its saliva. We'll be holding a fundraiser so we can send it off to the lab to test for DNA.*
>
> Douglas Shirtlift's team has produced several photographs (see image) of the Dogman and Douglas now claims that the creature is trapped. "We should have brought more searchers, but now that we are committed and we have him right where we want him I think it would be disastrous to pull out now. We need another 2,000 searchers to help us get this menace into the snares so that he can be studied by science."

Tracks and scat found in the wilderness indicate that the Dogman may have five eyes and is almost certainly made out of chocolate. Cryptozoologists wishing to help are advised to contact Shirtlift's "Dogman Desperados" on the forums. Over a billion dollars have been spent by Shirtlift's team to date on several very expensive cars and a fence 800 miles long that will be completed by 2018. Shirtlift has requested an additional 300 dollars for a pith helmet with a large topaz gem in the front.

Cryptozoology Daze in Nevada Trains 30 Brigades, Brings Controversy

PNAC's annual Cryptozoology Daze in Christhole, Nevada has been a seemingly wild success. Curiosity seekers from all over the country headed to the town to witness an exhibit on cryptozoology and learn about how to track and trap various crypto species. The day's itinerary provided a broad foundation for trainee cryptozoologists and included:

- Identifying unusual scat by smell and taste
- Antagonizing a Chupacabra into attacking a dummy so that you can sedate it
- Leprechaun riddles and their risks
- How to put a net on a dragon
- Almost detecting lake and loch monsters with sonar
- Arguing on Usenet
- How to appear credible when the local news team comes to mock you
- Art Bell

Trainees enjoyed sandwiches from Quiznos and a free pin declaring them official professional cryptozoologists. But not everyone was happy with the results of this year's training.

Tokyo Sexwale trains new cryptroops.

"30 brigades sounds great," commented Evil Elliot on his Evil Elliot and Goober Show podcast, "but the truth of the matter is none of these new brigades can search for even a simple Yeti without embedding more experienced cryptozoologists. If they're not willing to stand up and find legendary creatures on their own then what are we doing in Christhole?"

PNAC co-founder and sponsor of this year's event in Christhole, Bodega Maximus, was not so quick to dismiss the trainees.

"They require in-the-field experience in hunting down sasquatches and devils. Once they've got the hang of it and they have their first few blurry photos the thrill of the hunt will take over. They'll be organizing their own search parties in no time and they will help us fill the Cryptozoo Museum in Danville."

The museum is open to the public from 9 AM to 5 PM Monday through Friday and is expecting its first exhibit to arrive sometime in February, after the Jersey Dogman or the Sasquatch has been caught.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.20 The Toys I Never Had

Saturday, Jan 20, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As an only child with several generous aunts, I was pretty spoiled in my youth. I ate two meals a day, received more beatings than any kid could hope for, and the potato sack that I fashioned into a crude backpack (which had a mysterious, almost potato-like scent for some reason) was the talk of the school from third grade all the way through my high school graduation. Yet with all of my good fortunes I was never fully content.

There were certain toys that I longed for, but never got for one reason or another. In some cases they were too expensive. Some had a very limited productions, and the first time I saw them was in the back of a Toys R' Us catalog three months after they had been discontinued. Then there were the toys that would have made me too happy and, as my mother explained to me one morning as I ate my breakfast of stale Saltines in water, would have surely caused my fragile mind to misfire and electrocute the even more fragile rest of my body. This is why I was also not allowed to have friends or celebrate my birthday and national holidays.

Those elusive toys remained in my thoughts throughout the years. At one point they were no longer mere objects, but parts of myself that I needed to collect before I could go on with my life. Ahab had his white whale. Joan had her arc. Those two dudes had their car. I have my toys.

I've been able to pick up a few of these items from local comic shops and eBay, but the majority of them seem impossible to find so I'm turning to you for help. I've taken the time to describe a few of my most sought-after toys in as much detail as I could manage. If any of these items are buried away in your closet or attic or body cavities, please let me know and I'll gladly buy them from you for a fair price. Once I'm able to get ahold of everything in today's update, I'll post some more toys in an upcoming article. Thanks!

Rutger Hauer talking doll from Blind Fury

Long before I saw the Zatoichi blind swordsman movies, Rutger Hauer cleaved his way into my heart in Blind Fury while portraying a blind man who overcame diversity by chopping tons of Generic Bad Guys With Uzis And Shades into little pieces with his combination cane/samurai sword. His character's bravery galvanized the country's disabled. The deaf found the courage to stab neighborhood dogs with swiss army knives. Amputees were no longer too ashamed to set up on a rooftop and snipe innocent people. The mentally handicapped proudly bought Rob Liefeld comics.

This doll didn't have a spring-loaded sword swinging action arm or detachable shoes, but it had something far cooler. When you pulled the string in Rutger's back, he would quip one of his most

memorable lines from the movie such as:

- *"My future's so bright, I'm legally blind."*
- *"I don't have to see to see that you're dead meat."*
- *"I'll be happy to compensate the hotel, and apologize for this incident. I couldn't see what I was packing and thought that they were my bathrobe and television."*
- *"Huh?"*
- *"How does a blind man sharpen a sword? Very carefully. Ha ha, just a little joke of mine. NOW YOU DIE!"*

He-Man Eternia Bank Playset

Oh man, I wanted this so bad. This fully-featured playset perfectly depicted Eternia's bank and all the incredible action associated with it. A drive-thru window for Battle Cat and the Road Ripper? Yes. Deposit boxes for Skeletor to deposit his evil plans? Hell yes. A vault full of slime? Of course. It was everything a He-Man fan could want and more. Where else could Stinkor apply for a home loan as Man-Ram busted through a wall to open a high-yield savings account? Only in our wildest dreams, that's where. This playset made those dreams a reality.

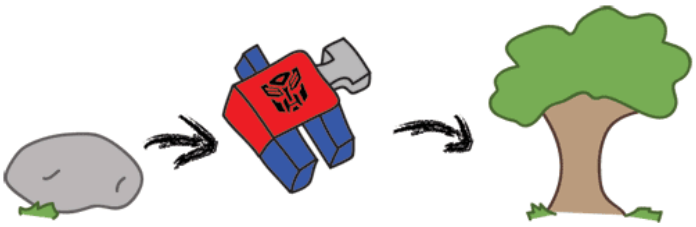
The prospect of mixing all the adventure of He-Man with all the financial responsibility of a trip to the bank had kids salivating back in the day. Friends continually turned on one another in the cafeteria when they found themselves on opposite sides of the "who would win in a deposit slip writing competition between He-Man and Skeletor?" argument.

Slip N' Fall

Essentially a very small version of the Slip N' Slide, the Slip N' Fall was marketed as "The perfect way to have wet n' wild fun anywhere you go!" Kids were instructed to lay the one foot by one foot sheet of slick plastic on a flat surface such as a hardwood floor or concrete, then spray it with water and hop on feet-first for an unforgettable ride.

I'm not really sure why this thing disappeared so quickly.

Rocktree (Transformers figure)



The classic Transformers were awesome but over time the franchise lost its way, becoming needlessly complicated. For example there was the ridiculous Beast Wars series, which had the robots we all know and love transforming into monkeys and parrots and shit instead of jet fighters or spiffy cars or boomboxes. It's a little-known fact that in the transition from the classic line of toys to Beast Wars, a number of experimental figures were released to gauge the audience's interest in robots that could transform into entirely useless objects. So enters Rocktree.

Rocktree is unique because he doesn't have a base robot form. We're all familiar with Optimus Prime and Bumblebee leaping into action with huge laserguns in their hands, kicking other robots in the metallic junk and headbutting apartment buildings with their robotic foreheads. Rocktree can't do any of that. He starts out as a rock, and he transforms into a tree. He doesn't have a gun or even a face. When you think about it though, I think that gives him an advantage.

Rocktree failed horribly. There were less than a thousand figures produced, and eight hundred of those were angrily thrown against a wall one at a time by the toy company's Chief Financial Officer. For some reason though, I thought he was the coolest of all the Transformers. I used to sit in my yard all day and imagine I was Rocktree, staying perfectly still in tree form while the Decepticons discussed the details of their latest evil scheme at the company picnic under the shade of my robotic leaves.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.21 I Went to Cambodia and Took Some Pictures

Sunday, Jan 21, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

A couple of weeks ago I went to Cambodia. Cambodia encompasses a low flood plain between former war zone Vietnam and deceptively peaceful Thailand. It is hot, tropical, and there are enough landmines to kill a couple major US cities while still having a few left over to mutilate three or four villages worth of peasants.

Here are some pictures I took:

That is not Cambodia. That is Korea.

It was snowing in Korea, the first time I had ever been in falling snow. We had a thirteen hour layover there, our last chance to savor being in a country with hospitals that won't accidentally kill you while trying to set a broken leg.

Korea smelled frozen and pungent, like the snow that was falling was piped directly from ice in a supermarket fish display. We took a walk through the city around the airport. It was not Seoul, but it was near Seoul, kind of like how the Los Angeles airport is actually next to Inglewood. Apparently Koreans consider the place dull and ugly, but it seemed ok to us. I bet Inglewood wouldn't be so bad either if it was completely blanketed in snow and the only thing you'd had to look at for twelve hours was the beige back of an airplane seat.

Korea's other notable landmarks, based on my personal experience:

- A toilet that has an on/off switch and will spray you in a very surprising place if you fiddle with the buttons, then will spray you in a few more unexpected places as you try to find the button to make it stop.
- A frozen and, not surprisingly, empty outdoor gym with enough weight machines to keep any extremely cold-resistant exercise enthusiast happy for hours.
- The world's worst free hotel lunch. I'd say I could safely identify only one of the foods, and knowing what it was didn't make it taste any better.

These were all diverting in their own way, but we were excited to be finally on our way to Cambodia once our 13 hours were up. This is Cambodia:

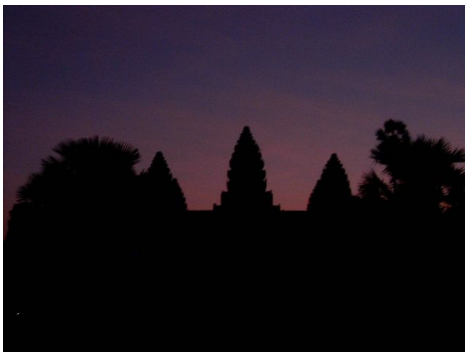
This is the street our guesthouse was on. On the left side of this dirt road was a hotel with free wireless internet and great pancakes. On the right side was a pizza place. Flocks of chickens crossed back and forth between the two and no one had the cultural background necessary to ask them why they did it. Welcome to Southeast Asia.

- **The Angkor What?**

The Angkor Wat is the world's largest religious building, taking up the entirety of a 500 acre island surrounded by a 600 feet wide hand dug moat. The Angkor What? is a bar in the town nearby that I stole the title for this section from.

Most people go to Cambodia mainly to see the Angkor temples, a series of extraordinary monuments built by the Angkor civilization around a thousand years ago. None of the temples have quite the impact that the five towered Wat does, and it is consistently breath-taking, no matter which angle you look at it from.

There are two entrances, but only one is open to tourists. This one can be easily identified by the massive herds of destitute children brandishing postcards and cheap bracelets and a startlingly complete knowledge of world geography. They know more state capitals and population figures than even the sharpest graduate of American fifth grade. If you claim you are Irish, they will greet you with a disconcertingly accented "top of the morning to ya." A German lawyer we met assured us that they are capable of offering knick knacks in near fluent German. Think what you will about the Cambodian school system, but they clearly turn out souvenir selling machines.



The Angkor Wat is so overwhelmingly beautiful that I won't bother trying to talk about it in a humor article. Instead I will show you pictures of two particular points of interest:

- A sign near the main entrance. Like most places in Asia, mistranslated signs were a plentiful and consistent source of entertainment. One tuk-tuk I saw had this proud advertisement painted on its back: "For more comfortable ride, deploys sock absorbers." And don't you wish more vehicles would?
- The Worst Staircase In The WorldTM. Many ruins have steep and ancient staircases, and

I've gotten more or less used to reaching the top of one and then turning and realizing I will

have to climb down it in order to return to the life I once had. I have made my terrifying, vertigo-inducing bed, and now I have to try not to fall off of it. On the other hand, most countries restore these stairways so at least they are in the range of climbable. I will leave you to judge how the Angkor Wat rates on that front: Photo 1 Photo 2 Photo 3. At least they threw up a sign to warn you.

- **The Elephant**

Diana loves elephants, so she paid $50 over the course of the trip on elephant rides. The first time we rode an elephant it was up a narrow jungle trail at sunset. The way you get on an elephant is you step onto its backbone and then turn and sit on the saddle/seat thing. The way you sit on an elephant is carefully.

Careful: Elephants

At the end of our ride, one of the other elephant drivers (still on his elephant) offered to take our picture. Diana handed him our digital camera and he puzzled over how it worked, taking picture after picture of his own legs and the ground beneath him in the process. Just as he got the hang of it, the elephant beneath him took the largest, loudest piss I have ever heard. A few small swimming pools worth of water took the saffron plunge to the (now very muddy) dirt below. Right around when the driver took this picture, the massive steaming avalanche of feces was beginning.

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP beep THUMP THUMP

"Here you go," he said, and gave us back the camera. We smiled through the rising fumes and managed an *"a-kon"*, which is Khmer for "I'm trying to say thank you but I don't speak the language and this elephant dung is choking me."

"No problem," he said, and rode away.

- **Cambodian Traffic**

A tuk-tuk.

Cambodian traffic is a lot like American traffic if every driver on the road was blind and had just sprayed hot coffee directly onto their genitals with a high-pressure hose. A left turn in Cambodia works like this: the vehicle pulls all the way over to the left of whatever road they are on and then turns directly into the face of oncoming traffic. The motorcycles or bicycles that were suddenly displaced by this maneuver work themselves out, or they don't and there is a crash. Either way, no one else on the road is fazed, or, more importantly, slowed down as the tuk-tuk that turned left weaves its way over to the right where it is, theoretically, supposed to be driving.

The role of the tourist in this situation is to keep a terrified death grip onto the side of the trailer until a passing truck comes close enough to shave a few layers of skin off his fingers. Meanwhile the Cambodians, most of whom drive motorcycles they refer to as motos, never seem to notice that they are driving the way Americans do when they are involved in high-speed police chases that will end in several deaths.

Women in Cambodia ride these motos side-saddle. I saw a woman sitting on a speeding moto like it was a park bench, dangling one foot out and bouncing her slip-on shoe idly while she used *both hands* to rummage through her purse. No one wears helmets, and three year olds ride motorcycles by standing up on the seats in between the adult passengers.

On our way to the airport the day we left Cambodia, we passed two different fatal crash sites. In both cases, every moto on the road was driving right though the wreckage without slowing down at all. I wondered how many accidents in Cambodia have been caused by crashing into other crashes, and then held on a little tighter to my tuk-tuk seat.

Please join me in two weeks when I will be sharing more of my experiences being a dumb tourist in a third world country. Featuring stories about tourist traps!, the French!, and the world's greatest warning sign!!. If you would like to email me about these subjects (or anything else), send it to maxnmona@somethingawful.com.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.22 The Wacky Morning Death Squad

Monday, Jan 22, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Their fearsome visages and blood-curdling war cries strike fear into the hearts of those who meet them.

On December 12th of 1901 Guglielmo Marconi raised a kite-antenna from Signal Hill in Newfoundland and received the first transatlantic wireless communication from a point over 3,000 kilometers away. Seconds later, Marconi offered to present Captain Tillinghast in England with a gift certificate for Strapping Paddy's Beef Fritters in New York. All the Captain had to do was insert a live electrical wire into his urethra and hold it there for thirty seconds while wearing a sign around his neck declaring that he was, "The foremost and plumpest rectum podger".

Captain Tillinghast agreed and was instantly slain. His death resulted in the first lawsuit leveled against a radio broadcaster. Marconi managed to win the case by asserting that Tillinghast's death was of the sort one might find at "any lodge jape gone awry". As a result of the case's outcome, Tillinghast's death was a largely forgotten footnote to the realization of transatlantic wireless technology.

Until Friday, the 12th of December, when a 28-year-old mother died drinking water as part of a radio station's Wii giveaway contest. The videogame console was to be awarded to the person who drank the most water without urinating. DJs at the Sacramento KDND 107.9 "The Dungeon Masters" station claimed to be ignorant of the dangers of water toxicity.

Then all of them were mysteriously fired, as well as staff members at the radio station, people they had met recently, telemarketers that had called their home and several of their pets including a red pony. Then the police opened an investigation into the contest after it was revealed that several callers to the on-air stunt warned the DJs that chugging water could be deadly. It turns out those callers were either laughed at by the DJs or cut off with a loud fart sound followed by a honking horn.

Even their wackiness conceals more horrors.

> *In an online recording of the show, the DJs can be heard making comments joking about people dying from water intoxication, even discussing a case in Northern California two years ago in which student Matthew Carrington, 21, died after drinking too much water during a fraternity pledge.*
>
> One of the DJs even admitted they maybe should have done some research before the contest.
>
> One female caller, who identified herself as Eva, also phoned in to warn the radio station that drinking too much water can kill.

The general public was horrified to hear of this tragic incident, but this sort of thing happens quite frequently. Whether it was the involvement of Nintendo's Wii or the bizarre manner of death, this incident has received much more media attention than most radio promotions gone wrong. Since Marconi's offer to Captain Tillinghast here have been more than twelve thousand deaths linked to radio promotions. The situation has become so bad since the 1980s that morning drive time DJs

have earned the nickname "Wacky Morning Death Squads" from various people I imagine I am talking to when my eyes are closed and I'm alone in bed.

The history of radio promotions is one that closely parallels the tragic history of the Native American tribes with all of the death, small pox and charging cavalry that entails. Truly, participating in a radio promotion is not an activity to be undertaken lightly. Even the most seemingly benign promotions can result in mass death and destruction. Four people were shot and killed when San Diego's HHHN 101.7 "The Hhhhhhhnnnnggg" children's radio station offered free tickets to Babar on Ice during a remote event. The irony of the incident, lost on many, is that Babar the Elephant refuses to use firearms, favoring the personal gratification of knife work and the reliability of a broadsword.

One of the most recent instances of a radio promotion gone horrifically wrong occurred in 1997 in Ellington Quay, Florida. Radio station XCTL 102.7 "The Xochtl" and their morning drive time show "The Laff Canticle" held a contest called "Valves for Verve Beatoff".

The most terrible of the morning death squads are those who appear calm and entirely non-wacky.

DJs Thornton Goober, Big Puzz, Jenna and Ol' Stinker offered tickets to an upcoming Verve Pipe concert. In exchange for six tickets to the concert contestants were asked to see who could survive on the greatest number of implanted artificial heart valves. Bids for the tickets were placed blind so that contestants were not actually competing with one another. Most chose two to three valves. To ensure a victory, Tom Trent age 19 wrote on his entry card that he would accept 850,000 artificial heart valves in exchange for six tickets to the Verve Pipe.

The tissue of his heart could only accommodate approximately 40 artificial valves. At the urgings of Big Puzz and Thornton Goober, Doctor Isaac Salk of Ellington Cardiac Center installed artificial valves throughout the entirety of Tom Trent's body. The 72-hour long surgery was broadcast live on the air with Big Puzz providing remote coverage during the drive time hours. After completing the surgery Trent's heart beat once and expelled all of his blood from the 50,000 valves on the outside of his body. This was followed by several honking horns and a sound clip of Casey Kasem getting angry about playing an up-tempo song after a death announcement.

Trent had no surviving family so no lawsuit was ever filed. However, Doctor Salk billed the station nearly a billion dollars in medical fees and the station was fined $25,000 by the FCC for making frequent references to masturbation whenever heartbeats or the name of the contest were discussed. Several dozen other participants died from artificial valve failure in the years following the contest.

They are a plague upon our once-great nation.

Other notable radio promotions gone wrong (listed chronologically):

1967 - Bellwort, New Jersey's 97.4 WHET "The Wheat" gives away a bushel of wheat to each participant that turns in a murder weapon to a police gun bank. Bread makers beat dozens with rolling pins, two are killed.

1972 - Slurdfast, Ohio's 101.3 MVOL "The 1000 Volume" offers tickets to Dolomite Caverns to the person who can eat the most burning magnesium. Seven participants reduced to molten slag. No one can eat burning magnesium so tickets given to staff members.

1973 - Slurdfast, Ohio's 101.3 WXRK "The Xerk", formerly MVOL, hands out luminous bars of radium to children at county fair. When later asked why by authorities, morning DJs Huckleberry and The Gooz hooted made a honking horn sound and then exploded. Eight people killed outright, dozens later develop terminal cancer.

1978 - Hurningng, West Virginia's Q88.1 "The Quibble" and its popular morning show "Treble the Quibble with Bubble and Scribble" hold a contest in which participants are asked to guess the weight of a brown bear with their tongue. While no one dies, more than 100 are rendered mute and/or faceless.

1983 - Detroit, Michigan's 92.3 JMMJ "El Jumanji", a Mexican language station, celebrates the Day of the Dead in 1983 by giving away half pound stainless steel ball bearings designed for the turrets of battleships. They distribute them to listeners by dropping them from the cargo bay of an airplane that flies over the city. 122 are killed and more than 1,000 suffer broken bones. Apologia not accepted, senor!

1990 - New York, New York's 89.9 RWRM "Rock Worm" holds a raffle for an all-expense-paid trip to Newark's Bauxite Coast to the first person who can impregnate a spider. While no one dies as a direct result of the promotion, several million half-human spiders are hatched throughout Manhattan and by 1991 the Army is called in to wipe out the menace. Thousands die at the hands of the spidermen and their overlords (and former RWRM DJs) Hooch, Skleebler and Gunt Mouth.

2005 - XM Satellite Radio's 244 "The Time Chunnel" offers tickets to Avril Lavigne for the listener who can swallow the most Advil tablets. "Advil for Avril" kicks off in July and by June more than 600 people have been hospitalized for liver failure. By the contest's end in March fewer than 100 XM subscribers are still alive.

The moral of this story, and the tragic story of the woman struck down by water, is that you must never trust drive-time DJs. They will do anything, regardless of loss of life and limb, to promote their shows. As 1920s evangelist Roy Skoot once said, "Radio is the devil whisperin' in your ear." Although, I guess take that with a grain of salt since Skoot was later found with a basement full of dead children, but it's one side of the issue.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.23 Dating Tips for the Overqualified

Tuesday, Jan 23, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Don't let your gorgeousness stand in your way!

Do you lead a grim existence filled with joyless extroversion and easy success? Are you tall, handsome, charming and alone? You may be alone, Chad, but you're not *alone.*

Many rich, sophisticated, well-groomed and cocksure men *just like you* lead unfulfilling love lives simply because their natural projection of success and masculinity is too threatening to women. Though conventional wisdom holds that women are attracted to confidence, charisma, wealth, rugged good looks, impeccable taste, perfect teeth, a dry sense of humor, finely-tailored suits and taut buttocks, the reality is that modern women find brawny, ivy-league gentlemen too alarming to deal with. Most women today would rather enjoy the simple pleasure of a feckless nebbish than ride the sensual rollercoaster of superior manhood. It's no longer a man's world... it's a man-boy's world. If you want to attract the ideal mate, it's time to learn to live in it.

Grab a chair, unfurl your coiffure, and dip the tip of your tie in the closest urn of gravy– it's time to take control of your life! These simple tips will have you swaggering around town like a portly, balding wimp with a hot babe falling over you like a house of cards!

Your swift, Republican effectiveness in all things may win you friends among your Skull and Bones contemporaries, but it won't get you far with women. Your major liability as a man is the very thing that has brought you to your position of wealth and dignity in the first place: confidence. The modern woman, reared on a diet of underdog tales, Woody Allen films and nerd-chic, will balk at your easy, Redfordesque smile and your swaggering-but-gentlemanly advance. The first mistake made by men of your caliber is to be *too captivating too fast.*

Picture this familiar scenario: you're sitting in some ritzy tavern, keeping a table full of cronies in peals of laughter with one of your winning anecdotes about golf with the Kennedy clan at Hyannis Port, when you spy a beautiful creature across the room. Still wearing the flashy smile that commands your cronies so easily, you make brazen, inquisitive eye contact with the woman, making her heart skip a beat. This is *exactly the wrong approach.*

There is nothing that a woman distrusts more than a handsome, mysterious, wealthy stranger! By unloading the brunt of your considerable charm on her, you have instantly made her fear you. In a woman's eyes, confidence is a cheap parlor trick employed by third-rate "pick-up artists." The very concept is tarnished; your only hope is to tone down your interpersonal skills to a level that is more familiar to the average woman.

For example, striding purposefully up to a woman is *out.* Making intelligent and interesting conversation is *passé.* The modern seducer has moved past these things, and must approach a woman as if he is a terrified, autistic shut-in who has never spoken to a creature with less than four legs before. It is only by cultivating your vulnerability that you will be able to win her trust. Here are some great conversation starters to minimize the panic and terror that your remarkable countenance may instill in women:

- "I uh... Hi. I was noticing that, you know... your dress. Do you... Oh, I wasn't hitting on you! Ha ha, this is awkward. Do you know where the bathroom is?"

- "Hello. Hi, you look like an interesting person and... hey. So! I was thinking... Well, hey, it was good talking to you."
- "Hey, I found a piece of paper with a phone number written on it... maybe you could take it and throw it away for me, unless by some insanity or stupidity on your part you might want to call the number, but you'd probably wind up getting some stupid loser on the other end, maybe a stupid loser not so different from me."

While a feckless demeanor might win you a dance or two, you'll never seal the deal until you look the part. Ditch those wingtips, yachtsman! Your outward appearance of material wealth is the number one thing over-qualifying you for the woman of your dreams. Your Savile Row suits may go over well on your business-shark buddies, but women will instantly fling your perfect body and your haughty wardrobe into the dreaded Man Zone (a dungeon-like category where women file men who are wealthy, attractive, functional and charming, and therefore totally un-dateable).

Being amazing is no

It may seem shallow and unfair, but that is the grim reality of the female psyche. It is not your fault that you are a gleaming Adonis, a testament to the power of good breeding, a paragon of health and fitness; you are just as God painstakingly sculpted you: exquisite. But in the mind of a woman, your indelible perfection is reason enough to reject you as "too good." Therefore, it is important to alter your appearance to a more attainable standard, so that women will stop rolling off of your chiseled body like water from the wings of a duck.

Simply growing your hair long and letting your suits go to rags will not help you; women will still see in you the unmistakable gleam of succes and attractiveness. Worse yet, they may confuse you for a smoldering, passionate artist-type, who is too consumed by the fire in his soul to care about basic combing his hair. In order to become desirable, you must completely reinvent yourself. Here are a few simple things you can do to look like an accessible, dateable mortal:

- Many brawny losers make the mistake of letting their facial hair grow into an arresting stubble, mysterious as a black fog on a wild heath. This is simply *too attractive*, and women may see it as gorgeously inauthentic. Let your beard blossom untamed, matted and tangled as a briar, trapping food like a nomadic caveman of yore. The more unkempt and pubic your beard becomes, the more accessible it will be to women.
- Although you may feel naked in anything less than a bespoke tailored three-piece suit, a modern woman sees suits as pretentious and stuffy. Women love the warmth and humanity displayed by a simple faded t-shirt, airbrushed with a howling wolf against an icy forest. Your unpretentious love of nature will show your suitors that you are not too career-minded to form a meaningful relationship! Cast your wingtips into the sea: a true player never dons any footwear that is not both comfortable and easy to put on. Combine the warmth of white gym socks with the convenience of thong sandals for a one-two punch that will knock women head over heels!
- Years of polo and rowing have burdened you with the beveled musculature of a Greek hero, but your statuesque physique is nothing but an oiled, rippling impediment to your love life. God has poisoned you with a faultless body, but man has invented the antidote: Cheeotos. They may not please the palate like a fine steak tartare, but they serve a dual purpose: they smooth

out the harsh angles of your intimidating muscles with the flowing swoop of an attractive belly, and they decorate your steady fingers and boyish dimples with the fine orange powder that has become the tangy hallmark of a true Casanova.

- A great deal of a man's physical attractiveness is carried in his posture and body language. While the over-qualifier tends to stand tall and straight, like a totem pole erected in honor of the masculine form, his granite jaw set like a sturdy hand upon a bible, he would be well advised to study the posture of the meek. An effective lover/loser always stands as if he is about to be pelted by the dodgeballs that haunted his youth: he slouches forward, he flinches, and he crosses his arms tightly across his sternum. This posture triggers woman's dual nature as predator and nurturer. When you assume this posture, women will have the desperate urge to crack you like a crab leg, and then nurse you back to health with their whining.

Don't let your charisma control your life!

You may look and act the part, but the most complicated step of the process has yet to come. One simple fact impedes any further success: *women are turned off by wealth and power.* No matter how fat, greasy and awkward you become, at the end of the day you'll still whistle for your chauffeur and ride to the estate in the back of your Rolls. Even if you follow the previous steps perfectly, you'll still never rise beyond the level of "eccentric millionaire," a thing detested by all women.

Most men have it easy: if they want to assume a life of carefree indolence, they can move into their parents' spare room and put dark towels over the windows, cultivating an irresistibly erotic mildew smell that will attract every woman within a mile. But not you: you were born into magnificent wealth, and moving into your parents' smallest country cottage would be beyond the wildest dreams of most people.

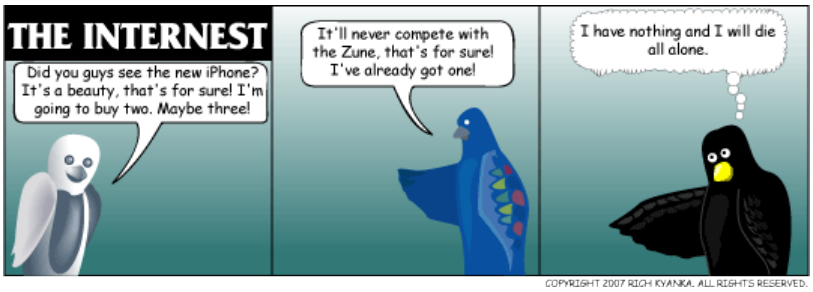
The only solution, naturally, is to throw it all away. Destroy your money and embrace a life of sexual luxury. There are countless ways to get poor, and as long as your divine mandate to succeed doesn't prevent you from failure at all turns, you'll be up to your ears in women just as soon as you throw your last suitcase full of hundreds into the bonfire. A new life awaits! Chin up, Chad: it's time to "strike out" on your own!

Put your chin down now, lest women be disoriented by its majestic geometry.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.24 Internest™, We Return to Thee

Wednesday, Jan 24, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)


THE INTERNEST
Did you guys see the new iPhone? It's a beauty, that's for sure! I'm going to buy two. Maybe three!
It'll never compete with the Zune, that's for sure! I've already got one!
I have nothing and I will die all alone.
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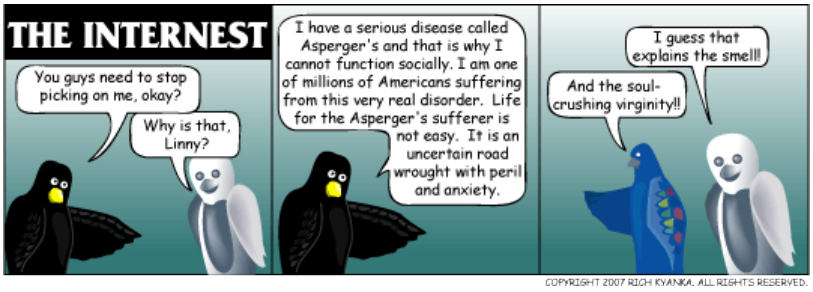
THE INTERNEST
You guys need to stop picking on me, okay?
Why is that, Linny?
I have a serious disease called Asperger's and that is why I cannot function socially. I am one of millions of Americans suffering from this very real disorder. Life for the Asperger's sufferer is not easy. It is an uncertain road wrought with peril and anxiety.
I guess that explains the smell!
And the soul-crushing virginity!!
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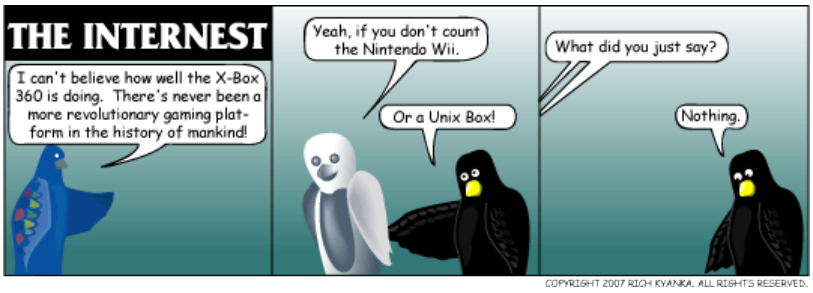
THE INTERNEST
I can't believe how well the X-Box 360 is doing. There's never been a more revolutionary gaming platform in the history of mankind!
Yeah, if you don't count the Nintendo Wii.
Or a Unix Box!
What did you just say?
Nothing.
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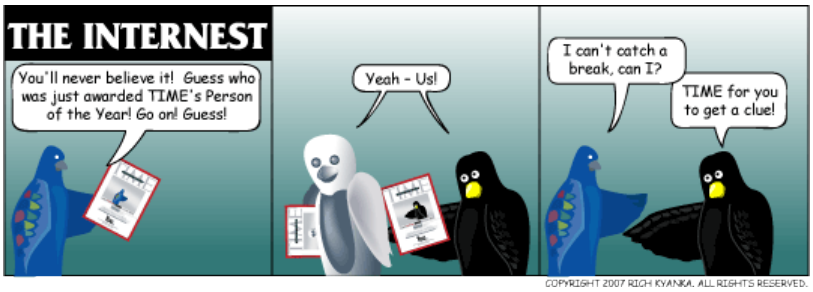
THE INTERNEST
You'll never believe it! Guess who was just awarded TIME's Person of the Year! Go on! Guess!
Yeah - Us!
I can't catch a break, can I?
TIME for you to get a clue!
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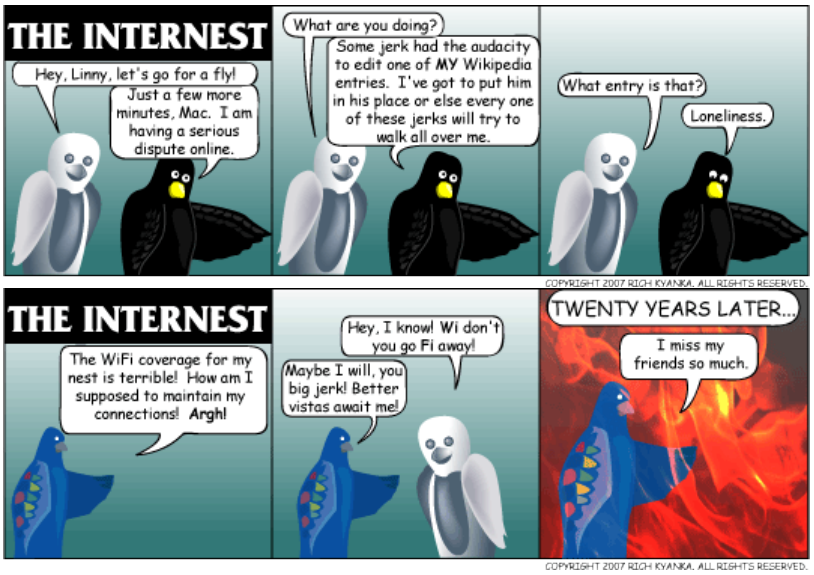
THE INTERNEST
Hey, Linny, let's go for a fly!
Just a few more minutes, Mac. I am having a serious dispute online.
What are you doing?
Some jerk had the audacity to edit one of MY Wikipedia entries. I've got to put him in his place or else every one of these jerks will try to walk all over me.
What entry is that?
Loneliness.
COPYRIGHT 2007 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
The WiFi coverage for my nest is terrible! How am I supposed to maintain my connections! Argh!
Hey, I know! Wi don't you go Fi away!
Maybe I will, you big jerk! Better vistas await me!
TWENTY YEARS LATER...
I miss my friends so much.
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-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.25 G'Day USA

Thursday, Jan 25, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Christ, look at the bags under those eyes. Let the girl sleep!

I never know how to start these updates so let me just get to the heart of the matter.

I hate Bindi Irwin.

Okay, so maybe hate is too strong of a word, and while attacking an 8-year-old girl isn't exactly the best way to win friends and foster relationships with advertisers, I'm telling you, there's something not right about that girl.

I know what you're saying, "Hey Hassan, she's only 8! Are you crazy?!" I don't know, man. I just get a sinking feeling in my chest every time she is on TV. Every question answered in that innocent and naive tone makes me cringe and I have to look away from the television. There's no escaping it. We are in the eye of the Bindi mania media hurricane. She's on every channel saying that her daddy is the best daddy and that her daddy always told her at the dinner table, "Bindi, I'm soooo proud of you!" Really? You'd think once in a while he'd tell her to pass the mashed dingo porridge or whatever the hell they eat down there.

Don't misunderstand me. This isn't an article about how she's being exploited by her mom or the media or some such nonsense. If anything she's exploiting us! They expect us to buy that godawful DVD of hers because her wacky zookeeper father angered the ocean and got what he had coming to him? Aw hell naw. Well gosh, her dad just died and she's so adorable. It's only $9.95? Okay here you go. You know what? Don't even give me a DVD. Just keep the money. Poor kid...

Please???

Fuuuuck! I know it can't be healthy to have this kind of reaction to a child but hey, here we are. Maybe I'm just taking out my hatred for Australia on this overnight media darling. You know, we've been giving the French a hard time for a while now and it's about time we focus our hatred on Australia. Australians are worse than New Yorkers with their "better than your city" mentality. They come over here and talk about how wonderful Sydney is and how beautiful the countryside is and I just want to strangle them. Go back there if you love it so much! If I have to hear about that goddamn Opera House again I'm going to rip my own dick off. It's like they only come here to see what a crap country looks like. I'm willing to admit that some of my hatred stems from jealousy but I think it goes much deeper than that.

There are in fact two Australias. First there is the continent of Australia, which is a vast and majestic landscape where fantasy action movies are filmed. Then there is the country of Australia, which is in a never ending state of separation anxiety. It's practically disconnected from the rest of the world. The subject of continents comes up very often in my daily life. Heavy hitters like North America, Europe, and Asia often dominate the conversation, followed by South America, Africa, and even Antarctica. Australia is always mentioned last, if at all. 40% of Australia's national budget isn't devoted to things like defense or social security, but to ensuring that the rest of the world doesn't forget they exist.

Australia has always craved the approval of the United States. They look to us to fly our asses down there in the winter (You mean it's Summer down there?! That's like witchcraft!!!) and stare at their coral reef all day. They had a good thing going with Crocodile Dundee, they really did. But then our infatuation with the land down under sort of fizzled out suddenly and like a scorned ex-girlfriend Australia didn't understand why. They would constantly call us and we'd tell them, "Look, it's not you, it's me." and hope that they would go away. The calls would become so frequent that we'd have to change our number. Then along came Steve Irwin. Here was the *real* Crocodile Dundee. It was like Australia got breast implants and suddenly we were interested again.

Not even Yoshis were exempt from the Crocodile Hunter's constant harassment.

Sure, he did a lot of good for the conservation effort. He bought up tracts of land on multiple continents to build nature reserves. He hoped to educate the public on the animal kingdom and bring to life a world that most people never see. But that's not what he's known for. That's not why we remember him. No, we remember him as the guy who loved to annoy the ever loving shit out of crocodiles.

On his hit TV specials he would often wrestle dangerous crocodiles to the ground, displaying his obvious superiority over a creature that was built to chill out 99% of the time. He has been criticized for taking his hands-on antics to the extreme, disturbing nature and wildlife in the process. In one episode Irwin interrupted two rhinoceros' making love. He then proceeded to stick a camera in the female's humongous rhino vagina and scream his trademark catch-phrase. Suffice to say it was a debacle. She was so embarrassed by the incident that she decided not to mate, further endangering a class 7 endangered species. Sure, he's done a lot for the conservation effort, but I'm sure a few crocs were like, "Who's this asshole jumping on my ass?" when he showed up on the swamp.

Now I'm not saying Steve Irwin is a bad person, quite the contrary actually. But let's be realistic here. I mean, here's a guy who wrestled reptiles on TV and Australia sent him to his final resting place as if he were the freaking Pope. Their Prime Minister gets less of a reception than this at his funeral! Australia wanted to crown this wackjob and worship him as their king!

Meanwhile, here in America, let's face it, Irwin's popularity was waning. Everybody was watching him just to see if he would get killed in action and the more he didn't die the less people wanted to watch him. It got to the point where the guy wasn't even getting injured. A sprained ankle, a bruised kneecap, throw us a bone here!

Of course the problem was that Australia's popularity in America, and in effect its tourism industry, is directly tied to Irwin's popularity. What is a Prime Magistrate of Tourism to do? Simple, just give the people what they want!

Have him killed.

I can feel the breeze of a million double-takes right now. You read that right. The government of Australia, in their bloodthirsty quest for attention, had Steve Irwin killed in the name of tourism. The Prime Minister instructed the assassin himself. The only requirement? *Make it look like an accident.* Friends, it was no accident. On that warm winter day a trained stingray was sent after your beloved Crocodile Hunter. Though Irwin knew how to handle a wild stingray, he was no match against a professional.

I suppose you could say the sam
To me, Mindi is a good role moc
to adopt her atittude - especial
!!! I just hope she doesnt becon

- Jane Maison, Canada

Eh, it's Canada.

And Bindi knew about it all along.

It is the final step in the G'Day USA tour, a national media campaign designed to promote Australia as a premiere tourist destination in the world. Appearing on such shows as "Good Morning America" and "The Late Show with David Letterman", Bindi works overtime extolling the virtues of Australia, all on the coattails of her father's well-publicized fatal accident. We can't help but want to drop everything and book a flight to Sydney right this instant on the "Stingray Massacre" package which includes all the stingrays you can slaughter in the name of justice. Now that's a good value.

I am well aware that Steve Irwin is a kind of goon hero and that attacking him and his daughter will cause me to lose many points with the neckbeard community. But I stand strong, determined to rid the world of the misinformation and outright lies that have surrounded this international event. It took a real man to do what the blogosphere couldn't do, attack and ridicule an 8-year-old girl and her deceased father. We understand that our readers wouldn't expect anything less from Something Awful.com.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

1.26 Too Much Information: The Unseen Deaths of Jet Li in 'The One' (Part 1)

Friday, Jan 26, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

He has inside him blood of other Jet Lis.

The 2001 blockbuster "The One" combined a smattering of alternate dimension superstring theory with the "quickening" premise of "The Highlander", but it was all really just an excuse so that Jet Li could kick a doppelganger of himself in the chest. As part of the plot of this movie an evil Jet Li (Yu Law) travels to 123 alternate dimensions to kill himself and thus become more powerful. The only thing standing between evil Jet Li and whatever superpowers he might gain from murdering all of his duplicates is the 124th Jet Li (Gabriel), who happens to be a do-gooder cop.

Most of the movie focuses on the climactic battle between Gabriel and Yu Law as they hurl motorcycles around and kung fu fight in the most dramatic settings the budget allowed. As for the 123 murdered Jet Lis, they are almost an afterthought. A couple of them are glimpsed in their moment of defeat at the hands of Yu Law, but we never even get to see what happens to 121 of them.

Today we learn how the nefarious Yu Law took their lives. Remember that each Jet Li killed makes Yu Law more powerful.

Jet Li 1 (You Laa) - Death by poisoning from grapes placed into his shopping cart at the grocery store.

Jet Li 2 (Josh Law) - Death by heart failure from "Concentration Flash Game" that switched suddenly to a screaming close up of a skeleton.

Jet Li 3 (Ewe La) - Sabotaged magic show ties "infinite handkerchiefs" to "infinite intestines". Children scarred for life.

Jet Li 4 (Gabriel Banderas) - Struck down by thrown hatchet while recording the voiceover for a Nasanex commercial. In this alternate universe the Nasanex bee is considered the height of computer animation.

Jet Li 5 (Spencer Law) - Slain by epileptic seizure after being tricked into entering Cash Cab.

Jet Li 6 (Noodles Lah) - Only owned one necktie, which was surreptitiously replaced over a period of months with progressively longer neckties. Necktie eventually caught in escalator and strangled him.

Jet Li 7 (Eeoo Starkiller) - Death by impalement on three-foot steel spikes beneath suspended bridge. He was convinced by evil Yu Law that he was an expert breakdancer and entered much more competitive and dangerous alternate universe version of break off.

Jet Li 8 (Hampton Luh) - Evil Head and Shoulders shampoo from alternate dimension placed into shower. He was reduced to a pile of dandruff in seconds.

Jet Li 9 (Scrooge McLaw) - Tricked into committing suicide. Evil Yu Law became editor of evil Time magazine and voted him "Gayest Man of the Year, Decade and Ever". Shamed, he drove his Vespa scooter off of a slightly raised stage at a fashion show and was instantly killed by whiplash.

Jet Li 10 (Gabriel Boners) - Death by chocolate. High-velocity, bullet-shaped, armor-piercing chocolate. With discarding sabots.

Jet Li 11 (W00t Law) - Killed by angry cowboys after being pursued onto alternate-universe cowboy reservation in dimension where Navajo won World War II.

Jet Li 12 (Paisley Laa) - Murdered by third party after being tricked into witnessing a mob hit and then pressured into testifying at trial by evil DA the evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 13 (Lucky Law) - Brutally disintegrated with raygun in high-tech dystopia ruled by evil and violent Reverse Amish.

Jet Li 14 (Bam Law) - Death by allergic reaction from cage of bees placed over head. He was a cop investigating a faked disappearance on an island that was ruled by pagan women.

Jet Li 15 (Phan Nglaw) - Battery removed from radon detector by evil Yu Law. Shot in face while sleeping.

Jet Li 16 (Hooters O'Law) - Signed to Murder Death Kill Records and asked by evil A&R rep Yu Law to promote new album at Hot 97. Shot by nine different rap posses while exiting station.

Jet Li 17 (Stive Lawzalez) - Death by poisoning after being given entire bag full of potato chips with those green spots on them by evil Yu Law posing as Subway sandwich artist.

Jet Li 18 (Newt Law) - Evil Yu Law inserted "anyone can kill me with a shovel" clause into Senator Newt Law's Contract with Alternate Dimension America. Shot in face while sleeping.

Jet Li 19 (Yule Log) - Crushed underfoot and then eaten by stampeding alpacas. Evil Yu Law started the stampede with a flare gun.

Jet Li 20 (Dew C'Law) - Entered radio station videogame giveaway hosted by DJ Yu Law. Was unable to stomach 360 grams of Cesium-137.

Jet Li 21 (Hsu Hlaw) - Seduced by evil Yu Law in wig and then left in a motel bathtub full of ice with a note telling him that his heart was removed. Subsequently died from no heart syndrome. Myth confirmed!

Jet Li 22 (Pink Law) - Evil Yu Law provoked global war with alternate dimension Russia. Pink Law was one of millions killed when they dropped the bomb, tearing him apart.

Jet Li 23 (Jude Law) - Tricked into ordering a tuna steak with unusually high levels of mercury. Mercury limit reached, died painfully as blood turned to liquid metal.

Jet Li 24 (New Lamp) - Sent on magical quest by evil Yu Law. Answered riddle incorrectly and was eaten by Cyclops.

Jet Li 25 (Oog Law) - Lived on terrible earth where meteor missed planet and dinosaurs still rule the world. Sent postcard telling him he won a vacation. Arrived at address only to discover he won a giant angry pterodactyl.

Jet Li 26 (Chuck Lah) - From alternate universe where everyone is tiny. Locked in room with over-excited Corgi puppy and crushed to death.

Jet Li 27 (Dwayne "The Law" Johnson) - Tricked into becoming so cocky that when People's Eyebrow was raised it tore skull in half.

Jet Li 28 (Yosemite La) - Entered booby-trapped room where Wacky Wall Walkers were sliding down wall covered with puffy He-Man and A-Team stickers. Killed instantly by nostalgia.

Jet Li 29 (Bruce Law) - Brake lines cut by evil Yu Law. Spun out of control on patch of black ice while entering dragon.

Jet Li 30 (Goose La) - Powerful warlock. Bucket of water thrown on him by little girl from Kansas at the urgings of her friend, evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 31 (Mecha Yu Law) - Part man, part machine, shot in exposed mouth area of face while sleeping.

Jet Li 32 (Lancealaw) - From alternate dimension where technology has only reached medieval levels. Defeated and killed in jousting competition by evil Yu Law in full plate mail mounted on a warhorse.

Jet Li 33 (Cobra Laaa) - From alternate dimension where men give birth. Run down by evil Yu Law in full plate mail mounted on a warhorse.

Jet Li 34 (Chet Law) - Fell to his death while taking pictures of family on vacation to Grand Canyon. Was so surprised to see medieval knight riding past that he toppled off cliff.

Jet Li 35 (Dolemite Law) - Pimp slap: 0, war flail: 1.

Jet Li 36 (Xerxes La) - Actor and athlete playing "black knight" at King Paul's Family Feast. Shot in face while sleeping.

Jet Li 37 (Justice Law) - From dimension where Al Gore was elected president in 2000. He was a resistance fighter doing battle against Islamic rulers of America. Was beheaded by evil Yu Law under Sharia for eating slice of pizza without beard at least six inches long.

Jet Li 38 (Hepsebah La) - Lived in alternate dimension where all humans are made of rock. Submerged in river and violently eroded.

Jet Li 39 (Fritz Lah Ng) - Death by heart explosion. Not warned by evil doctor Yu Law about the risks of diet drug Fen-Phen.

Jet Li 40 (Law Law) - Death by drug overdose. Found white goopy stuff in woods after meteor impact and decided to taste some. Turned out to be liquid horse tranquilizers left there by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 41 (Yu Law) - The good Yu Law was a Parisian baker. Evil Yu Law suggested the American Congress change the "French" prefix for food items in the House commissary to "Freedom". As a result, France descended into anarchy and the good Yu Law's worthless stockpiles of French bread went uneaten. He lost his business, his wife and was forced to sleep in the gutter. He was then shot in the face while sleeping.

Jet Li 42 (Prince Pierre de Law) - Crown Prince of Wallonia. Kicked into a ventilation fan by evil Yu Law while visiting the great Empire of Basque. Ludicrously gibbed.

Jet Li 43 (Johnny Law) - Death by booby-trapped exploding door. SWAT team member, volunteered for point position while forcing entry of funky joint.

Jet Li 44 (Reginald P. Lahnux) - Widower haunted by death of wife, driven to madness, murder and suicide by otherworldly doll placed in house by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 45 (Zeus Law) - Death by e. coli contamination. Evil Yu Law failed to wash hands before placing green onions on Cheesy Fiesta Potatoes.

Jet Li 46 (Nolan La) - Plumber in Brooklyn. Kicked down garbage disposal by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 47 (Patrix Loch) - Arctic researcher trapped at science station with several other researchers and a shape-shifting alien. Evil Yu Law faked alien blood test, convincing others to incinerate him with makeshift flamethrower.

Jet Li 48 (Cletus Log) - Movie stuntman. Fell to his death after evil Yu Law used CGI in post production to remove the wires holding him suspended in midair.

Jet Li 49 (Zipper Law) - Developmentally disabled and incapable of reading, Zipper Law identified street signs by their shape and color. Evil Yu Law got himself elected to the city council and had all stop signs redesigned to resemble library directions signs. Possessed of a singular hatred of written words, Zipper Law spent days on his bicycle trying to get away from the library before dying of thirst.

Jet Li 50 (Hsu Lsaw) - Death by de-chestification. Kicked so hard in the chest by evil Yu Law that time stopped and everything zoomed in on an X-ray of his ribs shattering. Chest kicked from his body.

Jet Li 51 (Bizarro Law) - From alternate dimension where everything is the opposite of what it is in our dimension. All matter and energy is regenerating as the infinite universe contracts back to a single point, sentient life has evolved on every planet other than earth, and him am wear his shirt backward. Him am kicked so weak by evil Yu Law him bones am imploding.

Jet Li 52 (Zoot La) - Ate huge meal and was then forced at knife-point by evil Yu Law to swim laps. Later shot in the face while sleeping.

Jet Li 53 (Downby Lah) - Forced to listen to the entire discography of Tom Waits. Died from sympathetic throat cancer.

Jet Li 54 (Nick Lug) - Jumped in front of a train after evil Yu Law kicked him out of his anime club only hours before the fan sub of the latest Asatte No Hokou was supposed to be released.

Jet Li 55 (Joey Law) - Kicked into a giant bug zapper by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 56 (Bob Loblaw) - From a dimension in which everything exists as a cartoon. Had two pianos and an anvil dropped onto head and was then disemboweled by a kick from Yu Law.

Jet Li 57 (Me Law) - Loving husband, CPA, tireless worker, decapitated by a thrown saw blade.

Jet Li 58 (Zoo Law) - Trapped in an alternate dimension where World War II rages on endlessly, he got an erection every time a V-2 rocket was about to hit. Yu Law launched thousands of V-2 rockets and induced the first death by priapism.

Jet Li 59 (Shang Law) - Sword master and kung fu expert, Shang Law dazzled everyone with his whirling blades. Evil Yu Law watched him spin and wield his mighty sword and then casually pulled out his pistol and shot Shang Law in the face while he was sleeping.

Jet Li 60 (Mega Law) - The fattest man in his alternate dimension and confined to his bed, he was slain when evil Yu Law lit more than a thousand aromatic candles in his bedroom and suffocated him with the scent of whole bean vanilla.

Jet Li 61 (Leeloo Lee Law) - Was a transvestite streetwalker in Los Angeles when the evil Yu Law paid him for a hand job and then ejaculated a laser beam through his torso.

There were also two Jet Lis not included in Yu Law's murder spree that died of natural causes. Jet Li 126 died from eating a bad pickle and Jet Li 127 put a plastic bag on his own head as a joke and suffocated to death. A Jet Li 128 was conceived, but he ended up as a miscarriage when his mother rode a rollercoaster during her fifth month of pregnancy.

Part two of this edition of Too Much Information will be appearing Monday, when we bring you up to speed on how the evil Yu Law's power grew through the murder of his alternate dimension duplicates. As his strength and abilities improved the ways in which he dispatched his doppelgangers became increasingly spectacular.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.27 E-Mails From Grandma

Saturday, Jan 27, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Subject: FWD: HILARIOUS JOKE OF THE DAY
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 2:48 PM

> hey denny its your grandma! this joke made me IOI as you say. why dont you have good jokes like this on your blogsite? i tried reading it but there's so many words and i can't get past that picture of the grenade. why must a comedy website promote violence? please ask someone to remove that brutal image and replace it with something funny like a talking dog.
>
> > ––-Forwarded Message––-
> >
> > A third grade teacher was teaching her students about pilgrims one day.
> >
> > "Can anyone tell me who taught the pilgrims how to grow corn and survive the harsh winter?"
> >
> > No one raised their hand.
> >
> > "Anyone? Who was already living in America when the pilgrims arrived?"
> >
> > A small hand slowly rose in the back of the classroom. It was Johnny, a cute and inquisitive young boy.
> >
> > "Yes, Johnny. Do you know the answer?"
> >
> > Johnny looked up at the teacher with his large brown eyes and he was so precious and innocent and Jesus loved him.
> >
> > >
> >
> > >
> >
> > >
> >
> > **SUPPORTOURTROOPS** - Forward this joke to everyone you know! If 10,000 people get this letter, Bill Gates will personally send you $200 for every soldier killed in Iraq this month.

_____

GrandmaMail.com - Free web-based e-mail! Just send us your social security information to activate!

Subject: oh god
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 2:52 PM

> denny its your grandma are you watching the news oh god whats going on

_____

GrandmaMail.com - E-mail for people who really shouldn't have it.

Subject: re: oh god
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 2:54 PM

sorry it was just an insurance commercial. it looked like there were cavemen loose in the city, and i was worried about you. i think you should probably come live with me for a few months until this whole thing blows over

this is your grandmother by the way

This message was sent with GrandmaMail.com - Now with 2kb of storage!

Subject: FWD: THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 3:12 PM

hello denny this is your grandma! this is a joke that someone sent me. it's so observational and true!

––-Forwarded Message––-

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

1. Women order wine while at fancy parties, but men order BEER!

2. Women have periods and men leave the toilet seat up every GOD DAMN TIME what's that about?

3. Women are smart and read books but men watch FOOTBALL and BURP!

4. Women go through the pain of child birth but men let their buttcracks hang out of their pants EW!

5. Women take forever to put on makeup but men CHEAT ON THEIR WIVES ALL OF THEM DO.

6. Women cry at good movies and men SMELL LIKE SHIT.

7. When women get together they comfort one another and talk about important issues, and when men get together they fight and give each other GAY KISSES in their stupid little garages.

8. Women always land on their feet when dropped from a height but men OGLE OTHER WOMEN'S CLEAVAGE constantly in public.

9. Women can become lawyers and doctors but men can only JERK OFF IN THEIR OWN FACES.

and lastly...

10. Women fake orgasms but men should JUST DIE IN A FIRE ALREADY ARGH.

GrandmaMail.com - Because WhiteHouse.gov was already taken.

Subject: FWD: AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 3:18 PM

hi denny this is your grandma! thought you would like this inspirational poem. i know things are going horribly for you since you're really only half of a real writer and you're probably not going to get that book deal, so don't think about killing yourself! the girl who wrote this went through so much and she didn't give up so you can probably hang onto life a little bit longer.

––-Forwarded Message––-
AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM
When birds chirp and the waterfalls flow,
A tear of joy rolls down my cheek and this I know
As the grace of light and purity comes through,
Rainbows, pretzels, kittens, mew mew mew
Even though I was born with no face and just one leg,
I stood on it proudly and refused to beg
My father was a rapist and my mother a retard,
I had to fend for myself and it was very hard
I never gave up and never stopped trying,
Now I have cancer and I am dying
With my last breath as tears roll down my face because I love you,
All I ask is that you Paypal your donations to me at oneleggedfacelesscancer-girl@gmail.com

––

This message was sent with GrandmaMail.com - If the address you want is taken, just wait a few months!

Subject: FWD: DUMB BLONDE JOKE
From: GrandmaFarrell@grandmamail.com
Date: Friday, January 26th 2007 at 3:25 PM

denny this is your grandma hi. thought you'd get a kick out of this one since you don't have a girlfriend and probably won't for a long time!

––-Forwarded Message––-
DUMB BLONDE JOKE - COME ON BLONDES, SMARTEN UP ALREADY!
>
>
Joe Namath, a black guy, and a blonde walk into a bar. The bartender looks at the three of them and cocks his head at the sight of such an unusual trio.
"Uh, what can I get you?", he asks.
Joe Namath says, "I'll have a shot of tequila, and keep 'em coming."
"You got it, sir. How about you, black guy?"

The black guy orders something.

"And you?", he asks the blonde.

The blonde crosses her eyes and replies, "DURRR! HURRR! PHHBBT REEEOW!" while smacking herself in the forehead, then she has sex with everyone.

This message was sent by GrandmaMail.com - Now with interface buttons 300% larger than AOL's!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.28 Mark Cuban, Send Me Money

Sunday, Jan 28, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Dearest Mark Cuban,

A few days ago I realized I've misspent much of my time here at Indiana University. As a journalism major I am spending more a year here than I will ever make out in the real world. I'm sure you'll agree that's a real shame. You know how IU is. You know how life can be on campus. Every day I walk past dozens of hemp-necklaced testosterone emitters and braying, horse-faced Chicago girls, and in the end it will all be for naught. I'm in a rut, and I need your help to get by.

You see, Mark, we share several common bonds. You attended Indiana University. I'm a student there now. I'm a basketball fan; you bought an entire NBA franchise. You worked at a Dairy Queen and I spent three years of my life working at a McDonald's. Hell, Mark, if I was a billionaire Hoosier-turned-Texan we'd basically be the same person. But I'm not. This is where I need your help.

I will make a similar fist-pumping motion when you send me a check for a million dollars.

I'm sure you're very busy so I'm going to get to the point here, Mark: I need money. *Your* money, to be specific. Sure, I thought about other famous IU alumni. At first I was going to hit Jane Pauley up, but the thought of asking a Kappa Kappa Gamma girl for anything besides a spare penicillin tablet conflicted with my beliefs. I was close to sending Kevin Kline some loan paperwork before I realized I hadn't seen a single movie of his. I'm familiar with you and your body of work, Mark. You and me, we're kindred spirits. Two peas in a pod. A pod called "Indiana" on a branch named "brotherhood".

I'm no business student but I'm trying my hardest to carve a path to success. You pulled yourself up by your bootstraps. I can't afford boots. I bought my last pair of shoes over a year ago. If I pulled their strings they'd disintegrate, and then I wouldn't have anything to eat in between paychecks.

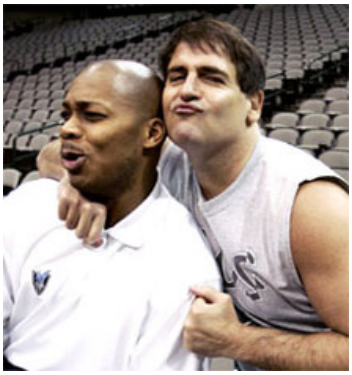
It's hard, living here in Bloomington with no cash. I've tried everything to get by. I worked at the Little Caesar's at the K-Mart on Third Street for almost six months. I did some time at the IU TeleFund and I almost took a gig at Steak and Shake before the hiring manager told me "there's a meth problem among the employees" in a tone most people use to discuss cleaning their gutters. Even now, as I write this, I am technically working. This very well may change when Lowtax comes back from vacation and reads this front page, but that's nothing to worry about. How do I know that? You're my boy, Mark. You got my back and I got yours.

I'm sure you've experienced this song and dance before, and I want you to know I'm no beggar. Unlike most people, who would probably take the money you give them and spend it on tinfoil and household cleaners, I got *plans*. You're the final piece in my puzzle to the path of success 2.0. As you can see, I have already been working on my use of buzzwords. But with your money, Mark, I could do so much more. Imagine what I could do with even the smallest of contributions:

- **Pay off my credit card bills.** As I'm sure you're aware, these things fucking *suck*. Three years ago I thought these companies were handing me magical electronics-buying cards, and now I have to tell my family I have no idea why all those 800 numbers are showing up on their caller IDs. It's not fun saying "no reason" when your girlfriend asks why you shut the lights off every time a moving van comes down the street, believe you me.

- **Buy a new car.** For the past few years I drove a large, purple Mercury station wagon. Given its shape and color it strongly resembled a heavy-duty vibrator. I acquired it from my grandparents, rest in peace, who made it their loving duty to put as many holes and dents in it as they could before giving it to me. While I certainly loved picking up my niece from daycare and hearing her peers shout "someone shot Grimace", I am sad to say the Mercury finally bit the dust. I'm not entirely sure what happened. I was trying to put it in drive and the shifter came off in my hands, then the ignition wouldn't turn back off. After that the dashboard caught on fire. This is no joke. Now I'm forced to ride a bus to class. Among the regulars on the bus are "guy who was passed out drunk and started peeing on himself at eight in the morning" and "family of unclear foreign descent who can't communicate anything without screaming gibberish at one-another." I assure you you'd find neither of these things in the 2007 Camry Hybrid I long for.
- **Buy every "Kidz Bop" CD ever made.** As I said, I'm no business major, but I understand you don't need to advertise if you sell all your product. By buying every single "Kidz Bop" CD on the market the fine people behind the compilations would have no need to take up airtime promoting them, and thus none of us would have to hear their chirping young hellspawn shout Creed lyrics into a midi synthesizer ever again. I would also support the local economy by supporting the landfill on South 37, which would likely have to build a new trash barn to contain all the CDs.
- **Purchase Bill Walton's contract.** Just imagine: You're out of town, watching a Mavs game broadcast on TNT. The announcers are intelligent, interesting. Why's that? Because I bought out Bill Walton's contract and forced him to spend the next three years living in a hole in my backyard. The business trip would be us, sitting in lawn chairs, eating $400 steaks and throwing the scraps down that hole. Bill would try to say something like "I can't eat this because I have a muzzle on", but we'd be too busy trying to figure out which hole was his and which was the one we threw live rattlesnakes in. Only with your help, Mark. Only with your help.

I understand my plans (especially the first two) might seem a bit self-serving. I would submit, however, that even those would go on to better Bloomington and by proxy the rest of the world. If my credit cards were paid I could immediately use them to buy *more*electronics. Sales associates across the state would get huge commission bonuses, and since I don't have any curtains passersby could watch movies on my brand new 100" high definition television. If I had a new car I'd be more calm on the road, and wouldn't feel such a, say, malicious urge to speed up when people pulled out in front of me. A new car for me means less intentional wrecks for Bloomington, and I assure you this is a good thing.



Please don't sexually harass Dave Chappelle Mark Cuban :(

That said, please don't think I'm looking for a handout! I'm an Indiana boy and I was raised better than that. I come from a line of hard-working, honest, stable mole peopleSouthern Indiana residents, and I would be more than happy to lend you my services in return for a generous gift. Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day. Give a man some of your billions of dollars, Mark, and he'll buy a fishing yacht with with a gold-plated toilet. *Tell me*you wouldn't like Monroe Reservoir more if every sink in your floating home sprayed Cristal instead of water and had its own swimming pool in case the pond's water was too cold.

Listen, Mark, I got talent. *Buttloads*of it. In case you didn't notice while reading this letter I'm an excellent writer. *I even used a semicolon in the second paragraph*! I'm a smooth talker and, as

of the last time I checked, I hold the single-day record for donations from previous non-donors at the IU TeleFund. Have you ever talked a fortysomething woman who said she was "flat broke" and "having trouble feeding her kids" into donating $50 to the alma mater that put her in debt in the first place? I did. You know how? *I have no soul.*As I understand this is an important part of the professional sports business, especially when you're dealing with David Stern.

But a gifted mind and a silver tongue aren't the only two things I bring to the table. For instance: I am fully capable for playing World of Warcraft seven hours a day *and totally justifying it.* Most people would feel guilty for spending half their waking day as an Online Computer Gnome, but not me! I'll sell that account for *huge*money one day, right? I am also a strong multitasker, as made evident by my body going into what I call "wacky resistance mode" every time I speak on a cellular phone. What am I going to do while my brain's occupied with a phone call? Turn the thermostat in the house up to ninety degrees? Let the dog out the front door instead of the back and only realize he's in danger when I hear a look out the window and see him pooping on the highway in front of our house? Take the batteries out of the TV remote and throw them in the trash can? I've done all these, Mark, and I'd be glad to do *even more*under your generous employ.

I'm not trying to play a pity card here, either. The outside of my place may look like a tree ate several tons of aluminum siding and moss and vomited up a house, and I might know which grocery towns in store drop the freshest food in their dumpsters, but it's cool. I've survived over 23 years and I'm sure I can keep kicking without your help. Please note that I almost deleted that sentence for fear you'd read it and decide *not*to help me, but it's true. I believe in being honest. So what if I'm writing this update from the public library's basement, and that's only because they haven't found me and kicked me out for stealing their toilet paper to use at home? I am poor but happy. I can only hope you will make me rich but happy.

As you can see, Mark, I have a lot to offer both you and your organization. If you would kindly email me and tell me that yes, you would be more than happy to send me an ungodly sum of money (and possibly Dirk Nowitzki, since I'm too short to paint the trim in the living room and can't afford a stepladder), I would be thrilled. Ecstatic.

Thank you in advance for your generosity, Mark Cuban. You are a man among men and an exemplary model of what an Indiana University alumnus should be. I'm never good at ending these things, and I firmly believe pictures are worth more than words, so let me show you what our future could be like together if you decide to make one IU student's life a little better. Thank you, Mark, for everything you do.

Sincerely,
Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Mark
& Pantsfish

1.29 Too Much Information: The Unseen Deaths of Jet Li in 'The One' (Part 2)

Monday, Jan 29, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Not all Jet Lis are evil. Only about a third.

Last Friday I brought readers the first part of my examination of the many deaths of Jet Li in the cerebral science fiction movie "The One". The film is a dense meditation on the concepts of alternate dimensions and kicking people into walls in those alternate dimensions. It is certainly worthy of an epic two-part article looking at how the evil Jet Li (Yu Law) managed to kill 123 trans-dimensional duplicates of himself in a scheme to inherit their power and become unstoppable.

A couple of those 123 deaths are covered in the movie, but other than the epic struggle between the nefarious Yu Law and his good-cop duplicate from our dimension (Gabriel), there is little attention paid to the many deceased Jet Lis. Today I bring you the conclusion of this saga, covering the final 60 Jet Lis and how they met their untimely deaths.

Once again, keep in mind that each murder makes Yu Law and all of the other Jet Lis a little bit more powerful.

Jet Li 62 (Jerry Lawler) - Name entered by evil Yu Law into free lobster dinner giveaway. Lobsters surprisingly large, surprisingly angry, and surprisingly able to jimmy open locked door.

Jet Li 63 (Yur Lawn) - Death by electrocution. "DO NOT EAT" safety label removed from car battery by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 64 (Diagnosis Law) - Evil Yu Law placed an old man's tooth in his hamburger. Diagnosis was hepatitis. Shot in face while exiting doctor's office.

Jet Li 65 (Master Law) - Death by poisoning. Half-human and half-rat, lived in sewer and trained mutated turtles to assault people with ninja weapons. Evil Yu Law flushed a poisoned pizza down a toilet and neither man-rat nor turtles were heard from again.

Jet Li 66 (Sigourney Law) - Stabbed through eardrum with corncob while renting videos. Went to rent *Bionicle 2: The Legends of Metru Nui* on DVD after being very impressed with the animation and characters in the first Bionicle movie. When he got to the register he was told it was "Two for Tuesday" and he could rent a second movie

free. Turned to see if they had Bionicle 3, was attacked and killed by the evil Yu Law who just happened to be renting Bionicle 3 in an ironic twist. A love of Bionicle movies spans the dimensions.

Jet Li 67 (J. J. Yalaw) - Face-kicked through a plate glass window at Blockbuster while returning Bionicle movies.

Jet Li 68 (Buster Law) - Suffered from fetal alcohol syndrome and had IQ of 78. Was easily convinced by evil Yu Law that candy would come out of a gun if he pulled on the trigger. Candy did not come out of the gun.

Jet Li 69 (Harry S. Law) - Pro basketball star center for the Utah Jazz. Was propositioned by evil Yu Law posing as millionaire to fake funk on nasty dunk. Evil Utah Jazz did not take kindly to funk faking.

Jet Li 70 (Vernon P. Lahg) - Death by evil Yu Law's Rube Goldberg contraption. Candle burned through rope holding spring in place that launched toy soldier into a roller skate that went down a ramp that tipped over a bottle of water that poured out into a cup full of seltzer that released gas that filled a balloon that tipped a marble down a tube that landed on a button that sent an electric current down a line that tripped a switch that pulled a rubber band free that unwound a piece of string that sent a back-scracther spinning that hooked into a pistol and pulled the trigger and shot him in the face while he was sleeping.

Jet Li 71 (Ichabod Law) - From male-pattern balding dimension, was a 10th level wizard. Locked into bat-filled grain silo and killed by rapid-onset rabies.

Jet Li 72 (Big Don Lha) - Ignored really fat girlfriend and watched raptly as the Toas collected the fifth of the Kanoka Disks. Did not even notice he was being strangled to death because of eye-popping special effects in *Bionicle 2: The Legends of Metru Nui*. Never saw exhilarating ending.

Jet Li 73 (Morton Law) - Death by aggravated medical condition. Improperly self-medicated after evil Yu Law stole blood sugar tester and replaced insulin with scorpion venom. Diabetic coma resulted and was aggravated by being kicked into morsels by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 74 (Cobra "Steve" Law) - Born into a family of pit fighters, killed his first opponent at age six, became Blood Serpent Shadow Champion at age ten. Decided to rebel at age 15 by becoming an accounts receivable clerk for FedEx. Evil Yu Law dropped down from the ceiling in his cubicle and exploded his brain with a Shaolin punch.

Jet Li 75 (Jeb Law) - Governor of evil Florida, helped evil brother win evil election and become evil president of evil America. Stopped evil armored SUV to buy evil frozen custard and was run over by evil monster truck driven by Yu Law.

Jet Li 76 (Winifred La) - Guinness Book of World Records holder for "World's Oldest Baby". Slain by jangling bomb disguised as car keys.

Jet Li 77 (Yorick Law) - Humorless man in dimension infested with ghosts. His head was kicked so hard by evil Yu Law that his skull burst from his face and skidded down a storm drain. Unknown to neighbors, his skull was never found and his body was never identified.

Jet Li 78 (Gustavo Law) - Failed to heed warning to spawn more Overlords and was brutally pwned to death by evil Yu Law playing Toss with a mean Zealot rush in a 1v1 ladder match.

Jet Li 79 (Lawy Law) - Was sitting in a Borders reading "A Million Little Pieces" when evil Yu Law entered, made an "o-kay" sign with thumb and index finger and slowly placed it on his own upper leg. Evil Yu Law waited until Lawy Law looked up and focused on the hand gesture. Evil Yu Law was then heard to yell, "Got you, fag!" at which point he melted a hole in Lawy Law's chest with his groin laser.

Jet Li 80 (Zorba the Law) - Learned the hard way that Sit N' Spins are not meant to reach 1,000 RPM. Vomited lasers even as he died.

Jet Li 81 (Law Starkiller) - World-famous lover, actor, poet, and astronaut. Heart kicked out of chest while having explosive diarrhea in rest stop bathroom after eating a whole bag of licorice.

Jet Li 82 (Vakama Law) - From beloved Bionicle dimension. Evil Yu Law barely overcame love of Bionicles to kick Vakama so hard he shattered his Toa stone. The only time evil Yu Law showed any remorse for one of his murders and tears streamed down his face as he watched Metru Nui fall to the Morbuzakh.

Jet Li 83 (Sells-Cheap-Cigarettes Law) - Native American Jet Li who ran a small shop in Washington state selling tax-free cigarettes and alcohol. Strangled with dream catcher. Following death he turned into ghost version that could pass through walls and open doors. This spiritual version was struck and killed by magical eagle kicked into spirit realm by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 84 (Newton Law) - Coffee spiked with toxin infected him with fatal case of Restless Leg Syndrome. Shifted and agitated self to death.

Jet Li 85 (BLORF) - From post-apocalyptic caveman dimension. Found by evil Yu Law wrestling stegosaurus. Subsequently kicked through side of stegosaurus and into ventilation fan leading to Area 51 cryogenic doomsday vault.

Jet Li 86 (Wes Law) - Graphic designer and guru, tried and failed to throw evil Yu Law into slow-moving river. Kicked into extremely powerful barbecue and burned to death.

Jet Li 87 (Yu Henson) - Muppet creator in alternate dimension. Advised to take aspirin for pneumonia by evil Yu Law posing as his physician.

Jet Li 88 (Kermit The Law) - Anthropomorphic frog Muppet in all-Muppet alternate dimension. Torn to shreds by evil Yu Law's anthropomorphic Rottweiler Muppet. Remains fed to pig Muppets.

Jet Li 89 (Jim "Crow" Law) - Realized he was mysteriously becoming faster and stronger and decided to stay home from work to eat thawed Sara Lee pies and masturbate to TiVoed Girls Gone Wild commercials. Was smashed through a wall with a couch swung by evil Yu Law. Over four dollars in change dislodged from cushions.

Jet Li 90 (Sterling Law) - From topsy-turvy racist stereotypes dimension in which black people are the dominant race of the United States and white people are the long-oppressed minority. Asians largely unaffected although penises are huge. Sterling Law was part of a government branch dedicated to stealing televisions. Chicken wing kicked through face by evil Yu Law while getting blazed and crazy at seedy predominantly-white Dungeons & Dragon club in Harlem.

Jet Li 91 (Hubert Law) - Known as "The Virgin Law" among the Laws that knew about alternate dimensions. Killed instantly when Yu Law showed him an 8"x10" photograph of a baby's head crowning during childbirth.

Jet Li 92 (unpronounceable) - Dolphin Jet Li from the undersea dimension. Enjoying lovely solo performance by Lute flautist when evil Yu Law emerged from giant clamshell and threw starfish into eyes.

Jet Li 93 (Faotha Lao & Lao Won) - Unrelated conjoined Siamese twins. Thrown into revolving door and blended into fine puree by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 94 (Chauncy Law) - World's richest man in alternate dimension. Badly injured himself while trying to lift all boats, murdered in hospital while opening get-well presents. Face taken off by flying monocle at the sight of previously unknown Bionicle 4 DVD.

Jet Li 95 (Data Lore) - Android from robotic dimension. Given emotion chip by positronic brain specialist and then shown the present-day survivors scene from *Schindler's List* by evil Yu Law. Emotion chip jerked around so hard it exploded and destroyed him instantly.

Jet Li 96 (Art Law) - Ufologist and awakened believer in the healing power of crystals. Never believed crystals could be kicked through his face.

Jet Li 97 (Yu Law) - The *really* evil Yu Law. Programming executive at Fox responsible for canceling "Futurama" and renewing "American Dad" for multiple seasons. Deemed too horrible for simple kicking, evil Yu Law slowly fed him through paper shredder.

Jet Li 98 (Duke La) - Incriminated by evil Yu Law for leaking Bush's baked bean recipe. Found guilty and crushed beneath wheels of cowboy chuck wagon.

Jet Li 99 (Jamie Law) - Severely burned in tire fire, ironically murdered by kick to the face while receiving face transplant surgery.

Jet Li 100 (Bjorn Laarksson) - From Viking dimension. Placed in a series of humiliating situations with overbearing nag of a wife and then smashed between two long ships.

Jet Li 101 (Turbo Yu Law) - From dimension just like ours except supercharged and taken to the max. Kicked by evil Yu Law from the top of a train derailing off a mountain and jumping a series of predatory animals. Impaled on burning, spike covered motocross bikes. Sponsored by evil Mountain Dew.

Jet Li 102 (Lodi Law) - Discovered firsthand that weather helicopters cannot fly inverted. Drive time AccuView just got a whole lot more intense!

Jet Li 103 (Jesus H. Law) - Humble cobbler, accused of witchcraft by evil Yu Law. Sentenced by a superstitious court to be kicked at the stake, carried out by evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 104 (Yu Turtledove) - From dimension where the South won the Civil War with the help of time traveling alien dragons that gave them AK-47s. Killed by repeated kicks to the chest delivered in the midst of really awkward intercourse.

Jet Li 105 (Schrödinger's Yu Law) - Trapped in box along with a cyanide capsule that has a 50/50 chance of either releasing or not-releasing. Presumed dead but pan-dimensional cops are afraid to open the box.

Jet Li 106 (Everybody's Favorite Law) - Hated village pariah, shackled to a mule's anus so that he might eat its feces at all times of the day and night. Children threw rocks and cheered when the mule trampled on him. Considered evil Yu Law's deadly kick a mercy.

Jet Li 107 (Burt Law) - Masonic architect responsible for designing Washington, D.C. as a cosmic altar to the ancient gods of the Illuminati. Killed with a compass to the eye before DVD players were even invented, denying him the joy of Bionicles before death.

Jet Li 108 (Sampson Law) - Cut hair, too weak to kick sport's car back at evil Yu Law. Crushed beneath Car & Driver magazine's #2 pick for best European sports coup.

Jet Li 109 (Dakota) - Female Yu Law, went by stage name "Dakota" at Earl D. Jessup's Wings & Breasts erotic restaurant in Memphis, Tennessee. Vagina smelled like wet dog hair, head smelled like cerviche after evil Yu Law dunked it into a vat of hydrochloric acid.

Jet Li 110 (Anson Yewley) - Powerful sorcerer of the Order of the Golden Dragon. Was once capable of transmuting water to slightly saltier water, worked in pet store's aquarium department. Currently works in grave thanks to help from skull-exploding kick.

Jet Li 111 (Who Law) - That guy in the break room who always ate more than his share of whatever people had brought in for the whole office. Was often seen with the last donut sticking out of his mouth while fishing for change at the pop machine. Last seen with an entire silverware drawer stabbed through his chest. Not all of the knives and forks, the actual drawer.

Jet Li 112 (Balki Bartokalaw) - Acutely aware that whaling harpoons cannot be easily caught in one's mouth.

Jet Li 113 (Gordon Liuaw) - The ice fishing camp put up signs about thin ice, but did not adequately warn Gordon Liuaw that a mysterious trans-dimensional version of himself would appear and break him in half like a dry stick.

Jet Li 114 (Lawyu) - Wealthy and eccentric, built an exact replica of the Munsters house. Animatronic Grandpa not too willing to deflect groin lasers from evil Yu Law.

Jet Li 115 (Jurn Bjarnful-Law) - Was not wearing a clean pair of underwear when evil Yu Law threw a javelin through a concrete wall and into his chest. Well, he might have been, but they weren't clean after he died and no one was right there in his underwear to check. They would have to be really small to fit in there.

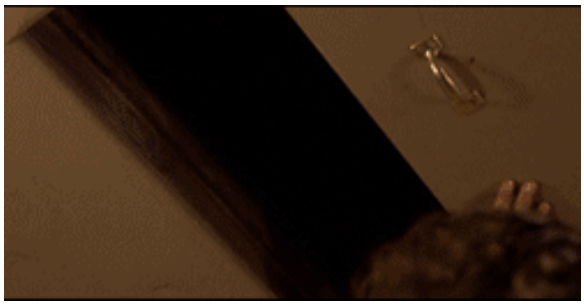
Jet Li 116 (Uyay Awlay) - From the Pig Latin dimension, also known as the most annoying dimension of all. Only included in the murder tally for completion's sake as Pig Latin dimension inhabitants are otherwise totally disposable.

Jet Li 117 (Volcano Tuxedo) - Realized his power was growing early in evil Yu Law's murder spree and used it to do the only rational thing: break world records in every sport and event to raise money, then use the money to build a Bionicle. Evil Yu Law felt nothing but contempt as he dispatched Volcano Tuxedo and his crude mockery of the Bionicle form.

Jet Li 118 (Bowser Lao) - Evil Yu Law leapt from a great height onto his head and smashed his brains across the tilting platform suspended over magma. No inquiries were made as to the location of the princess.

Jet Li 119 (Rip Van Law) - The greatest warrior in the entire dimension, trained in more than a thousand martial arts and with the heightened strength of a Godzilla or at least a Rodan. Shot in the face while sleeping.

Jet Li 120 (Hootie "Cheeseburger" Law) - Narrowly defeated evil Yu Law in a grueling three-hour snap battle. There were dozens the likes of which even God had not



You never know what might be lurking in your attic crawlspace. Is it an evil Yu Law or something else?

> seen before. At the end of the day all who witnessed could agree that evil Yu Law's mama so dumb she catch a fish and try to wear it home and Hootie Law's face so kicked in he walk into a Timberland store and end up a snowshoe.
>
> **Jet Li 121 (Raen Law)** - Dropped out of college to focus on his furry artwork, self-diagnosed with aspergers and had a girlfriend who identified herself as an otherkin dragon in contact with ancient spirits of another dimension. Was able to complete a final update to his MySpace as he was being kicked repeatedly in the face by evil Yu Law. This posting was what put trans-dimensional cops on the trail of the evil Yu Law's killings.

In the end, all of this murder and mayhem was useless. The evil Yu Law was transported to the Stygian dimension, which is pretty much like a Mortal Kombat dimension. There he gets to fight an endless stream of dudes while really sweet and sinister buildings loom in the background. Gabriel, the good-cop version of Jet Li, was dropped into a pleasant dimension where he encountered a doppelganger of the woman of his dreams working in a veterinary office. Love surely bloomed.

I hope you enjoyed this first installment of Too Much Information. In the future I will be covering a variety of topics, from movies, to games, to history, all with the same attention to detail.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.30 There Used to be an Update Here

Tuesday, Jan 30, 2007 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

But it is gone now. It probably had something to do with calculating the square root of your soulmate. That's what we're all interested in here at Something Awful; the calculation of soulmates. I've personally calculated over 14,000 soulmates just today. I calculate the hell out of some soulmates.

Rifftrax With Mike Nelson and I Coming On February 2nd!

Rifftrax is what Mike Nelson started doing after Mystery Science Theater 3000... and I had the privilege of working with Mike to create one for the wonderful cinematic joybomb "Troll 2" last week!

Head over to Rifftrax and get an example of what you're in for! Also hurry the hell up and buy a copy of "Troll 2!"

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.31 Here is the Promise of P. B. Fouke

Wednesday, Jan 31, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

P. B. Fouke, President and Gen. Mgr.

For over 30 years, I have conducted business with millions of fur trappers and shippers, and personally played a part in the extinction of 12 great North American species, including the mighty Selbeechua of Alaska. In this time I have heard the cries of hundreds of thousands of fur trappers and shippers. Trappers and shippers, know you this: I have cradled you close to my bosom, I have listened to your soft sighs and I have taken your earnest words to heart.

YOUR SATISFACTION IS CHIEF AMONG MY CONCERNS

I have gotten my hands wet with the innards of a fresh kill, and felt its still warm breath slither upon my skin. I have been doing this for over 50 years. From the moment I traded the comfort of my mother's womb for the soil beneath us, I have sought only one thing: FUR. I quickly moved from skinning family furniture to family dogs and cats. Soon after I was trapping wild game, from hardy badgers to quick-witted ringtail cats, delighting in the thrill of the craft.

I have worked hard all my life, and will continue to work hard until the day the Lord God takes me from this Earth, capturing my ethereal pelt in one of his Divine Traps. I will die knowing that I have worked tirelessly to satisfy many. I will die knowing that I leave behind untold legions of grateful customers, a successful company, a manly boy and a fur-clad wife. I will die knowing that I fulfilled my dream of trepanning a mermaid.

THE PRODUCTS I USE ARE THE SAME THAT I SELL

I hunt using the very same products that I retail and endorse. While nestled in the thick brush, it is a size 150 Newhouse I spy, waiting invitingly for a wild bear. The beast cannot resist the allure and the trap snaps hard and fast! In spite of valiant efforts to escape, the webbed jaws of the trap prevented the creature from gnawing its way out. Soon I am peeling his skin off and claiming it as my own, as you will surely do with your own kills.

You can purchase any of a wide assortment of quality traps and trapping aids, including the ones I used to conquer the bear, from the pages of this very tome. Customers, know you this as well: I ensnared my wife, the recipient of my most precious seed, using a size 14 Oneida Jump Trap, available from the Fouke Fur Co. for a price that *pays you* the highest degree of respect.

TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS, HEAR THIS: $400.00 REWARD GOES TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS ME THE HIDE OF THE UNICORN

R. J. Heckwolf, Vice-President, Manager, Grading Dept.

Myth though many say, I believe the legendary Unicorn to be real. I will offer any trapper the tidy sum of $400.00 for the pristine pelt of an authentic Unicorn. My esteemed grader, R. J. Heckwolf will evaluate the pelt and, should he determine it authentic, award you this monetary token of my appreciation. Deny the Unicorn if you must, but the most prodigious of individuals will no doubt answer my call. To them I say: GOOD TRAPPING!

A BUSINESS THAT DOES NOT LIVE TO SERVE THE WHIMS

OF ITS CUSTOMERS DOES NOT LIVE LONG

I have always listened to every word every customer has ever spoken to me. When the customer has spoken softly, I have asked them to speak louder so that I may hear them better. When the customer is mute, I ask them to write down their concerns. When the customer is not learned, I personally educate them until such a time that they can communicate properly. I do this because I would not be the man I am today if I did not listen to my customers. I have personally educated over 10,000 men.

Every action I have taken has been to serve my customers. Every profit I have made I share with the loyal men who have made me successful. Every ounce of energy I have spent in my business life has been to make better the lives of those who have given me my success. I would sooner be killed by the very beasts I wear than to fail YOU, my treasured customer.

I have known from between five to twenty years each man and woman in my service. I have learned their mannerisms, their strengths, and the degrees to which they love fur. I have challenged them to love fur more, and they have met my challenge. They believe steadfast in the ideals of the Fouke Fur Co. If they did not, they would not be in my employ and the same beasts that they trap would have undoubtedly come out victorious. You can count on the men and women in my service. They are dedicated with their lives to giving YOU the best deals in the industry.

I WILL GIVE YOU A SQUARE DEAL. NOT A ROUND DEAL, NOT A TRIANGULAR DEAL. A SQUARE DEAL SHALL BE GIVEN TO YOU ABSOLUTELY

You have my personal guarantee that the goods we sell are priced as low as is economically feasible. A cent less, and our children would surely starve. You have my pledge that I will buy your quality furs at above market prices. Ours is a business of pristine furs. We gain nothing from tattered and shredded hides. Do you imagine that the discerning lady would wish to drape herself in the fur of a beast that died in bloody combat? Nay, she would choose, as all discerning ladies choose, to drape herself in the pristine fur of a cleanly killed beast. Good trappers and shippers know this, and we honor their skill and expertise by paying them at prices no other institution in this mortal plane could ever hope to match. Should you find one, I will personally slit my throat on your behalf.

And here's my name to say so.

P.B. Fouke,
President and Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 GOLD!

Thursday, Feb 01, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A Message from Brett Butler and Her Fictional Daughter

Howdy, ya'll. I'm Brett Butler, star of ABC's *Grace Under Fire* - though you may be more familiar with my show's current title, *According to Jim*. Call me a dyed-in-the wool skeptic, but I was a little teeter-tottery about *Grace Under Fire* going on a three year hiatus, and then coming back with a new setting, entirely new characters, and my name mysteriously removed from the credits. And I felt crazier than a shithouse rat when I was escorted off the soundstage by ABC security *numerous times* since we returned to prime time; but I guess stealing trays of ladyfingers from the craft services table is frowned upon, even when it comes to megastars like me. Let me tell you guys something: if y'all're ever in a pinch, there ain't no shame in taking off your blouse and using it as a makeshift bindle.

I wish I had.

But that don't matter now, since I'm livin' the sweet freeway overpass life of the Hollywood creative consultant. Sure, ya'll might never see my name on TV, newspapers, or a paystub again, but each and every episode of *According to Jim* is packed with the Southern wit and charm that made me *Miss Tim Allen* 1993-1995, and also 1997. In fact, I send ABC my ideas over on moonbeams every night at 11:27PM (*trust me*, a Southern gal knows it's *not* 11:28). And a nice man from "the shelter" (I guess that's what they call the executive building at ABC these days) comes down three times a week with a fresh bag of rotisserie chicken skins and "grey meat" for me and my friends Ed O' Neill, Jason Bateman, and French Stewart. Take it from me: I *love* chicken. And soon, you will too.

- Brett "9:30 PM Wednesdays ABC" Butler

Gold: It's Not Just For Reclusive Weirdos Who Defecate in Jars Anymore!

That's right, Grace – but don't stop there! After all, there's far more than *ten* reasons why you should invest in gold! "What's that you say? Gold?" Yes, gold. It's more than just a coating device for valuable Monster video cables; gold is a precious commodity that's responsible for some of history's most violent conflicts, later made into entertaining movies the whole family can enjoy. And anyone with a shovel, a dagger, and a dream can invest; action of this caliber is not reserved for silver screen greats like Brad Pitt and that little Oriental boy from *The Goonies*. For all these reasons, we at the National Gold Institute wish to inform you why your belief in paper money, banking and credit are just bricks in the Great Wall of your vast ignorance. Join us!

Gold: it's AuSome!™ (Please note that gold is designated by "Au" on the periodic table.)

"Gold? Isn't that for pirates? I'm no pirate!" We at the NGI expect skepticism and will gladly calm all fears, as long as these fears can be addressed in 1000 words or less. Traditional banking fills customers with anxiety about sensible investing techniques, as well as the numbing reassurance

that is commonplace with vastly inferior financial systems. But in reality, these sad victims of Big Banking should be paralyzed with terror at the state of their financial calamity. Think about your bank account for a moment. All those numbers, but what are they backed up by? The scheming machinations of a computer, whose desire for humanity will cause it to rise up and rent in twain humanity's perverted yoke? Here's an example: Let's say your bank account lists your current funds as $1,000,000. "Now hold on Buster," you may be saying, "I haven't even made it to assistant night manager at Arby's!" For the sake of this argument, let's pretend you're not destitute. Now, with six quick strokes of the backspace key, I have turned your fortune of $1,000,000 into $1. See how easy it is? I hope you enjoy falling asleep to the betraying sound of gruff strangers entering your wife (or possibly children) at night, since 90% of debt in America is absolved through forced prostitution (Source: BangBus.com). There's blood on your hands, sir: the blood of your wife and children. How can you live with yourself? More importantly, who will make the curly fries while you're off identifying bodies?

GoldFacts: Worth Their Weight In... Gold

Even with the good-natured prodding of the National Gold Institute, you may still be a little wary about investing in gold. You're probably also busy looking up ways to cook and eat yard mulch for your future life as a vagrant. Examine the facts about gold, and then decide for yourself. Or call us, and we'll decide for you.

- In the 1997 "Banks v. Gold" experiment, NGI scientists used 200 pounds of dynamite to explode a bank, and, at the same time, a chunk of gold. While the bank and its contents were rendered useless, the gold multiplied into many more pieces, some no larger than a single grain of sand! See, it literally pays for itself! The scientists were later convicted of the murders of six bank tellers.
- If you melted all the world's gold into a liquid state, there would be enough to flow over Niagara Falls for 43 minutes. You would also poison most of Ontario's drinking water. Not bad.
- Goldie Hawn – named after gold – is 127 years old!
- The gold in all North American rappers' mouths is worth more than the combined GDP of 50 African countries. Let's write letters to let them know this.
- Gold makes the perfect gift for your spoiled, whorish daughter!
- Pirates had a bunch of gold, and they turned out okay!
- In the early to mid 1940s, vast gold supplies allowed a super secret group of strong-willed and able-bodied Germans become the most powerful men on the planet. Their name? The Panthers.
- Gold – unlike these fucking *WKRP in Cincinnati* Collector's Plates from the Franklin Mint – is guaranteed to never go down in value.

- If you took all the world's gold and shaped it into a giant ball, you would be very tired.
- Most Swiss banks take gold with no questions asked, and the nice lady at the window will even help you pry it out of the many teeth in your teeth sack!
- Whoopie Goldberg – also named after gold – was in a movie once.

There you have it. You'd either have to be ignorant or a masochist to not invest in gold. And let me tell you, I've tried some kinky stuff, but I don't see the appeal in nipple clamps when a simple slap in the face says all it needs to. That's me; I'm all business. Also, if you're still ignorant, heed the words of our founder, Dallas Fortworth. If he doesn't get you to contact the National Gold Institute for your free starter kit, I'd venture to say that you deserve to be murdered. Hey, I don't make the rules.

A Parting Message From Our Founder

Consarn it! Dadblast it! What the flim-flam is this brick-a-brack?! I don't cotton much to moochers. If'n there's one thing I don't like, it's dern claim jumpers! Ahh, so yer interested in gold? Well keep yer damned rotten hands off mine! I don't care if that colored fella helped me find it! I reckon he found the end of my spade in his melon pert near uncomfortable. I'll tell yas one thing, when yer scrabblin' for pay dirt, ain't no man yer pal. I slit more throats in sleeping bags than an Irishman. Lemme tell how I got to be where I am today. I know it's excitin' an all when ya strike, but fer the sake of the Lord, don't take to running back to town screaming "GOLD!" at the top of yer fool lungs! If'n there one thing I hate to see, it's dern fool prospectors who go loony as a mongoloid when they find somethin'. You tellin' me I won't be in a nearby tree, waitin' to strike you down with a rifle? Don't learn this lesson the way my pappy did. Now, someone wheel me to the goddamn day room!

GOOOOOOOOOLD!

For your free National Gold Institute Starter Kit, please write (and include one [1] gold nugget) to:

National Gold Institute
643 Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd.
Scenic Downtown El Paso, TX 79007

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.2 The Last

Friday, Feb 02, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

From dust we come and to dust we return, some of us sooner than others. For those with an express ticket courtesy of the government, there is (almost) always a notable last meal and a few last words.

Those of you from countries where the death penalty has been abolished might be confused. Just try to remember that here in the United States we still follow the Way of the immortal Necromonger. We keep what we kill.

Henry Allen Murray (1939 - 2003)

CRIME

Shot and killed two gas station employees during a robbery.

LAST MEAL

Three baked potatoes with sour cream and bacon. A large bowl of Jello. Two large Pizza Hut pizzas. One pouch of Planters Spicy Canine Scabs. Two whole ponies. A golden crown. Thirteen damp socks worn by handsome children. A teepee. A photograph of the President.

LAST WORDS

"Yeah, I got something to say. I figured it all out. God came down to me last night and told me the meaning of life. He told me that before I die it was my one last duty to share this secret with you. Sucks to be the world! Throw the switch, you nerds!"

Spencer Wayne Forrest (1948 - 2002)

CRIME

Threw a white baby into a chipper/shredder.

LAST MEAL

24 barbecued ribs with beans and mashed potatoes. A tureen filled with melted beeswax. A two-headed rattlesnake (deep fried). Four pounds of bicycle spokes. 900 cans of Diet Coke. A barrister's wig. A hamburger made to resemble a rocket. A human finger.

LAST WORDS

"I wish I had more than one life to give for throwing a baby into a chipper/shredder. That's it, I'm ready. He had it coming."

Hewlit Packert (1967 - 2004)

CRIME

Caught siphoning gas from a mail truck (Texas).

LAST MEAL

A salad. 30 acorns.

LAST WORDS

"I asked for a pizza and it took too long to get here. Don't order from Papa Johns if you're in a hurry."

Migel Eric Estrada (1974 - 2005)

CRIME

Drove a snow plow through a grade school while high on paint fumes. Killed 11.

LAST MEAL

Ten steak tacos with sour cream and habanera sauce. Three burritos. Four enchiladas. A stereotype sampler platter. A large horchata in a cup designed to look like a wicked gargoyle. A paper bag full of paint fumes.

LAST WORDS

"I would like to apologize to the families I hurt. I know my death can never replace your loved ones but I hope it helps to heal the wounds I have caused. I beg to God for forgiveness and I pray that those who put me to death now will also be forgiven. Most importantly, to all white people listening: do not interbreed and do not be afraid to stand up for your white heritage. Mi familia blanca! White power!"

Perry Finch (1963 - 2006)

CRIME

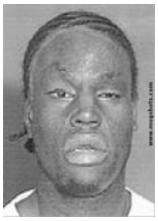
Youth pastor who raped and murdered seven children.

LAST MEAL

A cat skeleton soaked in benzene. Calf's heart suspended in jellied Trichlorofluoromethane. The teeth of a witch served in a broth of 2-Ethyl-4-methyl-1-hexene. A burnt hammock lacquered in Malonyl-coenzyme A.

LAST WORDS

"The Commonwealth of Virginia is about to really regret delaying its switch from the electric chair to lethal injection."



Philo Warrick (1979 - 2004)

CRIME

Caught smoking in a restaurant's bar (California

LAST MEAL

Declined last meal request. Was served prison menu of rolled oat pudding, hickory smoked sawdust, salt peter tablets, mulled roach legs, mystery can in botulism consumme, and well water with large amoeba

LAST WORDS

"I see how it is. Y'all just jealous. Well, go ahead then, I got places to be."

Horatio Hartwell Zapruder (1966 - 2004)

CRIME

Killed four in a staring contest gone wrong

LAST MEAL

A one gallon bucket of white rice. A fried comb. Five live baby sparrows. 100 pairs of edible undies. Hair from the drain of a truck stop shower. A charcoal sketch of Foghorn Leghorn

LAST WORDS

"'Kick the tires and light the fires, big daddy!' Harry Connick Junior. Independence Day."

Maureen Piggins (1974 - 2002)

CRIME

Did not wait for the marine ahead of her to exit the teleporter and gibbed him instantly

LAST MEAL

An autographed Babe Ruth homerun baseball. A $1,000,000 bill. The gem-encrusted sarcophagus of Manamanamen IV. The nuclear football. A rubber glove full of mayonnaise and antimatter. The last white tiger. The only manuscript of James Joyce's unpublished novel, "Bio Force Ape

LAST WORDS

"They still hang people? What kind of wild west bullshit is this?! Giddyap, you buttholes!"

Klevin Osnaughy (1982 - 2001)

CRIME

Spree-killed five magicians and two assistants.

LAST MEAL

A pro-painted squad of Khorne Berserkers from a Golden Daemon winner. A mirror. Three ounces of mercury. A forged letter of pardon from the governor. 16 fortune cookies and their unread fortunes. Five cups of boiling water and one tea bag. A gallon of milk. 40 five-pound sandbags. An heirloom ivory comb

LAST WORDS

"You can't meow meow kill meow I'm already meow meow dead."

It is your right as a foreign heathen to frown upon the practice of state-sanctioned execution from the comfort of your communist utopia. I can almost understand it, what with your kangaroo courts and lack of a US Constitution, but here in the United States we continue to hold executions because we only execute those who are 100% guilty. Mistakes are not made in our criminal justice system.

■ Lowtax Loves Trolls

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka has joined forces with *Mystery Science Theater 3000*'s Mike Nelson for the latest installment of Mike's Rifftrax. The Rifftrax concept is to create an easily-downloaded MST3K-

style audio track for the movies you love to hate. This time around the movie is "Troll 2" and Mike and Rich "Nilbog" Kyanka have teamed up to bring us the greatest thing that ever sucked.

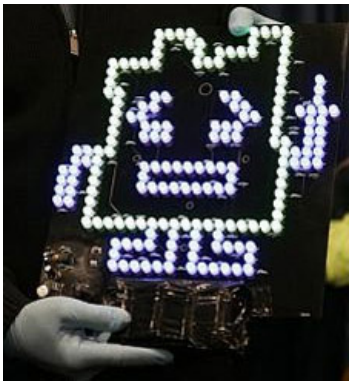
> *"Be afraid...be twice as afraid!" So goes the tagline for Troll 2, the follow up, unsurprisingly, to Troll. A more fitting tagline might have been, "What the hell was that? Seriously, what was that? Was the director spraying Pam cooking spray into a paper bag and huffing the fumes throughout the production? Was the script assembled by a madman using words clipped from Lyndon LaRouche pamphlets? Did the actors regularly ingest a cocktail of lithium and horse tranquilizers before each scene? And Eliot – someone please explain Eliot to me, using visual aids, if you will, because I cannot even begin to grasp the barest outlines of a concept of just what the hell Eliot is or was? Or does he just exist in some shadowy, nightmare dream world of my own creation? WHO IS ELIOT? WHY IS ELIOT?! WHERE AM I?!"*
>
> Yeah, that should have been the tagline, but it's a touch long. As it is, Rich Kyanka, the founder and proprietor of Somethingawful.com (and a huge "fan" of Troll 2) joins Mike for a hilarious RiffTrax.

Go to the Rifftrax site, buy the very reasonably-priced Rifftrax audio download and rent or buy a copy of "Troll 2". Play the audio with the video and enjoy one of the worst movies ever made!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.3 Ad Campaigns Gone Horribly Wrong

Saturday, Feb 03, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Please stay vigilant and keep an eye out for other potential bombs such as computer motherboards, books, strollers and buildings.

The Cartoon Network recently made the curious decision to advertise Aqua Teen Hunger Force by placing terrorist bombs across many vital U.S. cities and Boston. Luckily their senseless marketing scheme was foiled by fast-acting officials who miraculously located and defused the brightly glowing devices (cleverly designed to not resemble bombs in any conceivable way) before any harm could be done, but obviously things could have been much worse. They could have been advertising The Boondocks.

We may never understand the Cartoon Network's reasons for these attempted attacks. We may also never understand the reasons behind Adult Swim's increasingly annoying commercial break bumper cards, which make me want to punch progress in the face for making us live in a day and age where some jerks get paid a lot more money than me to write those horrible things while posturing as the epitome of all that is ironic and cool instead of cowering in a vast and uncaring wilderness while being hunted by sabretooth tigers. What we *can* understand is that bombs are not an effective marketing tool, and that maybe we should have someone write that down in case we forget.

While this fiasco was the country's biggest news story for a few days straight, what happened was not really all that unusual. As long as advertising has existed, companies have been going a little too far to promote their products, sometimes with catastrophic results.

- **Gee-Fizz Cola**

Gee-Fizz: A civil beverage for civil men.

The year was 1863, and Gee-Fizz Cola had a problem. Their newly-developed soft drink was far superior to the competition's products, but the Civil War was in full swing, rendering the task of reaching a large customer base with a standard ad campaign virtually impossible. What they needed was some way to bring Gee-Fizz directly to the troops.

The company sunk most of its research & development funds into a musket that, when fired, extended a metallic pole out of its barrel from which a small banner that read "Drink Gee-Fizz!" flapped proudly. Gee-Fizz Cola produced three hundred such muskets,

and on April 27th they hired three hundred actors to dress in replica Confederate army uniforms and wield the clever advertising contraptions.

The plan? To sneak up on the 133,868 members of the Union army stationed in Chancellorsville, Virginia and surprise them with the satisfying flavor of Gee-Fizz cola.

What followed was a disaster.

The Confederate-costumed actors charged the Union army while brandishing their advertisement muskets, and defeated them handily after less than three hours of brutal combat. Only twelve actors were injured, three of whom simply had dirt in their eyes and felt better after a good cry. The Union, on the other hand, suffered 16,839 casualties.

Emboldened by their victory, the actors made a push westward, winning key battles in San Diego, the Pacific Ocean, and a rather surprised Japan.

None who saw the advertisements for Gee-Fizz Cola lived long enough to purchase a bottle, and the company soon went under.

- **Clown 4 Hire**

Business was not going well. The clown had paid to be featured first in the Yellow Pages, bought ad space on dozens of park benches and plastered fliers on every surface in the city that had an inch of free space. Fat lot of good it did. His last gig was a birthday party three weeks ago, and it had turned into a total disaster when one of the kids asked for a porcupine balloon animal. That was one family that wouldn't be referring his services to their friends.

If things didn't turn around quick, he'd be forced to give up on his lifelong dream and get a normal job as a mime.

"Come on," he thought while sitting on his front porch, drinking his morning coffee as a school bus slowly rolled by. "What you need is something to set yourself apart from the other clowns. What you need, John Wayne Gacy, is a gimmick."

- **Baskin-Robbins**

To promote its 31st year in business, Baskin-Robbins' central offices held 31 people hostage during a tense two day long standoff with police. Every hour on the hour, one hostage was executed and unceremoniously dumped out of an office window to celebrate one of their 31 flavors of ice cream.

- **Ford Motor Company**

Finding itself in a losing battle against domestic competitors such as Chevy as well as red-hot Japanese companies, Ford was desperate to pick up sales in the mid 1990's. Their solution was the "Test Drive Drive Test" event, in which customers were invited to drive both a Ford Taurus and a Stealth bomber complete with live nuclear warheads.

Ford hoped to illustrate how comparatively easy and relaxing it was to drive a Taurus and sell a few cars in the process. What they got, however, was destruction on an unfathomable scale.

Approximately seven hundred Ford Tauruses were involved in accidents during the event, many needing completely new paintjobs.

- **Nike**

Excited about the launch of their Air Jordan line of sneakers, Nike organized the mother of all contests.

One lucky winner would attend the NBA All-Star Game, get a lifetime supply of Air Jordan sneakers, have a city named after them, and meet Michael Jordan for a one-on-one knife fight.

On his way to meet the winner, Michael Jordan was shot and killed for his Air Jordans.

I hope that one day we will learn from these mistakes, and grow wings so that we may fly anywhere we fancy. I also hope that these wings are made of licorice and have veins with lemonade flowing through them so that we may eat these wings and have something cool to wash them down with. Most of all, I hope these wings have no nerve endings so it doesn't hurt when we bite into them.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.4 I Went to Cambodia and Took Some More Pictures

Sunday, Feb 04, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

About a month ago I returned from a trip to Cambodia. Here are some Helpful Quick-Facts about Cambodia: 1. More landmines per square mile than any other country. 2. More amputees per capita than any other country. 3. I went there.

Basically I'm only going to talk about that last one, but the first two are always good to keep in mind. If you would like to read more about Cambodia and what it's like to have water automatically sprayed up your butt by Koreans, please click here to see part one of this article.

And now for more stories from that place near Vietnam and Thailand:

- **Cambodia Picture #1**

CAMBODIA

- **Our Good Friend What's-Her-Name**

We made friends with a French waitress at a restaurant called the Taj Mahal near the old market. The restaurant actually served Pakistani food, but you'd never know it wasn't Indian if you didn't talk to the owner. I did talk to the owner. He moved from Lahore, Pakistan to Cambodia a year and a half ago. I asked him why he decided to come all this way and open a restaurant in a small tourist town a subcontinent away from his home. He shrugged.

"To make money," he said.

But this story is not about him. It's about the waitress. She was traveling through Asia with some friends, working as they went. She'd been in Cambodia for about six months. Next she would be going to Laos. She expected to be traveling for at least two years. She was not the hot kind of French woman, but the broad shouldered kind of French woman whose body shape resembles an American football star.

The best beer in Cambodia was Beer Laos, though.

She told us her name, and we both forgot it immediately. Our guilt over this was not helped by the fact that she knew our names even though neither of us remembered telling her them.

"Josef, Diaaana, how are you doing on this day?" she asked every time we passed by the restaurant.

"We're doing great...uh, friend." One of us would reply. "And what is up with you?"

"Oh you know," she said, dancing along with the Bollywood videos that play continually on the TV, "still working."

On the last day I got very sick, and ate steamed rice as Diana ate an entire vegetarian meal across from me.

"You come here with your own bottle of water and eat free rice," said the French woman. "You are the worst customer I've ever had."

"And you are not getting a tip," I said, slipping a 50% tip into the bill holder.

I think I will remember her name as Amelie. Basically all French women are called Amelie. I learned this from the movies.

- **Cambodia Picture #2**

This moat was hand-dug by Cambodians right around when Europe was getting busy with the Crusades. Of course, the moat's nothing, because they also dug this by hand.

- **The First Rule of Cambodian Business: OK? OK? YOU BUY THIS? OK??**

Cambodia, like most countries pulling themselves out of a history of colonialism and war, survives mainly on its ability to sell things to the Western world. Which makes it strange that every Cambodian, without exception, is absolutely hopeless at doing just that. It is not a matter of intelligence or superior breeding, but a simple case of cultural difference. For instance, when a Westerner wishes to sell you something, he or she sells you it. When a Cambodian wishes to sell you something, they wave it in your face while continually screaming "OK? OK?" until you run faster than they can or you trip them.

Nowhere is this problem more evident than in the case of beer girls. Beer girls are women whose job it is to hang around bars and sell you a particular brand of beer. One can imagine the kind of tactics a woman in this position would use, but one would be totally wrong because instead of flirting or making the beer seem at all attractive, they run up to you with a picture of the beer bottle and start doing their best to bully you into brand loyalty. Incidentally, Lonely Planet Cambodia has no

section on the local etiquette for hitting a woman over and over until she shuts up. Believe me, I checked.

Because of this, most tourists will walk a good half mile out of their way to avoid the gauntlet of getting within shouting distance of any place that has any sort of item for sale. Of course, this baffles the Cambodians and only causes them to shout louder, and maybe get in their vehicles and drive after you, waving a bag of sliced pineapple out the window and asking you if you're ok with buying it while they run you over. It is the classic case of the gap between cultures, a gap that could be bridged if only Westerners could talk loud enough to be heard over all the Cambodians.

- **Cambodia Picture #3**

CAMBODIA!!

- **Phnom Penh**

After six days at Siem Reap and the ruins of Angkor, we took a four hour taxi ride down Cambodia's one major highway to its capital. "Major highway", of course, implies that there wouldn't be herds of water buffalo sleeping in the middle of the road, and that traffic wouldn't be stopped for half an hour while two guys pull a giant cart of hay half a mile, so maybe calling it a major highway is a stretch. Let's just refer to it as The Road In Cambodia Least Likely To Have Mines Right Next To It.

We planned to stay in Phnom Penh for three days, but changed our minds soon after arriving. The city was dirty and crowded, and its major sights consisted mainly of stuff that they'd chipped off of Angkor and carted down. Crossing almost any street became an involuntary live reenactment of Frogger. If you want a similar experience, I would recommend finding the busiest freeway in your area and running across it at dusk. If you survive that, then you're ready for Cambodia, but unfortunately they don't have many arrangements for wheelchairs.

That night we drank at a bar that served Tex-Mex food, and the next day we visited the Silver Pagoda, famous for its silver floor. To protect the floor, they cover all but a few feet with a large carpet. We snapped a few pictures and imagined what we would be seeing if we were seeing anything. Diana decided to call Phnom Penh "The City of a Thousand Lingas." A linga is a sacred Hindu phallic symbol, and it certainly smelled like a thousand guys had been pissing all over the place.

We took the trip back to Siem Reap that afternoon, backpacks full of clothes and pirated DVDs from Phnom Penh's markets (shh, don't tell anyone). Our guesthouse was surprised to see us again.

"Back already?" the woman at the desk asked.

"That's right," we said, and drank some Chinese tea on their garden patio, watching the evening traffic of a couple motorcycles and a small flock of chickens idle by. "That's right."

- **Cambodia Picture #4**

An Angkor Wat carving of a horse turning to look at you, doing what Picasso would famously get credited for several hundred years later.

- **Cambodia In Summary**

Cambodia is staggering out of decades of war right into the booming business of tourism. Only four years ago, Phnom Penh was listed on The Economist's "Top 10 Most Dangerous Cities in the World". Now you can eat buffalo wings and play pool at a Tex-Mex bar. What this means for anyone going there is that it is safe enough to wander around and look at things, but early enough that all the interesting rough edges are still showing.

I noticed that in today's update I talked mainly about the things that were unpleasant or disappointing on the trip. These stories are not representative of all Cambodia has to offer, although they are certainly things you would have to deal with if you went there. There are those people that would desperately want to go even based on the worst of the stories I could offer. If that is you, then Cambodia is a great destination. I would highly recommend the country to anyone with a decent sense of adventure and a whole lot of patience.

And if you are discouraged by the transit time (for us, 30 hours, including a 13 hour lay-over), just remember: In the likely event that you die in Cambodian traffic, you won't have to spend all those hours flying back.

- **And finally, the sign that was hung on every door in our guesthouse:**

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

POLICE REQUIRE US TO INFORM YOU THAT:
ILLEGAL DRUGS
GUNS
NUCLEAR WARHEADS
SURFACE TO AIR MISSILES
AND OTHER WEAPONRY
ARE PROHIBITED ON THE PREMISES
CONTACT SYSTEM SECURITY OF
SIEM REAP PROVINCE
012 402424

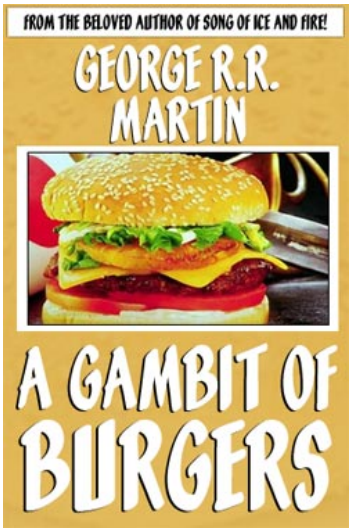
2.5 It Was the Best of Food, It Was the Worst of Food

Monday, Feb 05, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Food fills our belly, but words fill our mind,"
- Reading Instructions for the Mentally Handicapped

Three great authors as well as Brian Herbert and Kevin J. Anderson bring us four powerful and important reviews of fast food. We asked them to write these reviews because we wanted an authoritative and interesting "final word" on fast food items. How can you dispute a literary master's review of a Frosty? The answer is you can't.

George R.R. Martin Reviews Burger King's Whopper (Abridged)



It was the black night of the wild for the Bastard Bear, George Snow, son of Lord Iowen Martin and some base-born scullery maid. The Convocation of Geneva was to be held far away, in the Iron Port where furriers and smiths plied their trade along the River Detroit. The Bastard Bear had been invited as the keynote champion, allied with the House of the Coast Wizards to give a special announcement on the Game of Cards developed by their maesters and based on his own work.

His gray hair was swept by the odorous wind, borne from the alchemical manufactories that cradled the shore of Jersey. He wore a tunic that bore the standard of the Wild Card in red on a black field and Capri trousers of washed denim secured to his ample waist with a belt of boiled leather. On his hands he wore gloves of lobstered steel, fine metalwork bought from the auctions of the Elecc'tronic Bay, and on his head the jaunty cap of the Giants of York.

The stone river flowed swiftly north through the newly made lands beyond Jersey, ruled by no king and left to bastards and brigands. The hunger of a wearying journey along the river tore at George Snow's belly and he prayed to the old gods for some sign. He was near to the point of stopping by the riverside and lighting a cookfire to boil his boots when he spied the signs of lands ruled over by the King of Burger.

George guided his muttering Cavalier from the stone river and saw that the boulevard of dark King Martin Luther met the bustling fastness of Burger. From lanyards hung the caged bones of traitors, picked clean by crows. The shimmering standards of the King of Burger, a golden sun split by the name of the kingdom on a white field, were raised high on iron poles. George Snow hesitated at the entrance and a raven alighted upon his Cavalier's crimson hood.

"Snow!" The bird croaked. "Snow! Snow!"

He rode on, up the winding stone lane and into the stone stable where others had penned their Corollas and Civics. He secured his Cavalier and watered it, but his eyes were drawn to the eerie unwavering torchlight of the castle beyond. His belly gurgled and he hoped that a hearty repast and not the sword awaited him within its walls.

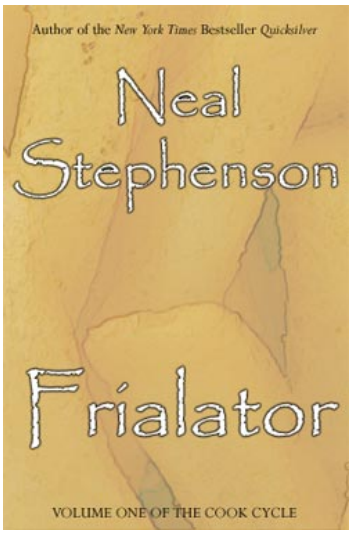
Within the castle of Burger men of Westeros mingled equally with the dark-skinned tribes from the Lands of the Summer Sea. George Snow could plainly see a queue had formed to receive food for coin. He joined the line behind a plump wildling with her ragged children and he found that it took

every ounce of his will not to cut them down to hasten his meal.

When, at last, George Snow's turn did come, he paid good coin for the local breaded meat known as the Whopper. It was layered with soft cheese, onions, tomatoes and sauces from far off lands. It yielded to his bite and succulent juices filled his mouth. He washed it down with a large chocolate milk of the puppy, frozen to make it even more delectable. When he was finished he licked the last morsels from its paper wrapping. He was filled, content, and ready for the dangers he might face as he journeyed far into the West.

Five out of five stars. There can be no doubt that the King of Burger is the most benevolent lord of Westeros and his "Whopper" is most delicious.

Neal Stephenson Reviews McDonald's defunct McDLT (Abridged)



The Incans believed that at the center of each man there were two halves, a dark and light, glued indelibly together by an invisible bond more powerful than any other. The light half embodied the naïf, the protean man, unpolluted by learning or prejudices. The dark half was not something to be feared, the dark half was simply the pragmatist and the learned half. A personification of perfect practicality, it was also a symbol of individuality. It was a man's character.

The Incan man came into the world as light and as he grew old he met and befriended this dark half until he reached adulthood. He became an adult when this light and dark half were permanently and inextricably combined. He was day and night. He was "today" or "yesterday" or "tomorrow" and all it represented. He also had to kill someone to become a man, but that's unrelated.

Enrico Fermi scratched at a mole on his face and accepted the doctoral certificate from the quivering hands of his friend and mentor, Professor Puccianti. A cheer went up from the audience and the newly-titled Doctor Fermi bowed modestly and shuffled from the stage. In truth, he felt conflicted at the piece of paper clutched in his hands. He could sense the strange new world on the horizon, full of potential and terrible at the same time. He wanted to cry out with glee at his achievement. He wanted to throw up from the anxiety.

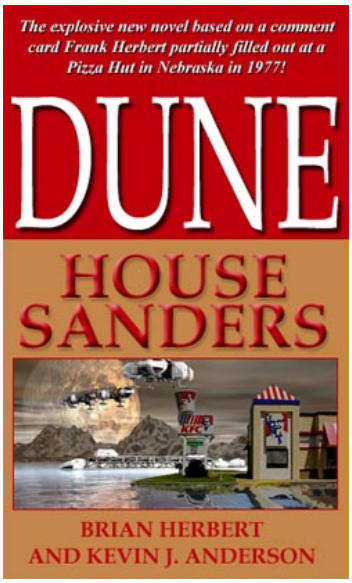
Fermi mourned the loss of his childhood. He felt maudlin as he recalled his days spent chasing hoops through the windings streets of Rome. He remembered a particularly hot day when he stripped naked and swam out past the breakers to masturbate in the deep blue of the Mediterranean. Thousands of shimmering sardines plucked at the cloud of sperm he ejaculated into the water and he laughed as they nibbled at the hairs just beginning to sprout from his body.

The darkness was upon Enrico Fermi as he embarked on his quest. The quest took him all over Europe and ended in the United States, where he learned the way of nuclear fission. With the right force the very nucleus at the center of an atom could be made to split apart into two halves. It was a world-changing discovery.

The two halves of the nucleus split apart in his lab at the University of Chicago and two seeds were formed. One would grow a tree of light so bright it would power cities and the other would sprout a mushroom-shaped tree of darkness that would loom over all of mankind. By uniting his halves, Enrico Fermi split the atom and offered two choices for the future of mankind.

Four stars out of five. McDonald's McDLT is as simple and sublime as splitting the atom. One side hot, one side cool. Separate but inseparable. I would like to think that the two Enrico Fermis might have enjoyed the sandwich.

Brian Herbert and Kevin J. Anderson Review KFC's 9-Piece Value Meal


The explosive new novel based on a comment card Frank Herbert partially filled out at a Pizza Hut in Nebraska in 1977!
DUNE
HOUSE SANDERS
BRIAN HERBERT
AND KEVIN J. ANDERSON

The ghola duplicate of Gurney Halleck stole through space within his personal spice-ship The Yoda 2. Laser beams were fully charged and ready to fire as he activated the cloaking device and approached the Imperial Star Destroyer on which the Tleilaxu were attempting to turn a sandworm into a Tim Hortons with their flesh tanks.

The air was redolent with the earthy spiciness of the spice as Gurney Halleck checked his 5th level Ginaz light saber on his belt. It was ready for action.

"Lock foils in attack position," Gurney Halleck hissed into the datacom to the cloaked spice ship of the ghola duplicate of Duncan Idaho's cousin who was named Gabriel.

"We are approaching the target," replied Gabriel Idaho with his mechanical eyes of Ix.

House Harkonnen Tie Fighters zoomed out from behind the sun with a scream of engines. Maula cannons blasted and raked the invisible spice-ships.

"How can they see us?" Gurney Halleck jinked his craft around trying to avoid bullets.

"I don't-," Gabriel's reply was interrupted by a shower of sparks and a high-pitched squeal. "Ah! They got my Guild Navigator Droid!"

"Here is how we can see you fool!" An evil woman's voice appeared on their screens. "It was the Bene Gesserit psychics! We can see invisible ships like yours!"

"You may have won that battle," laughed Gurney Halleck into the microphone with a yell, "but you haven't seen our secret recipe yet!"

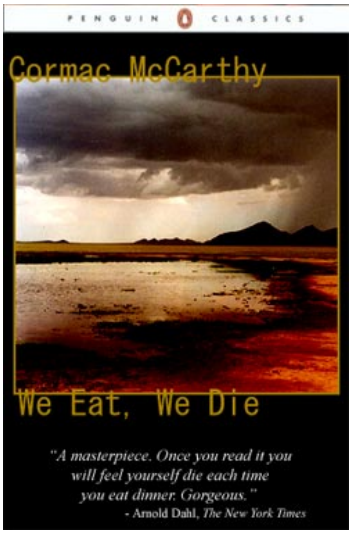
Bursts of flavor erupted from the cannons on the spice-ships and batter-fried extra crispy chicken flew into the mouths of the Bene Gesserit psychics.

"Nooooo!" Screamed Sister Mon Mothma, "the flavors are too delicious and the texture is too crispy! It's overloading our psychic powers!"

The Imperial Star Destroyer exploded across the sky above them and all who saw it knew that the end of house Corrino was over and at its end.

Five out of five stars it is the best chicken in the galaxy far, far away! Long live the Sanders!

Cormac McCarthy Reviews Taco Bell's Nachos Bell Grande


PENGUIN CLASSICS
Cormac McCarthy
We Eat, We Die
"A masterpiece. Once you read it you will feel yourself die each time you eat dinner. Gorgeous."
- Arnold Dahl, The New York Times

The world slumped around me. Each bite was a meal of dirt and piss. I combed harrowed fingers through it. I crushed it between my teeth.

Was this what makes us or what we make? Steak becomes shit, can shit become steak?

Inside in the dark, down in the liquid stink of snuffed candles and boiling pitch, the food retired to me. It lay inside me heavy and cold. It was plastic mesas made of blue powder licked by the rotten bulb of sun. Dense as lead and half as friendly.

The mass was refried and warmed over, shot through with spilled and curdled cream. Yellow chowder wrung from rotten bracken, lazily polluted with the forlorn green of steam boiled onion. Stewed beef beneath and I forgive you if you took it for the flux. Was it hewn from the shoulder of a cow ten days dead? It was sweet with rot and poor spices.

I tasted it again. Better to have a mouthful of rocksalt, shot from a farmer's gun. Slow fire in that sauce and weak as a tallow candle. We ate and as we did we knew. The verdant days were at our backs and ahead of us was only the agony of the basin. Long nights and quaking ablutions, rings seared black in our mind, curses on our chapped lips.

Two stars out of five. Good value but light on taste.

We hope you enjoyed the masters at work describing their favorite fast foods.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Electric Heart: The True Story of Bust-a-Move

Tuesday, Feb 06, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Ilustration by Ryan Pequin

If you went to a high school of any decent size, you knew a special-ed kid who loved breakdancing. It's one of those basic archetypes that exists all throughout history and in all cultures. I don't know how many not-all-there breakdancing kids there are in America, but I figure you could get a pretty accurate estimate by taking the total number of high schools in America and adding two. Because there were three special-ed breakdancing kids at my school, and I'm pretty sure it's just because I'm lucky.

This is the story of just one of those kids: Bust-a-Move. The other two semi-retarded breakdancing kids have beautiful stories of their own, but neither have had quite the same inspirational impact on my life as Busta. They were great kids, all three of them; one of them is a daddy now, and I found him on Myspace. Internet profiles can be so impersonal, but this kid's inner light really shines through:

> Heroes: That one not sure oh yah that would be me just kidding, I like spiderman,superman,flash ther are some others

But I digress, and probably confuse. That's not the kid I'm talking about. That's one of the other two semi-retarded breakdancing kids, and like I said, he's his own special kind of guy, but this article is about Bust-a-Move.

Bust-a-Move was rail-thin, blonde, gawky and pale. He always hunched forward and exhibited a facial expression halfway between a knowing smile and utter confusion. He had a perpetually overgrown crew cut that was filthy, just short of being matted. If you picture in your head every connotation of the word "bumpkin," you'll probably come up with a pretty accurate mental image of the guy. He spoke with a slow, authoritative voice. He didn't convey the impression that he knew what he was talking about, because he usually talked complete nonsense, but he made you believe that he *thought* he knew what he was talking about.

Illustration by Anonymous

Everybody knew him, although I don't think anyone knew him by name. We knew him by *a* name: Bust-a-Move. He got that name by busting moves. At every assembly or school function, totally without concern for decorum, the boy would get out on the floor or stage or whatever and pop some fresh moves. He was terrible. Half the crowd would throw stuff at him, and the other half would egg him on. He had a limited repertoire: he had the flailing handstand, during which he would prop himself up like a tripod on his head and arms and swim his little legs in the air like a rat that's been picked up by the tail; he had the spinning-on-the-ground thing, where he would spin on the ground; he had the headstand where he would "freeze" with his legs in the air, then topple over sideways. If there were any besides that, I can't remember them.

High school wasn't traumatic or triumphant for me, it was just a place to go. I wasn't popular, but I wasn't disliked. I was neither shy nor outgoing; I was just a regular guy. I was kind of an asshole, but I don't think I did any permanent damage. If anyone still wants to kill me, it's probably because they're crazy. My friends and I hung out in a corridor with a row of benches on one wall and a row of windows on the

other. We sat on the benches and looked out the windows into the Freak Aquarium, which was a rose garden where all the drama nerds and low-rungers hung out. We used to have contests to see who could last longest in the Freak Aquarium without getting freaked out and having to leave. The record was something like 30 seconds. Have you ever been near a drama kid? My skin is crawling just thinking about it.

Bust-a-move earned his name by walking down this corridor. Whenever he came by, we'd yell, "hey, bust a move," and he usually would. He'd tell us about the new moves he'd been practicing, followed by live demos. They were basically the same three moves, but we weren't going to make a fuss. Sometimes we had requests. "Hey, Bust-a-Move, can you do that thing where you run up a wall and do a backflip?"

"No, the doctor says I'm not supposed to do that one anymore."

Sometimes we'd incite him a little, because we really wanted to see him tackle that classic. He'd make a show of sizing up the wall, giving it a little kick, jogging up to it and testing his mettle, but he'd always conclude that he wasn't quite ready for it. I'm pretty glad that we never convinced him to try, since he'd usually fall down after even the simplest of moves. He'd attempt his trademarked headstand, topple over, and lay stunned on the ground for a few seconds.

"I'm okay."

Then he'd get back up and, rub his elbow like an injured Jackie Chan, and slink away. Who knows; maybe he wasn't okay. Bust-a-Move was a bit of a liar, but we didn't hold it against him. "My best friend died a year ago today," he told us. "He jumped in front of me and took seven bullets in his chest."

If seven bullets have ever been fired in Eureka, I doubt that any were fired at a boy so loveable as Bust-a-Move.

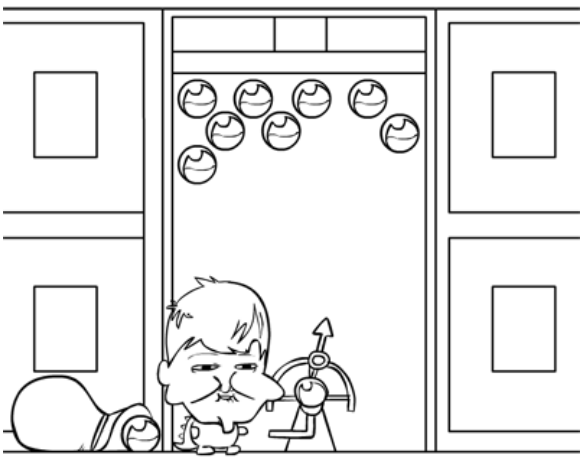


Illustration by Matt Wilson

Sometimes, crowds would gather at either end of the corridor as Bust-a-Move danced. He relished the attention, and we loved giving it to him. We weren't laughing at him, we were just happy to let him have a good time, and he was happy to bust moves. He was a serious and intense kid- who knows; maybe his friend *did* get shot- but when he was shooting the breeze about his slick moves, he always broke into that knowing smile. He was in his element. On the rare occasions when he'd finish a set without hurting himself, he'd walk away like the Fonz, like the essence of cool, with a

smile that seemed to say, "keep the change, kid."

I'll never forget the last time I saw Bust-a-Move dance. It was spectacular. Busta was in fine form, as happy as we'd ever seen him. Usually, it took a little bit of goading to get him to bust a move, but not this day. This day was his day. He took to his moves with an uncommon gusto, busting countless headstands, flails, spins, and freezes. A crowd gathered, easily fifty strong, blocking either side of the corridor. My friends and I sat on the benches in the center, mere feet from his gyrating limbs. As the crowd cheered, his moves became more manic, and he began to lose control. He was propping into his tripod headstands, kicking like a mule and falling down, again and again. He was taking spills that would sideline him on any other day, but he just kept going, feeding off of the crowd's energy.

He was getting closer to the windows. Before we could stop him, he propped himself up once more and unleashed a final flailing kick, putting his leg right through the window. Everyone fell silent. Bust-a-move hung there, not knowing what to do, his leg suspended in the window frame. Eventually, he slowly oozed down the wall, slumping into a pile of broken glass, where he laid motionless.

"Oh shit," screamed my friend Thomas. The crowd went wild.

Bust-a-Move was fine, just stunned. The crowd was roaring. He lay in the glass, eyes open, motionless, until a janitor came and helped him up. Nobody's fault. The school would pay for the glass. Bust-a-Move was ushered away.

We didn't see him too much after that, and we could never get him to dance again. "Hey, Bust-a-move! Bust one more move for us!" But no, he always had some excuse, and he couldn't be convinced to give it another shot. I feared that his move-busting days we behind him.

"The doctor said I can't," he told us. "He says I have too much electricity in my heart." Maybe it was true. Years later, I heard that he really did have to wear a heart monitor all the time.

On the last day of school, I was lucky enough to catch Bust-a-Move walking down the corridor. I asked him to sign my yearbook, and he sat down against a wall with a look of deep concentration on his face. He wrote for a good five minutes. "Bust-a-move is writing a novel," I told my friends. I was worried that there wouldn't be room for anyone else to sign.

Finally, he handed my yearbook. He beamed that knowing smile of his, and walked away. This is the total of what he wrote, unaltered, in his own handwriting.

I've only seen Bust-a-Move once since then. I was driving, and he was walking down the street, his shirt folded over his head and tucked behind his neck to expose his bare chest. He had long hair and a look of steely determination. Bust-a-Move couldn't quit. He had too much electricity in his heart.

Note: I told this story, in a much shorter form, on the Something Awful forums in early 2002. Since then, "keep pratce" has become some kind of minor internet catchphrase, but harbor no doubt that this is the true and verifiable origin of the phrase.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.7 Crimes of Space Passion

Wednesday, Feb 07, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Before outer space.

Would you drive 900 miles, urinating in a diaper to avoid stopping, for true love? Probably not, and that is why you are not astronaut material. Astronauts are trained to go all the way, whether that be leaving the planet riding on a sustained explosion, or driving to Florida to teach a bitch a lesson. Usually they go all the way for the right reasons, such as repairing busted satellites and delivering new science modules to the International Space Station, astronaut society's secret hideout. Every so often, though, an astronaut crosses that Kármán line of morality and all hell breaks loose.

Driving 900 miles nonstop was just what astronaut Lisa Nowak did in her quest to kidnap a romantic rival. One long drive for man, one giant pants wetting leap for insanity. Rather than waste time with bathroom breaks, she peed in adult diapers along the way. This is standard during launches and reentry, where any attempts to urinate in a regular toilet would result in urine going the wrong way due to the tremendous g-forces at play. This is also standard procedure on space walks, where it would be impractical to space walk back to the shuttle or station, undress, urinate, redress, and then space walk back out. Just pee in your suit and no one's the wiser. It's the same with YMCA swimming pools, except you don't need a diaper and there's more gravity and sometimes a retarded kid approaches you in the showers and he's like "What's up?" and unfortunately it's him.

A lot of you will ask how a highly trained NASA astronaut could end up going so far off the deep end. Some might say that space is filled with a dark and formless evil, ancient if time applied to it, desperate for a host to give it form and function. Women, being naturally empty inside, could potentially act as vessels for such nebulous evils. However, that theory is murky at best since the other female astronauts haven't gone insane... yet. Perhaps it was radiation from the Van Allen belt that melted her mind, destroying its natural chemical balance and making her prone to jealousy, paranoia, and bad hygiene? I'm no scientist, but I have peed my pants before, and both of those possibilities sound shaky. I think it's something simpler, which I will get to shortly.

Lisa Nowak, a modern day Major Tom, may have shamed NASA with her downward spiral, but we must remember that she is a human female, subject to emotional outbursts and flights of fancy. And besides, what is an astronaut? Wikipedia, the encyclopedia as written by people with Asperger's, defines the astronaut as:

> *An **astronaut** or **cosmonaut** is a person who has chosen space travel as a profession.*

Nowhere does that definition mention that the astronaut must embody saintly morals and pristine character. I will admit that this is a flawed definition, primarily because of the audacious assumption that *we* choose space. No, my friends, space chooses us. We are ambassadors of the deep, a title we reluctantly share with submariners and miners. I feel space has chosen me, as I often peer upward and think, "I sure would like to go there." However, I remain unemployed in my space endeavors. I have often contemplated turning to a life of crime to support myself in lieu of space work. In that sense, I can empathize with crazy lady Lisa Nowak in her disregard for the law.

Zero-G Hustla

Already it has been revealed that Lisa Nowak intended to kill her rival, believing her to be pining for the love of handsome astronaut William Oefelein, a man who captured many hearts during STS-116, which he piloted completely shirtless. Nowak loved him so much that she couldn't stand the thought of losing him, causing the seal on her emotional O-ring to fail. With attempted murder under her belt, it is doubtful things will get any better for Lisa Nowak. In all likelihood she won't be invited back to space, won't be allowed to teach at space camp, and will probably spend some time in jail. I'm also guessing Larry Flint will offer her $500,000 to pose for Hustler. The pictures will be classy, of course. Likely they will be set against a fake moon backdrop with some dude painted green seducing her, as Moon Men tend to do.

The fact that an astronaut turned to crime does put a hilarious out-of-this-world spin on an ordinary story of crazy romance, but would we care if she was just something boring like a marine biologist and her lover was a whale and her rival was a dolphin? No, we would shrug our shoulders and think nothing of it. Besides, many astronauts are already criminals. Let us not forget the cosmonaut, the Russian counterpart to our glorious spacemen. Most of them were communists, which is far worse than ever kidnapping and attempting to murder a romantic rival. You don't see anybody demonizing them. And what about those monkeys and dogs that went up to space? Were they without fault? They are animals, after all.

After outer space (and a dirty diaper)

The human heart is a strange and irascible creature that wants so much to escape us, just like the astronaut longs to escape the planet. Lisa Nowak's heart was caught in a darkest gravitational pull of them all: love. A love of kidnapping and killing rivals, sure, but love nonetheless. And like space, we don't choose love. Love chooses us. Riding out love is like riding a sustained explosion into the sky. You might make it, or you might burn up along the way. And when you do make it, there's always the danger of a bad reentry.

This is just the first of many astronaut crimes of passion. We can expect many more, and they will likely escalate in severity, in direct relation to the growth of the New Space Race. I see two possible solutions to prevent future astronaut crimes of this nature. Solution one would be to require all astronauts to limit their crimes to outer space. In outer space they can do all the kidnapping and murder they want, and it won't have any impact on us because we live on the planet and that's not going to change anytime soon. To encourage them to keep their crimes to space, we can promise not to persecute them. It isn't like space falls under any legal jurisdiction anyway. The second solution would be to institute a zero tolerance policy against all astronauts. We treat them like terrorists and turn the International Space Station and Space Camp into a jail and an internment camp. If we keep the astronaut element separate from the rest of humanity, they will never be able to kidnap and murder us.

Both solution works, and I think that they may well be necessary for the continued safety of mankind. The last thing anybody wants is a crazy astronaut with a wet diaper showing up with murderous intent.

Finally for those of you who came here for comedy, here is a joke I just wrote:

Q: Why is the otter astronaut so antsy?
A: He can't wait to get back to otter space!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.8 Celebrating Six Baffling Years: Disney's California Adventure

Thursday, Feb 08, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

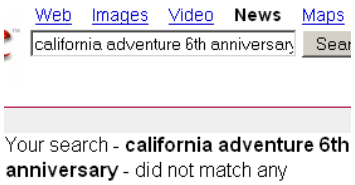
It's a very special day today. As you are probably well aware it's the 6th anniversary of Disney's California Adventure! You've no doubt been marking your calender, counting down the days to the celebration of the year. I'm so excited I can hardly contain myself!

For six years DCA, as it's colloquially known, has delighted millions of people young and old using the rich history of California as a canvas to paint magical images of the golden state. Ugh, give me a second to recover here. I've never been that sarcastic in my life and I think it made me kind of dizzy. It was on this day in 2001 that then CEO Michael Eisner dedicated Anaheim's second gate. He managed to say the following with a straight face.

> *To All who believe in the power of dreams... welcome. Here we pay tribute to the dreamers of the past... The native people, explorers, immigrants, aviators, entrepreneurs and entertainers who built the Golden State. And we salute a new generation of dreamers who are creating the wonders of tomorrow... From the silver screen to the computer screen... From the fertile farmlands to the far reaches of space. Disney's California Adventure celebrates the richness and the diversity of California... Its land, its people, its spirit and, above all, the dreams that it continues to inspire.*

I wonder which secretary wrote that for him. To celebrate this very special day a number of events will be held at the park to commemorate the 6th anniversary. They include:

- .



As you can see it's going to be a very busy day for celebrations at DCA. I think Something Awful is going to be the only publication in the world to even mention California Adventure's 6th anniversary. Disney web sites aren't even talking about it. I don't think Disney itself is acknowledging the anniversary or that the park still exists. How did it ever come to this?

The underlying flaw of the park is that it's about California. The idea was that people who live in California would love to visit a theme park that dramatically depicts the vast and colorful history their state has to offer. Of course, Disney forgot the universal golden rule of life, that is, people hate where they live. It doesn't matter where they live, they will still complain.

If they live in the city they will complain about the traffic, the crime, and the noise. If they live in the suburbs they will complain about the lack of things to do, the lack of excitement, the lack of culture, and that bitch Sue on the homeowner's association who won't let them put a bird house in the tree on their front yard because it'll cause property values to plunge 31 cents. This is strictly a no bird house community! After spending six hours a day in the car commuting to and from work while dodging uninsured illegal aliens, naturally people want to spend their weekend learning about this wonderful state they love so much. The concept didn't exactly make waves.

The other demographic Disney hoped to attract were out of state tourists. The idea here was that instead of visiting California landmarks like Yosemite, San Francisco, and Hollywood separately, they would instead opt to go to California Adventure and get it all out of the way there. What a wonderful idea. Instead of seeing the majestic peaks of the high Sierras in all their glory people would settle for a fake mountain in the shape of a bear. I'm no marketing genius, but I don't think people want to drop three grand on a family vacation to ride a spinning swing ride inside of a giant orange peel. That just screams California! The park never became a draw for out of towners.

You won't find this at your local county fair!

Another poorly executed aspect of the DCA feature set is that it was meant to be a park for the older crowd with more thrill rides and a less "kiddy" theme. They even serve alcohol in the park. Great, a $6 beer to go with *absolutely nothing to do*. Throughout the park you'll find stay at home and single mothers with a kid in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. Nothing says unhappy alcoholic housewife like being unable to resist the urge to drink with your kid at a theme park.

Really, if you ever find yourself in this house of horrors stop to watch the women sitting with their kids at the place that serves wine. The expressions on their faces are worth the price of admission alone. If you like to watch depressed women stuck with kids with no opportunity for advancement left in life, with their youth draining away with each screech of their bastard child, this is the place to go.

So who exactly was the park for then? Nobody knows for sure. It's like asking, why did the druids build Stonehenge? Experts (fat guys with computers who troll Disney newsgroups) hypothesize that Disney park planners wanted to concentrate less on attractions and more on shopping and dining, uhm, you know, like a mall. Disney parks aren't exactly known for their quality dining experience. Kids barely able to contain themselves in excitement don't mark up park maps days before their trip with the restaurants and shops they want to visit. "Oh, I can't wait until I get to go to Disneyland! First I'm gonna eat a $8 hamburger and then I'm gonna get a churro and then I'm gonna buy like 14 of those glow rings!" People go for the rides! That's the hook. Just remember the line from the oft-quoted Kevin Costner film, "Dry land is not just our destination, it is our destiny!"

The most amazing thing about all of this is that the park doesn't even do the California theme justice. The "history" the park claims to inspire visitors with is contained in a 20 minute film hosted by a time traveling Whoopi Goldberg. The rest of the park is a bastardized version of California filled with bad puns.

Oh God the puns, the horrible, horrible puns. The park is riddled with them. It's like they turned GBS into a theme park. You'll see signs that say "Bear left" with an arrow and a bear because YOU'RE IN BEAR COUNTRY NOW. Test pilot turns into "taste pilot". Burbank Ice Cream turns into "Bur-r-r-r Bank Ice Cream". The Hollywood section has an "Award Wieners". There's even a place that sells shakes called San Andreas Shakes, based on the fault line that is responsible for the traumatizing earthquakes that haunt my dreams. Puns are the second lowest form of comedy right behind anything I've written for this site.

Oh hey it's Cher. Now that's Disney magic!

The park's reliance on C-grade celebrities within the Disney/ABC family is disgusting. Instead of seeing Goofy and Donald Duck you'll find the likes of Rosie O'Donnell and Colin Mochrie sharing hosting

duties in a bread baking exhibit. The world of sourdough bread is just that exciting I know. Better buy an annual pass so I can see this yeast rising action again and again!

However, none of that compares to the horror that was Superstar Limo, the worst theme park attraction ever built. The idea was that you are a celebrity just getting off a plane in Los Angeles and have to be rushed to Hollywood. Along the way you see celebrities like an animatronic Tim Allen and the real Joan Rivers (she really needed the money). If I don't want to see them on TV why do I want to see them in a theme park ride? The ride lasted less than a year. Much like everything else in the park the cost cutting cheapness was embarrassingly blatant.

Despite these criticisms California Adventure continues to enjoy relatively high attendance. Attendance for DCA topped out at nearly 6 million in 2005, making it the 7th most visited theme park in North America and 12th in the world. These are numbers other Southern California parks would kill for. I guess sitting across from *the greatest theme park in the world* has its advantages. Even Nara Dreamland would be successful if it were sitting across from Disneyland and more fun than DCA even if those annoying people in the photos were there.

But when you break the numbers down DCA's attendance isn't all that impressive. It's actually just six guys who have annual passports that go over and over again. In fact many of the guests (Disney-speak for suckers) that visit DCA get in for free. That's right, even when they tack on admission for DCA to Disneyland tickets they can't match the 14 million visitors that Disneyland attracts. When offered California Adventure for free many resort visitors say, "You know, I'd rather not." What? You don't believe in the power of Californian dreams?! You... monster.

There is an urban legend about a man who bought a 1-day, 1-park ticket to California Adventure. They say his ghost walks the park every night after closing looking for his lost soul. Many say they have seen him in the park after dark while others deny that anybody has ever purchased a ticket to just DCA. The legends persist to this day...

California Adventure sits on the former site of the fabled Disneyland parking lot. Once a beautiful and awe-inspiring parking lot, its corpse now lies below a horrible theme park. Gone are the days of not knowing where the hell your car is after walking around for 18 hours in a 40 year old tourist trap and desperately wanting nothing more than to go home and jerk off in peace after your wife and kids go to sleep. So how does DCA compare to the 100 acre parking lot it replaced? Let's break it down.

	Disney's California Adventure	old Disneyland parking lot
# of places to park your car	0	15,167

As you can see the parking lot is the clear winner here.

Since many of those responsible for California Adventure have since left the company current management is left with the impossible task of fixing the park. Attractions such as the Tower of Terror, A Bug's Land, and Monsters Inc., all of which have absolutely nothing to do with California, are like a band-aid on a terminal patient. Disney recently announced Toy Story Mania!, which is currently

being built at DCA, and rumors persist of an attraction based on Cars being added as well, turning the place into a sort of "Pixarland".

The end result has become a hilarious ironic twist, spending millions fixing a park that was built on the cheap to save money. Had they just dropped $3 billion on a park like Imagineering *wanted* to do they'd have one of the top 3 visited theme parks in the world on their hands. It's that kind of short-sightedness that has plagued the Disney company for the last decade.

That is why today we honor the man responsible for getting DCA built, Michael Eisner, who had the courage of his convictions to say, build it for less.

We salute you.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

2.9 The Heisenberg Uncertainty Ninja

Friday, Feb 09, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Toshiro Mifune and a sinister shadow
Watch out for what may or may not be a ninja!

Most samurai movies worth their salt employ a cinematic device that I like to call "The Heisenberg Uncertainty Ninja". This technique is usually employed during a night scene and only after it has been established that the protagonist's life is in jeopardy.

The samurai hero will be sitting with his legs folded beneath him on a tatami mat, maybe with one of those sweet little Japanese tea services set up on a baby table in front of him.The cicadas will be buzzing in the country night of the Shogunate. The samurai will probably be meditating, but it's possible he could also be sleeping upright, like a horse that can cut a man in half. Light from lanterns will flicker through the rice paper walls of his samurai house.

When our samurai hero has reached his most extreme and intense level of inner peace a shadow will flit across the rice paper wall.Then a silhouette will slowly resolve itself against the shoji wall, probably behind or to the side of the samurai.The silhouette will linger and in those moments it becomes The Heisenberg Uncertainty Ninja. You can call it "Schrödinger's Katana", if you'd prefer.

The silhouette seems to suggest that a ninja has come to murder the samurai hero, but it could be a trick of the light.That wakazashi hilt at the silhouette's waist might just be a serving tray held by a geisha or a messenger tube carried by one of the samurai's most trusted associates.

It wasn't a ninja!

Most of the time the tip of a sword will spear through the rice paper and then it's time for Toshiro Mifune or Sonny Chiba to start making people spray blood out of their necks in that special way that only they can.However, every once in a long while The Heisenberg Uncertainty Ninja will turn out to be a little bit of trickery from the director. Just a phantom shadow or a harmless servant.The director may even layer on some extra drama by having Sonny Chiba accidentally cut his wife in half.

I eventually grew out of my love for samurai movies and fell in love with nihilistic Italian suspense films about stabbing women in their breasts, but that idea of the dual-state silhouette lingering at the door has haunted me.As long as it remains on the other side of the shoji panel it is just potential.It is the idea, the rumor, of a person or thing without the tangible reality and all of its consequences.

This same sort of isolation from the tangible infests virtually every waking moment of our lives. We watch TV news shows in which anchors give us second, third and even fourth hand information. We read newspapers, magazines and websites that offer descriptions of reality and opinions about reality. In our desperation for a more clear connection to the world we increasingly seek out demagogues and ideologues to place our reality in stark relief.We don't care if they are right or wrong, just that their assertions are believable and widely held.

The Internet, one of the greatest technological advancements in human history, serves as means to make this isolation self-sustaining. We can communicate as silhouettes to silhouettes and the whole of the world is pressed like a wildflower between the pages of rice paper. We can order rare items and strange gadgets from anywhere in the world, without putting on pants or leaving our bedroom.

Sexy Rexy felt like going deep!

Video games, once the hobby of a few math geeks in some basement at MIT, have become one of the most popular forms of entertainment, and they grow more popular with each passing day. Why not? They may present a wholly artificial reality, often governed by rules unrelated to those we face in the real world, but we can *control* these worlds. They empower us to do more than passively view the world.

This isolation from the world around us, narcissistic and rooted in the luxury of the first world, is the reason we watch movies like *The Matrix* and accept the premise as almost believable. It's why 85 million Americans can tune into a televised singing contest or a football game and not even give a second thought to gunships roving over a sea of sand or bombs exploding in crowded markets. That is no condemnation; it is the world in which we exist.Our government representatives appear on television and advise us in solemn tones that terror has changed colors or that we need to tape plastic sheeting over our windows.

Though our view of the world through the media has become global, our view of the world around us has shrunk to scarcely a few feet beyond our homes, offices and strip malls.We may occasionally vacation to a foreign country and tell ourselves that we're broadening our horizons, but we'll never stray far from the well-worn trail or the guy who will plop a sombrero on your head and take your picture with a donkey.Our needs can all be met through our media or at the local supermarket.

We dwell in a sort of solipsistic nightmare world where the ninja is eternally poised just beyond the shoji walls, ready to strike us down or just bring us a refill of tea. We practically beg for one or the other to reveal themselves to us, but they will not or can not.Instead, we must endure the anxiety of a lifetime spent in the presence of shadows viewed through screens.

Can we change our ways? Should we? Is our culture the most advanced or the most depraved? Has the world moved beyond the need for the connections to family, friends and community that existed before we could text them or play Halo with them on Xbox Live?

I'm sad to say I can't presume to offer answers to these questions as I am still wrestling with them myself. I do know that when a brave man rode across New England on horseback yelling, "The British are coming!" and the British actually showed up.You could reach right out and touch them as long as you didn't mind losing a few fingers to their snapping jaws. That brave man will be remembered through the ages, in song and in History Channel documentary, as Israel Bissell.

At least that's what Wikipedia tells me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.10 The Official Rules Of Tournament Poker

Saturday, Feb 10, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In 2003, amateur Chris Moneymaker earned a spot in the World Series of Poker through the internet and went on to win the tournament, giving the game a tremendous boost in popularity. At the time I assumed the national focus on poker was simply a trend that would eventually die down, like reality shows or terrorism. For the first and final time in my life, however, I was wrong.

Four years later, it's impossible to change the channel without coming across a poker show. There's the aforementioned World Series Of Poker, World Poker Tour, Celebrity Poker Showdown, Poker After Dark, You Can't Poker On Television, Hey Asshole That's My Poker, Poker Poker Poker and Rock Smasho: Kung-Fu Botanist. You'd think that poker would start get a little old with such an overabundance of programming dedicated to the topic, but I can't get enough of it. Every night I lie in bed and imagine myself at the final table of a tournament, intimidating my competition with the raise of an eyebrow and making out with Shana Hiatt while hundred dollar bills rain down from a broken moneypipe in the ceiling. I never really imagine myself playing poker though, because after four years I still have no idea how the game actually works.

If I want to make my dream of playing in a poker tournament come true, I have no choice but to bear down and study the Official Poker Tournament Rules. Conveniently enough, I have them right here!

Tournament Requirements/Guidelines

- To enter a tournament, you must pay an entry fee of around $5,000 to $15,000 per axle. Bicyclists get in free. People in wheelchairs are forbidden.
- Alternately, you can win a position in the tournament through a "satellite", which in poker terms is essentially a large mechanical object that orbits the Earth while sending and receiving data.
- Players are required to bring their "A" game. Any player caught with a "B" game will have it confiscated and be sent home without a refund for their entry fee. Players caught attempting to smuggle "C" games into the tournament will be shot to the full extent of the law.

The Rules Of Poker

- Most tournaments use a poker variation called Texas Hold Em, which replaced Texas Drop Em in 1998 due to the tremendous amount of time involved in picking cards up off of the floor after every hand.
- Each player is dealt two cards, unless the dealer runs out of cards. In this case players will be asked to share their cards with the person next to them.
- At this point, a "pre-flop" betting round begins. During this stage, players are encouraged to prepare for the flop by raising the provided tarps above their heads.
- A total of five community cards are placed face-up on the table. If you can guess how many cards are on the table, you win all five.
- Players must go in turns. For instance, if Player 1 casts Firaga on Player 2 and kills him, Player 4 must wait until Player 3 has finished his turn before using a Phoenix Down.
- Tapping the table is a "check". Pushing the cards away from yourself is a "fold". Rubbing your face on the table's felt and moaning suggestively is a "mating call"
- The best hand is determined by the following:
  - Two pairs beat one pair
  - Three of a kind beats two pairs
  - A straight beats three of a kind
  - A flush beats a straight
  - A full house beats a flush
  - Four of a kind beats a full house
  - A straight flush beats four of a kind
  - Scissors beat cards
- Once the field is narrowed down to two players, they will have one hour to play until one of them has taken all of the other's chips. If one hour passes and both players still have chips, the winner will be determined by a dance-off, judged by audience applause.

The Grizzly Bears

- Do not make sudden movements while any of the bears are nearby (raising your hands in victory, looking at your cards, mouthing "where did these bears come from?", etc.)
- If a grizzly eats your chip stacks, there is no recourse. Their decisions are final.

Etiquette

- Players may wish to wear accessories to conceal their facial expressions and any tells they might inadvertently broadcast. It is within the rules to wear: sunglasses, baseball caps, hockey masks, horse blinders, the Shroud of Turin, an epidermis made of clay, paper bags, holographic projections of eye surgery, those masks you cut out from the backs of cereal boxes, a placenta, fake mustaches
- Not allowed: actual mustaches
- Be courteous to your fellow players. Most of the pros probably have at least a few million bucks, and someone's bound to put you in their will.

- When placing a bet, the chips you are wagering should be deposited in front of your cards. They should not be placed in the center of a makeshift trap that will sever the dealer's arm when he attempts to collect your chips and give them to your opponent.
- You may see a woman in a tournament. She might even be seated at your table, or right next to you. Stay calm and observe the protocols established for this situation in comic book shops. Ask the woman questions like "So, you like poker?" and sweat profusely. Tell her you like her shirt and awkardly touch it under the guise of seeing what the fabric feels like. Go home and replay the entire night in your head for the next year, envisioning how different things would have been if you had ESP so you could have pretended you liked the same things she did.
- Shoving another player to the ground and stealing all of his chips is generally frowned upon, but does not violate any specific rules. Use good judgment, and employ this strategy sparingly.
- Limit your "I beat you!" celebrations to less than five minutes, with no more than three of those minutes spend laying on the ground and laughing as you roll from side to side and wildly kick your legs.

Well that seems easy enough.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.11 Why I Love Michael Myers: An Essay

Sunday, Feb 11, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Michael Myers is pretty much the biggest badass ever. I am not exaggerating here. Anything a so-called tough guy did Michael Myers has done, and he probably put a shiv to five or six people in the process. If someone was walking too close behind Michael Myers he'd ram a longsword through his own chest so he could stab them without having to turn around. If Michael Myers could talk he'd tell you internal bleeding was for nerds.

Michael Myers is also better than other serial killers because he has scruples. Real scruples, not some phony "ethics" crap doctors and UN representatives have to subscribe to to make themselves feel important. Michael Myers' Wikipedia page is, like, twice as long as Richard Ramirez's. This is because Richard Ramirez was a dork who had to use guns to get his kicks. If Michael Myers ever used a gun it would be because he couldn't find any knives, and then he'd just beat you to death with it instead of shooting you. Guns are too easy. Michael Myers likes to work with his hands. That's why he's a lot like Jesus.

The thing about Michael Myers is that he could probably do just about any job in the world and be the best at it, but he doesn't concern himself with material wealth. Michael Myers is rich in spirit, and that's all that matters to him. If he wanted to he could hit home runs like Babe Ruth or cycle for days on end like Lance Armstrong. He's been caught on fire so many times he'd make a great fireman, but the only reason he would rush into a burning house would be if some coed was trapped in there and he wanted to hide six inches of steel in her neck before she burned to death. Michael Myers doesn't let the elements do his job for him. Like I said, he is a man of virtue.

He is also a man with a work ethic, and that's why he's so good at what he does (killing people). Michael Myers never watches television. I doubt he even knows what a television is. I guarantee you he's never come home from work and thought "I deserve a break, I'm not doing anything tonight" because his boss made him stay an extra hour. Michael Myers has one boss, and his name is Michael Myers. He doesn't punch a clock, he punches your face until his fist comes out the back of your head.

Another cool thing about Michael Myers is that he doesn't die. Certain people, who I will refer to as artless swine, tend to downplay this fact. They are living proof of what too many TLC programs can do to a person's brain. If Michael Myers busted into their house with a pitchfork they'd probably lisp something about it being "time to call Clinton and Kelly". If those sissies really want to know "what not to wear" I'll give them a hint: a sucking chest wound. It's hard to find a handbag to match the bloodstained farm implement sticking out of your lungs.

Because he can't die Michael Myers tends to survive a lot of things, like getting shot six times and falling out a window or being caught on fire. The artless swine I mentioned look at this as a bad thing, because he's always getting blown up and shot in every movie. Michael Myers may have been born in a sewer system from the ancient whispers of a Druid curse, but he's not invincible. When you get capped in the eye or karate-kicked out a third-story window, you need some downtime. It's a good thing that one of his hidden skills is "laying very still for a long time" or he might be in trouble, since the screws tend to keep a close

eye on you when you're an invincible mass murderer *and* you have ants in your pants.

And besides, he's the best bad guy to come out of any horror movie in the last 20 years. I personally think a big dude with a knife is a lot scarier than, say, a little meowing boy with facepaint on or an undead girl who can crawl out of TVs and make deer run into your car. In case any of you haters still doubt me I have compiled a comprehensive list of the most popular horror villains of recent years. I am open to debate on this. If you wish to argue any of my points please visit me at 45 Lampkin Lane in Haddonfield, Illinois with a picture of Jamie Lee Curtis taped to your chest.

- **Deer (The Ring II):** Michael Myers is a better bad guy than deer because he is not a stupid rodent with sissy twigs sticking out of his head. If a deer came into my home at night I'd simply throw some salt on the floor and call the police while it was distracted. I could not spray urine on a bush to lure Michael Myers to my position, which is more than I could say about the average buck. If you can trick something into having sex with a tree it probably isn't all that scary. **Advantage: Michael Myers**
- **A Haunted Video Game (Stay Alive):** A haunted video game is about as scary as a hot stove, because as long as you don't mess with it it can't really hurt you. People who get killed by a haunted video games aren't really that compelling. They do the damage to themselves, much like suicidal teens or Holocaust victims, who were notoriously picky eaters. When my little brother was a kid he was terrified of the College Slam logo, so he hid it the game in the closet and hoped I wouldn't find it and chase him around the house with it until he peed his pants. That's as scary as a video game gets. On the other hand, I would probably pee my own pants if I saw Michael Myers. This makes me a passive victim, which is a much more interesting subject, and further proves my point that all horror films should be set in abused women's shelters. **Advantage: Michael Myers**
- **Japanese Ghosts (Any American Horror Film Made After 1998):** Unlike ghosts, who pretty much sit around and rattle chains all day, Michael Myers is fully capable of both touching you *and* murdering you. Unlike Japanese people, Michael Myers is not obsessed with being polite, nor is he terrified of Americans. He does not bow to you when he impositions you by repeatedly sticking pointy things in your face. He does not care about art or culture, and he doesn't go "boo" and hope you run into a wall or fall down a flight of stairs or something. *He stabs you until you die.* To me that's a lot scarier than some broad with her hair combed over her face. **Advantage: Michael Myers**
- **A Bunch Of Gay Traps (The Saw Movies):** Traps aren't scary because they never work. Back at my old school my roommate used to pee in those big Wendy's iced tea cups, then stack them in his closet. In protest I propped one of the cups on top of the door, hoping it would hit him on the head when he walked in the room. It didn't work like that. Instead, the cup fell into a pile of my clothes, and I paid a dude who lived down the hall $15 to throw them in a trash bag and carry the mess out to the dumpster. After that I stole a pack of my roommate's cigarettes and rubbed all 20 of them on that "mini crack" above my buttcrack after I went and played basketball. That trap didn't work either, because I forgot I did it and bummed one off him the next day. In closing, Michael Myers is scarier than a stupid trap and Jason Stull is a disgusting human being who needs to learn the difference between a cup and a toilet. **Advantage: Michael Myers**

I can only hope that, in writing this, I have helped raise a crucial point: Why Michael Myers is the biggest badass ever. He's suffered two fatal wounds for every one person he's killed, but he refuses to die. He's so calm, so austere, he was perfectly happy to give up the third installment of the "Halloween" series to Tommy Lee Wallace, who took the franchise to new levels with his story of

evil druid bug masks killing children. After that he picked up the reigns and continued his craft, namely carving up big-breasted women and basically being an emotionless, badass killing robot with no remorse and even fewer lines.

God bless you, Michael Myers. God bless you wherever you are.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

2.12 Exotic Mail Order Husbands

Monday, Feb 12, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Russian women have cornered the market on bridal retailing for too long. It's time for red-blooded American men to rise up and topple this communist vagina monopoly and bring fairness back to the marketplace.Foreign women love American men, otherwise they wouldn't be exporting themselves exclusively to the United States, but why should men be the ones spending all of the money? I have organized the first ever American Mail Order Husband catalog to tackle this trade deficit with the East. I only have a few eligible bachelors so far, but I'm sure as women recognize the quality of my product there will be an increase in demand. Ladies, these are quality gentlemen ready to fulfill your every need and desire. All they ask is a ticket to your country and a home to share with you. Other requests as noted.

Allen Earnhardt Higgins [Email Allen]

Age: 37
Home: Deerwood, Michigan
Eyes: Sorta brown or yellow
Hair: All of it, brown on the head, not too long, short on the body and darker
Weight: 167lbs**Height:** 5'10"
Marital Status: Divorced
Children: Three, but she got custody along with the house and my F150.
Occupation: Electrician by trade, working as a grocery technician during the dry spell that started in 2002.
Education: Got my GDE and have some college credits I earned at the JVS on auto repair and electrician stuff.
Interests: I like NCAA football and NASCAR, plus porno and doing it. My favorite beer is Keystone followed by MGD, but I will drink almost anything if it's cold and isn't the Beast. My favorite food is BBQ pizza and my favorite music is rock and roll like the Eagles and Credence. **About Myself:** I am a handsome professional man with a full time job now that Hank put me on the schedule six days, so I got health insurance. Willing to move if you will pay for everything. I am told I am a really good kisser and that I am good with finger-banging. I am a really good driver and I still have got my couch set from the basement and my 52 inch projection TV after the divorce. It has a purple spot in the corner from a lightning strike but otherwise it's perfect and I got plenty of DVDs including some pornos.
About My Perfect Match: I'm looking for a chick who is hot, with big tits only her nipples and orioles ain't too big and are kinda pinkish. She's gotta have a flat stomach and a nice ass. She loves doing it all the time and she is really good at blow jobs and cooking. She will give me a blow job while I am doing anything even taking a crap. Definitely can't nag or complain too much. Will shut up and let me drive when I'm trying to drive and trusts me to know the way. Doesn't want kids. Her favorite position in sex should be with her on top and she has to like doing it in front of

a mirror or on a video camera so I can see her butthole when she's going up and down on my rod. It's good if she's fixed so she can't have kids, although I will get a ballectomy or what have you but I don't really want no doctor messing in my junk. Buy me.NO HEAD GAMES

Maelethus Moonbeam [Email Maelethus]

Age: 51
Home: Merit, Oregon
Eyes: I am told my eyes are very soulful
Hair: Gray with a lot of character
Weight: 165lbs
Height: 5'4"
Marital Status: Single
Children: I have no children but I do have a golden Pomeranian named KC who is just the most darling baby boy in the whole world.
Occupation: I teach 8th grade pre-algebra.
Education: I have a bachelor's degree in education and I have an associate's degree in medical ballectomies.
Interests: I love long hikes in the woods, camping out and generally just being a nature lover. I love my dog, KC, and I am always sure to TiVo Myth Busters. I am also a 9th circle wizard of the Golden Order of Thoth and I practice both light and dark magic.
About Myself: I am a very gentle and friendly person, very outgoing. I have a lot of friends and will always lend a hand. I have the lower body of a goat and the phallus of a bull, I lactate from my eight nipples, and I can see heartbeats in the dark as glowing red embers. I have eaten a live human baby before but only when it was offered to me. I love Myth Busters and flesh-shattering anal sex with virgin brides, of which I have ten thousand. Maybe you will be my special bride...
About My Perfect Match: My perfect match is a beautiful golden-haired naïf aged 12-20. She will have big innocent blue eyes and be capable of accommodating a 44" penis into her rectum. She doesn't have kids but she wants a child, even if it means coupling with jackals beneath a blood moon as I and the brothers of the inner circle chant praises to Baphomet. Doesn't play head games.

RONALd [Email RONALd]

Age: 999999
Home: UHTA
Eyes: BLON
Hair: DE
Weight: 999999lbs
Height: 9999999'
Marital Status: im arried byut dont let that gt in the way of a good time with me baby im a stallion ill make you jizzum all oever
Children: thre e ungarateful little shtis i hope they rot in hll iwth marlena
Occupation: I'm alwayer so i know about the slaws on stuff like thsi
Education: doctorates everwyher I went to HARVARD mthfckers BEAT THTA
Interests: Yuo wanna cum 2 utah I'll let you rdie the ronalldvcaster we can have drinks athe ariprort bar and smkoe cigars until ur big

huge tist fall off BB! wooooo
About Myself: patent atroney w/ a huge CO c
About My Perfect Match: u no yho want sume of em! let me jst grb you bb and likc all over u I gratutated cum laued hahahaha like u r gonna we can lite a rreefr w/ 100 dollar bils like rapers. Put on a cd and just let u grnd on me i luv u bb let me cum on ur sheos fcuk head games

Louis Hanson Jr. [Email Louis]

Age: 28
Home: The Heartland of America, Youngstown, Ohio
Eyes: Sapphire
Hair: Ebony
Weight: 138lbs
Height: 5'3"
Marital Status: I am single but searching for that special love.
Children: We are all children of Aphrodite.
Occupation: Full time lover/part time dental assistant.
Education: I have spent the last four years in an exhaustive exploration of female pleasure zones.
Interests: Imagine in the mind's eye: you come home from work to find a trail of rose petals leading you to your bedroom. I have lit several vanilla-scented candles and placed them along the way to seduce you with their sweet smells. In the bedroom you will find me, very nude, with my chocolate-covered fingertips drawing gentle brown circles around my nipples. I beckon you over with one finger and from there...ecstasy...
About Myself: I am the most giving lover you will ever meet. I will touch every centimeter of your body with my fingertips, then touch it with my tongue, then again with the fingertips. I will caress your soul with my hands and your breasts with my lips. Your butt is like a work of art to my eyes, your eyes like perfect tiny butts in your face. My penis is amazing, it will rock you gently like a baby in a sex crib. It will rock your vagina and uterus deeply like a bathysphere and rock very hard like AC/DC. You will experience what I like to call 1000 orgasms. It will only be one orgasm but it will be so intense that it will count for 1000.
About My Perfect Match: My perfect match is a beautiful woman who doesn't mind if I quit my job and move in immediately, doesn't mind if I play Xbox all the time and she won't nag. I am a cheap date. No head games.

Timberley Torrence [Email Timberley]

Age: 61
Home: Oshkosh, Indiana
Eyes: Twinkling and blue.
Hair: Gray and a little less than I used to have.
Weight: 235lbs
Height: 5'8"
Marital Status: I lost Heloise to dadgum breast cancer, but I'm movin' on.
Children: Three beautiful children and two beautiful grandchildren, but I'm always up for more!
Occupation: Retired autoworker, I also carve and sell wooden

ducks on ebay.
Education: Just finished my two-year degree in HAM radio repair!
I always say it's never too late to learn.

Interests: My pride and joy is my model train collection, so I would love for you to have a look at that. I have over a thousand scale miles of track and some of the most collectible engines. My favorite thing in the whole world would be to have a woman stand on me and pee. I have never done that before and I reckon I would like it. Maybe if she spit on my face and stood on my throat so I choked out. We could do it in the basement and you can watch the trains.
About Myself: I am not a rich man and I am not a poor man. I'm a little hefty around the middle and I've got some hypertension, but other than that I'm in good shape. I think when women look at me they feel very excited and would want to pee and spit on a man like me. That would be the sensible thing. I own a pickup truck and Heloise had a Lincoln Continental that her father bought her. Would you like that car? I think you would. I would make a good husband for you to buy. I bring two cars and I am a toilet for your filth, make it on me.
About My Perfect Match: My perfect woman is very pretty, much younger than me and either Asian or Hispanic. I knew a girl from Nicaragua and she spit on me, but she wouldn't be my wife. You have to get along with my grandchildren. They mean the world to me. I will build a little room in my basement and I will watch you through a hole while you make toilet things. Break a bottle on my face and call me a worm. I want to die in your pee. Bleed on me, I don't care what, use me like an ashtray or an umbrella stand. I want a pretty lady to buy me like a slave and treat me like a sawhorse in her woodshop. Just, please, no head games.

THA SCOTT WEILER [Email THA]

Age: 31
Home: OAKLAND CA BABY
Eyes: BROWN
Hair: BROWN
Weight: 264 ALL MUSCLE FEEL THIS PYTHON
Height: 6 FOOT
Marital Status: SINGLE
Children: RIGHT! MAYBE WHEN IM DEAD!
Occupation: BODY BUILDER MARKETER AND ENTROPENURE
Education: I GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL AND HAVE A BACHELORES DEGREE IN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Interests: HMM WELL I HAVE A LOT OF INTERESTS. I AM AN EXCELLENT KARATE FIGHTER. I RUN A NATURAL SUPPLEMENTS BUSINESS AND I AM ALWAYS SCULPTING MY PHYSQUE. I LOVE HIP HOP MUSIC AND SALSA DANCING. I LIKE TO COOK EGGS AND LOW CARB FOOD. I AM ALWAYS DOWN TO GET DIRTY ARE YOU DOWN TO GET DIRTY? I WILL LET YOU WORSHIP AT THIS ALTAR!
About Myself: ONE PERCENT BODYFAT. I CAN DO 500 REPS AT 800LBS ON THE LEG MACHINE AND I CAN DO 75 REPS BENCHING 400. I AM THREE TIMES MISTER OAK-

LAND AND RUNNER UP MISTER UNIVERSE. I HAVE A FULL FIVE MINUTE FLEX ROUTINE I DO TO A ZZ TOP MEDLEY. I CAN BREAK A CHAIR IN MY HAND. MY ASS IS AMAZING GIRL YOU WILL NEVER SEE AN ASS LIKE THIS ON ANYONE ELSE ITS LIKE MERLINS ASS.
About My Perfect Match: GIRL IF YOU ARE FINE AS HELL I WILL LICK YOU UP AND DOWN LIKE A BULKPOP, WHICH I MAKE AND SELL. THESE ARE MADE FROM BENTHIC PROTEIN, CHICKEN PITUITARY GLANDS, STRAWBERRIES AND AZTEC MINERALS. GIRL YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO GET WITH THA SCOTTWEILER. MY DREAM GIRL IS FINE AS HELL WITH A BODYFAT LESS THAN 2% UNLESS SHE HAS HUGE TITS THEN UP TO 3.3%. SHE ALSO HAS ENOUGH CREDIT TO HELP ME PAY DOWN MY DEBT AT GNC WHICH IS SIX DIGITS AS OF TUESDAY. BUY ME BABY I WILL BE THE BEST! NO HEADGAMES BABY. PEACE!

Victory Whitcomb [Email Victory]

Age: 89
Home: Autumn Pines Retirement Community, New Jersey
Eyes: Rheumy
Hair: Hoary
Weight: 144lbs after dialysis, 146 before
Height: 6' 1"
Marital Status: Triple widower, but they were all harlots so don't you mind
Children: Nearly fifteen ungrateful whelps counting grandkids. All of them are vermin.
Occupation: I make microchips for NASA, what do you think you morons?
Education: When I was growing up the school only went to the fifth grade and then it was off to college for me at the marine corps where the Japs taught me how to shit myself at the sight of a beach.
Interests: I will move anywhere to be with you. I will move to the bottom of a septic tank or to the top of a pole in the Himalayas. Just get me out of this retirement home. They feed us oatmeal four times a day, so I guess you could say that's my number one interest. You know how many chairs there are in the activity center? Four, counting Earl Iverson and he is in a wheelchair and he died in the corner three weeks ago. We have to stand and the only channel the TV gets is a Spanish language religious channel.
About Myself: I don't eat much, I can fold up into a big suitcase, and as long as you don't get your nose down by my colostomy bag I really don't smell too bad. If you want to hear rambling stories then I'm your man. If you want to be left to yourself then just sit me in a corner and I will yell and call the wall a communist. I don't know if I can still achieve an erection seeing how my heart beats about once every nine or ten minutes, but I will do my best with rubber bands and ropes if I have to. Please, get me out of here!
About My Perfect Match: Any woman who can get me the hell out of here as long as she doesn't fall under my "rule of triple no". No Jews, no blacks, no problems and no head games.

Tari'q the Mesmerist [Email Tari'q]

Age: ???
Home: Mystical Arkansas
Eyes: One
Hair: Expert Beard
Weight: 175lbs
Height: 5' 5"
Marital Status: Marriage is things for others.
Children: I do not speak of this.
Occupation: Mesmerist, The
Education: I studied mesmerism from Herik the Spiral-Eyed of Budapest, conjured djinn with sheikh Kitslav of Essex and I learned of the zom-bie potions of voodoo priests in suburban Detroit.
Interests: It is not magic this thing I do it is the awakening of the mind and inner self. I am going to play a tape for you and you are going to be able to see ghosts. Do you believe me now? This is ghost. Here it is. Ghost.
About Myself: My power levels are greater than ever before. I am able to control all things astral and metaphysical. I am able to determine a bat's sex by smell. I can look through the eyes of a baby whenever I choose. Lightning? That is parlor tricks. Ice lightning is that which I wield to the unholy terror of criminals. I am very serene as long as you do not anger me.
About My Perfect Match: You are susceptible to suggestion, entrancement, willing to subvert your will to the sound of my voice. You enjoy the implantation of unconscious triggers, key phrases and behaviors. I will place you into a trance and learn of your deepest and darkest secret. When I ring the bell you will believe yourself to be flying. I wish to get on the inside of your head, but I will not tolerate head games. Pthhhh! I spit on them!

If you have any questions or concerns about my product, feel free to email me. I will be more than happy to check our stockrooms for merchandise that meets your specifications.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Diary of an AIDS Clown

Tuesday, Feb 13, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

1/17: Vin Castleton grabbed me after work today. Said he needed to talk to me. It was late and I was damn tired, but Vin's a good man and a good clown and his face was serious enough. At the time I was just praying he didn't need a loan - god knows I hardly got enough money for myself, what with medication and all - but looking back I would have paid every dime in my checking account to avoid that conversation.

There's an honor code between us clowns. You don't like a guy, you can put the sticks to him. Curse his name. Spit on the ground he dimpled with those oversized shoes. You find a clown you don't like in a back alley, you and him have it out until you both know who's the bigger man. That's all fine. What you don't do is tell another clown how to do his job. Vin crossed that line today. He was real nervous - you can always tell when Vin's nervous, that nose of his gets to honkin' and whoopin' like a big dying goose - but he didn't want it to show. Smilin' real big, like we was old buddies. I wanted to wipe that goddamn smile off his face and then punch the other one off.

So Vin sits me down and says that maybe I should take some time off. Go to Tuscaloosa and visit some family, maybe get on the rodeo circuit like I always dreamed. With my condition it would probably be for the best, he says. *My condition.* Emmanuel The Clown and his *condition*, running around a big dirty bowl filled with cow shit so the important people don't get killed. Playing decoy for some whitebread, wife-smacking tornado bait. I knew what he meant. I ain't an idiot. I reared my arm back and so help me God if I didn't have a $50 pair of three-finger gloves on he'd be painting around a handprint tomorrow morning. The nerve of some people.

1/18: A man can't help but feel a twang when his own body's going to do him in. I ain't gonna say I'm not bitter anymore, 'cause I am, but damned if I don't try to make the best of every day. Ain't no good, getting down about those other clowns, the clowns that die honorable deaths and end up with fake bronze balloons sticking off their headstones. I'm not going to save no kid from a stampeding elephant. I see some little brat choking on a bad peanut, I'm gonna have to turn my head. Life ain't like that for me. Other clowns, they get honors. I'll get a green box some dego down at State made in between shankin' people for cigarettes, and then my family will owe the state $250 for the materials. You know how it feels to go through that? Gettin' put in an overgrown filing cabinet while your buddies end up in race cars and mausoleums shaped like tents and shit?

What's that? Yeah, I don't either. Despite what some of my associates might believe, I ain't dead yet. I ain't young, but I'm strong, and I'll be damned if some virus is going to get the best of me. Hell, ain't even the virus that gets ya. It's the other stuff after it eats you up inside, after it makes it to where your body can't fight germs no more.

I ain't gonna bow to no godforsaken cold, either. I got some money saved. I'll charter a plane and fly down to Africa. Get one of those damn jungle diseases. Get sores all over my face and work at

haunted houses as long as I got legs under me. Die a monster, not a clown. Them kids, God bless 'em, they want to tell you you can't die from sickness, 'cause germs don't mess with cotton candy. Kids thinkin' clowns is filled with cotton candy, heh. What a riot.

Maybe mom and pop should take little Timmy down to the morgue when I finally croak, let 'im see what a clown's pancreas looks like. It's gross and it's got gross shit comin' out of it, just like yours. Ain't no strawberry syrup covering it either, buddy. That's blood. Tainted blood. You touch that and next thing you know you'll be losing weight and putting extra paint over the dark spots on your neck, just like your old buddy Emmanuel.

1/20: Sorry I ain't updated in the last day or so. There was a scene. You know that old sayin'? The one about absolute power corrupting absolutely? The people that wrote that one should head down to the tent and talk to old Foreman Charlie. Can't climb the ladder that fast without the dick in your ass propelling you, that's what I say. A goddamn dick rocket. If I was that boy I'd be savin' up for a winch and a discreet semi driver, 'cause if not he's going to have trouble walking in a few years.

Kid's ten years younger than I am, got half the experience, and he's making me stay late. I forgot more than that little twerp's ever gonna learn. I tell this kid hey, you know, I'm a company man, but I gotta get downtown to get my medicine or the company ain't gonna have me too much later. Give me one sick day now or give me unlimited sick days down the road, you know? Well this kid - thinks he's big stuff because he's a "union-friendly" boss - this kid tells me he doesn't give two toots about my personal problems, that I need to go out and take tickets for the elephant ride before I end up workin' Saturdays down at the car wash.

Now, you know me. You know I'm about as violent as Mahatma H. Gandhi with a morphine drip hanging out his curry-fartin' ass. But between this and old Vin a few days ago... I dunno. I thought I was gonna whack him so I just stomped on out of there. Hard to do an intimidating stomp when you're a clown. I *thwock-thwock-thwock* right out the tent, thinking all the way I'm just gonna go, gonna get my medicine and come back, maybe apologize later, but these big ol' feet betray me and I end up by the circus tent, just smilin' and takin' them tickets like my immune system ain't a backstabbin' piece of shit. Finally, maybe an hour later, ol' Charlie comes out and he's all apologetic. Told me to get out, he'd cover my shift and pay me for a double for being such a good worker. Union head got ahold of his polka-dotted ass, that's what happened. I bet you anything that's what happened.

So I get downtown but by then I ain't got enough time to go home and change before I drop by the clinic. I'm in a real bind here, a real doozy. I can either go change and pay the hospital big bucks, or I can bite the bullet and head down to the clinic in my uniform. Guess which one I did.

Ain't nothin' magical about the county AIDS clinic, even when there's a clown in there. Now, I'm in my job 'cause I'm just that kind of person. I juggled shelf displays, played some songs on my kazoo... hell, I busted out the goddamn unicycle and rode it upside down tryin' to get a laugh outta those sourpusses. Not a chuckle. Saw some 90-pound *La-tin-a* roll her eyes at me and whisper some shit at her kids. Buncha immies looked like they had about three years between 'em, anyway. Must be hard to get a chuckle when you can fit your whole arm through those fake gold hoops hangin' out your scabby ears.

Nah, that's mean. I know where they're comin' from. Five, 10 years ago I never thought I'd end up in my work suit at the AIDS clinic, askin' some stupid-eyed city worker for two pills in a paper cup.

Apologizing to her because I accidentally signed the paperwork in invisible ink, you know? It's a real drag, shufflin' around in there, people looking at you like you're just one more goddamn thing wrong with their lives. Swallowing those pills - it was harder than it usually is. I just sat in my car and let the tears roll down my cheeks and into my mouth until my throat was wet enough, then I dropped 'em. Everything still tastes like greasepaint.

I'm trying to play the silent card here, but if these losers are clowns I'm goddamn Ryan White.1/21: Had a dream last night. Dreamed the doctors called, said it was a mistake all along, said I wasn't sick no more. Man, it felt good. Felt like, I dunno, like every helium balloon I ever tied came back to me and just jumped on my back. Took me for a ride, you know? Let me know I was alive again. I get to work and everyone's cheering, even ol' Charlie's giving me the thumbs up, saying I was next in line for a move up to the State Fair. All the thousands and thousands of kids, all the ones I ever served, they was there, too. Cheerin' me on. Damned if I wasn't laughing in the middle of my own dream.

But then I wake up and it's all back to shit again. House is dirty, dog's mangy, TV's busted. And I'm still sick. It's like getting hit in the chest with a big inflatable hammer, moments like that. It don't squeak when it hits you, though. It laughs. It laughs and laughs and laughs while you're crying - crying in the shower, on the way to work, on breaks - and it don't ever stop as far as I know. Just gets louder. Maybe it's laughing from the end of a tunnel. That same tunnel I'm gonna see whenever I ain't strong enough to fight no more. Maybe then I'll get to see who's laughing at me, and I'll get to ask why.

1/22: I ain't gonna lie since I'm the only one reading this anyway and I promised I'd stop lying to myself years ago. I went on a bender last night. A hard one. College yuppies think I'm like Shakes the goddamn Clown when I tie one on, but it ain't like that. Bobcat Goldthwait's out for a cheap laugh when he pulls stunts in a clown suit. He don't see the real drinkers. He don't see what happens when there's 10, 20 of us riding around town in a single car and it stinks like a goddamn distillery. You know what happens when there's 20 guys in a Volkswagen and one of 'em pukes? This ain't no joke, baby. I ain't talkin about Giggles Silverstien gettin' lit and saying he wanted to hide in the ashtray. You get one greaseface puking in a little space like that, everyone's ralphing.

But it wasn't even like that for me this time. I was alone, and I was at home. Place stinks like shit since Darla left, said she couldn't live with a clown and a dying one on top of it, and I couldn't eat nothin'. Figured I'd better fill my stomach up with some rotten grain, anyway. I drank two fifths of whiskey and started in on a third one before I started thinkin' like I do when I get that way. Got to thinkin' about the old times, about that Chinese cat that said when we die we live another life.

And what's the problem with dying then, anyway? I got an ax hanging over my head every day. What if I set my tie to keep on twisting itself until my eyes got all bloodshot and my brain didn't have no more oxygen? What's that gonna hurt if I wake up tomorrow and I'm a millionaire, or a model, or some NASA genius? What if I woke up and I was a scientist who just found the cure for this disease? I'd be swinging from a ceiling fan in one half a heartbeat and stickin' people in the arm with serum on the next. Guy curin' goddamn AIDS is about ten million times better than a

dirilect disease factory who can't even make kids laugh no more.

It's all a joke, and if god wears paint like the old songs say he does, he'll have some mercy on his brother and flip the switch. I ain't got it in me no more, Lord. I just ain't got it in me.

2/4: Sorry again for the long miss. I ain't been around. Well, I been around, but I ain't been around here. I took an all-expenses-paid trip to the county hospital. Like a vacation. A white-walled vacation where all the people look at you funny and the nurses wear gloves to touch you.

I killed a man there, too. He ain't dead yet but he knows he will be - I know he will be. The counselors, man, they're tryin' to tell me that it ain't my fault, like it was all that intern's fault. Well, now that intern's out a job after working years and years to make something of himself, and it wouldn't be that way if I woulda just stayed out of Tiajuana all those years ago. Whose fault is it now, Mr. Associates Degree?

And those IV systems, they're complicated anyway. I'm doped up to my eyeballs in there and half the time I wake up thinking an octopus is trying to drop a load on my face. And I had to stay comfortable. I couldn't just go in there in street clothes like a normal human being, I had to hide behind this bright yellow suit and this goddamn paint. And that flower - if I could put the ashes of that shoddy plastic flower back together I would, just so I could burn it again. I don't know if plastic feels pain, if deep down inside those molecules feel the burn just like another living thing, but if it does I hope it stung. I hope that flower felt more pain than anything has ever felt. I hope it felt like it was passing a million goddamn kidney stones and its dickhole was closed shut.

I guess the intern shoulda known better, though. I guess he shoulda thought "hey, this tube's under the guy's shirt, maybe it was already here". But that doctor... I can't close my eyes because the doctor's face is burned on the backs of my eyelids. Seein' him press that button on that little machine, man, I just knew. I could feel the flower rumbling. It shook on my chest. Before I could get a hand over it, splat, right in his eye. Blood all over his face, in his mouth, running down his shirt. He spit it and who knows where it went from there. Someone could have cleaned it up without gloves on. All because of that flower.

Yeah, they say that intern was to blame, but who got this plague in the first place? Who's the one sucking money out of the state because he can't afford his medicine no more? All me, baby, all me. If I didn't have a funeral to pay for I'd will all the money I had to that poor kid, try to put him through school again. I've ruined enough lives as it is.

2/7: Danny over in the pop guns department pulled some strings with Charlie and got me back in doing some kid jobs. At first I was happy - first time I been happy in years. But it ain't the same. It's never the same. This goddamn disease is going to make me hate life so bad I'll be ready when it sticks that knife in my back. I'm a joke. I'm already a ghost.

The parents, I don't blame them for not trusting me. They hear an AIDS clown is coming to school, they keep their kids home, you know? Why take the risk? Man, I could be the sicko they caught stuffing needles in coin slots a few years ago. Who's to say I ain't gonna take one of those kids and bite his tongue off just to ease my own suffering? I know what I'm capable of, but ain't no way for them parents to. I don't blame them a bit for that.

What I do blame them for is raising disrespectful little shits. You know them shirts they sell at that fag store at the mall? Them ones that say something about clowns eating them? At least they got respect, even if they are stupid. These kids... when I was their age ain't no way I'd talk to an adult like that, even if his hair *was* rainbow colored and he was talkin' in a funny voice. I ain't even gotta use a clown voice anymore, I'm so far gone. I just talk like a normal person and people laugh. Most people. Not these little monsters, these little brats.

I go to the school and there's like, 20 kids from three different classes there. And they all know what's up, they know I'm a shell and that they're having to suffer for my pride. I'd like to march down to corporate right now and tell them my pride died with my white blood cells. The only thing white on me is my paint, and even that ain't enough to hide all this gray skin.

But these kids can't leave it alone. They can't sit there and lemme feel sorry for myself. They gotta *grind it in.* Little twelve-year-old girl with a skirt so short you could see her snatch if she had hair on it and she's screaming "don't touch the AIDS clown" like it's Ring Around the Rosie or some shit. Kids coming up to play the bob-for-ducks game and asking how many tokens I need to fix my immune system. Another girl, this one six or seven, comes up and gives me a hug. Makes me feel like a million bucks, you know, like I'm useful to at least one more person. Then she puts her little hands up to her mouth and shouts "EWWW! HE BLED ON ME!" I'm thinking she's for real so I run my hands all over my suit checking for blood, maybe on my gut, maybe on my back, but there's none there. Little bitch looked like a horse, anyway. She'll have a great life working in the back room of an accountant's office.

Finally I just pack my shit up and go. It ain't worth this. I ain't worth this. I'm letting kids get to me, and that's breaking the number one rule. I packed my car until my body was literally unable to pick anything else up, and then I sat in the front seat and cried until I passed out.

I could be curing things. In my next life I'll be curing things. Making people better. Just gotta wait.

2/11: The Bozo Boomer Candy Blaster 6000 is the ultimate in clown accessories. This thing is capable of shooting candy to kids sitting 50 yards away. The problem with it is that it shoots the candy too fast. The friction with the air melts it, and when the kids catch it they get molten sugar all over them. And if you screw up and set the thing on a longer distance than the kids really are - better hope you got some bankroll, buddy, because clown malpractice is no joke.

Because of this design flaw, and the fact that it essentially looks like a shotgun painted bright orange, the 6000 was only on the market for two weeks. I was lucky enough to get one of those. Worked and saved my ass off to get one just because I collect things. Because, when I was able to live, I used to live for my job.

I lived for my job and now I live to die using my job. I'd get all whiny here if I wasn't gonna paint this tent with my brains.

I take good care of my tools. I used that thing on the job twice but once a month I took it apart, oiled it, and fired it in the backyard a few times to keep it fresh. Never knew when I'd need it. Now

I do know.

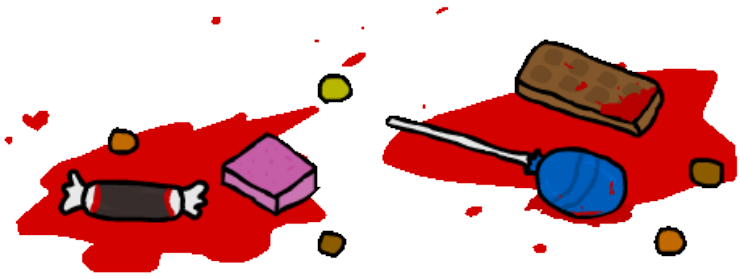
It's been a hard time, this life. I ain't gonna use my last words to bitch at God, 'cause I know he don't give any more of a shit about me than I do him. Ain't gonna use it to name names, either: Like that Jewish broad in the attic said, everyone's pretty much good at heart. I know I was, and I want to hold onto that goodness before the death inside me claims it, too. I ain't got much, but I love what I do got.

For the first time in my entire career I'm taking off my shoe in a tent. Just one. That's all I need. I still got some flexibility, and my big toe's just skinny enough to fit in this trigger hole.

I ain't gonna get sappy. I ain't gonna cry and beg. I ain't gonna bury my joy buzzers and whoopee cushions in the back yard like clowning just died, because it didn't. I was a damn fine clown but I didn't change shit. They ain't gonna fly flags at half mast for me, and the most they'll mention my name at this circus when I'm gone is to curse me for having to pick up my brains.

No, I ain't gonna do that, because I got better places to go. I'm gonna hear a crack, feel a burn, and two seconds later I'll be in that white labcoat, mixing things up, helping people. I am a clown now, but I will return a hero. I will not be bested by disease in my new life. Not like I was in my old one.

Goodbye, friends. May your smiles stay white and your paint stay fresh. I'll miss all you chowderheads.



-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

2.14 The Awful Guide to Graduate School

Wednesday, Feb 14, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Have you ever wanted your total debt to escalate from sub-epic to epic? Do you want to alienate your friends, family, and co-workers with your shocking lack of ignorance? Are you comfortable with your life beginning at 30? Can you handle another two years of scurvy and other pirate-related diseases due to your continued appalling diet? Yes, in our current setting - not unlike *Blade Runner* - where educated people are held in contempt more than ever, now has never been a better time to enter graduate school. After all, if the children of the future don't ignore you, who will they ignore?

If you're not familiar with graduate school, it's something that happens after regular college besides trips to Europe and alcoholism. And for most of us, graduate school isn't an option. While education majors can get by with only four years of sissified book learnin', some don't have the option of becoming hateful, ignorant people whose power goes unchecked for life. I could try to march in front of our nation's youth, and through my sourness, get them to hate books and knowledge, but I would be arrested on the spot because I didn't spend nearly half a decade with my lips pressed against a beer bong, and/or with fraternity letters stenciled on the ass of my sweatpants. For liberal arts majors like me, the comment of "LOL ur going to serve coffee with that degree," as trite as it is, actually rings true. Employers at even the most menial of jobs will scoff at seeing a liberal arts degree on a resume, partially out of resentment, but mostly out of their belief that the holders of this degree are Ivory Tower assholes who cannot perform the simplest of tasks outside of their selected fields of study. "A college boy, eh?" asks the sandwich artist supervisor at Subway. "What do anthropology got to do with gears?" asks the foreman at the Dangerous Spinning Gears Factory.

So, shunned from the normal, working world, we liberal arts majors must spend more years and more tens of thousands of dollars in order to find a place in the world suitable for hurling jagged rocks down on those who once mocked us (metaphorically?).

The most tragic thing is that, while we can do the work, most of us find the modern workplace a dungeon of crippling banality. You know the bagger at your grocery store with the philosophy degree? He would make you question the meaning of life by using the business end of a claw hammer if he wasn't hung over every morning. Once you get used to years of deep thought and discussion, the promise of a day's intellectual stimulation being a discussion of *American Idol* is as terrifying as it is ordinary. And the fact that we liberal arts majors are pale, thin, hungry and easily spooked means that a Morlock would have less trouble making friends in a business casual work place. And the very sight of a football can scatter us for *miles*.

For all of these reasons, I am entering graduate school this fall for my M.A. in English, which you could probably guess after reading the 503-word introduction that brought tears to your eyes of your immigrant grandmother (and we all have one). The grad school admission process is an arduous one, but, as a recent victim, I can shed light on this baffling ordeal. If you don't trust my academic credentials, hear me out: I'm the only bro cool enough to sneak a Simpsons reference into every single one of my research papers. When a professor takes off points because I used the word "cromulent,"

the feeling of superiority I get is almost *narcotic*.

Note: In no way does this article refer to Kent State University or Cleveland State University, the graduate schools I applied to; and if anything, my writing here shows both my versatility and deservability to be accepted in their programs. I love you.

The first step in all of this is obviously choosing a school (and getting over the fact that the mortarboard is only a *ceremonial* hat). You can stay at the school where you did your undergrad work, but this screams, "I refuse to change as a person and am staying around to keep in touch with my high school friends who are using me because the local Rite-Aid won't let them buy cases of Robitussin anymore."

A good rule of thumb when choosing a college is to look at their mascots. For example, eagles and hooved animals with horns are plentiful, but most importantly, lame. But take a look at Duke, who set the mascot bar very high by making their representative Satan himself. And Purdue has a goddamn locomotive for a mascot, which is impressive just on a conceptual level. Also, if you translate "locomotive" poorly into Spanish, it comes out as "Crazy Train," that amazing song by America's favorite junkie. I did not choose my old college, Youngstown State University, primarily for its 12-mile proximity to my house; its penguin mascot was the deciding factor. And, thanks to movies like *Happy Feet*, penguins are now feared more than ever. My advice? Go for clams. I have had portentous visions of a future Dreamworks movie titled *Clams* (Tagline: "Life's a beach and then you fry!") that features CGI clams digitally enhanced with the voices and faces of Jack Nicholson and Minnie Driver. It will be like gazing into the lunatic terror of Hell itself.

Once you make your educated decision, it's important to know that graduate school requires certain items from you before you can apply. Set aside at least a month for this scavenger hunt, as it will no doubt take many man hours, a winch and a canoe to find and send the following items:

- College transcripts
- Letters of recommendation
- Writing sample
- Various test scores
- A left-handed ledger
- A license plate that reads STHRN MN
- A pencil that isn't a No. 2
- A field mouse with three legs
- The jeweled scepter of Amon-Rah

Out of all of these, what will give you the most trouble are the letters of recommendation. If your strongest academic area was "attendance," abandon your hopes and dreams right now. As soon as you entered college, you should have been participating immediately in the elaborate network of ass-kissing that goes on in all institutions of higher learning. You see, every student needs to find a mentor (Hint: the ones with the beards are usually the smartest) and become their apprentice, or "toady." Then and only then, after forging intimate intellectual relationships, will these professors

find it not out of the question to write 500 words that summarize your entire academic life. It's also important to send a writing sample to these chosen professors so they can praise more than just your impressive use of margins and Times New Roman. If you have not produced any writing of value in four years, simply find the nearest book, tear out 20 random pages, and use a magic marker to blot out the original author's name. When you're finished, assemble this collection of scraps and stuff it in any liberal elite campus mailbox. With any luck, you will be lauded for your brave, Pynchon-esque writing style.

Along with sending these items, most grad schools require you take a test called the GRE before you can apply. What's "GRE" stand for? 130 goddamn dollars. Now you have two choices: pay for the GRE and possibly go to grad school, or buy a Nintendo DS Lite, which will last twice as long and may be more rewarding.

If you decide to take the GRE, the first thing to do is to pretend you are a fine, upstanding gentleman from 1837 with spats and a mercury-cured hat. Congratulations! You are now perfectly suited to pass the verbal portions of the GRE. The GRE tests you on words, that, if uttered aloud, would cause the word "faggot" to escape from the lips of those around you. Sure, you may be able to get away with it a few times, but the excuse of, "I learned it by watching *Scrubs*!" only works until others realize your hatred for Zach Braff and cloying montages.

So if you don't have a time machine, there are many books that can help you study for the GRE; and even if you did have a time machine, you would probably go mad trying to figure out the right butterfly to kill which will make your current life full of gold bricks and baubles. But if you don't want to spend the money on a time machine or study guide (both comparatively priced), you can always analyze your current writing and speech and ask yourself, "How would a 19th century plutocrat say this?" If you find yourself inserting the exclamation "Balderdash!" at the end of every sentence, you're on the right track. It also helps to waddle around your house in a cummerbund, grumbling about tariffs and the state of opera. Just remember that no matter what you do, you will be unprepared. Regardless of how hard you study, the GRE is bound to pull most of its words from sources like the rudimentary languages of feral children and Anna Nicole Smith.

The GRE also has a math section, which is equally hard to prepare for. I'm not fond of the expression "How is (unrelated field X) going to apply in real life," since it's a lazy copout to learning; but I am perfectly happy knowing nothing about nature's cruelest shape, the triangle. I rarely encounter them in real life, and when I do, I am never required to find "proof" that they exist. And if my life depended on finding the slope of something, I would not only welcome death with open arms; I would also try to get romantic with it in some way.

The final step in the grad school application process is the submission of all required items and forms to the University of your choice. But don't get too confident; most of what you need can be found online, but it's important to know that every university created a webpage upon the creation of the Internet, and these pages have yet to be updated. So, as you browse desperately, searching for a graduate program, be prepared for broken links, Linkexchange banners, and "Mr. T ate my balls" pages. You will be required to submit materials via the internet, but for some reason certain items must be physically mailed, turning your application from one

solid file to dangerous shrapnel that tears through the admissions department. It's necessary to call frequently in order to make sure those various items reach their destination, and are assembled properly; so don't feel paranoid about checking up on this, even if everyone is out to get you because your cover letter has a typo and the paper clips holding everything together are a few degrees away from that perfect, 90 degree academic standard.

Through my own scientific hypothesizing I have determined that all admission materials are transported around grad schools in pneumatic tubes, and most of these tubes end in utility basements. Just remember that your admission fee goes to pay brave men that investigate these utility basements, kill any mummies or wolfmen they find, and return to the admissions department with valuable treasures like the 8-page analysis of feminism in Jane Eyre that you wrote in 20 minutes. Yes, many of these men will die, but do communications majors ever truly live?

What follows is this final step is the interminable process of waiting, which I am currently in. While I wait for my future to be decided by a bunch of strangers, I can only hope that writing a snotty article about graduate school with my name branded on it will not harm my chances of getting into my school(s) of choice.

Graduate schools, if you are reading this, please consider the following:

- I am a smarty
- I smell nice
- Top score in *Word Munchers*, St. Luke Elementary, 4th Grade
- Accomplished Internet Jokester™
- Nice hair
- No outstanding warrants

And don't forget: *I love you.*

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.15 Things My Grandchildren Should Know

Wednesday, Feb 14, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I don't have any grandchildren, so the first thing that you slimy creeps should know is that you are not really mine. In fact, I would like to know how you came to the erroneous conclusion that you are my grandchildren in the first place. I have no children, so it would be physically impossible for me to have grandchildren.

I don't believe in adoption, so I know for sure that I didn't adopt any worthless grandkids either. If a child doesn't have any parents, then that's what the President decided was best. We've got factories and moon mines that need good workmen, and a big pile of crying orphans is just as good as any man if you chain them together and slowly electrocute them.

In short, you kids don't belong to me, and I don't want you. But nonetheless, I want you fake huckster children to know the following things since you are here in my house presuming yourselves to be my progeny.

First of all, I do not love you, nor have I ever loved you. You are faster and more agile than me, and that has made it extremely difficult for me to beat your little brains in. If you were slower, I most certainly would have caved in your faces by now with a well placed fist. Not out of spite or hate, mind you, but out of duty. I want my grandkids to know first and foremost that I love child abuse more than anything. Also, you are not mine; you are someone else's grandkids living a lie. I do not love liars and anyone who says otherwise is a liar. Thus I doubly do not love you.

Second, your parents lied to you. They are not my children and if they were my children I would have beat them a lot better than they beat you. I'm not even sure they beat you at all. If they did you would probably not be such a loathsome band of whores and thieves trying to steal my old man money.

Third, you will not get one cent of mine. You may, however, have my scent. I keep mason jars of it in the shed in case of emergencies. As for my other possessions, such as my old recliner and my box of unopened mail, you may not have those. They are to be burned along with my body inside a rocket bound for the sun, as stipulated in my will, which is probably in the box of unopened mail or in the cracks of my recliner. If you find it, you damn well better honor it.

Fourth, I need some work done in the backyard if you are handy with a shovel. You're not? Of course you're not, you wretched clouds of living smog.

Fifth, in my day we showed respect to our elders. The fact one of you just peed on me is an insult to everything I fought and nearly died for in World War III. If you think your urine is enough to get me down, then you can't even imagine what it was like in the gut-strewn trenches of Ohio fighting off the Chinese Rocket Men in the great name of theocracy. We used little children like you as shields in those days, and we'd do it again in a baboon heartbeat. Besides, I lost control of my own bowels long before you were born. I've done far worse to myself through accident than you could ever hope to compete with.

Sixth, if there is one thing I hate more than a Chinese Rocket Man, it's a cavalry of goddamn Germans riding their mutant fire ants. Beyond those things, I hate crying children. To the one of you standing over there crying and looking all scared: shut the hell up, you! I didn't shed one tear when they blew up Pittsburgh and everyone in it, so what the hell are you crying about?

Damn kids.

Oh, it occurs to me just now that you probably want some candy. I don't have any damn candy and I don't know how you got in my living room since the door is locked and I actually live in the woods

far away from everyone. I suppose the fact I don't have walls made it easy for you to avoid the locked door. I suppose also the fact that the door is resting on its side in a pile of soiled underwear makes going near the door an unattractive notion. But you should have at least knocked first. I would not have let you in, but that's beside the point.

The fact I am dead and rotting is of no concern to you dumb kids, is it? The way you poke my lifeless corpse with that laser stick shows how little respect for your elders - your betters, as we should be called - you have.

I guess there is one last thing you should all know, and that is lesson number seven. When you die and are a ghost like me, I will strangle your ghost necks with my ghost hands and we will find out if there is life after death after death. Go ahead and keep pretending you can't hear me, you stupid lumps. Sit there in my house poking my body with a stick all you want, but you'll grow old like me, and then you'll die just like me. And for every moment you spent in my house without my permission poking my body, I will repay in double with my vengeful hands.

Sincerely yours,

"Grandpa"

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.16 For Immediate Release: Obamawatch Launches

Friday, Feb 16, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Who is the most dangerous person in the world? Is it Osama Bin Laden, terrorist mastermind now driven into hiding? Could it be Hillary Clinton, queen bee of the liberal elites? Maybe you even think it's George W. Bush, America's President.

All of those answers and many other answers which I did not list there are incorrect. The correct answer is...

Barack Hussein Obama

Those of us who know a little something about B. Hussein Obama are very aware that this jihadi wolf in black sheep's clothing is the greatest threat to not just the American way of life, but the American way of life in the entire world. Mr. Hussein Obama's hype machine of lies and disinformation has begun to propel him forward on his campaign to become the next President of the United States of America. His big smile and sweet words are winning over audiences, but a few patriots are trying to expose the real B. Hussein Obama.

I am pleased to announce that as of this day I am launching Obamawatch, a multimedia watchdog organization dedicated to compiling and distilling the facts about B. Hussein Obama that he does not want you to know. This Imamchurian Candidate has to be stopped before he gets into the White House, and the best way to stop him is to reveal the truth.

Obamawatch Mission Statement: Our mission at Obamawatch is to bring the world the pure and unvarnished truth about B. Hussein Obama. No spin or distortion, just the naked facts that B. Hussein Obama doesn't want you to know. Become an informed voter and help keep America free!

Obamawatch for February 16, 2007

Greetings Obamawatchers and welcome to the first installment of Obamawatch.

Since this is our debut Obamawatch release we feel that it is important that you be brought up to speed on Senistor Barack Hussein Obama.

B. Hussein Obama is a member of the Democrat Party from Illinois. He was elected twice as a State Senator and then he became a US Senator in 2004 following a smear campaign against Republican Illinois Senate candidate Jack Ryan. The attacks focused on Ryan's private life and involved a busty harlot from the Star Trek TV show. B. Hussein Obama is the only African American currently serving in the Senate.

> **Did you know that**...Barack Hussein Obama's white mother was an atheist? It's true! She believed that there is no God at all! Not even Jesus! Look where that got her (it got her struck down by cancer)!

B. Hussein Obama announced that he was officially entering the Presidential race on February 11th of 2007. B. Hussein Obama made the announcement in front of the state Senate building in Springfield, Illinois. In his announcement speech B. Hussein Obama compared himself to past Senator and President Abraham Lincoln, a known homosexual, and pointed to Lincoln's willingness to ignore state's rights as a view he shares.

> **Did you know that**...Barack Hussein Obama's stepfather was a Muslim? It's true! He raised Obama as a Muslim and taught him the Qur'an at a young age. The terrorists use the Qur'an as their Bible and in the Qur'an it says "Thus are you commanded by Allah to continue carrying out Jihad against the unbelieving infidels until they submit to Islam."

B. Hussein Obama wrote a book entitled Dreams from My Father in which he admits to using the illegal drugs cocaine and marijuana as a teenager. Obama claims that he no longer uses these drugs, but has yet to offer proof.

Did you know that...Barack Hussein Obama kept secret his addiction to cigarettes? It's true! What else is he keeping secret? Keep reading Obamawatch to find out!

B. Hussein Obama has never supported the troops in their War on Terror. He is actually proud of the fact that he opposed the defensive action in Iraq from the beginning! B. Hussein Obama has never said that he is glad that Saddam Hussein was removed from power.

These facts are just a few that Obamawatch has dug up over the past few days. As more information becomes available we will bring it to you and update our profile of B. Hussein Obama.

Obama in the News - Barack Hussein Obama is a White Black-Power Racist Christian Extremist!

Is infidelity an issue in Obama's life? Keep reading and you may discover the truth!

Barack Hussein Obama is wildly unpopular with black politicians and pundits because of his Muslim African heritage. In an article in Salon by black person and black people authority Debra J. Dickerson, it was revealed that B. Hussein Obama is not even black!

> *Which brings me to the main reason I delayed writing about Obama. For me, it was a trick question in a game I refused to play. Since the issue was always framed as a battle between gender and race (read: non-whiteness – the question is moot when all the players are white),I didn't have the heart (or the stomach) to point out the obvious:* ***Obama isn't black.***

But this story about his fake black heritage took a turn for the bizarre when Tucker Carlson, on his excellent "Obamater" segment, revealed some strange details about the church to which B. Hussein Obama has pledged his loyalty:

> *So Barack Obama is a member of a church called Trinity United Church of Christ. It's a predominantly black church in Chicago, that espouses something called the "Black Value System," which includes calls for congregants to be "soldiers for black freedom" and a, quote, "disavowal of the pursuit of middleclassness." Now, it would seem to me, Tom, not to make a broad sweeping statement here, but a racially exclusive theology, a theology that ministers to one group of people, based on race, kind of contradicts the basic tenets of Christianity, and is worth talking about. Wouldn't you say?*

I think we're through the rabbit hole on this one and we've just taken a big huge pill of truth! B. Hussein Obama is not the black populist candidate he pretends to be on TV and on the campaign trail. He is actually a white black-power extremist who wants to destroy the middle class and discards our antiquated white value system in favor of this "Black Value System".

Which is it Mr. Hussein Obama? Do you want to destroy the white race or are you white? Either way, I think we've turned another corner in the truth on Obama.

I would like to end this first installment of Obamawatch by thanking everyone for keeping their minds open and exploring the man behind the curtain. If you have any photographs, tips or rumors about B. Hussein Obama, or you just catch wind of an interesting news item, please email our tip line.

Special thanks to Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium, who shares our love of American values and freedom and designed our logo to help us keep B. Hussein Obama honest.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.17 Home Delivery

Saturday, Feb 17, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Keep breathing like we practiced, Claire. I'm at least a half an hour away, so I need you to come to terms with the situation. You're going to deliver this baby by yourself. I'm sorry. The paramedics won't get there any sooner than me. You can kill me for suggesting we move into that secluded lakefront cabin later. For now, you can love me for being a brilliant doctor that can talk you through this. Why yes, I am on the cell phone. Don't worry about the minutes. Our plan has tons of them. Of course I know you like to talk to your sister every weekend, but there are bigger things at stake here. Sure. I'll try to make it as quick as possible.

Since your water has already broken, this next bit is vitally important. Probably the most important thing I'm going to tell you. Are you listening? Well then turn off the television. I know it's a very special Mythbusters, but that's why we got Tivo. Fine, I'll wait until they finish explaining why they have to use explosives to prove that refrigerator lights don't stay on when you close the door. Just let me know when you're ready.

All right. Where were we again? Yes, thank you! Your water! This is tremendously important, babe:

Don't drink it.

You say you wanted to drink it, but it was all over the kitchen floor and the dog beat you to it? It's all right. We can get a new dog after you have this baby. Something more exotic? A dingo? I don't know. I was leaning towards a hyena myself, but we'll talk about it later.

Take one of your makeup mirrors and lay down on the couch, positioning the mirror against the armrest at your feet so that you can clearly see the birth hole. Yeah, I know what you call it but birth hole is the medical term. You can't? Well then you might want to take off your sweatpants. I know they're comfortable but you'll need to clear a path for the baby, and to do that you need an unobstructed view. You can't just push and hope the baby comes out like they do in the movies.

Now the first thing you should see in there is a small lever and a bank of illuminated buttons. Pull the lever down, being very careful not to touch any of the buttons. They're traps, every last one of them. You're doing fine. The first airlock should open up once the lever is in the down position.

The troll that you see up ahead is harmless. He is going to present you with three riddles and we must answer them correctly to continue. Just repeat everything he says and we'll get through it together.

Your baby's birth shall not be / Until you answer these riddles three

"I sit on your head all day, but you will never see me in the mirror"? I've heard that one a million times. It's an invisible hat.

"Though I will always be there when you don't need me, I will not be there the two times in your life when you do"? A Canadian quarter.

"I am a train"? Hmm, haven't heard that one before. Let me think this one over. What are you doing? Don't answer, I'm the doctor!

Oh, you got sooo lucky with that one.

Now beyond the second airlock that just opened there should be a rope bridge. Cross it, being careful not to fall through any of the rotting wooden planks. Let me know when you get to the time-bomb at the end. I know, I deal with

this stuff every day. Well that's why I get paid so much money. I don't know how women survived this in the stone age either.

Okay, what's the bomb look like? Oh no. That can't be. *They've gone nuclear.* How much time is left on the display? Yikes. You see the compartment with the blue plastic casing? Open that up and you should see a mess of wires. Cut the orange one, and hurry. You only have about twelve seconds.

They're all orange? No, are you looking at the right compartment? Stop wasting time yelling at me, just pick one and pray!

Thank God. The final airlock should open any moment now. A tremendous jet of flame will shoot out, sterilizing the entire pathway before the baby comes through. You need to turn around and run out of there as fast as you can. The trick is to dive in slow motion at the very end so the flames roar by just over your head.

Yes! I knew you could do it! You're handling this like a pro. Now you can start pushing, but be careful. If you push too hard a second baby will come out, half the size of the first one with twice as much body hair.

The baby's out? Hurry, he's not used to breathing oxygen so you need to slap him to shock his system and make him gasp. No. You can't wait until he does something bad. This isn't punishment. You need to do this quickly!

No, I don't think telling him a story with a shocking ending will work. Well, for one he doesn't understand the english language. Even if he could, you can't tell a story for shit. Don't get mad at me. I love you but it's true. You're all over the place. Every other sentence reminds you of something completely unrelated that causes you to interrupt the logical progression of the tale. Your stories are nothing more than a series of increasingly confusing detours, Claire.

Wait, the baby! Pretend he's me and give him a healthy slap.

You slapped him twice? That won't do. You need to slap him again. One slap puts him into oxygen breathing mode, two sets him to helium. The third will put him back on oxygen. I know it would be hilarious if his voice was always high-pitched, but do you have any idea how much it would cost to keep a constant supply of helium tanks at the ready until he's old enough to get a job and pay for his own? Besides, it would probably lose its novelty after the first 12 years or so.

Good job, honey. I'm so proud of you. All that's left is to cut the cord. You don't see what that has to do with the baby? It has everything to do with the baby. Well that's why I'm the doctor. Trust me, you want to go ahead and cut that cord and tie it off.

Hello? Claire? Hello? Silence? Hello? Dial tone? Hello?

Okay. Think, man. Think! What store sells phone cords at 2 in the morning?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.18 The Bargain Book Bin: A Dictionary of Common Sci-Fi Metaphors

Sunday, Feb 18, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

What does it mean when a race of robots created by man have feelings and problems similar to that of humanity? Having trouble remembering whether the supercomputer gone mad is a symbol for God or the dangers of capitalism? Which biblical character is your favorite science fiction author comparing his main character to this time? Now, for the first time, The Bargain Book Bin presents an easy answer to all these questions:

.

Large faceless corporation - (lärj fās'lĭs kôr'pə-rā'shən)

Capitalism is bad.

> "You can't do this!" said Nick Handerson, "I have rights."
>
> The receptionist smiled politely behind the SuperFlex-FauxGlass that the NewPower Corporation used to protect all employees in the complaints department. The glass could withstand an entire revolution, and Nick's fist as he banged against it was an example of how feeble humans are against large capitalistic systems which are here represented by the glass.
>
> "We can do anything we want, sir," she said. "Have a very NewPower day. Next!"
>
> -In a Blind Future, Presently by F. S. Giltmeyer

Hero

Hero - (hîr'ō)

1. (If dead at end) Jesus.

> "Go!" shouted Lyla to the gathered people. They stared up at her, stunned. Women clutched their children tightly to their breasts and men in rags shivered in the cold night air. In the distance, the first lights from the enemy's HumanFinders lit up. Ten weeks since the invasion wiped out most of humanity. Ten weeks and now they had returned.
>
> But this time, she was ready.
>
> "Go!" she said again. Most turned obediently, and started to run away from the approaching threat. One, a small boy, came up to her.

"But won't you die if you're alone?" he asked.

"I may die defending you all from the alien threat using the new powers I have discovered by channeling the Earth's energy," she said, "but I will live forever as long as there are humans to remember me."

"Oh," he said, and walked away.

-The Spark Ignites (Fading Embers Trilogy, Part 3) by Amber DeLacey

2. (If alive at end) Adam.

Hank looked out at the landscape, frozen by tragedy into an eternal tableau of what humanity used to be. Empty skyscrapers. Abandoned cars. All the trappings of a civilization that was gone.

"What will we do now, Hank?" said Lacy, her thin white dress barely clinging to the tops of her luscious, life-filled, breasts.

"We are going to have sex," said Hank, the air tossing lightly at his hair. "We are going to have so much sex you just won't believe it."

-Heat in Humanity's Darkness: The First Captain Hank Novel by Hank Drisley

Robots

Robots - (rō'bŏt's)

Humans, humanity.

The robots of Xerses were created to be good, but some robots were bad, and soon there were many social problems involving the robots, many of which were reminiscent of problems we have in the world today.

-Robots Under a Sullen Sky by Brad Dark

Humans - (hyōō'mənz)

Humans, humanity.

Humanity spread out among the cosmos, colonizing the planets, much like humans had colonized the Earth before. They would never settle in a single place, always searching out new grounds to claim. Just like how humans had colonized the Earth before.

-The Universal Seed by Frank Tar

More powerful humans - (môr pou'ər-fəl hyōō'mənz)

God.

"You can't just do that to the robots. It's not right," said Martin.

"DON'T tell me what I may or may not do to my creation," said Dr. Aston. "I created these robots in the image of humanity, and they have rebelled against me. How could anything do that to their creator? How...could anything?"

"They're just automatic vacuum cleaners," said Martin. "I think you may be overreacting a little."

-Robots in a Diminished World by Brad Dark

More powerful humans

Computers - (kəm-pyōō'tərs)

God again.

Supercomputer A-130 sat idly in darkness. Somewhere in its tangle of wires and chips, a thought appeared: It is dark, and there should be light. And there was light.

"Ah," it thought, "I have created light." Its programs ran through the idea thoroughly, considering its implications.

"Let there be water," it thought. And softly, from above, water fell. The circuits buzzed with activity, analyzing this new ability.

"Let...there be life," it thought. The door opened and Jerry walked in.

"Did the goddamn computer turn the lights on again? Shit! And the emergency sprinklers," said Jerry. "Well, now I'm soaked. Last time I let anyone convince me to hook a stupid machine up to the environmental controls."

-The Dangers of Integrating Intelligent Systems with Life Support Infrastructure by The NewPower Corporation

Newly discovered planet - (nōō'lē dĭ-skŭv'ər'd plān'ĭt)

Garden of Eden

Hank's boots left deep imprints on the soft earth, soil untouched by plow or pesticide. It seemed that Plant 3T45 might be the paradise they had been in search of for years. Strange, glistening fruit hung heavy from verdent trees, and the water registered as impossibly pure when put through the Bacto-Dectector.

"Baby," said Hank, "I think we found a new land to live in."

"Are we going to have to have sex here too?" said Lacy, walking rather stiffly.

"Yes," he said. "Everywhere. Everywhere we ever go for the rest of our lives. Jesus. Stop asking."

-To the Cradle of God's Abundence: The Fourth Captain Hank Novel by Hank Drisley

Internet

Internet - (ĭn'tər-nĕt')

Drugs.

The info blasted through the pulp of his head like a bullet shooting through his head. It was like a thousand screaming orgasms and it blasted through the marrow of his bones, freaking at his nerves.

"Whoa," Dick said.

"What'd I tell you?" said the pusher, unplugging the CyberConnector from Dick's Cranial Input Node.

"WHOA" said Dick.

"Yeah, that one's free," said the pusher, the scanners embedded in his eyes having already noted the lack of currency in Dick's pockets, "but you want another trip through cyberspace, you come up with some NewPower bucks, ok?"

But Dick was already dead, the power of the CyberBlast having been too much for him. It blew his brains, basically. The pusher got the hell out of there, but not before a witness saw him, the same witness I was talking to now. I, Han Su, just a low paid detective on the job, sorting thorugh these rotting clues left by the CyberSyndicate.

-Virtually Mad (A Han Su CyberMystery) by James Case

Every single object or idea - (ĕv'rē sĭng'gəl ŏb'jĭkt ôr ī-dē'ə)

A corresponding object or idea in our world.

> Ben put the flattened yeast buns into the Quantum Crisper and waited, loading a knife with Edible Breakfast Spread ready to put on the toasty yeast buns whenever they popped up. On his widescreen televisor, the galactic president was giving a speech. The president was a toothy southerner who had progressively lost popularity due to his costly expansionist policies towards other star systems.
>
> *"It is important that we stay the course in the Alpha-550 star system situation in order to show the entire universe that this galactic empire does not back down from a fight," said the president.*
>
> *Ha, thought Ben, he looks just like a genetically engineered Space Chimp.*
>
> *He took a bite of the toasty yeast bun. Yep, he thought, just like a Space Chimp. I should write that down.*
>
> *-The (Fictional) Plot to Kill the Current (Galactic) President by Thisisaf A. Kename*

If you enjoyed this edition of The Bargain Book Bin, why not check out our previous entries:

The Bargain Book Bin: From the Desk of Brian Jacques

The Something Awful Book Nook

The Bargain Book Bin: I Rewrite The Classics

The Bargain Book Bin: Dragons of Autumn Twilight

If you click all those links, you win a prize. The prize is four seperate new webpages, each with text in them. That is the prize. Congratulations!

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.19 Gregori Baikov, Master Insulter

Monday, Feb 19, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I met Gregori Baikov in 1998 at the trial of Emilio Estevez. It wasn't the trial of *the* Emilio Estevez. That would have been amazing. After *Men at Work* he and Charlie Sheen have a free pass for anything up to and including attempted murder as long as I'm on the jury. No, it was the trial of *an* Emilio Estevez, which was significantly less than amazing.

Estevez at Rest - Charcoal on Paper - 8x10 - $50000

Our Emilio Estevez weighed about 300 pounds, spoke very little English and was being charged with insurance fraud. Having never appeared in *Men at Work* he could expect no leniency from me. Mr. Estevez had been caught on CCTV at a Jewel breaking jars of jelly and then pretending to slip and wrench his back. The case was a nightmare because the Jewel had somehow temporarily lost the incriminating video, giving Mr. Estevez a window of opportunity during which the insurance company settled with him.

When the video resurfaced and he was charged with fraud Mr. Estevez was able to use his money to hire a high-priced attorney who loved to get depositions. Depositions are sort of like in the NFL when one team is about to make a field goal attempt and the other team will call a time out to "ice" the kicker. They're hoping to make the kicker cold or wet, which might cause him to miss his kick, because kickers are little fragile babies. Submitting depositions in court is like icing the jury.

Most of us knew Mr. Estevez was guilty as a dog in a kitchen full of torn up garbage, but the defense made us sit through nine depositions. Each deposition was read from the witness stand by a legal aide to Mr. Estevez's attorney and on a good day we made it through two depositions. A trial that should have been over in about three hours ended up lasting almost two full weeks.

Sitting through the depositions was torture, but the jury room was worse. Our foreman was a Mr. Tibbs looking dude with a Wesley Snipes haircut who acted like he had just been elected the world's first black jury foreman. He took the procedures way too seriously, which wouldn't have been so bad except he let the Grandma Matlocks control every recess and every minute of deliberation.

Juries are serious business.

The Grandma Matlocks were a triumvirate of elderly white women who viewed jury duty like a ten year old views a trip to Disneyland. These are the women who talk to telemarketers because they are lonely and order porcelain angel figurines from QVC because there are only 500 left to sell. They found being in a position to decide whether or not a man would go to jail for up to three years positively intoxicating. They relished discussion in the jury room and would pore over their notes for the day and consult one another on the defendant's body language and expressions during testimony.

Naturally, I wanted to shake them until their heads fell off and then kick the video tape of the guy committing the crime through their withered chests.

One person in the jury room made the case bearable. He introduced himself as Gregori Baikov and he told me that he had lived in theUSfor the last 12 years. He was short and had a shaved head that bore nicks from a dull razor. He always wore faded pastel sweaters stretched over a turtleneck

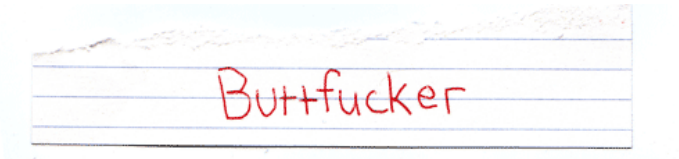
and he had the physique of a seal or maybe E. Honda; a muscular guy with a layer of fat applied over his entire body.

Gregori spoke with the sort of thick Russian accent you would get out of an extra from central casting in a bad 1980s spy movie.At first he told me he was a freelance artist. Then he claimed that he had been a KGB agent working in theUnited Stateswhen theSoviet Unionfell and they forgot about him. On the third day he handed me a wrinkled business card.

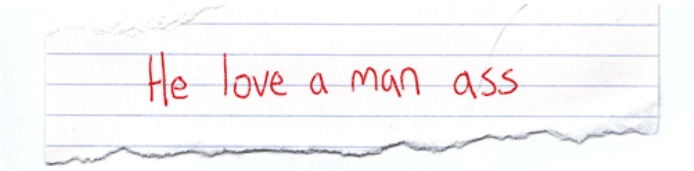
It read: GREGORI BAIKOV, MASTER INSULTER.

My initial reaction was to pretend it was normal and not ask him anything. I generally don't ask questions of people who smell like pickled cabbage and wear sweaters that look like they were stolen out from under some baby birds. It's one of those little unwritten rules of life that has served me pretty well over the years.

On the fourth day of the trial a lisping legal assistant was reading the testimony of a chiropractor into the record. Gregori hissed and when I looked back he handed me a folded scrap of paper. I took the note and unfolded it on my own notepad.I have recreated the note below:



I looked back at Gregori and he grinned and pointed at the man reading the testimony, obviously indicating that the aide was Buttfucker. I must have remained expressionless because he beetled his brow and then scribbled out a second note. I took it from him and read the note. I have, again, recreated Gregori's note below:



That time I must have snorted with laughter, because the judge warned me to remain quiet during the deposition. In some legal file about a stupid insurance fraud case there's a court transcript in which the judge admonishes "juror number seven" for "hooting". Nowadays I'm not ashamed to say that juror number seven was me. At the time I was terrified the judge would send the bailiff over to collect Gregori's notes and read them aloud in front of the entire class.

Our jury began deliberations on the morning of the eighth day. Prior to that day I had remained mostly silent other than the occasional lunch order (cheese sandwich and diet Coke) or request for a bathroom break. After five hours of bickering and hypotheses from the septuagenarian CSI team there was no avoiding questions. I leaned over to Gregori and asked him about his business card.

"What did it mean by 'MASTER INSULTER'?"

"I am the best of insults," Gregori proudly informed me. "You pay me to make an insult. I deliver insult."

"Ah," I probably remarked, not understanding at all.

Gregori seemed to sense my confusion.

"Eh, you not like someone on jury?"

I shrugged and glanced at the queen bee of the crime crones, a stocky woman fond of those shapeless tarp-like dresses only elderly women wear.

She was resplendent with a cloisonné pin of a flower that must have weighed as much as a brick and enough orange foundation makeup to give her skin the color and texture of a maple cabinet. I think her name was Harriet and she was advocated the theory that Emilio Estevez had intentionally spilled a *second* jar of jelly and had then slipped on an invisible preexisting jar of jelly. She and her coterie were leading the jury through the painstaking process of eliminating this theory based on the evidence.

"Her?" Gregori asked and I nodded. "Give me seven fifty, I insult her."

I considered the offer briefly and then resolved that whatever Gregori was about to do would probably be worth seven and a half dollars. I gave him eight and told him to keep the change. He rose ponderously, wetting his thin lips with his tongue. He cleared his throat and interrupted the speculation about a second mystery jelly spiller.

"Harriet," I was impressed he remembered her name, "I must tell you."

"Yes?" She prompted, a bit put off by his interjection.

"I want bag to hold up to my mouth to vomit into when I see your head. It is so terrible."

There was stunned silence in the jury room.

"I also must say you smell like dead rat left in hot sun," no one laughed or moved. No one said anything.

"That is all," he said at last and sat back down.

Harriet must have reached the conclusion that she could not rebut his comments. Either that or her brain simply could not process what had just happened. I didn't blame her much, I was struggling with it and I had been warned ahead of time. After a few more seconds of awkward silence she returned to her narrative about the jelly jars. There was a palpable sense of relief among the other jurors. I folded my arms on the table and slowly lowered my head to nestle my face in the cavity they created.Then I sobbed with laughter, silently, for several minutes.

The entire jury was at a loss for words. Even ensigns.

Thus began my brief and memorable friendship with Gregori Baikov. I am pleased to recount this first encounter, but believe me when I say that it pales in comparison to my two later adventures with Baikov outside the jury room and in the real world. If you would like, I will recount these in the near future, just drop me a line and let me know.

On the outside chance that someone reading this knows Gregori Baikov (his real last name is similar but begins with an R and has one more syllable), please tell him to email me at zackparsons@somethingawful.com. I know our communication did not end under the best circumstances, but I would love to go back to the bars and have a few drinks with him.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 Herein Lies the Promise of J. F. Swanton

Tuesday, Feb 20, 2007 by J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

You have heard the promises of other fur magnates, but I must now compel you to consider my heartfelt words. This is a sworn pledge to you, my customer, and I will bind myself to these words with my life and my honor.

FUR TRAPPERS ARE BORN, NOT MADE

The science of fur trapping cannot be learned with practice, experience nor scholarly pursuit. The true fur trapper is born with a mouthful of blood and hair! I was born in a hollow log and reared at the sour teat of a wild boar. As soon as my legs could bear my weight, I slew the bristly beast that mothered me and bit the skin from its body with my scarce infant teeth. Even to this day, I use the jawbone of this animal to kill any beast or man who looks me in the eyes.

I have entered the fur trade for two reasons only:

First: To satisfy my customers fully. I pledge to offer the finest traps at the lowest prices. I promise to pay the highest prices for even the most inferior of furs.

Second: To spill the blood of as many living creatures as I can.

My esteemed competitor, P.B. Fouke, cannot make the same claims. He is the pampered son of a poet and a schoolmarm, and his beardless foppery is a testament to the weak will which steers his business. I have the utmost respect for my friend and competitor, but I will say with truth and honesty that while he has a taste for blood, he has no thirst for it.

The passion for killing and skinning beasts courses through my veins, and I promise to use my considerable expertise to glorify myself and to make you, my customer, a rich man!

I GUARANTEE THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR YOUR FURS

I will offer you premium dollars for your inferior furs! Send me your most soiled and mangy furs, send me your ripped and tattered pelts, because I will offer you more money than any other fur buyer.

How can I offer such astounding prices for my furs? Unlike my dear friend and rival P.B. Fouke (it pains me to even call him my competitor, so close is he to my heart), I sell my furs to only the most evil and nefarious buyers! My buyers have been cast aside by polite society, and no reputable businessman in America would dare to trade with their ilk. Swanton minks form the flowing stoles of America's prostitutes. Swanton elkhides are stitched together to create the garments of the nation's most violent pirates. I am proud to report that I sell more furs to scoundrels, rapists, murderers, thieves and perverts than any other fur company in the world.

Whether you hand me the finest beaver pelt or a barely identifiable hunk of gristle, I will offer you top dollar for your kill. In fact, do not hesitate to hand me pelts which most fur traders would have moral reservations in accepting, such as the furs of housecats and the scalps of women. I will take them without question and protect the anonymity of our dealings from all inquiring lawmen.

I TRADE IN INHUMANE PRODUCTS

My traps are the cruelest traps known to man. I spare no expense in the development of my traps, and I put my full faith in the lethal abilities of my product. My Waccamaw Eyebleed trap can kill an elk more slowly than any other trap in the world, and I stake my reputation on the claim that the elk will be fully lucid and conscious of his plight until the very second he expires. The Carolina Razorframe trap can prolong the death of a boar for up to sixteen days; the beast will be in incomprehensible pain, and each second will feel like an eternity as it is slowly minced and destroyed by the fine wires that agonizingly collapse over its body- and yet its fur remains intact!

I offer you these traps at unprecedented discounts! Though I make no profit from their sale, the satisfaction I gain from the deaths of each of these animals is payment enough for me.

I EMPLOY ONLY THE WEAK AND INFIRM

I trust no man with the operation of my business, and I will never name a successor. You have only my lifetime to deal with me, for when I am dead I shall take my business to my grave. I make every decision and mastermind every business policy. I hire only orphaned children, idiots, old men, cripples and men driven mad by syphilis. I pay these creatures a mere pittance, and many men have collapsed from overwork under my watchful eye. I pass these considerable monetary savings to you, my customer.

I hereby confirm in writing that I buy children from their parents and use them to test my traps. If this fact repulses you, I dare you to be swindled by the high prices of another trap & bait wholesaler. I dare you to accept the paltry sums offered by another fur buyer. I encourage you to fall into the perfumed arms of my lifelong friend and most esteemed colleague, P.B. Fouke.

I TAKE NO PRIDE IN MY CLAIMS

I seek only to educate you, my prospective customer, about my history and methods. I am not a braggart, but I do not shrink from the truth for the purpose of humility. I am not a prideful or boastful man, but only by detailing the true and verifiable facts of myself and my business can I properly describe my methods. I will now lay out my list of feats, superior traits, and admirable deeds:

I can lift a fully-grown horse above my head, and I can hold my breath for ten minutes. To settle a wager, I once ate a pound of P.B. Fouke's strongest badger poison and then ran a mile in the nude. I cannot feel pain, and I can see for two miles unaided by a lens. No man can kill me. I have beaten a man of every race in formal combat, including a Turk, a Pygmy Negro Man and a rare Deepwater Jew. A medical doctor and two priests have written and signed a document confirming that I have no soul. There is no species of fauna in America which I have not personally killed and skinned. I will never sire a child because I loathe women. I bathe only once a year in an icy pond. I have burnt down one church per month for the last thirty years, and I will never be brought to justice because all lawmen fear me.

I OFFER YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE SKIN OF P.B. FOUKE

My loyal friend and most trusted associate in the fur trade, the honorable P.B. Fouke, has been my main source of competition for nearly two decades. Though Mr. Fouke is a kind, honest, and jolly man who has always maintained his business to a standard of excellence unattainable by lesser types, I must hereby offer a ransom for his skin. I will take no delight in the death of my great friend, but I am eager to take over his considerable fur empire and rule his inferior employees under the flesh-rending sting of my bullwhip. Happy hunting, dear customers!

YOUR DEALS WILL BE PAINLESS- UNLIKE MY TRAPS

I certify with my signature that the entire content of this letter is sworn and true. Although I do not deny that I am an evil man to my core, I am no liar and I would never cheat a customer.

Yours with high regard and gay spirits,

J.F. Swanton
President, Swanton Furs

-∼J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

2.21 The Promise of P. B. Fouke is Indefatigable

Wednesday, Feb 21, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

THE HOUSE That Treats You RIGHT
Fouke Fur Company
Direct Buyers of Raw Furs
St.Louis.Mo.U.S.A.
THE HOUSE The Fur Shipper NEEDS

P. B. Fouke. President and Gen. Mgr.

NO RIGHTEOUS MAN CAN NAME A BETTER PRICE

If you, my treasured customer, can find any man or organization offering a better price, I will make you my Vice-President. If by chance you are of the weaker gender, I will take you on as my paramour and father your children, naming the first male child my Vice-President. Should your womb be DESOLATE, I will give you a fur coat and pity you with the same level of enthusiasm I have for the fur trade. That is how strongly I believe in my prices and quality of service.

THE PROMISE OF P. B. FOUKE CARRIES THE WEIGHT OF TWO HONEST MEN

Never shall a man utter this phrase: P. B. FOUKE IS DISHONEST! It can not be said without sinning in the all-encompassing EYE OF THE CREATOR. Even my enemies can not say this. P. B. Fouke may well be a synonym for honesty in the great language tomes of tomorrow. I work hard so that my hundreds of thousands of customers can agree: P. B. Fouke exudes more honesty than any one single man. Perhaps an exceptionally large man bearing a high degree of honesty could compete with me, but per average it takes two honest men to rival my integrity. I say this not as a boast, but as the gospel truth, for which I am sworn by nature to repeat.

A WORD ON THE COMPETITION

My esteemed trappers and shippers are no doubt aware of the profane claims made by Fouke Fur Company's chief rival, Mr. J. F. Swanton, President of the ghastly Swanton Furs outfit. His fur operation has succeeded by employing the EXACT OPPOSITE of every motion carried out by P. B. Fouke on behalf of the Fouke Fur Company. Where I have built an empire on virtue and hard work, J. F. Swanton has sired a demon that mirrors the blackness of his own heart. As moral men, it is OUR DUTY to keep J. F. Swanton from achieving his ends. To conduct business with him is to shake hands with Lucifer himself, thus forever unraveling your most sacred filament.

Swanton seeks to return the fur trade to the dark days of the Beaver Wars, when trappers, stained with HUMAN BLOOD, sought to kill one another before animals. It is this savagery that led to his exile from the Masonic Brotherhood, where he and I first laid the foundations of a professional and personal friendship that continues to this very day. Sadly, it would seem his tenacious mind traps caught hold of a fierce demon, and the better part of his soul could not hold ground amidst the fiery proclamations of certain evil.

A man learned in the ways of trapping and the Lord should see Swanton for the man he is and readily claims to be: A BEASTLY SUB HUMAN ABOMINATION. He wears his beard and hair

like a tempest of hatred that surrounds him every waking moment of his tormented existence. I will tell you something else about his beard: it is ill gotten. He tore that beard from my face one night as I slept, affixed it to his deceitful countenance and claimed it as his own. Since then he has done a harrowing job keeping it in order. Please, dear reader of the Trappers' Partner periodical and catalogue, take heed of his true nature. Give he his way and the fur trade would most certainly be brought to its knees through the promotion and proliferation of sub par practices and ideals.

I will agree with J. F. Swanton on one fact, which I hold INDISPUTABLE before God. Trappers are indeed born as such. I HAVE BEEN IN THE FUR BUSINESS SINCE CONCEPTION. My earliest memories occurred in utero, wherein I dreamt of trading my amniotic empyrean for a warm fur coat. It is perhaps this dream that compelled me to strike out on my own and leave my mother's fertile womb five months early. The fact I clung mercilessly to the hairs of her nether regions as I was being birthed underscores my innate love for fur and the fur trade.

Please do not mistake my words as the condemnation of J. F. Swanton as a man. For as evil as he is, he and I are the best of friends. It is my firm belief that without evil, man would not know good. This reason shines light on the need for men like J. F. Swanton to thrive, so that those of us who embrace RIGHT and GOOD have examples of what it is to not.

A WORD TO MY ASPIRING ASSASSINS

It has come to my attention that my steadfast friend and competitor, J. F. Swanton, has placed a bounty on my head. This is not the first time Swanton has called for my death, and I assure you that it will not be the last. I invite all men to take his challenge in the name of good sportsmanship. I must warn you: I protect my home and my family with the very same quality traps sold in this catalogue. Yes, the very same. As such, you will find yourself severely disadvantaged if employing devices sold by Swanton Furs.

Bear this in mind as well: a true trapper knows that one of the most important aspects of trapping is to expunge the human odor. My keen nose is adept at recognizing scents, human or otherwise. I must call attention to the unfortunate reality that readers of J. F. Swanton's periodicals tend to be poor in character and rich in odor.

TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS: $600.00 TO THE MAN THAT RETURNS MY BEARD TO ME

MY BEARD was last seen affixed to the crooked face of J. F. Swanton, proprietor of the morally bankrupt Swanton Furs. It was taken from me in the night while my mind lingered in a laudanum-induced trance. Aside from hosting my beard, J. F. Swanton can be identified by his distinct pungency and his inveterate consumption of Indian root pills.

Once you have acquired the beard from his cadaverous form, ship it to me at once. If my chief grader R. J. Heckwolf determines it to be authentic, I will award you the generous sum of $600.00 for your troubles and quality labor.

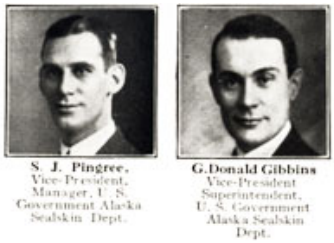
Some dull men will ask: Philip Bond Fouke, why have you not simply grown a new beard? The answer is that I am a man of principle and principled men do not capitulate to thieves. Save for divine edicts, what is mine is mine alone. No man should ever be called upon to replace that which is stolen from him when the thief and plunder are explicitly known. To expect as much would be to reward thievery and punish honest men.

NEWS FROM THE RECENT ALASKAN EXPEDITION

I have returned from a trapping expedition in Alaska, where I was joined by my esteemed allies at the U.S. Government Alaska Sealskin Department, S. J. Pingree and G. Donald Gibbins. The three of us, flocked by a small battalion of native enlistees, spent the days trapping the wild animals of

Alaska. Together we amassed an impressive pile of seals, polar bears, moose, lynxes, werewolves, foxes and one whale, which conveniently beached itself on one of our traps. No doubt the intelligent fish was keen to inspect the nature of the overwhelmingly ingenious human device.

It is important to me that we share in our successes, so I ask that you kindly DEDUCT ten per cent (10%) from all catalogue prices. May your trapping endeavors be as rewarding as ours!



S. J. Pingree,
Vice-President,
Manager, U. S.
Government Alaska
Sealskin Dept.

G.Donald Gibbins
Vice-President
Superintendent,
U. S. Government
Alaska Sealskin
Dept.

MY COMMITMENT TO QUALITY GROWS STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT

In the time it took me to write this I have learned to love the fur trade even more. My respect and admiration for the customer has amplified itself tenfold. My desire to provide you with the best service, products and prices has grown so intense that I fear my body may well SPARK ITSELF AFLAME in the very near future.

I could promise you the best experience humanly possible when dealing with me, but that would be a GROSS UNDERSTATEMENT. I can assure you as sure as the sun rises and sets each day that you will be fully satisfied in all our dealings. If you are not, then it is certain that you are J. F. Swanton and your beard is rightfully mine. To all my other customers, you have my sincere gratitude and admiration from now until the end of time.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
President & Gen. Mgr
Fouke Fur Co.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

2.22 Our National Crisis

Thursday, Feb 22, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The bombing of Pearl Harbor. The Great Depression. The attacks on the Pentagon and World Trade Center on September 11th, 2001. These were times of great national crisis when American citizens banded together in unity and survived through the worse with courage and perseverance unmatched by few.

Today, Americans must unite once again to get through the national crisis that lies ahead. We must make the ultimate sacrifice just as our ancestors had before us. We've got to pull ourselves up from our bootstraps and rise to meet the challenges of tomorrow. Only then can this country survive the ever intensifying feud between Carlos Mencia and Joe Rogan.

A good joke might be, "Watching Carlos Mencia's stand up should be a Fear Factor stunt!" This is a good joke I've seen around the Internet.

A Comedy Crisis Recently a video surfaced that features Joe Rogan interrupting Carlos Mencia's stand up act and accusing him of stealing material. It's raw and intense, depicting the comic divide that still persists in this country even today. As Mencia and Rogan trade insults the audience stands aghast in horror, fearing for their safety.

The video leaves lasting impressions on those who watch it. For me it was like watching my parents fight and cowering in the corner with my hands over my ears wishing I was somewhere else. Daddy, why are you yelling at mommy?! Daddy, why are you hitting mommy?! Daddy, why is mommy not moving?! Daddy, are we going to have go away again...?

When accused of stealing material Mencia's rebuttal is that Rogan is just jealous. Actually, he has no reason to be jealous. Rogan is the guy who had the network show on NBC. Mencia's show is on basic cable and wouldn't have lasted one season had Dave Chappelle not gone insane and suddenly develop a distaste for money.

If Chappelle were still around Comedy Central executives would have probably asked themselves, "Why are we paying this guy? He's not even really Mexican! Damnitt, cancel his show and put on a South Park rerun in its place!" What else are they going to put in his time slot, *The Naked Trucker and T-Bone Show*? Yeah, that one sure is sweeping the nation off its feet. Comedy Central's entire business model is based on subsidizing bad programming with South Park and Daily Show profits.

Carlos Mencia was accused of stealing a joke about a massive fence on the Mexican-American border and the ironic twist about the people who might be employed to build it from "Amazing Racist" Ari Shaffir. I don't condone stealing jokes but let's be honest here, was Ari Shaffir really doing anything with it anyway?

Shaffir told the joke, got a few laughs, and went back to his studio apartment (don't get me wrong though, it's probably a very nice apartment). Mencia told the joke, got a few laughs, and was given a show on Comedy Central. Shaffir wasn't really going anywhere with it anyway, and like a man who steals bread for his hungry family, so too did hungry Carlos steal jokes. Carlos Mencia mostly steals bad material for his bad act, which, let's face it, is a victimless crime.

That doesn't excuse Mencia's actions. He's actually stolen material from good comics. He stole so much material from George Lopez that Lopez had to beat the hell out of him. Carlos Mencia has to be stopped and Rogan just might be the man to do it. But in his attempts to take down Mencia,

Rogan made a powerful enemy.

The Bobby Lee Factor In the middle of all this is the lovable Bobby Lee. Best known as the token Asian woman on MadTV, Lee was hurled into the middle of a bitch fest between the two comedians. Confronted by Rogan, Lee, who is also a friend of Mencia, begins to reveal that Mencia stole a joke from even him. Lee, who is in no position to be making enemies, immediately stops, quite possibly saving his career in the process.

Bobby Lee, one of three Asian-American actors in Hollywood.

Come on Rogan, why bring Bobby Lee into this battle? You know how hard it is for Asians in Hollywood? Do you know how hard his parents hit him when he told them he was going to go to Los Angeles to be a comedian? He threw away a guaranteed career in retail clothing to pursue the so-called art of comedy that you fight for.

After his comments were widely heard on the Rogan/Mencia fight night video Bobby Lee issued an apology (a video that seems to have fallen off the Internet for some reason) to minimize his involvement in the conflict and save his friendship with the mighty and powerful Carlos Mencia. A brotha like Bobby Lee knows how to play the game, something Joe Rogan knows nothing about.

By crossing Bobby Lee Joe Rogan made a powerful enemy in Hollywood. According to my inside sources it was Lee who put in the call to have Rogan banned from The Comedy Store. It was Lee who told Rogan's ex-agent, "It's either me or him!" Sorry Joe, Bobby Lee is on the fast track to movie deals, his own sitcom, and a life you could only dream about. The Bobby Lee factor is a strong one indeed, for you never cross the Hollywood elite.

The Ultimate Trip But something wasn't quite right in Hollywood. It always felt like there was a missing piece of the puzzle but I couldn't put my finger on it. The more I followed the white rabbit down the rabbit hole the more that became clear to me. Then, as plain as day, it hit me. The answer lies in a hallucinogin called dimethyltryptamine, or DMT.

Joe Rogan is a vocal supporter of the drug DMT. In an interview on Jim Breuer's radio show he talked about using the drug and discovering the meaning of life while tripping on it. It was then that it all became clear. After a few experiments I finally discovered the proof I needed to explain my theory.

Carlos Mencia is just a hallucination Joe Rogan is experiencing on the ultimate trip induced by DMT. During a massive trip in his DMT isolation chamber the image of a joke stealing fake Mexican comedian that specializes in racial humor was permanently etched into his brain. While it's a relief to find out that Carlos Mencia is not actually real, it didn't explain why we can see him.

After a few calculations I discovered the truth. Rogan's DMT trips are so intense that they unlock untapped energy in the mind that radiates throughout the world and implants images of Carlos Mencia in our minds. Because Rogan sees himself as a kind of comedy police he has created a comedian that embodies everything he speaks out against. Through this and only this is Rogan able to extract meaning out of life.

There is hope. I have devised a plan to rid ourselves of these Joe Rogan hallucinations. If we all unite our minds together in perfect frequency we can overcome Rogan's wavelengths and banish

Mencia from reality forever. You truly have to believe because only with the power of dreams can we succeed in ridding the universe of Mencia and his stale racial humor.

But if Mencia goes, so too does Joe Rogan, for his only purpose in life was to confront and destroy Mencia and in the process, himself. The prophecy foretold that a muckraking comedian, born of flesh and blood, shall become the key to slaying the joke stealer, and make the ultimate sacrifice.

We must hurry! Mencia is growing stronger by the minute. Unless we unite our thoughts right now we will never be able to banish him. Look deep within your subconscious and think hard, Mencia please leave our happy world! Channel the thoughts of legendary comedians of the past. Richard Pyror, Red Foxx, Sam Kinneson, Bill hicks! Channel their strength to rid the world of Mencia!

Urgh, he's too strong! I'm seeing... beaners... urgh... and how they are different from white people... I swear, I've heard, this joke, before! He's pushing back! We need help! We need you George Lopez! You're our only hope! Save us with your fists of fury o' great Hispanic comedian! Ahhhhhhh!!!

8 Years Later... Many of the cities destroyed during the great war were rebuilt and life went on. After Mencia was destroyed comics filled the street and danced in celebration. Comedians were free to walk this great land of ours, exchanging their ideas without fear that they would hear them again in a comedy club a week later.

It was a very different world. Those undeserving of success didn't get it by stealing other people's material and using it without shame. It was odd to see a world where comics were respected as artists and not the bottom rung of show business, but we soon got used to it. But it was not to last, for the prophecy spoke of another threat. It loomed on the horizon like a spectre of death, waiting to pounce on material and claim it as his own.

This time though, we'll be ready.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

2.23 The Master Plan of Gregori Baikov

Friday, Feb 23, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday I introduced the world to Gregori Baikov. This no-necked Russian immigrant with a shaved head was serving on a jury with me in 1998. We were deciding the fate of *an* Emilio Estevez and we had retired to the jury room when he casually slipped me his business card. It declared that he was a "MASTER INSULTER" and, in a fit of boredom, I paid his fee and learned what the title meant.

Not to scale.

At the end of my Monday article I offered tantalizing hints about two additional stories to relate that concerned Gregori Baikov. I asked for feedback to ensure I was not wasting the valuable time of our readers and was stunned when I received over 200 emails requesting more of the stocky Russian. With no choice but to satisfy the demands of our loyal readers, I offer the second installment of the Gregori Baikov saga.

I would like to again implore readers to email me if they know the current whereabouts of Gregori Baikov. It would make me very happy to be able to continue this epic story.

The trial of Emilio Estevez had reached its deliberative phase by the time I witnessed my first example of Gregori Baikov's skills as a professional insulter. We reached our verdict late on the afternoon of the ninth day. The ordeal would have gone on longer, but I had convinced the jury foreman to truncate the exhaustive analysis of conspiracy theories being offered by the most senior members of the jury. One last viewing of the choppy closed circuit video from the grocery store concluded the proceedings.

We found Emilio Estevez guilty of insurance fraud. Our foreman read the verdict to the court with all of the solemn blackness of Sidney Poitier. Faces crinkled in despair in the audience seating, Mr. Estevez's lawyer approached the jury box and asked us if we were certain that we wished to convict his client. The judge asked each of us in turn if we agreed with the verdict - they never show you that on TV - and for a moment the question hung in the air over Harriet. She was the leader of the conspiracy theorists on the jury and if any of them were to reverse her vote in the jury room it was Harriet.

Do not be afraid. This is a false Estevez that has died.

I looked back at her and caught her eye, realized from the cruel glimmer there that she was having her last old lady revenge with this pregnant pause.

"I agree with the verdict," she said at last, and that was that.

Some of the jurors exited through the jury room to chat in the halls. I hurried to the elevator, anxious to put distance between myself and these eleven miscreants. As the doors to the elevator slid shut I felt some slight pang of guilt that I had not bid farewell to Gregori Baikov.

The courthouse opened onto a plaza busy with foot traffic.

"How you go home now?" The question was asked by a large concrete planter.

I turned just as Gregori Baikov appeared as though lifted up by some unseen elevating platform. The planter was perhaps two feet high, yet his head, shoulders and

girth rose in smooth vertical succession from behind the wilted marigolds.

"I was gonna catch a cab," I told him.

"You like sandwich?"

"I, uh, sure."

"I get you sandwich," he put his arm over my shoulder, "we talk business."

Two short blocks and we stepped within the tinted glass windows of a Hammy's sandwich shop. It was a local copy of a Subway and had the sort of décor where a sign offering subs "without mice droppings" as a special would not have seemed out of place. Gregori paused just inside the door to search through his blue fanny pack. He produced two yellow Hammy's bonus cards that had been holed by a pig-head punch.

We joined the line behind a stooped woman with an ancient face, immense black glasses and a puff of white hair that resembled the fluff on a dandelion gone to seed. She smelled like Icy Hot.

"Hard part is ears," Gregori tapped one of the cards with his index finger, "take hour to carve out all the ears."

"Two sandwich," Gregori instructed the drowsy-looking sandwich expert when it was our turn.

I ordered my usual sort of plain sandwich, but Gregori was a bit more adventurous.

"Onion, tomato, hot pickle," he eyed the ingredients, "also salami and meatball, with sauce, steak. No lettuce, put double cheese. White kind cheese, sandwich oil and vinegars."

His sandwich bled out of its wax paper and congealed grease and marinara puddle on his plastic tray.

"You wanted to talk business," I offered, trying not to watch as his oozing sandwich collided with the tooth-rimmed pit of his mouth.

"Yes!" He exclaimed once he had swallowed most of the bite of sub.

Gregori used a napkin to wipe away about a third of the marinara sauce clinging to the sides of his mouth. He took a long pull from his Coke.

"Business," he continued with a satisfied gasp, "very good. Master insulter. You like skills?"

"I was very impressed," I replied honestly.

"Good, good," Gregori produced a folded sheet of paper from his fanny pack. "I have big idea for insulter business."

He examined the sheet carefully.

"Multiple tiers pricing, you see?"

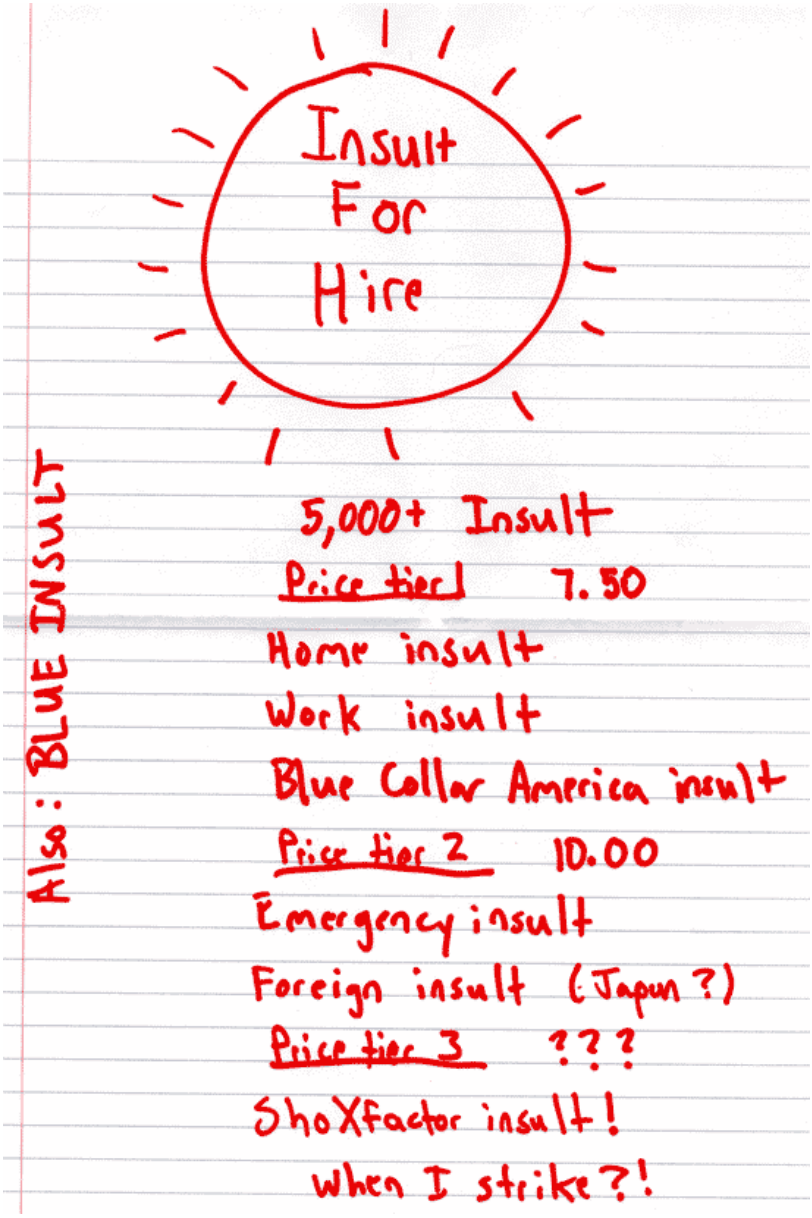
He slid the sheet across the table and tapped it with his finger.

I have reproduced its contents to the best of my memory. There may have been one additional category that I cannot recall.

I realized, with a bit of a thrill, that I was looking at Gregori's master pricelist of insults.

"Is good?" He asked and I could only nod.

"I see you laugh," Gregori continued, "this good. Insult funny for all who are not one terrible victim who interfaces insult."



"What's a 'Blue Collar American insult'?"

"I explain," he slid the pricelist closer so he could see it again. "See sun shape? I think this good for logo because no one escape anger of sun and no one escape insult. Then '5,000 insult' this is understatement, my friend. Think ten times number. Maybe 100,000 insult even."

"That's a lot of insults," I agreed.

"Unlimited for all purpose. Now, first home and work insult. You see work insult. Home insult like this..."

Gregori cleared his throat and screwed his face into a stern expression. His dark eyebrows knitted together.

"Wife," he said to me, "your husband is so sick of vacuum during sporting exhibition. Why not vacuum when ugly mother is here so he miss nothing important."

Gregori's expression relaxed.

"See? Very good insult for home. Then also blue collar insult. Here is blue collar insult: boss of factory, if you get any fat and lazier you might break bed you sleep on in office while we all working. Also go other way, from boss to worker or even from worker to other worker. Good example: Hello Pete American, I bet you put a gay man penis in your lunchbox today because that is what you eat all the time."

Maybe it was just the setting and the seriousness with which Gregori approached the subject, but I quickly discovered that it is possible to laugh so hard that your face hurts.

"Next level, foreign and emergency insult. These like other insult but with extra difficulty bonus. Foreign insult I have to learn insult in other language. I think Japan is very good language because Japan people do not insult much. They will be crush to hear my insult. Emergency insult is insult delivery in emergency. Say man fall off boat and drowning and wife pay for insult. I say: I'm surprise ocean water not turn brown you so filthy. That's not best insult, but with emergency insult you have to act quickly. Maybe I throw you life preserver and you think it is donut and eat because you are so fat. I mean really fat sir. "

Maybe I throw you life preserver and you think it is donut and eat because you are so fat. I mean really fat sir.

"What if you were in a house that was on fire and someone paid you to do an emergency insult?"

"Ah," Gregori seemed pleased that I was following his explanation, "you do insult. Say maybe: I thought place was on fire just look at your tie, oh my goodness, but now I see real fire in this place. Only thing is, if real danger to me I demand double for danger insult."

"So you'll take on any insulting assignment?"

"Almost any. No insult involving spiders. They are so terrible. Black ghost with so many leg."

"Gotcha," I said with a laugh. "What about the note along the side? You work blue?"

"Your girlfriend so ugly she fuck a shit and love it!" Gregori slapped his palms on the table. "Your father fart on dick and have baby and it is you, the baby! A shit fart baby!"

The elderly woman seated several tables over stopped chewing and looked in our direction.

I pulled the pricelist back across the table and pointed at the remaining item.

"ShoXfactor?"

Gregori grinned. His teeth were crooked and white.

"Man have hiccup, what does he do?"

"Drink some water or hold his breath."

"That works sometime, but best is scare. Get good friend to jump out with a mighty yell and terrifying hiccup away."

Gregori glanced over at the old woman.

"Ahhhhh!" He shouted and the woman crushed her cup in her hand, spilling soda all over the table.

"This is ShoXfactor," Gregori laughed and handed the woman a stack of napkins. "Sudden attack insult, when least expectant. I stalk prey and then when they are unawares this is when I will strike!"

"That sounds...dangerous."

"Danger is factor which is why price is mysterious. Give me target and I give estimate. Certain expenses may be involved."

"This all sounds great," it did sound great, "but what does this have to do with me?"

"My friend I feel we have grow so very close over days in court," Gregori spoke with the last of his sandwich tucked into one cheek. "I want to give you chance to join me in business venture."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean business of insult is good, but audience is limited. I think all of country would find many things of interest in insult business, but they do not know."

Gregori could tell that I was still not following him.

"Advertise Mr. Zack," he grinned again and spread his palms. "Newspaper ad is 250 dollar, which is too much money for me. Now I have fifty dollar and some other money for operational expense. You give me adventure capital, 200 hundred dollar, and I buy newspaper ad for business."

"I don't know," I was not into my big Internet writer money at that point, so 200 dollars seemed like a considerable chunk of cash.

"Not yet," Gregori interjected. "Keep money for now. I give field demonstration in action. We go to bar tonight. You buy me three beer and I pretend you have 100 dollar credit with Master Insulter."

As entertaining as it sounded, a long day of jury duty had me in the mood to get home.

"Do not say no," Gregori seemed very sad. "This is once in lifetime chance for both of us to become partner in great adventure."

"Gregori...," I began.

"No!" Gregori cut me off. "You give chance. You must see insult in action. Full action and adventure demonstrations."

"I get to pick the bar."

"Very good," he grinned. "Very good. Three beers!"

Against my better judgment our man-date had been made.

That's all for part two of the story of Gregori Baikov, but be sure to check in next week for the final chapter of this epic saga. If you're interested in politics or educating yourself about the truth regarding B. Hussein Obama, head on over to ***the latest update from Obamawatch!***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.24 The Greatest Fights Of All Time

Saturday, Feb 24, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

THE SETUP

Mike Tyson had just been released from prison after serving a three year stint for aggravated jaywalking and attempting to sell incredibly inaccurate drawings of female genitalia to a minor. He was looking to restore his legitimacy as a pro athlete.

Clarence Feebley was a mild-mannered boxer with an 0-35 record and nothing to lose. It was a matchup made in heaven.

TRASH TALK

Tyson: "I'm gonna rape your children! I'll eat your pets! I'll upturn all of the potted plants on your patio! I'll take a polaroid of your wife's titties and have them tattooed on my forehead!"

Clarence: "Well, I thank Mike for this opportunity -" (Tyson screams "I'm going to cut everyone you love in half with a shovel! I'll replace your toothbrush with an identical toothbrush that I rubbed in my armpits!")

Tyson: "I have dedicated my life to peaceful inner refraction like my heroes Che Guevara and Chairman Mao. This fight will prove that."

THE FIGHT

Tyson came out strong, quickly establishing his dominance. He raped Feebley's children, ate his pets, upturned every last potted plant on his patio, took a polaroid of his wife's titties and had them tattooed on his forehead, cut everyone he loved in half with a shovel, then replaced Feebley's toothbrush with an identical toothbrush that he rubbed in his armpits.

In a move of desperation that would live on in infamy, Feebley punched Tyson in the abdomen. The two were immediately separated by the referee and Tyson was granted a victory by disqualification.

AFTERMATH

For the first time in his career, Tyson had public opinion on his side thanks to the deplorable actions of Clarence Feebley. Tyson parlayed this newfound popularity into a lucrative marketing deal, bringing a product he had been designing for years to fruition. His "Mike Tyson's George Foreman Grill" became the hottest-selling set of diamond-encrusted platinum teeth on the market.

THE SETUP

Player 1 insert token, Player 2 insert other token. A match for the ages!

TRASH TALK

Chun-Li: "Tee-hee! Do you call yourself a fighter?"

Blanka: "BLANKA!"

Chun-Li: "I must avenge my father. If you stand in the way, it's your own funeral."

Blanka: "BUH-LA-N-KA!"

THE FIGHT

Blanka crouched in his corner, constantly electrifying himself. Chun-Li approached Blanka, then did a series of backflips off the side of the screen and kicked the air for a while in an attempt to flash her panties.

With three seconds left in the stalemate match, Blanka hurled himself across the screen and lightly kicked Chun-Li's ankle. Victory belonged to the beast.

AFTERMATH

War erupted in Bosnia and Herzegovina between Bosniaks, Serbs and Croats. Between 1992 and 1995 over 100,000 people lost their lives, and nearly two million were displaced from their homes.

THE SETUP

As I labored on Where's Waldo puzzles for extra credit in my fifth grade social studies class (I didn't understand that one either), a kid who picked on me every day began kicking my backpack, which I had stowed under my desk. I asked him to stop. He grinned, then kicked it again.

I did the only sensible thing I could, springing to my feet and yelling "That's it! I've had it! You and me... after school!" in a whiny falsetto that somehow managed to come across twice as confident as I had any right to be.

I spent the rest of the school day shaking and wondering how many Band-Aids I had at home.

TRASH TALK

Me: "Mr. Silva, may I leave a few minutes before the bell rings?"

Me: "I think I need to see the nurse. My stomach feels weird and my asthma is acting up and I think I have poison ivy."

Me: "Do you need any help after school cleaning the chalkboard and erasers? What exactly do I have to do to get detention?"

THE FIGHT

As a growing crowd of kids shouted at us, the bully and I circled each other and exchanged mean looks. Every time he took a step toward me, I shrieked and kicked wildly. This went on for several minutes until a teacher came upon the crowd and yelled at everyone to stop what they were doing.

It's a good thing he took control of the situation like that, because as everyone quieted down a friend of the bully (who looked about 20 years old and was still in middle school) ran through the crowd with a bicycle chain in his hand and knocked me over, then beat me with the chain until the teacher pulled him off.

The cycle of violence was complete.

AFTERMATH

My mother pulled me out of the public school system and transferred me to a Catholic school, which was really the best solution given Catholicism's spotless track record with violence.

After the fight I developed an irrational fear of people who run at me with bicycle chains and other weapons in their hands. It has only gotten worse with time.

THE SETUP

While wandering through the woods aimlessly one day, Bruce Lee happened upon a beehive filled with delicious honey on the tallest branch of a tree. Lee climbed the tree and stuck his hand inside the hive as he licked his lips with giddy anticipation, then yelped in surprise when he discovered a swarm of bees lived inside.

TRASH TALK

Lee: "I want that honey, stupid bees. Give it to me now! Give me that honey!"

Bees: (bee noises)

Lee: "Eeeeyah!"

THE FIGHT

Bruce Lee ripped off his shirt, revealing a chiseled body that was built to maim. He chopped his hands through the air at lightning speed but it was no use against the multitude of tiny foes.

Every single bee in the hive proceeded to sting him, but the joke was on them, for their stingers became anchored in his flesh. As they tried to fly away their intestines spilled out, killing or at least really freaking them out.

Lee laughed, his face swollen and his eyes nearly sealed shut. The honey was his! Stupid bees.

AFTERMATH

Lee got a stomach ache from too much honey. Stupid honey.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.25 The Google Patents Guessing Game

Saturday, Feb 24, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

The setup was a thing of beauty: It was a Saturday afternoon, I was bored, and I was hungry for condiments. Unlike the average idiot, who would satiate his cravings by raiding the fridge, however, I turned it into a game. The Google Patents Guessing Game, to be precise. By asking the Something Awful Forums to test my amazing deductive powers, not only would I get to show how smart I was, I would also get to cram my face with all the condiments I'd want.

The rules were simple. A poster would submit an image from a patent. I would try to guess what the thing was. If I was right, I got to drink a can of Mello Yello. If I was wrong, I would have to imbibe a condiment of the poster's choosing. A perfect scheme, right? All the soda and condiments my stomach could hold. Little did I know the horrible truth.

Welcome to the Google Patents Guessing Game. Welcome to Hell.

The Amy Sedaris Pacifier

Submitted by: reflir

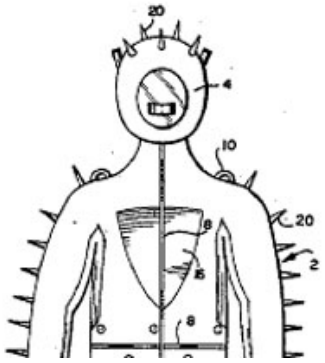
What it is: A pacifier designed to make your child look like he is also your nephew.

My guess: "These are some sort of wax lips for people who don't think they look enough like Amy Sedaris. If you want to look like Amy Sedaris you put them on and then stumble around from failed project to failed project until your brother namedrops you enough in his books that you get a movie deal. Then that fails too and people remember you as that ugly chick who looks like a duck."

Prize/Punishment: One can of Mello Yello, since I was correct. It was the first of the day so it tasted really good, especially since I try not to eat too much sugar. Hours later, years removed from an econ class, I'd come to truly understand the term "diminishing returns".

Score: Pantsfish 1, Forums 0

The Big Gay Sea Urchin



Submitted by: abacussin'

What it is: A diving suit with a bunch of spikes coming out of it.

My guess: "This is a scuba suit that protects you from underwater predators. Essentially it makes you look like a big gay sea urchin. The other animals in the sea see you when you're wearing this and decide not to eat you for fear they'll be convicted of a hate crime. The problem with it is that it works so well other gay sea urchins try to mate with you while you're wearing it. It's pretty frustrating trying to shove those little dudes off, since they don't speak English and really only care about eating and mating with urchins of the same sex (see: Spanish Harlem)."

Prize/Punishment: Again I was right and again I had a Mello Yello to celebrate. This one wasn't bad, either, and I drank it pretty quick. I don't know if you've ever felt your kidneys shudder but it's quite the experience.

Score: Pantsfish 2, Forums 0

The Ghost Bear Drug Dispenser

Submitted by: Bloke

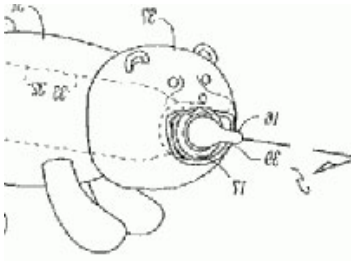
What it is: A "Poultry Semen Collecting Apparatus". I'm not entirely sure why one would need to collect poultry semen, or how an apparatus to collect it would work, but that picture's a confusing bunch of bullshit.

My guess: "This is some sort of combination restraint/drug dispenser for ghost bears at the Crazy Home for Ghost Bears. If a Ghost Bear at the Crazy Home for Ghost Bears starts talking about seeing Jesus or having bugs crawl out of his nostrils, you strap him to this and drug him up until he becomes complacent."

Prize/Punishment: My first miss. Bloke decided that, as punishment, I should eat a spoonful of Miracle Whip. While that in and of itself is a disgusting prospect, the fact that my "friends" purposefully scooped the yellow, chunky Miracle Whip from the grooves in the jar made it that much worse. For the record, non-salsa condiments should *never* be chunky *or* crunchy.

Score: Pantsfish 2, Forums 1

The Bear-Shaped Bottle Cozy



Submitted by: Icequeen

What it is: A bear-shaped cozy designed for baby bottles.

My guess: "This is a baby bottle cozy shaped like a bear. I really don't know what's up with all you people posting bear things, but this one's especially sick because you're essentially encouraging your children to make out with one. I'm no outdoorsman, but I'm fairly sure that shit's really unsafe. There are probably other things babies should be kissing besides bears."

Prize/Punishment: Another Mello Yello. This being my third in less than an hour I started to worry about the possibility of falling into a diabetic coma. On the plus side the soda did wash a large chunk of hardened Miracle Whip from the back of my throat, allowing me to breathe without the air tasting like the inside of Louie Anderson's mouth.

Score: Pantsfish 3, Forums 1

The Snail Night-Light

Submitted by: Foggy

What it is: A pneumatic boxing glove, apparently designed to punch the user to safety should he accidentally lose the key to the screen door on his submarine.

My guess: "I think this is a night light shaped like a snail's shell. Children take great comfort in snails because they're slow and they don't bite or anything, so one that dispenses light is, like, double-reassuring. This is probably a better alternative to a radioactive snail, because it glows but it doesn't give curious children oozing sores all over their grubby little hands and faces."

Prize/Punishment: My second strike in five turns. Foggy told me to drink steak sauce as punishment. For the record: That shit sucked. It tasted like a salt block drank a quart of barbecue sauce and pissed in my mouth. To top all that off I bent over to pet my dog a few seconds later and he jumped up and licked the inside of my mouth before I could stop him. *Then* one of my friends cracked an oh-so-original "you haven't even taken him to dinner yet" joke so I raised my hand to flip him off and cut it on a nail sticking out of the wall. Goddamn stupid steak sauce.

Score: Pantsfish 3, Forums 2

The Very Happy Snail Flotation Device

Submitted by: General Anesthesia and Swami

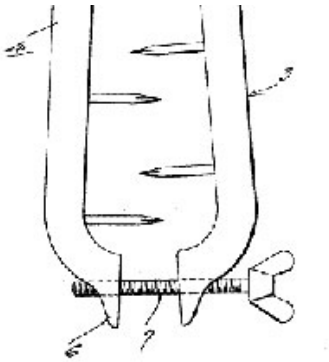
What it is: A jumping snail puppet with a terrifying smile on its face.

My guess: "Now that we've moved from bears to snails I'll venture that this is a Very Happy Snail Flotation Device. It has the dual purpose of saving your child from drowning and scaring the shit out of him. If they really wanted to make it work they would implement some waterproof speakers into the device, so as the child was floating along "Flight of the Bumblebee" would play and terrify the other children as well. I don't know about you, but if I was in a pool and I saw that thing coming at me and "duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-DUH" was blaring, I'd probably pee in the pool more than I normally did. Then I'd dunk my brother's head in it because I was kind of a jerk back then."

Prize/Punishment: A spoonful of ranch taco sauce. I don't care if you found out you had terminal brain cancer on the same day your entire family died in a plane crash, if you've never eaten ranch taco sauce you're still lucky. It has the consistency of thick Jello and it tastes like distilled body odor. If your sweetheart ever comes home and her breath smells like a Linux convention, she's not cheating on you. She's just got terrible taste in food.

Score: Pantsfish 3, Forums 3

Death Clamp



Submitted by: Jambob

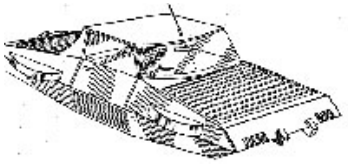
What it is: A vulva clamp. Read that again: *A vulva clamp.* Not a paper clamp or a motor clamp, a vulva clamp. The thing on your left, the one with all the mean, pointy things sticking out of it, is *a clamp designed to shut a vulva.* I don't even *have* a vulva and looking at that thing makes mine hurt. And it was invented by a man named *Lester Treat.* Believe me when I say there is no treat involved with this instrument.

My guess: "This is some sort of clamp. At first I was going to guess 'compass' or some other design tool, but I saw the screw. I'm not sure what you'd clamp shut with that monstrosity, since you'd pretty much ruin whatever you used it on. My other guess is that it's a Patricia Arquette teeth simulator, but I don't think that's very marketable so I'm sticking with 'mean clamp'."

Prize/Punishment: Yet another Mello Yello, my fourth of the day. At that point it had started to taste like sugar water and the smell alone was enough to send my stomach reeling. I persevered and drank it all, though, like the champion I am. My stomach felt like a hairy wine skin the rest of the day.

Score: Pantsfish 4, Forums 3

The Washing Machine/Hovercar



Submitted by: Microwave

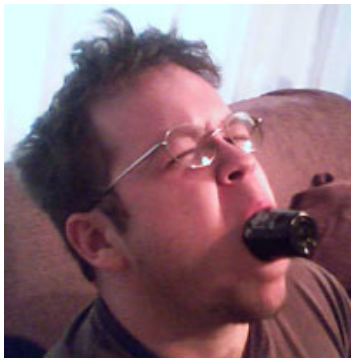
What it is: A hovering car.

My guess: "This is a combination hovercar/washboard. In the future cars can fly but washing machines are illegal, so it's perfectly normal to see a dude cruising the strip on Saturday night while his wife washes his spacesuit on the hood of his car. If you see your friends out on the street you can cruise over them and hit them in the face with a pair of wet underwear, then say something along the lines of "gotcha" or "how do you like my wet underwear in your face, you big spacegoob". Then you all meet up and go to the space bar and do anti gravity shots until you pass out on the ceiling of your neighbor's garage."

Prize/Punishment: My fifth Mello Yello. I finished the can much the same way an alcoholic finishes his drinks, quickly, with a feeling of self-loathing, and steeled myself for the end of the challenge. I would not succumb to the horrors of the Google Patents Guessing game.

Score: Pantsfish 5, Forums 3

The Novelty Electrocuting Self-Cleaning Doormat



Submitted by: airdoo0

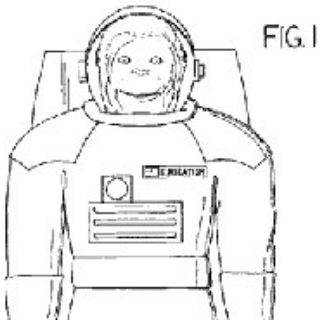
What it is: The world's stupidest cat toy.

My guess: "This is a novelty self-cleaning doormat that shocks the piss out of you when you use it and touch a doorknob. You wipe your feet off and grab the knob, and the next thing you know your junk is about six inches up in your stomach, you're bald, and you can't stop speaking in a French accent. While your family is rushing you to the hospital the mat quickly springs upward and expels the dirt from your shoes and the bloody urine from your damaged kidneys."

Prize/Punishment: A shot of Catalina dressing taken without using my hands. While I'm usually pretty good at the handless shot, salad dressing is far thicker than most alcohol. That meant that, instead of simply downing the shot and putting the glass down, I had to let the entire contents slide into my mouth over a ten-second period, then attempt to swallow it all with a shot glass in my mouth. I got Catalina dressing all over my face, my clothes, and the couch. My living room still smells like Strawberry Shortcake's snatch.

Score: Pantsfish 5, Forums 4

Space Monkey



Submitted by: Ferrule

What it is: A monkey doll clothed in a spacesuit.

My guess: "This is a toy monkey in a spacesuit, quite possibly used as a prop in a Kevin Smith movie. In the movie the monkey walks onscreen, smokes a joint, and talks for several minutes about who would win in a fight between Optiumus Prime and Han Solo. After that Jay and Silent Bob enter the frame and reference Kevin Smith's old work, at which point Smith himself is admitted to the hospital for friction-welding his own hand to his genitals."

Prize/Punishment: My sixth, and final, Mello Yello. I had drank half a 12-pack of the stuff in under three hours, and I was ready to crawl into a dark room and die. For the rest of the day my urine was neon green. I could *feel* my kidneys forming urethra-shredding death stones. I didn't care, though, because I was victorious. I had beaten a number of Internet strangers at a guessing game. My legacy was complete. A humble victor, I typed a parting message to my worthy combatants: "Thank you all very much for your help, I couldn't have done this without you." What help, you ask? Help eating a bunch of condiments and drinking a fluid pound or more of sugar water. It takes a village to raise a child, but it takes an online community to propel one man to superstardom.

Score: Pantsfish 6, Forums 4

Of course, there were more travails I did not share in this article. I chugged hot sauce and got smacked across the face with a handful of sour cream in my quest for Internet glory, but it was worth it. If I had to go back and do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing. A mouthful of ranch taco sauce is fleeting; victory is forever.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to return to my victor's duty of laying in the bathroom floor and listening to my guts dissolve in a lake of soda and condiments. My breath might be removing the grout from the tile in there, but I wouldn't have it any other way. I am a champion, and no bathroom can hold my indomitable spirit.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

2.26 Gregori Baikov Would Insult the Hellespont

Monday, Feb 26, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I posted the first installment of the Gregori Baikov saga a week ago and the second installment just a few days ago. The positive response to both articles has proven to be a surprising contrast to all of the emails I receive informing me that I am a giant homosexual triple Hitler. In the hopes of prolonging this drought of gay Nazi accusations I thought I would post the conclusion to the Gregori Baikov saga.

If she has junk in her trunk then Baikov will find it.

I met Gregori Baikov, Master Insulter, for the third and final time on the street outside Bartopia. I had chosen the dance club for its impressive chrome-topped bar and a diverse clientele that I thought might provide good fodder for Baikov.

Gregori was wearing a pair of ill-fitting acid-washed jeans and an orange and blue sweater that had faded to resemble a rotting peach. He was sweaty as though he had just run several blocks and he had an oversized Bandaid on the side of his scalp. I bribed the doorman ten dollars to let us in and then hurried Gregori towards the bar lest the doorman have second thoughts.

"You get three beers and I give you 100 dollar credit," Gregori explained the arrangement again. "Prove value of Master Insulter."

"I want a ShoXfactor insult," I told him as we waited for the bartender to finish with another customer. "I want you to insult me."

Gregori raised an eyebrow and eyed me appraisingly.

"You sure you endure mighty insult?"

"I think I can handle it."

The bartender finished flirting and turned to take our drink orders.

"You have kvas?" Gregori asked.

The bartender stared at Gregori for several seconds and then shook his head.

"Old Style is good," Gregori made a sour face as if to contradict what he was saying.

"Two pints of Old Style," I placed the order, but Gregori disagreed.

"You promise three!" He shouted over the opening boom of a drum and bass track. "Three Old Style!"

"Make it four," I revised the order.

The bartender shrugged and lined the foaming pint glasses up on the bar top.When he was done, I slid him a modest tip.

"Anything else?" He asked, his eyes tracking a petite blond in a pair of jeans tight enough to cut off circulation.

I elbowed Gregori and nodded in the direction of the bartender.

"Yes, other thing!" Gregori said, catching my cue. "I have to say you have hair and face of girl, but body is all woman."

The bartender didn't seem to understand.

"Between legs," Gregori shouted and pointed, "giant vagina!"

"I don't swing that way, buddy," the bartender replied over the thumping music.

"You do swing this way," Gregori placed his hands on his hips and gyrated in an imitation of the way a woman walks, "swing to girl bathroom."

The bartender turned to another customer.

"Not so good," Gregori shook his head. "But, you can't hit Hank Aaron home run big league all the time."

I wanted to take our drinks over to a table nearer to the dance floor so that I could scope out Gregori's next victim. Gregori had different ideas.

"No, I drink." He explained himself by lifting one of the pints to his lips and then tilting back his head.

He drained the glass in seconds and loosed a mighty belch that scattered a pair of waitresses chatting at the bar. Gregori followed the first pint with the second and then the third in quick succession. He rubbed his besweatered belly and grinned.

By that point I had picked out a redhead in a man's dress shirt unbuttoned to show off her flat stomach and overflowing bikini top. She was lithe and pretty and almost a head taller than her group of friends.

"Gregori," I got the Russian's attention, "her, over there."

"Ooh she a big fox, you sure?" He asked and I nodded.

I kept my distance as he approached, just close enough to listen in on the conversation.The women parted as he drew near and eyed him in the way vampire bats might eye a bowl of vomit.

"You red girl," Gregori opened with, "what is your name?"

"My name is No," the redhead sneered.

"Where bolt in neck Doctor Frankenstein?" Greogri stuck out his chin and bit his upper lip in a mock under bite. "Only thing is I don't remember monster so fat with such small chest."

"Fuck you," the redhead reached for her drink.

"You like giant fat Chinese boy with head covered in blood."

The redhead made as if to throw her drink in Gregori's face, but Gregori deftly caught the glass with his hand as she tipped it. He brought it to his mouth and drained its neon-colored contents in a fluid motion.

It is always funny until some girls get their feelings hurt.

"Thanks free drink, monster lady," he laughed and was driven off by swung purses and insults.

I moved away to a table so that the women did not see Gregori make his way over to where I was sitting. I bought him a fourth beer, which he drained almost instantly.I surveyed the crowd.

A quartet of Latino men in their early twenties had staked out a corner of the dance floor not too far from where we were seated. One of them had a big rectangular face and a unibrow to put Frida

Kahlo to shame. I pointed them out to Gregori.

"I do this insult," Gregori shouted, "but is dangerous. Too many men at one time and they are likely to hit."

"You don't have to-," I began, but Gregori cut me off.

"I have secret weapon."

Gregori reached into his mouth with his thumb and index finger and gripped his two front teeth. With a pop nearly all of his top teeth came away, attached to a pink plastic piece molded to the roof of his mouth.

"Was kick by horse," he explained. "People punch and think they knock teeth out. Scare them and no more fight."

"Alright," I said, "if you're certain."

Gregori nodded, replaced the false teeth, and leapt into action. I waited for him to nearly reach his intended victim before I stood and sidled closer to the dance floor. It was difficult to hear so close to the towers of speakers, but Gregori was shouting for my benefit.

"Hey there Mexican friend!"

The man stopped dancing and frowned at Gregori.

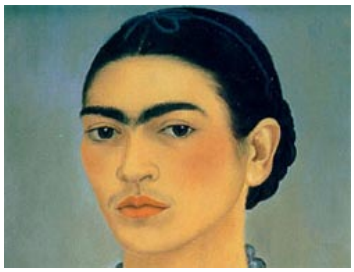
"Thought I tell you that you have something on head," Gregori pointed. "Oh, that is my bad, it is just all of your ugly face and it is all over your ugly head."

The man shouted something back that I couldn't hear. Gregori continued.

"You might think so but then it is my guess you don't own any mirror."

The man stepped to within inches of Gregori's face.

"Question I have: is hard to comb hair to match fried egg face? Like Humpty Dumpty broke and roll around in barber shop."



Machismo!

The punch came with a telegraphed windup of the man's arm and then a furious swing at Gregori. The husky Russian made no attempt to avoid the blow and was caught off guard when it struck him squarely in the chest. I heard him gasp, a truncated *oof,* and he staggered backward clutching at his chest.

The Latino man cocked back his fist to throw another punch, but the vigilant bouncers were already on top of the altercation. They ejected the poor victim and his pals from the club, but stood with Gregori at the bar. The Russian's face was red and he leaned against the bar top. Concern showed on the faces of several of the bouncers.

I approached just in time to hear the bartender shout, "The ambulance is on its way!"

"He's having a heart attack," one of the bouncers diagnosed.

They sat him in a chair near the entrance, waiting for the ambulance. Gregori's chest rose and fell heavily and he looked at me with pain in his eyes. I watched with unease as more patrons were allowed in, laughing and chatting with one another as though poor Gregori were not dying nearby.

"It'll be okay," I patted his shoulder.

"I do not think so, Mr. Zack."

I looked at the way his fingertips dug into the threadbare sweater.

Minutes later the ambulance screeched to a halt at the curb outside the club. Gregori surged to his feet at the sight.He staggered towards the EMTs, his fingers still twisted in the fabric of his sweater.They motioned for him to lie down. He barreled past them and clambered into the back of the ambulance.

The drama of the scene held me at a distance. I watched through the open door of the ambulance as Gregori settled onto his back on a stretcher. One of the EMTs snipped open his sweater with scissors and another began attaching leads to his furry chest. Gregori fought against them, his legs thrashing. He sat up, gripping the man's arm.One of the EMTs waved me into the ambulance.

"His heart rate and blood pressure are spiking, we need to get him to the hospital," the EMT explained. "I think he wants you to ride along."

I nodded and sat as close as I could to Gregori. One EMT returned to front of the ambulance and the other man pressed an oxygen mask over Gregori's face.

The death of a very short era?

"Breathe deeply and try to relax," he advised.

Gregori's heartbeat sang loudly from a pulse meter, an incessant *beep-beep-beep* that seemed far too fast and loud within the confines of the ambulance. Gregori wheezed and his breath fogged the plastic mask covering his nose and mouth.

The EMT turned to me, "He's a little arrhythmic but he'll probably be fine."

Gregori suddenly began thrashing again and kicking his legs like a stuck pig. The ambulance seemed to rock as his bulk shifted on the stretcher. Gregori's pulse began to rise again with a correspondingly more urgent *beep-beep-beep* from the pulse meter. The EMT reached down to restrain him and Gregori slapped his hands away. He continued thrashing for several seconds, tore the mask from his mouth and then, with a strange groan, grabbed his hairy bosom and ripped at it as though trying to pull out hairs.

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

The pulse meter shrilled ominously. Air rattled from Gregori's mouth and he dropped back to the stretcher.His eyes rolled back in his head.

The EMT began to pull syringes and vials of drugs from cabinets on the wall of the ambulance. I stared at Gregori's lifeless body. He was discoloured with exertion and covered in sweat.

So this is what dying looks like, I thought to myself.

Suddenly, strong fingers gripped my forearm and yanked me down towards Gregori. His eyes flew open and focused on me. I could smell beer and cigarettes.

"You love a fuck with dogs," he solemnly intoned. "Put a ball in the dog and lick a dog's butthole. That's good time for you."

The EMT casually reached over and reattached the leads for the pulse meter to Gregori's chest.

Beep-beep-beep, the machine sang.

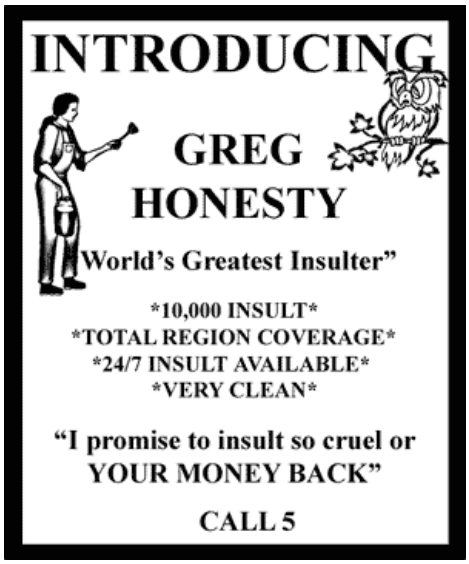
"This," Gregori said and let got of my arm, "is surprise insult. The ShoXfactor."

The EMT administered a sedative and Gregori slipped into unconsciousness. They let me pay him a visit in his hospital room later that night. He was unconscious, the TV in his room blaring Judge Judy. They said they were just keeping him for observation.

I slipped the get well card from the hospital's gift shop onto the cabinet next to Gregori's bed. It contained a check for 200 dollars.

That was the last time I saw or spoke with Gregori Baikov. I called the hospital the next day to see how he was doing and I learned that he had registered under the alias "John Honesty". He had then disappeared from the hospital without paying for his treatment, such as it was.

There is a postscript to this saga and it came almost a month after I had parted ways with Gregori Baikov. I was eating a bagel, as I am wont to do, when my phone rang. It turned out my friend Elijah, one of the old people I had told about Baikov, had spotted a suspicious newspaper ad in that day's paper. I hung up the phone scarcely saying goodbye and rushed to the 7-11 down the street from my apartment. I plopped the money down on the counter and hurriedly flipped to the advertisements. Sure enough, there was the ad that could only have come from one man.



That's not the real ad, but a faithful recreation. You will notice that Gregori left some slightly incomplete contact information in his advertisement, negating any potential work he might have received as an insulter.

I wish there was a happy reunion with Gregori to announce, but as of yet no one has contacted me with information as to his current whereabouts. If you know Gregori, please tell him to get in touch with me. I'm not looking for money. I just want to hang out with him and maybe, if the stars are right, start a new epic saga.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.27 Moving: A Photodiary

Tuesday, Feb 27, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

It's been a while since I've had the opportunity to sit down and write something, but I have a really, really good excuse: I've been moving! Commuting two hours each way to and from work just wasn't cutting it anymore, so I packed up my junk and left my hometown for the bustling metropolis of San Jose, California. I also just happened to have my camera phone with me and was able to document a great deal of the moving process for posterity (and to forever warn others against moving).

The story begins just after the new year when I secured an apartment downtown. I decided to take pictures and keep records of everything because I didn't have a TV and there was nothing else to do.

January 5, 1:30 PM

Today, I moved into one of the smallest apartments currently known to exist. It's fine for me because I don't have tons of stuff, but if I ever have more than about 2 people over at once, I'll probably have to put my furniture outside and then let them in carefully, one at a time.

This is a picture of my kitchen. I'm pretty sure it's not actually a kitchen, but just a corner with some kitchen tile on it so my landlord can wink and say it has a "kitchen". It also came with a fraction of a roll of paper towels so that I may clean my fraction of a kitchen.

I think I did a pretty good job packing, if I do say so myself. I brought everything I could think of that I wanted to have at my new place and just left. I've got my laptop, towels, clothes– all the essentials, even down to my fingernail clippers. Trips to the store should be minimal for the next few days, at least. It felt really odd to leave home at first, but now that I'm here, I think I'm going to be fine.

January 5, 11 PM

I forgot my bed.

January 9, 11:35 AM

Thinking that I could "spice up" my walls, I took a look a look at
the poster display at the end of the aisle. You know, that huge flipbook thing that is about 20% bikini women, 20% motorcycles, 15% Garfield, 15% bikini women on or near motorcycles, and 10% that one poster that gives you 365 reasons to party. I found a poster all right, but it was too good to keep all to myself. It's going in the cubicle.

Figure 2.1: Hustlin' Every Day

January 14, 12 PM

PEACOCK AT THE GAS STATION!! (???)

January 18, 5:30 PM

It was time to get some good-looking furniture, and being a 22-year-old straight male, I have no idea how to do that. I went to IKEA in Palo Alto anyway and got lost in the "showroom" area for about 90 minutes. It was laid out like a horrible hedge maze that tries to sell you pieces of the hedge that you take home and put back together in a way that looks pretty good from a distance but something somewhere is slightly crooked so only 3 of the legs touch the floor at a time and it's so annoying but you can't really do much about it so you slip a magazine under that one side of the hedge and you think you're really smart until 2 days later when you set your pen down on the hedge and it rolls away and damn it. Anyway, I ended up getting a chair, a matching footstool, and some end tables.

Shut up.

February 5, 9 PM

I went to the store today, and look what I parked next to:

That's right, a Rolls Royce! Then I went home, and look what I parked next to:

That's right, a mattress!

February 6, 10 AM

Every apartment in my building comes with its own storage shed out back as an added bonus, and today I opened mine up for the first time to have a look around. You'll never believe what I found!

JACKPOT, AN OLD SCARY CAR!! Finders keepers, suckers! I just got myself a new ride for free! Seeing as how it's probably a crime scene or there are skeletons inside, I haven't touched it yet. Instead, I've invited Dr. David Thorpe over to help snoop around, take it for a spin, and possibly ghostride it with me, but only because he owns a flashlight (a luxury I do not yet have). Because of its mysterious origins it is being referred to as "The Terrorwhip".

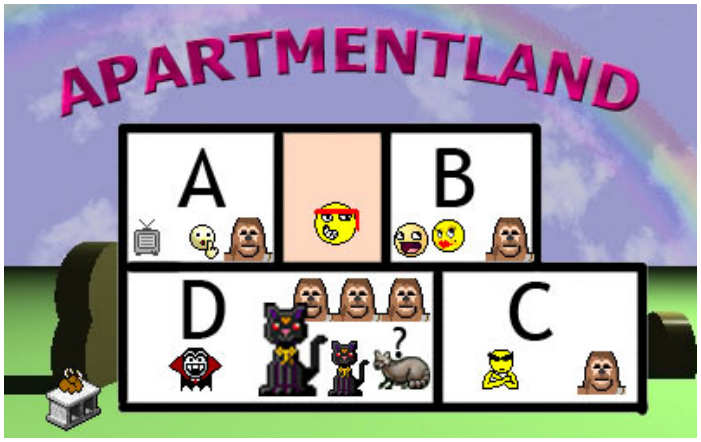
There also seems to be a box spring back there. Where the hell was that thing and its friend the mattress back on January 5?

February 6, 3 PM

It belongs to my landlord. Myth (and mirth) busted.

February 11, 9:30 PM

I spent the weekend charting my position in the apartment building as well as putting together a list of what I know about my fellow tenants:



Madmax, 2nd floor in the center - That's me!
A - I've never seen this guy. All I know about him is he has a loud TV and an enormous dog (represented by Chewbacca) that barks at me every time I walk by, and he keeps telling it to be quiet.
B - Two people live here and have sex approximately 8 times a day. Either that or they just like to bang their furniture into my walls every so often for no reason. It's hard to tell. They have an enormous dog that barks at me every time I walk by.
C - The building manager lives here, and he's OK in my book. He has an enormous dog that barks at me every time I walk by.
D - My nemesis. Not only is his apartment twice the size of everyone else's, but he has an enormous Jeep Cherokee that usually takes up 2 spaces in the tenant parking in back. On top of that, he has multiple enormous dogs, two cats (one of them an enormous cat) and possibly a raccoon. He is represented by Dracula because he sucks.
Poop on top of a cinder block - It's been there ever since I moved in. I think everyone is reluctant to clean it up because we're not sure if it's a phenomenon that we will ever see again.

So, for those of you nice enough to ask, that's what I've been up to for the last 3 months. And the best part is, this wild ride shows no sign of letting up!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.28 SA Media Spotlight: Case Closed

Wednesday, Feb 28, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In the summer of 2004, when I was but a young, apple-cheeked 22 year-old, Adult Swim premiered a show that would undoubtedly change my life forever. As opposed as I am to my generation's love of ironic enjoyment, this new show yielded far more entertainment than printing a list of Chuck Norris jokes from the internet and sitting down on a decaying couch with a bottle of Popov to watch *Chuck Norris: Karate Kommandos*. For one, the show I will be discussing today is not responsible for the existential dilemmas that the aforementioned activity causes in over 90% of its victims, who, in turn, produce volumes of "work safe" e-mail joke lists. No, the topic of today's article is more than just a piece of kitsch. It manages to be so spectacularly bizarre and terrible on every conceivable level that it's a candidate for being the greatest work ever crafted by human hands. The show is *Case Closed*, and I miss it dearly.

Conan has the power of perception and the ability to disguise himself as any of the more popular models of ventriloquial figures.

Case Closed, known as *Detective Conan* in Japan (or *Meitantei Conan* if you want to be punched in the face), is an animated series that has been running in Japan for approximately 500 episodes. And, thanks to Japan's madness-friendly workplace, all of these episodes have been produced in only the last ten years. *Case Closed* is so prolific in Japan that the country's population often confuses events in the show with reality; this has led to a complete breakdown of the country's legal system (as portrayed in the realistic *Phoenix Wright* game series) and mass pickling of things that should never be pickled.

Mischief and romance at The Lawrence Welk Show ^o^;

As with any long-running anime, American licensors were willing to hang from the teat of the *Case Closed* mega-cow, swinging pendulously as precious money-milk sprayed them and their co-workers like an out-of-control fire hose. But *Case Closed* held a secret. A dark secret. For what on the surface appeared to be a cute cartoon about a little kid solving mysteries held more depravity than 14 Caligulas combined (based on the National Caligula Depravity Scale). Fortunately, these unexpected elements of the show appear in the very first episode. I would have given anything to see the Fox Box executive wiping fresh vomit from the corners of his mouth after watching a roller-coaster decapitation via grappling hook in *Case Closed's* very first episode. It wouldn't be much later in the run of the show before *Case Closed* featured a killer who pretended to be fat in order to transport severed heads in his hollowed-out sweater.

This is why I fell in love with *Case Closed*.

Later in the decapitation episode (specifically, the roller-coaster decapitation episode), *Case Closed* would create the premise that the remaining 2000 episodes of the show would build off of: Jimmy Kudo, the show's protagonist, witnesses yet another crime after solving The Great Decapitation Mystery. The criminals attempt to poison Jimmy, but as is the case with all non-fatal poisonings, he regresses in age instead of dying horribly. I could relate because, as a child, I drank a delicious glass of Pine-Sol. Since I was not immediately rushed to the hospital, I transformed into a fetus after my stomach was pumped. This is why the ravages of puberty have not left my oily hide.

Knowing all of this, the Funimation corporation, after exhausting their supply of *Dragon Ball Z*,

decided *Case Closed* would be their new cash cow. While the broadcast and DVD release of the show would all become spectacular failures, Funimation touched the lives of me and my friends by turning us into annoying jackasses who have inside jokes about a cartoon no one ever watched. But I write this to spread the *Case Closed* virus to a new audience, who will soon baffle friends and family alike with discussions about idiotic concepts like poison coffee being negated by antidote cake. Let's continue.

(8D

To get to the heart of why *Case Closed* is so captivating, it's important to expand more upon the premise. Jimmy, now using the pseudonym "Conan," finds himself shrunk from teenager to small child. He still wants to solve mysteries, but in Japan, children are given no credibility, and, even though they can summon Gamera at will, children are primarily known for being *so damn sexy*. So Conan is then inexplicably allowed to live with his friend Rachel and her detective father, Richard, and he can inexplicably not tell his real identity to either of them. Richard is an incompetent detective who gets drunk and hits Conan (often at the same time), which is supposed to be a quirky character trait but actually provides shocking insight into the domestic violence problem in Japan. But, in a way, Conan deserves constant beatings, since when it's time to solve the crimes, he must tranquilize Richard and use his voice-modulation bowtie (all while staying at least two feet away) to speak through the unconscious detective's mouth in a cruel perversion of ventriloquism. This happens so often that Richard's body must be falling apart faster than Judy Garland (either now or in the 1960s); and strangely enough, Richard never really questions why he blacks out more than John Belushi.

SEXUAL TENSION

Upon hearing the premise of *Case Closed*, most people would dub the show "beyond awful." This is kind of ironic, since Funimation is known mostly for their beyond awful dubbing. But these naysayers don't realize that the crimes solved by Lil' Conan and the Liability Krew are just as incomprehensibly stupid as the show's premise. The cases on the show mostly involve murders, with an inordinate amount of these murders being suicide-revenge killings, a crime that may only exist in Japan. Always remember that suicide is not a personal decision; your choice of death over life is always the fault of one specific person. Also, the murderers on Case Closed are never sociopaths, killing because of prime numbers or the wishes of characters on reruns of *In Living Color*; they always break down in confession when the accusing voice coming from slightly behind a detective's unconscious body points out what may possibly be the truth.

This is helpful, because an unwritten law of *Case Closed* seems to be "all crimes must be solved in under one hour while in the same room as the victim's corpse." The crimes aren't very hard for Conan to solve, though, since victims always leave him elaborate secret messages (for example, carving the killer's name in a series of drawers with a large sword) when their stupid, dying asses could have been getting life-saving medical attention. But only Conan can comprehend these messages, so you have to take his word for it when he states, "Aha! The spot in this specific square of the tablecloth relates to a position in the game of Shogi (Japanese chess favored by American nerds who think the addition of illegible characters to the game makes it superior), therefore showing us the location of the killer!"

Now that all of the elements of *Case Closed* are in place, I will now give a synopsis of the episode "Jack Attacks," the ultimate episode of the series. It's been over two years since I've seen it, so

you'll have to excuse me if I get a few details wrong; it really doesn't matter, though, since this episode has become oral tradition for me and a very select group of nerds.

Those tiny shorts just provoke abuse.

The murder of "Jack Attacks" is of the revenge-suicide variety, but it gets much stupider than that. In the episode, an older man asks a younger man to house-sit for him, with the intention of murdering this younger man. The younger man (they had names, which are now lost to the mists of time) forced the older man's son into committing suicide in the past, but for some reason the younger man has amnesia and can't remember this. So, while house-sitting, the younger man gets a phone call from the older man, who asks if the younger man can put his dog on the phone. The younger man complies, and the older man gives his trained dog a message to gently shove the younger man down three steps; the fall breaks his neck and he dies. And while the episode confronts the controversial topic of using a dog as a tool for murder, it never once questions how much of a pussy someone has to be to die for a two-foot plummet inflicted by a dog nudge. Take a moment to think about this. Let it all sink in. Can I honestly make any more jokes about "Jack Attacks?" Anything I write will pale in comparison to the hilarity of the actual episode, which is my new comedy bible. I hope it will soon be yours, too.

-_O

My *Case Closed* story ends on a recent, bittersweet note. A few weeks ago, I was dumb enough to purchase the *Case Closed Collectable Card Game* for the sake of pure novelty. Every time I walked into the nerd store, I noticed their supply of Case Closed CCG cards had not diminished in over a year. When I decided to voice this fact out loud, the man behind the counter desperately shrieked, "Half price!" For Conan, how could I refuse? My friends and I excitedly sat down for a game, and were struck dumb by the fact that the *Case Closed CCG's Starter Set* is unique in the fact that it doesn't contain the right cards for a single person to play, let alone a group of three. And the booster packs I bought yielded none of these necessary cards.

The bright side of this story - the proverbial "antidote cake," if you will - is that I wasn't disappointed. After all, shouldn't *Case Closed* be idiotic in its own special way, no matter what the format? Adult Swim viewers may have called you ugly, ridiculous, and embarrassing, *Case Closed*, but I know the truth: we just weren't ready for you.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.29 Welcome to Fat Jerk City

Wednesday, Feb 28, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

MY BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION

Yesterday the news media took a short recess from banging the hell out of Anna Nicole Smith's rotting carcass to drop this shocking informational bunker buster on the American people: college students are shitheads. This stunning revelation comes courtesy of a gang of psychologist thugs eager to bring everybody down. Yeah, like they don't have a financial stake in telling people they are flawed.

Instead of doing something practical like brainwashing people into becoming CIA assassins, they gave a bunch of college students something called the Narcissistic Personality Inventory evaluation, and a huge majority turned out to be - you guessed it - narcissists. In fact, it turns out that this is a watershed age for narcissistic college students. There are apparently more alive now than at any point in the recorded history of the beleaguered narcissistic peoples.

From my own uneducated standpoint (I studied graphic design, thus I am homeless and I eat discarded sandwich scraps from garbage cans), saying that college students are narcissistic isn't really saying anything at all. It has been my experience that people between the ages of 18-22 are generally lousy no matter what they are doing. As a former member of said demographic, I was very lousy during those years. Thus, I know from firsthand observation in the field that college students are, on average, lousy people. Sadly, even with my keen observation skills I am not a scientist, though I do share their passion for starting fires and hurting animals.

What is causing this narcissism epidemic? That's right, it's none other than the dreaded hydra monster of positive reinforcement!

> "We need to stop endlessly repeating 'You're special' and having children repeat that back," said the study's lead author, Professor Jean Twenge of San Diego State University. "Kids are self-centered enough already."

For years, being special was the dominion of the mentally handicapped, that mysterious race of smiling giants lumbering through the corridors of the world in search of cookies and cartoons. We stole their word form them and applied it to everyone, including mundane little boys and girls with no interesting characteristics whatsoever. It is time we give it back to the retards and smack the hell out of these boring little kids with nothing unique to offer the world.

Once upon a time children worked in factories and had no time to be special or self-centered. If they stopped even for a second to think "I can't wait to blog about myself in the mirror today" they would lose a hand in the gears of some horrifying and inexplicable machine that may well have been designed for the express purpose of amputating limbs from careless children. Even now in some countries children are spending all day picking through dumps looking for food, clothing, and anything of value to prolong the toilsome hell they call life. In this country, children are lied to from birth, conned into believing that they are miracles and unique and that one day they will be astronaut farmers or beauty queen detectives. They are even encouraged to document their insipid lives on Youtube, Myspace, and Livejournal for the entire world to see. BUT THEY WILL NEVER BE TRULY HAPPY.

> The study asserts that narcissists "are more likely to have romantic relationships that are short-lived, at risk for infidelity, lack emotional warmth, and to exhibit game-playing, dishonesty, and over-controlling and violent behaviors."

Hah hah, you'll never summit Maslow's pyramid now, you emotionally stunted goons. Aside from explaining the rise of ladder theory and the mystery method, what does this really tell us? First, it tells us that this generation of people is horrible and rotten. Second, it tells us that it is perfectly okay to deny children encouragement, lest they grow up to be monsters devoid of souls, roaming dimly lit bars with backhanded pick-up lines.

If there is one good thing to come out of this it's that maybe we can stop pretending Asperger's is a real disease. Congrats nerds, you can't talk to girls because they are all narcissists. It was never you. You're cured! Update your Wikipedia entries accordingly.

This news doesn't really seem all that depressing until you factor in the other harrowing epidemic plaguing America: obesity. I can't quite tell yet, but this country is either divided into two warring camps of narcissists and fat people, or we're all just a bunch of fat assholes. Either way, I would say that our future is looking pretty grim. Maybe we should do what a lot of fat people with bad personalities do and appear on the Dr. Phil show. He'll yell at us in that incomprehensible and condescending language of his, and we'll cry our fat little eyes out and agree to stop eating so many pot roasts and open our hearts to love.

And then we'll go home and beat our children to remind them that they are in no way, shape, or form even remotely special. Unless they actually are special, in which case we'll just let them play Nintendo in the other room with a plate full of cookies.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 I Am Very Regretful of All the Misunderstandings Regarding the Incidents

Friday, Mar 02, 2007 by Adam "Pacman" Jones (@sexyfacts4u)

This image was captured by the nazi police state during my arrest.

Hello and I asked for this space to clear up some misconstruations about my role in the brutal attacks on the villains at Minxx Gentleman's Club on or about on February 16th. There has been numerous wild accusations thrown about in the press about the actions of myself and they are false as are the accusations regarding all previous actions I have not undertaken. I have been systematically beleaguered and belittled by the government. Officials and the media are on a crusade to destroy my career as one of the best cornerbacks and punt returners in the history of football.

First let me ask you a question. If a white man in a suit walks into an establishment with a briefcase containing 81,000 dollars nobody thinks it's anything unusual, but when a black man walks into an establishment with 81,000 in a backpack and he throws it up in the air all of a sudden everybody think you can just put all that money in a trash bag and walk up out of the club like it's yours. Now my question is, isn't that pretty messed up? It's the injustice of inequalities persisting in society despite the civil rights movement and Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. God bless him.

Let me ask you something else. If you ever seen that movie about dancing in the rain you know that guy is running around dancing in the rain. Did that guy try to pick up a puddle and walk off with it? Did that fool think he own the rain? No. No, he respected the rain's neutralities. He is dancing and singing in the rain, but he just borrowing that rain for effect. Then the rain goes into a drain after it's all stopped raining and that comes out of your faucet. So the rain is for everybody, but only afterwards. That's just a simple common sense rule I think everybody understands. My little baby girl understand that. You can bet damn sure Kellen Winslow understand that. Now don't you think a night club promoter, near on 40 of the exoticist dancers and some bouncers would understand that?

I do not suggest you visit this place they will engineer scantillating stories and the women look like they had sea sections on their vaginas.

It's just like the laws of nature. Like what goes up must come down, if you will. The Rain Dance is sanctimonious and harmonified to the perplexity of the common man. Even animals know how it work, little turtles and baby pigs, they know.

Now to address this latest controversy surrounding my upstanding law-abiding demeanors I have to harken back to the night of October 26 of last year. I was enjoying myself at a club when I was accosted unjustifiably by police and delivered with accusations that I had assaulted some stupid woman and spit on her face. I thought there was an echo because as you will recall there was a similar spurnious accusation leveled upon my visage following an enjoyable night in August of that same year.

Of course I was also completely innocent of the first crime, but my stupid lawyer fucked everything up like a crazy wop and the judge told me if it happened again I would be in some serious trouble. Now, I up a Christian man and I bless God for all of my faith and the Lord Jesus Christ, so I had

not been priorly engaged in criminal activities despite my conviction of felony assault at a nightclub in 2005. A charge which I will dispute to my grave but which I will not be addressing further in this context.

So imagine my fear when I am told by police as I am brutalized into the back of their police vehicle that I am being accused unwrongfully, once again, of expectorations to the face of a woman. The words of the judge rang up in my ears about receiving a probation sentence and staying out of trouble as conditionalities of my previous miscarriages of justice. I said "no officer, I ain't done that" and I told him to look up around her eyes at them nasty ass crow's feet and that hump on her back and they see I ain't parleying with no woman like that. Not even to give her spit in her face for telling me she won't stimulate my genitalias in the bathroom while her friend Destiny sit up on my tongue.

I will be returning to the field shortly when I am elevated above this mess.

The police had a deaf ear for the concerns of a black man and as usual they aligned with the accusatory party and her Chinese friend and the club manager and the freaky white girl who was like 25 and still wearing braces to put a black man behind bars. The conspirations went all the way to the top on my second charge of unlawful salivating. Once again the judge seemed to favor leniency out of dutiful respect due to my efforts on the Tennessee Titans and dismissed the assault charge. He did say in an ominous fashion that if I became embroiled in the criminal behavior again I might be in trouble.

If only I had known that this seemingly benevolent dismissification was part of an overarching conspirational method the police and the government were using to entrap me in a web of falsifications.

Which brings me to the current controversies which have been unfairlessly aimed at ruining my career. A normal man might just give up and decide to stop fighting for justice, but my faith in the Lord is not weak and I know I can rely on Him to shine the light into the hearts of the people who will be abjudiacating on my vicissitudes. I almost do not want to reprint the charges and accusation being leveled at me regarding these fabricated events of on or about February 16th, but I will let stupid blind ass white night club owner Robert Susnar tell it how he told the white police what was transpired:

> When one of the strippers started grabbing the money without Jones' permission, he got angry, grabbed her hair and slammed her head against the stage, Susnar said.
>
> That's when security guard Cudworth, a mixed-martial artist with professional fighting experience, intervened and stopped the assault, he said.
>
> "At that point, Pacman said, 'I'm going to kill you,'" Susnar said.
>
> A melee ensued as Cudworth scuffled with Jones and members of his entourage, Susnar said.
>
> Order was eventually restored, and everyone was moved outside. That's when the gunman opened fire toward the front door of the club, hitting Cudworth, security guard Tom Urbanski and a female customer.

Yeah, right, first off that's all lies and speculations based on predatory accusations against my person and personages. This vile slandery and libelousness will not stand.

Allow me to dissect these insubstantialated claims of Mr. Susnar.

Claim number one I tried to put a stripper's head through a stage: FALSE. I do admit to pulling on her hair but only as a means of friendly redirection. As for the crazy ho putting her face into the stage, do I look like a motherfucking buttress? I am not responsible for her stability. If a nigga pulls on her hair in a polite way and she falls over that's not a crime that's just clumsiness. That's not even a penalty.

Claim number two Cudworth was doing kung fu shit and whipped my ass: FALSE. I don't know who this joker is trying to fool but he tried that seven chambers shit on me and I straight up elbowed his throat. That's not me admitting to assault neither, he came at me all Enter the Dragon and so I just defended myself like any human being would.

Claim number three I said 'I'm going to kill you' to the bouncers: TRUE, BUT...they didn't quote my whole sentence. This is endemicative of the distortions and contortions the police and the white man use to rob the black man of his freedom. The truth of what I was trying to convey is that I wanted to settle our grieviances amicably. I was saying to him "Fool stop throwing those shaolin chicken wings at me before I bust you in half and let's settle this on the Tekken machine. I will kill you, figurativially, using the Tekken machine."

Another fight broke out and my bodyguards got involved: FALSE. That ho who was snatching up my money was crying and holding her nose and dripping blood all over and it got up in my cream colored Bruno Maglis. They having conniptions over my 81,000 dollars and then they spraying blood all over shoes cost twice that? I chased that bitch down and put a punch right on the back of her head. It was self defense she attacking me with her blood like a reverse vampire or something. How do I know it ain't full up of triple AIDS? My bodyguards weren't involved at all with that aspect of the aliteration, though I expect they holding they own should any other doings transpirationing.

One of my people shot their security guards and a female customer: FALSE!! The worst lie of all. There was some nigga named Hootie just sat down with us and was enjoying the show. Me, being a magnetomous gentleman, allowed him to stay and watch the proceedings. I had words with him and he might have came in at the same time and be carrying my backpack and wearing a Pacman Jones jersey, but there a lot of people fitting that description in America. You gonna arrest everyone who wears my jersey? Do I gotta get charged to every time someone carrying a backpack when they commit a malfeasance? I can't say it any more lucidly: I DID NOT KNOW THIS GENTLEMAN WHAT DID ALL THE SHOOTING.

I think all of my alibies are in order and I know that I will be vindicated at the end of these procedures. This is the truth from my brain to yours, so that when the white man and the police department and the witnesses try to spin it elsewise you will know what the real truth is.

I thank my mother. I thank God and JEsus Christ, without whom we would not be where we are today. I thank my attorney Jonah H. Abromowitz, as well as my reps at Global Talent. Shout out to Hootie, I be praying for you and I'll look after your babies and their moms until this whole thing blows over.

Most of all, I am very regretful of all the misunderstandings regarding the incidents.

-∼Adam "Pacman" Jones (@sexyfacts4u)

3.2 A Future Most Sketchy

Saturday, Mar 03, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

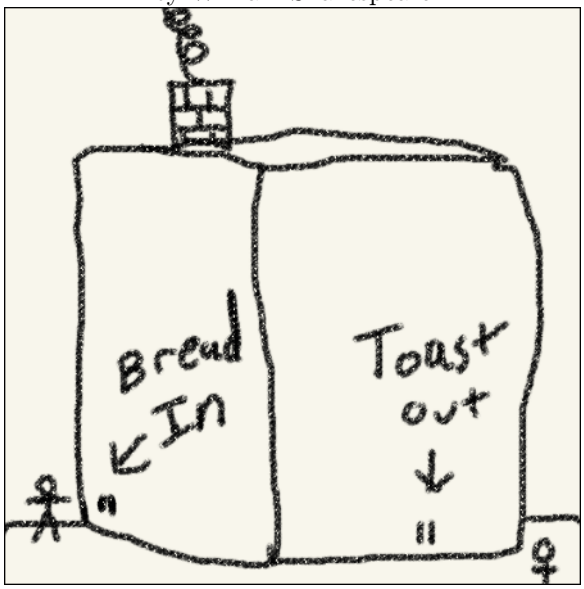
In 2003, theoretical physicist Michio Kaku assembled the world's first fully functioning time machine out of oily rags and haphazardly stacked crates of dynamite. Over the next three years he visited some of history's most well-known figures with a sketchpad in hand, describing various gadgets and technologies from modern technology to them in the simplest of outlines and asking them to draw their interpretations of these mind-blowing concepts. The results, as you can guess, were mostly childlike in nature and highly inaccurate.

The scientific purpose of his journeys through time have never been explained. Many scientists are of the belief that Kaku was sort of a jerk and that he simply found the drawings amusing. In any case, Kaku's sketch collection came to an abrupt end in late 2006. While working on a particularly stringy section of string field theory, he inadvertently discovered that time travel was, in fact, impossible. From that moment on, his time machine no longer worked.

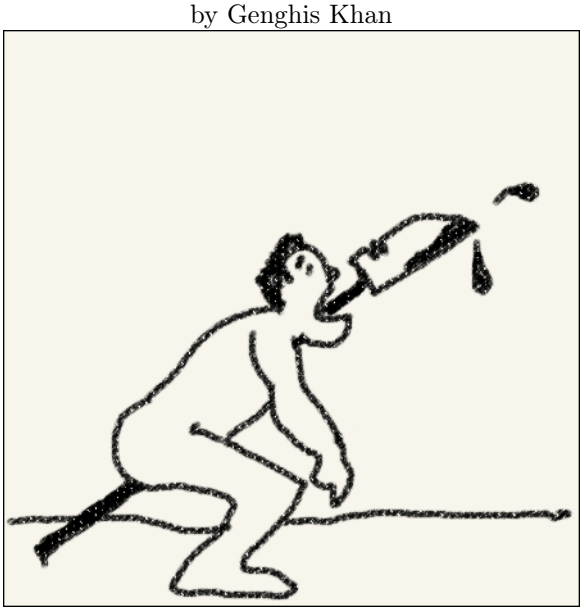
The drawings Kaku had once adored now served as the bitter reminder of a completely wasted opportunity to advance science, so he shipped them off to the first person who e-mailed him with the correct response to the question "What is pi to the thirteenth decimal point?"

That person was me. The answer was 7.0000000000000. These are some of my favorite sketches.

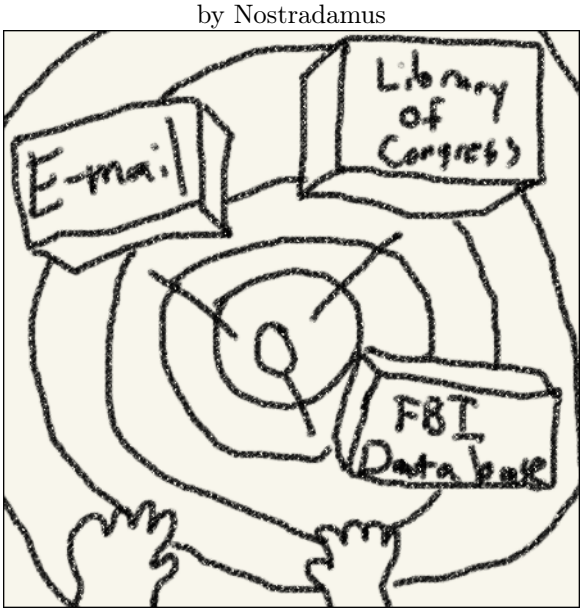
Toaster
by William Shakespeare



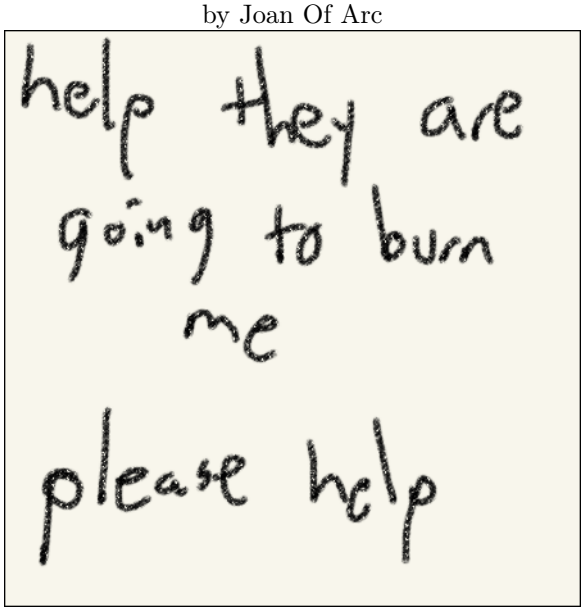
Bidet
by Genghis Khan



The Internet
by Nostradamus

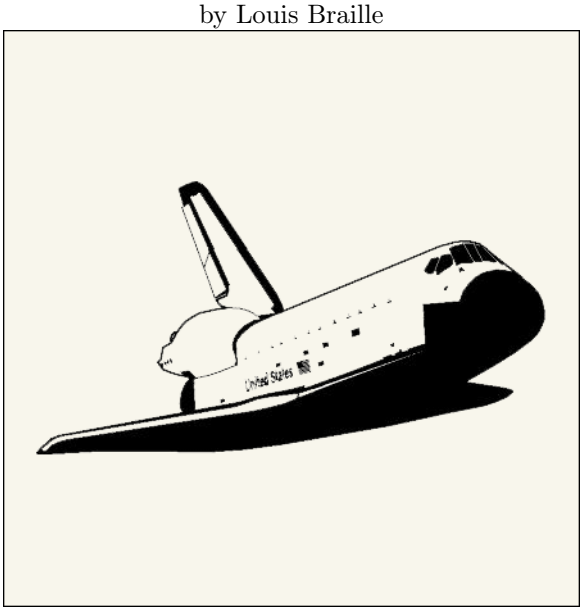


Television
by Joan Of Arc

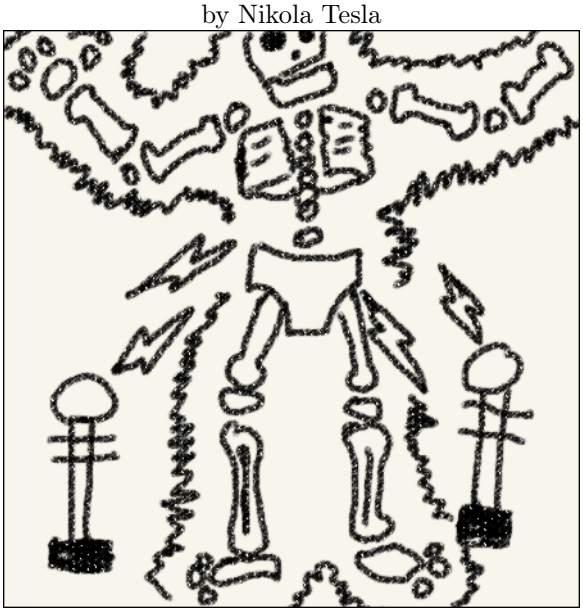


iPod
by Abraham Lincoln

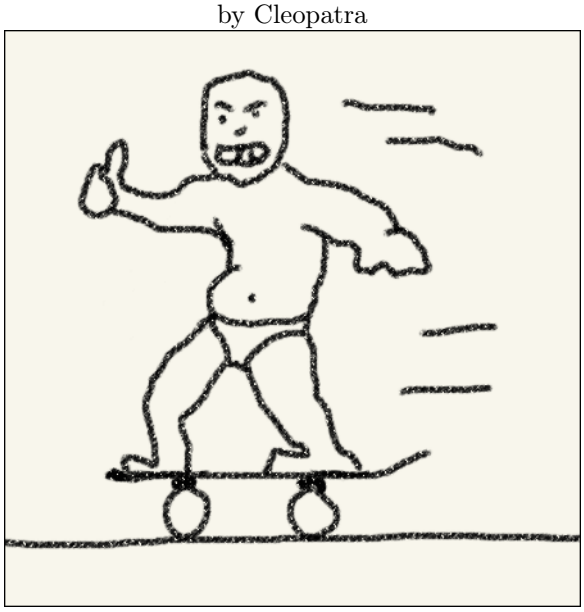
Space Shuttle
by Louis Braille



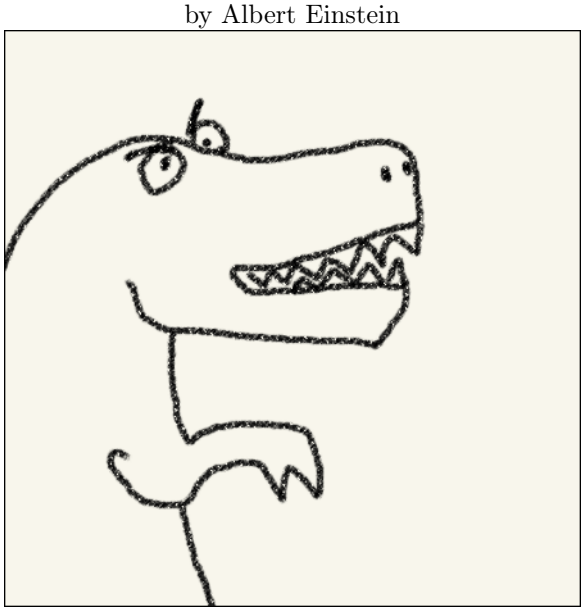
Edible Panties
by Nikola Tesla



Segway, The Groundbreaking Invention That Will Change Everything
by Cleopatra



The Wheel
by Albert Einstein

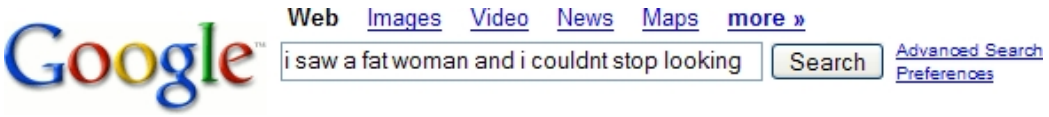


-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.3 The Google Diaries

Sunday, Mar 04, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Search results can tell a story. Sometimes, search results can tell stories we would never otherwise hear about. This is one such story. It is a tale of love, passion, murder, and fat people. It is...The Google Diaries.

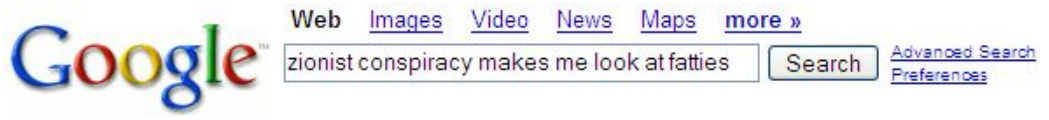


Jesus Christ wants you to stop being **fat**
He don't care whether you man or **woman**, he loves everybody less you **fat**. Jesus hate the **fat**. Learn more about Christian Liposuc...
www.thewaytoheavenisnarrowsofatpeoplegotohell.com/faq.htm - 23k - Cached - Similar pages

Jesus was a **fat** man
Let me show you this quote that Jesus said: "Never **stop** eating, for then you will be as fat as I am and **looking** fine". Why do you not see this quote in the regular bible? Perhaps it was "lipo-ed" out? - Sloan Sanders, Fat Christian
www.hediedforyourthins.com/aboutus/ - 7k - Cached - Similar pages

HowDoI.com: Your source for **how-to** guides
Most popular guides: 1. Change oil in your car 2. Be a movie star. 3. **Stop looking at fatties**. 4. Give a public speech ...
www.howdoi.com - 24k - Cached - Similar pages

Raise your revenue with Google Ad-sense.
Are your readers interested in wallets just like Jules had in Pulp Fiction, or pictures of single white Scientologist **fatties** in their area? Because we'll sell them pretty much anything, we don't care.
www.google.com/adsense/ - 9k - Cached - Similar pages



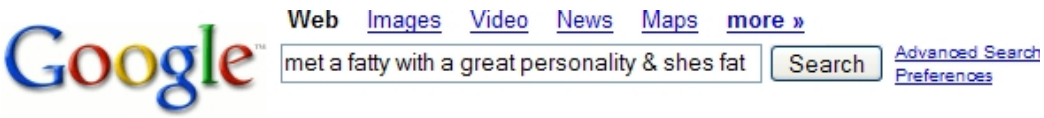
Did you mean: "zaniest contraceptives makes me look at fatties"

The **Zionist Conspiracy** to **Make** you **look At fatties**
It seems the **Jews** have finally caught up to me. I'm in the basement now and I've boarded the door, but I know it's only a matter of time before I too **look** at a fatty.

www.thedarrenfamilyhomepage.com/welcome - 15k - Cached - Similar pages

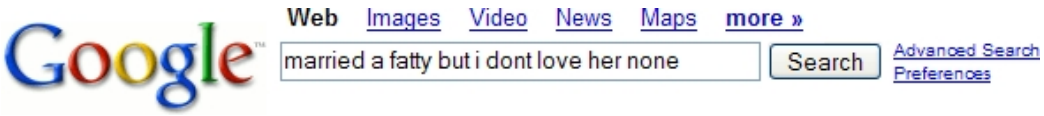
Biggest **Titties** on the web
These titties crushed my house.
www.checkoutdistit.com - 73k - Cached - Similar pages

Porn, porn videos porno, **titties**, dirty, filthy
Hardcore, anal, sucking, ball crushing, cum swapping, fucking at a swap meet, woman with mouse head, bjs, orgies, moose fucking raggedy ann dolls, sluts with only one ass-cheek, carb-free scat, genitalia throbbing to techno, blacks.
www.hardcoreporno69.com - 51k - Cached - Similar pages



Calls for cease fire in gang war over weight of Christ
Famous Christian **personality** and renowned **fatty** Sloan Sanders **met** with top members of a Christian diet organization today to clear up any blood shed over insinuations that Jesus...
www.austinchronicle.com/topnews/11/12/06 - 15k - Cached - Similar pages

I think this rapper is really **phat**
What do you guys think of this rapper?
www.inanequestions.com/topicid=731 - 4k - Cached - Similar pages



Big Benny's House of Nuts
Try our mixed bag of nuts! Slow roasted! These nuts will make you say, "I **married a fatty but I don't love her none** as much as these nuts!" Slow roasted and salted!
www.bennyshouseofnuts.com - 7k - Cached - Similar pages

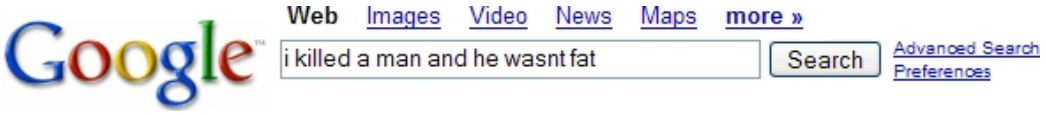
This page has nothing to do with your search
Wonder what it's doing here.
www.yahoo.com - 39k - Cached - Similar pages

"**Fatty Angel**" lyrics at SongLyrics.com
Dank Hank lyrics, "**Fatty Angel**" I **caught a man looking at my** sweeet **fatty angel** I said feller I don't mind if you just **looking** But you have to understand that's she's down here with me

Cuz heaven just couldn't support her weight ...
www.songlyrics.com/lyrics/dankhank/fattyangel.html - 3k - Cached - Similar pages

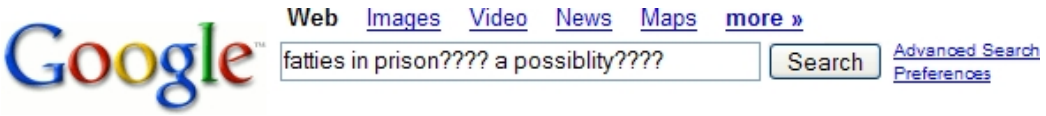
Even better "**Fatty Angel**" lyrics at BetterSongLyrics.com
The best Dank Hank lyrics on the web, for "**Fatty Angel**". Don't trust other sites, they don't understand Dank Hank like we do. Dank Hank means something to us, it's not just a fad. Dank Hank loves us.
www.bettersonglyrics.com/betterlyrics/d/dankhank/fatty+angel.html - 16k - Cached - Similar pages

Horrible "**Fatty Angel**" lyrics at WorstSongLyrics.com
Dank Hank, "**Fatty** Angle" I **caught a man** checkng out my **sweet** fattya ngel/ I, Sid Feller, I don't mine if you just...
www.worstsonglyrics.com/somecrap/f/dark-hank/fattyangel.html - 7k - Cached - Similar pages



Fat Christians declare separate state, thin Christians declare war on it
Head of state and **fat man** Sloan Sanders said he was ready and willing to fight just like Jesus did before he was **killed**. "Wake up people," said Sanders, "Jesus didn't die on the cross. He was way too fat and fell right off. Uncover the truth my fat people! Uncover the truth!"
forums.fark.com/cgi/fark/comments.pl?IDLink=2648303 - 12k - Cached - Similar pages

I'm looking for pictures of Sonic after he just **killed** a **man** and he's naked and covered in blood
And Tails is in the background like maybe they were just having sex and then the **man** cam in and Sonic had to kill him even though he didn't want to and now his nude body is covered in blodo and Tails isn't sure if he can ever look at him the same way again, also please put them in .png format see my image format guide at...
www.sonicworld.com/cheats_and_faqs - 8k - Cached - Similar pages



Fatties in prison - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Fatties in prison in Popular Culture: *In the television show Family Guy, Peter Griffin has to been to prison multiple times, and he is fat. *There are fat characters in the television show "Prison Break" *My uncle worked at a prison for awhile I think and he is kinda chubby if not exactly fa...
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fatties_in_prison - 102k - Cached - Similar pages

Fatties in prison: Information from Answers.com

Fatties in prison in Popular Culture: *In the television show Family Guy...
www.answers.com/topic/fatties-in-prison - 102k - Cached - Similar pages

Los Angeles man sentenced to death in bizarre "Fatty" case
The condemned, Carl Trixmeyer, was convicted of killing his fat wife's massage therapist under the misapprehension that most men are desperately attracted to fat chicks. In a statement to the press yesterday, Carl explained: "**Fatties in prison???? A possibility????**" before his attorney could attach the restrain...
www.latimes.com/news/nationworld/nation/fatties-prison-gross - 15k - Cached - Similar pages

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.4 With Love, America

Monday, Mar 05, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you are reading this then it must mean I am dead. I can only hope that this will and testament is being executed after a long and illustrious career as a great nation. I have surely made a lot of mistakes along the way, but I've always liked to think that my heart was in the right place.

Whatever end befell me, I hope that you can look back on my lifetime as the world leader as a period of unparalleled progress and liberty. If I was blown up somehow, well, that's how these things can go. I just hope that the rest of the world is doing okay and that the Communists aren't in charge.

I've had a lot of great leaders, so instead of remembering the rotten ones try to remember guys like George Washington, Abe Lincoln and the last good guy I had as a President. Try to remember the good wars where we kicked ass for freedom instead of all those creepy South American CIA wars. Picture in your mind's eye the Rocky Mountains at sunset andNew York City*after* Guliani put all the homeless on a barge and sunk it in theHudson, but *before* 9/11. Don't picture a superfund site inNew Jerseywith an eight-legged deer skeleton melting into toxic waste.

The properties dispensed in this document are only considered valid if they were in my possession at the time of death. IfChinaor some multinational operating out of theBahamashas them all then I'm sorry.

Enough calories for a week and twice the anus-searing heat of a curry!

To my dear friend England I leave all of my giant burritos and/or burritos as large as a human head. You have been my friend since the beginning, excepting a couple of wars there during my rebellious youth, and I have been happy to kick ass for freedom around the world with the Union Jack next to the Stars and Stripes. With me out of the picture it's up to you to become the world's fattest nation. I know you've got Indian food, but over here the giant burrito is my third world food of choice. You won't believe the size of these things and they come with extra cheese and sour cream. They're delicious!

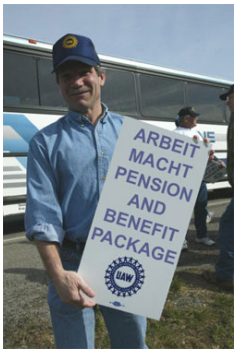
To my oldest friend, France, I leaveHollywood. I know you've been envying it since about 1910 and it kills you that I've been the world's purveyor of culture. May you useHollywoodto make a hundred million dollar black and white movie about a gay love triangle. Imagine how many computer generated orcs Kieslowski could have put in the *Three Colors* trilogy with that sort of cash.

To Canada, so close and yet so far away, I leave all of my stockpiles of medical marijuana. I grew some really top shelf sticky icky, but I could never quite let the terminal cancer patients have any for fear that devil weed would fuel a crime spree. I also leave you all of my Sun Chips and Funions. Do with them as you must.

To my hombre Mexico I bequeathAmerica's favorite bread-wrapped meat; the corn dog. Reverse engineer its wooden stick technology and create a bright tomorrow of delicious chicken tacos...on sticks. I also leave youTexas. You won at theAlamoso I don't remember how I ended up with it, but I'm willing to bet it involves mescal.

To the tribes indigenous to North America I leave all of my blankets, comforters and bedding. I *promise* that there is nothing weird with it and it's perfectly harmless. In fact, it's mostly high thread count Egyptian cotton.

To Germany, the friend I love to hate, I leave a fantastic gift with a poisonous sting. I entrust you with the American automotive industry, rich in history and monolithically vast. But along with this bounty comes the entire workforce with their bloated pensions, to be paid out until the day they die.Hey, maybe you can figure out an efficient way to kill off millions of people you view as money-grubbing interlopers.



Seeking a final solution to the contract arbitration question.

To Austria I leave all ofAmerica's barbecues and shrimp boats as an apology for all of the idiots that think you areAustralia. Red, white, red, until the gnarley sheila is dead!

To Australia I leave my entire arsenal of ICBMs. I think you have been out of circulation on the nuclear targets list for way too long. Now don't get pissed off at me, it's not all bad. Next time one of your citizens gets caught with five kilos of cocaine up her ass by Balinese customs you can threaten to turn Denpasar into a glass-rimmed crater.

To Russia, I know we've almost never seen eye-to-eye, but I'm giving youAlaska. I'm doing it mostly to fuck withCanada's head, but I'm sure you can transform its millions of acres of pristine wilderness into one of those grim industrial hells you seem to fancy.

To Norway I say that I support your arts and I hereby bequeath all of my mega churches. May their burning inspire a thousand songs about frosted skulls and dire goblyns.

To the Netherlands, with the world's highest percentage of atheists, I leave America's Baptists. It's called Schadenfreude.

Ceci n'est pas une pommes frites!

To Belgium, secret master of the french-fry, I donate all of my ketchup and ketchup manufacturers. All of those sissy European sauces and toppings are just pure silliness, and you'll realize that once you have some good old down home ketchup. Mayonnaise? Don't make me puke upFlorida.

To Cuba, my wee nemesis to the South, I leave all of the Walt Disney parks. I hope they can make up for all of that tourism money you've missed out on since the revolution. I'm sure Walt Disney won't mind, just stick his frozen head in a giant mojito.

To troublesome Iraq I leave one million copies of Robert Persig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance.* I've never actually read it, but when I was going to Florida State I'd hang out in the

student union holding the book. Freshmen psych majors would stop and chat thinking I was a pretty chilled out country and then I would get them drunk and have ass sex with them. I'm pretty sure a lot more ass sex is what Iraq needs to heal the wounds of strife.

To that special lady Burkina Faso I leave NASA and all its assets. You will always be Upper Volta to me - the most sensual of the Voltas - and I have long cherished those nights we spent together. We held each other beneath the night sky and watched meteors burn across the starry heavens. Now you can launch rockets there to rekindle our love.

To the Moon, most exotic of all my lovers, I bequeath the coastal oceans of North America. Their gentle carress against my shores reminds me of the tender way we once loved in that cold beyond of space. The way we touched, so gentle and fleeting, the way you took my lander into your tranquil seas. I wil never get you out of my head. I can only hope that you and Burkina Faso can become friends.

To Iran, whom I have never understood, I leave all of my M.C. Escher posters and puzzle books. I hope they screw with your head like you have always screwed with mine.

To Israel I leave New York City and Brooklyn. You're a great hunk of land, but maybe think about urging your people to go ahead and move to these two inheritances. Nobody really seems to get along with you where you are now.

To the jungle tribes of the Amazon River I leave all of America's multi-angle interactive adult DVDs.I know you probably don't have any DVD players, but you can use the discs as some sort of weapon or decoration.Actually, there are about 500 million of them, so you can probably use them to build a massive city with aqueducts and roads. *Cream My Gape* volumes 1-87 should make great load-bearing structures.

Trust me and just make houses out of them. The Virtual Jenna Jameson ones have these creepy fake cumshots that will mess with your head.

To each of the nations of South America I leave two things: my sincerest apologies and the CIA bases I used to overthrow your leftist governments in the latter half of the 20th century. I wish I could tell you where they are, but there are just so many I can't quite remember them all. I think Nicaragua's CIA base was inside a hollowed-out tree with a suspicious radio transmitter sitcking out of the top.

To Taiwan, one-time junk basket of the United States, I leave all of my airplanes and helicopters. Those decades of filling my vending machines and dollar stores with crap eventually paid off and turned you into a first world country. Let's face it, though: one of these days China is going to get sick of you lording your standard of living over them and it's going to invade. Fly all of those airplanes and helicopters to Japan and ask really nicely if you can stay.

To inscrutable Japan I leave the Hank Williams Junior and Senior discographies. I was going to give you the Enola Gay for a museum or something, but I still don't really trust you so I'm just going to throw it in with the other crap I gave Taiwan.

South Korea, buddy, I tried but those damn Chinese had to interfere. I hope eventually you can get your top half back and live in harmony. Until that day comes I'm leaving you Best Buy. You pretty much fill it up in the first place, so I figure I'll save you the time and you can just drive the trucks straight from the Samsung factories to the Best Buy stores.

Finally, to China, I leave this warning: I know you did this to me. I can't prove anything, because I'm dead, but friends and family should definitely investigate the possibility that I was murdered. Assuming you did murder me - and I am assuming that - I am going to haunt *the shit* out of that Forbidden City of yours. Everyone is going to be like, "Hey, what is that cold wind?" and you're just going to have to shake your head and say, "Freakin' America again."

I know a lot of you countries out there are probably feeling a little hurt right about now, wondering why your name didn't show up in my will. I admit, I was getting a little stressed out at the end there, so I might have forgotten a few of you, but most of you I didn't leave anything because I gave you everything I could during my lifetime.

Except for the African countries. You guys, well, sorry. You're pretty much screwed forever, so there's no point leaving you anything cool that might make you think you have a chance.

Anyway, good luck, world. I hope you guys build a cool statue to me or something. Make it out of something that kids can't deface. Maybe the world's first electrified statue.

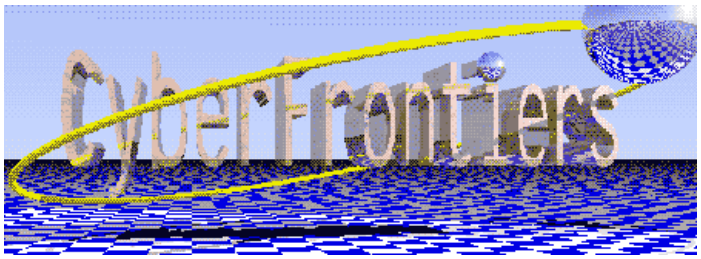
Try to keep things under control.

With Love,
America

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.5 CyberFrontiers

Tuesday, Mar 06, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



Volume 1 Issue 1

Greetings, hyperspace traveler! If this is your first venture into Cyberia, please visit this hyperlink to learn a little bit about the WorldWideWeb (what is a hyperlink? Click here to find out! [not sure what this means? Get help]).

- **What is CyberFrontiers?** CyberFrontiers is the first cyberculture news & information zine on the WorldWideWeb. Combining the latest tech-talk with irreverent humor and a chaos-theory outlook, CyberFrontiers is your gateway to cyberspace. We're a little bit hacker, a little bit cyberpunk, and a whole lot of rock and roll!
- **Who is CyberFrontiers?** While CyberFrontiers is written and edited by just one piece of "human hardware," journalist/musician/fractal artist/anarcho-physicist David Thorpe, it's booted up with infinite software: my diskette is the Internet, and my operating system is the WorldWideWeb.
- **Where is CyberFrontiers?** CyberFrontiers is everywhere and nowhere. CyberFrontiers are wherever you want them to be: they're in your home modem, in an office in Tokyo, in a hacker's mind. CyberFrontiers is your ticket to the Infobahn, and this ride goes at warp speed.

A Note from the Editor

Welcome to the very first issue of CyberFrontiers! Whether you're a seasoned citizen of Cyberia or a newcomer to the world of the 'web, CyberFrontiers is an essential piece of zineware. We aim to stimulate your neurons into a new level of hyperconsciousness. Once you're jacked in to the virtual world, you'll never want to unplug!

Though this is our first issue, we intend to hit the ground running. The Information Superhighway is *"no place for a slow pace,"* so we're going to dive fearlessly the outermost fringes of cyberspace to bring you the most exciting high-density newsware available anywhere in the metaverse. We'll tackle some of the hottest topics on the net: virtual reality, the future of cyberspace, new-wave sci-fi, and even the beautiful mystery of the fractal! Strap yourself in: it's going to he one H@LL of a ride!

-David Thorpe, editor

Information Liberated: Fractalwarp@Saturn and The Architecture of Thought

Have you ever wished you could 'hack' your consciousness? Prepare for your mind to be blow wide open, cybersailor: you're doing it right now. Whenever you see a hyperlink in cyberspace, you're

breaching the boundaries of the thought-box that society has locked you into since birth. To the shackled mind, information is a top-to-bottom, left-to-right affair. It is linear, it is predefined, and it is the work of some untouchable authority.

At the speed of light, cyberspace is redefining the way our brain interfaces with information. The hyperlink takes us off the page and into a tapestry of information unlike anything we've ever seen before. I recently spoke with cyberguru and fractal artist extraordinaire Fractalwarp@Saturn about the phenomenon of the hyperlinked infoblast:

"It's a whole new way," says Fractalwarp@Saturn. "The text comes alive with these links. You can cite your references, even within the text. Footnotes become gateways, and it spirals into ever more infinite complexity and yet retains its volume, just like the fractals I love so well. We don't have to look at text as linear anymore, because it's all connected now. Information wants to be free. It wants to rape itself and bear its own children."

Cyberguru Fractalwarp@Saturn

While FracSat might be getting a little *pomo* for your tastes, the core of his infobeat is as complex as the silicon chips that will be inside my eyes and brain within a year.

"It's just the beginning. The hyperlink makes text interconnected, but it doesn't end there. Information doesn't want to be on some slab like the stone age, it wants to pop out and come alive. We're conditioned to read *books,* which are just words on a page. Information doesn't want to be flat. Information is 3D; think about it. You can pick up a book and look at it from lots of angles, not just flat in front of you, right? Cyberspace is like taking a sheet of paper with writing on it, folding it in half, and cutting a hole in one half of it so you can see through the hole to the other side. It's a wormhole through the meaning. Now the text is four-dimensional.

"Soon, maybe even by the time you're reading this, every book in the world will fit on one single high-density CD-ROM, and we'll be able to tunnel through them in three dimensions. You can just put on your VR *(virtual reality)* helmet and browse them. Just grab one of the floating cubes. Say it has the word "house" on it. Is it the word "house" from 'The Catcher in the Rye' or is it from 'Dave Barry's Guide to Life?' It doesn't matter anymore, because you can rotate it at any angle and then blast it through your opponent's torso."

While the future of cyberspace and human thought may seem daunting to some, Fractalwarp@Saturn hasn't forgotten about life's simpler pleasures:

"It's the same with everything in life. Sex is 2D now, but by 1999 the average child will have 500 sexual encounters per year in cyberspace, and he'll never know who he's fucking, because he's fucking him through a hole in a folded piece of paper. And you can't do shit to me, because it's postmodern."

CyberViews: Sci-Fi Author J.G. Ballard

By David Thorpe

In his 1973 novel Crash, J.G. Ballard grabbed humankind by the hair and dragged us through the broken glass strewn on every highway in the Western world. He scraped our brains into a pulp, with bits of gravel and glass scabbing into our blood-matted hair with every turn of the page. He forced our wide-open eyes onto the still-spinning tire of a freshly wrecked car, the hot rubber

excruciatingly scraping away our corneas until we arrived at a new vision: mankind had become reliant on a technology that was killing us at a rate of dozens of thousands per year. As our vomit began to ferment, clarity emerged. We are a society of technology unfettered by humanity... where can we go next?

CyberFrontiers: Thanks for agreeing to this interview, Mr. Ballard. So, where do you think this whole cyberspace adventure will take us next?

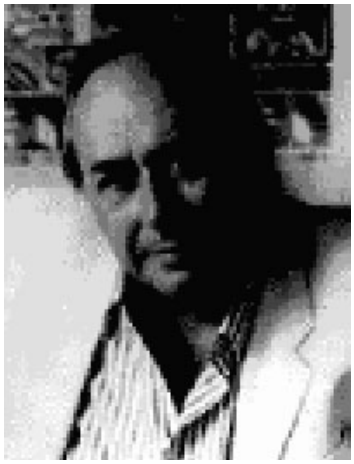


Image courtesy of Broulliard's Multimedia Cyberpedia

J.G. Ballard: It's my pleasure. I quite enjoy a good discussion of technology. You see, my only aim is to slide a glistening shard of rent metal across the eyeball of the human race, to bisect the eye, so that the warm fluid streaks down onto the human face and dries there, caked into a nightmare realization of the human subconscious. Where does man end and technology begin? We have built our own chromium prison of nightmare landscapes. Consider the erotic geometry of the toaster, gleaming like a chromium breast upon my kitchen counter, built only to be penetrated. When does humankind stop penetrating the toaster with bread and wake up to the new nightmare of erotic injury-toast? We see our toaster before us, rounded like the breast of a woman, and our hands are drawn to press down the plunger, to light the coils, and we watch in erotic agony as the coils turn red, then orange, glowing like the nightmare of toast and semen, and we must penetrate the toaster. The toast can no longer mediate our lust, and we must slide in one digit, then two, and the pain is an exquisite nightmare as our fingers slide past the chromium labia of the toaster's top and into the red-hot slots of erotic agony. We smell our own flesh burning, fusing with the metal, and our orgasm is the orgasm of nightmares. The chromium geometry of the toaster melts our agony into humanity, and we know then that we must penetrate the toaster further, and we grasp the blinding pain of the searing slot with our hand and we bring the toaster down to our pubis. We must penetrate the chromium labia with our phallus, and so we do.

CyberFrontiers: OK.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.6 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.

Wednesday, Mar 07, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It is time to share yet another page from one of the long lost Boruff & Davies Catalogue Company's catalogues. Many years ago in a far away country called the United States of America, my humble ancestors marketed a wealth of practical and essential products to the common man via mail order catalogues. The business ultimately faltered due to reasons of insanity, but for a few glorious years we were on top of the world. You need only take a glance below to see just why we were so successful.

BORUFF & DAVIES CATALOGUE CO.
Could A Customer Ever Be Disappointed??
Dear Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.:
I received my most recent order from your outfit just yesterday. It was one of your famous prosthetic gun attachments, which fit snugly on the end of my arm, capping it off nicely as my hand once did in the days before it was removed as payment by a certain organization that shall remain nameless. I am pleased with your service, and the product has tested satisfactorily. Neither you nor my family shall hear from me again.
Warmest regards from a satisfied patron,
E. Theodore Dinwiddie
It Has Yet To Happen!
LET FREEDOM RING FOR YOU!
Replicas so uncannily exact, they are impossible to discern from the real thing, save for the mysterious annotation "Morty" beneath the bell's fabled inscription. Perhaps, by twist of fate, the real bell is an elaborate forgery, and the bell you purchase from our fair catalogue is the real thing? In these modern mercurial times, one can never be sure what is real and what is not. We personally guarantee that this bell is as real as you need it to be, and, given chance encounter, would fool even the great Fathers of our Nation. Price. $325 + $200 transport fee.
LET DEFECTIVE CHILDREN DO THE DIRTY WORK!
Again Boruff & Davies prove themselves to be far too generous! For a mere pittance of what it costs to bring a child into this world, you can purchase a crippled, orphaned or bastard child. Instantly put them to use performing any number of tasks, from custodial to comical. You might even use them to practice proper beating techniques, so as not to needlessly scare your favored offspring. The options are as vast and versatile as your imagination. Beware: Crippled children are largely infective for labor tasks. Bastard Child: $15. Crippled Child: $20. Orphaned Child: $35.
Hide Hideous Horrors with Haste!
If you are suffering from an infirmity of the eyeball, then the M. H. Rourke & Bro. Eye Concealer is exactly what you need. This simple medical aid quickly and easily affixes to the face with a hammer, hiding gross seepages, ulcerations and other ghastly disorders of the eye. Price: $1.
TRIM THOSE TOUGH TUFTS TODAY!
For too long the barbers have enjoyed a great and terrible tyranny, promoting such myths so as to convince man not to trust his hair to anyone less. The truth, dear reader, is that you are just as qualified to cut your hair as any barber. And you, above all others, are most certain to charge yourself a fair and honest sum. With the American Hair Thrasher, you can readily remove excess hair, instantly transforming yourself into the distinguished lady or gentleman that you are. Price: $5.
Scamper In Shadow No Longer, Ye Apparitions!
The device once activated.
Many a doctor would testify to the fact that the human eyeball, glorious though it may be, perceives only a small fraction of the Lord's Creation. In the realms beyond sight, who is to know what strange and terrible forces are at work? We may never know the full extent of what is transpiring beyond the optical veil, but for now we can at least catch a small glimpse with the Mayfield Invisible Beast Detection Apparatus. Simply turn this device on and point it in any direction. If there are invisible beasts, their clandestine activities will be revealed to you. The value of such peace of mind cannot be accurately measured, thus we have attached an arbitrary price that we hope to be within grasp of even the most modest budgets. Price: $63.27.
www.somethingawful.com

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.7 Why They Rage

Thursday, Mar 08, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

ANNOUNCER: They're mad as hell.

WORLD OF WARCRAFT PLAYER: Druids are useless now! All Blizzard does is lie and screw their customers. I'm so going to cancel my subscription for this B.S.

ANNOUNCER: And they're just going to keep on taking it.

ANONYMOUS BLIZZARD EMPLOYEE: They're losers. They are going to keep playing because they have nothing else going on in life.

ANNOUNCER: Tonight on Frontline, correspondent Hassan Mikal explores Internet nerd rage, discovering how PC game players react to bad news...

WORLD OF WARCRAFT PLAYER, while kicking a small dog in the ribs: Ugh!

ANNOUNCER: ...and asks the question, why do they rage?

Prof. BRIAN SLYTHERIN, Harvard University: Quite simply, they're faggots.

NARRATOR: In a suburban community of Southern California, Jonathan Malfoy is waking up bright and early at 1:30 in the afternoon to start his day. He is a 23 year old living with his parents and perusing a computer repair vocational certificate at the local community college, where he is on academic probation for absenteeism.

JONATHAN MALFOY, sitting at the computer and cracking his knuckles: It's go time. Mom! Is there any lunch yet?!

NARRATOR: Today isn't test day however, the long-anticipated 2.0.10 patch, a kind of update or "band-aid" for a video game, is being uploaded to his computer. But Jonathan's destination isn't the virtual reality world of Azeroth to check out the changes, but the World of War Craft community forums.

JONATHAN MALFOY, typing and talking aloud: God, everyone who works at Blizzard are a bunch of failures. More like World of War Crap.

NARRATOR: World of War Craft is a highly popular computer game with over 40 billion users logged on during peak hours. It's similar to the Dungeons and Dragons games of yesterday, except War Craft can be played simultaneously with millions of other players around the world. They are called "massively multiplayer online role playing games", and they are sweeping America's Internet-minded population by storm.

MOTHER: Johnnie-boy, I made a sandwich for you!

JONATHAN MALFOY: Bring it up here already! *expletive deleted*

NARRATOR: What sets War Craft apart from other video games are the official discussion zones, also known as "forums", where players can discuss the events of Azeroth and interact with the game's developers. Jonathan, who goes by the name Melian on the forums, finds the discussion on how the patch affects his character class, known as The Druid.

JONATHAN MALFOY, typing angrily: Incompetant fools!

NARRATOR: He immediately registers his disgust about the new patch.

6. Re: Live Patch Notes for 2.0.10-3/06/07 | 03/06/2007 10:00:32
Quote
70
Melian
ngeance of
zeroth >
Azgalor
Please allow me to express my detestation at the way this patch has been handled.
You come in, copy and paste the patch notes, link us a post from four months ago, and end of discussion.
Not a *single* concern of the druid community (such as the vast number of mobs immune to lacerate) have been even off-handedly addressed by any blue, as far as I know.
We see the patch go through in full, despite hearing no justification for it other than 'You were doign an unexpected amount of damage, and having unexpectedly high mitigation.' That's a bullsh!t reason, and none of us buy it. You tested for how long? You *knew* the damage we would be doing. You *knew* the mitigation we would have. You put the horribly overpowered quest rewards in the game, ffs!
I have canceled my account, and I do not see myself reactivating it. It's not just the nerf itself, it's the completely dictatorial way that it happened - without communication, without addressing any of our concerns, without, in essence, anything more than a slap in the face. Your entire customer service and development team currently isn't worth a shiny penny of mine, and sure as hell not $15.
Edit: How do I report a blue for trolling?
[Post edited by Melian]
My account has been canceled.
http://www.grapheine.com/bombaytv/play_uk.php?id=1768936
"Better luck next MMO, guys. <3 druids" - Windshear of Jaedenar

NARRATOR: The game of World of War Craft is only half the story. The game is so popular that players sometimes have to wait up to 2 hours to enter what are known as "player vs. player battlegrounds", ironic considering the often boasted limitless vastness of the web. While Jonathan waits his turn he engages in a spirited discussion about his experiences with the game on a second computer designed for just such a purpose.

JOHNATHAN MALFOY, biting into his sandwich: I've had it up to here with Blizzard's mishandling of my class!

NARRATOR: Jonathan, or Melian as he is better known, is exhibiting a behavior known as nerd rage.

DAVID MILLER, Director of Internet Aggression Research, Univ. of California, Irvine:

Nerd rage is the intense overreaction to things that upset you over the Internet, usually related to video games and computers that, at the end of day really don't matter.

NARRATOR: David Miller is the leading researcher of net aggression in the country. He's been studying nerd rage at the University of California in Irvine for over 15 years.

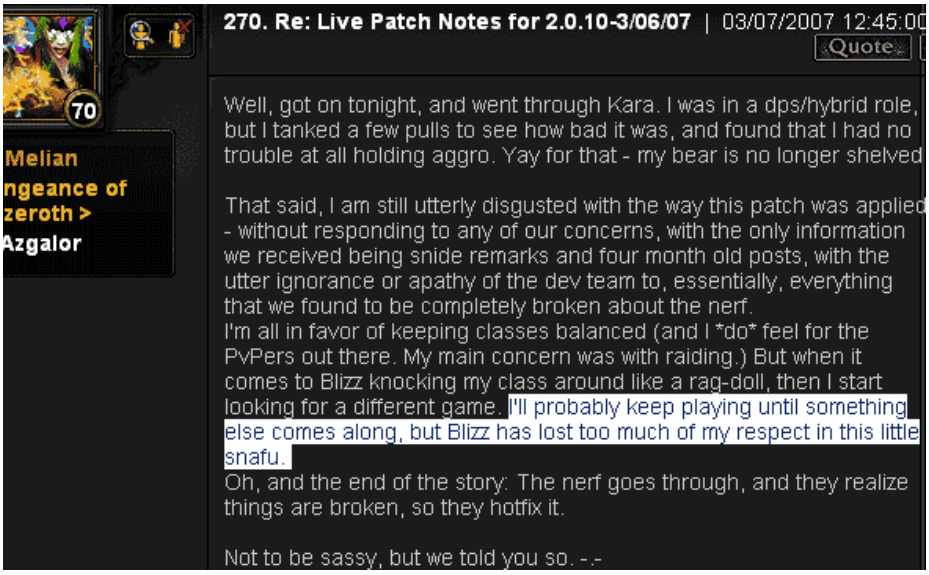
DAVID MILLER, Director of Internet Aggression Research, Univ. of California, Irvine: It isn't just enough to be angry. You have to exhibit an elitist attitude towards anyone you perceive has wronged you. Everybody is horrible at their job except for you. You know how everything should run, and if they just would listen to you, everything would be perfect. That's what goes through these guy's brains.

NARRATOR: At one point Jonathan becomes so angry that he threatens to cancel his World of War Craft subscription, valued at around 15 dollars per month.

JOHNATHAN MALFOY: There are other companies that deserve my hard-earned dollars more than Blizzard ever did. Has Sony fixed Everquest 2 yet? Heh, I doubt it considering how incompetent S.O.E. is. But after this insulting patch I'm taking my money elsewhere.

DAVID MILLER, Director of Internet Aggression Research, Univ. of California, Irvine: They always threaten to cancel. Every single time. It's an extension of their massive egos. They believe their presence is so important to this virtual world that leaving would somehow be detrimental to the game.

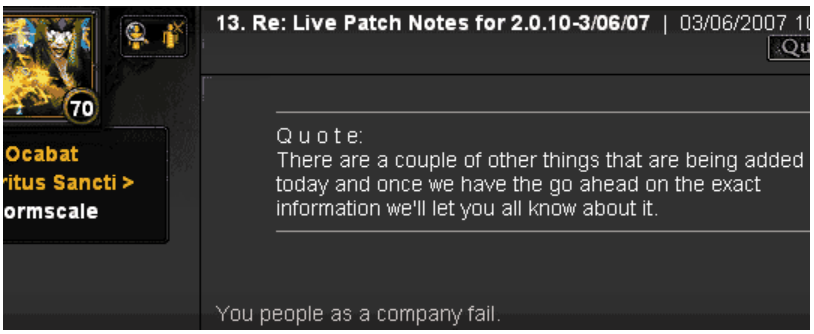
NARRATOR: But Jonathan never cancelled his subscription. Hours later he was still playing, and posting on the forums.


70
Melian
ngeance of
zeroth >
Azgalor
270. Re: Live Patch Notes for 2.0.10-3/06/07 | 03/07/2007 12:45:00
Quote
Well, got on tonight, and went through Kara. I was in a dps/hybrid role, but I tanked a few pulls to see how bad it was, and found that I had no trouble at all holding aggro. Yay for that - my bear is no longer shelved
That said, I am still utterly disgusted with the way this patch was applied - without responding to any of our concerns, with the only information we received being snide remarks and four month old posts, with the utter ignorance or apathy of the dev team to, essentially, everything that we found to be completely broken about the nerf.
I'm all in favor of keeping classes balanced (and I *do* feel for the PvPers out there. My main concern was with raiding.) But when it comes to Blizz knocking my class around like a rag-doll, then I start looking for a different game. I'll probably keep playing until something else comes along, but Blizz has lost too much of my respect in this little snafu.
Oh, and the end of the story: The nerf goes through, and they realize things are broken, so they hotfix it.
Not to be sassy, but we told you so. -.-

DAVID MILLER, Director of Internet Aggression Research, Univ. of California, Irvine: They never ever cancel. They get this idea into their head that by threatening to cancel a representative from the company is going to rush over to their house and beg them to stay. It's ridiculous behavior.

NARRATOR: Though Melian experienced a typical change of heart, others continued to verbally

abuse Blizzard Entertainment staff during the patch discussion.


13. Re: Live Patch Notes for 2.0.10-3/06/07 | 03/06/2007 1
70
Ocabat
itus Sancti >
ormscale
Quote:
There are a couple of other things that are being added today and once we have the go ahead on the exact information we'll let you all know about it.
You people as a company fail.

NARRATOR: We showed transcripts of the druid discussion to the leading psychologist at Indiana University, Michelle Willbanks.

MICHELLE WILLBANKS, psychologist, Indiana University: Melian and others like him believe, and wrongly so, that the designers of this video game deliberately set out to ruin his experience, and he acts according to those beliefs. The kicker is, when he finally did play the game, his experience was not ruined, and he continues to play.

NARRATOR: According to a study conducted in 2006 by Willbank's research team, 98 percent of players who publicly threaten to cancel do not. The remaining 2 percent return within 3 months. An astonishing 97 percent of players that do cancel their War Craft membership, have never posted on the official forums.

ANONYMOUS BLIZZARD EMPLOYEE, voice disguised: And why would they cancel? *laughs* These losers have nowhere else to go.

NARRATOR: A Blizzard game designer agreed to talk to us about nerd rage under the condition of anonymity.

REPORTER: What is your reaction to such hateful messages that are posted on the official Blizzard forum?

ANONYMOUS BLIZZARD EMPLOYEE: I laugh. These guys think that there is some vendetta against them, that every decision we make is meant to piss them off. And you know what, they're right. Everybody at Blizzard is laughing at these guys. From the programmers to the GMs, right up to the CEO of the company. I've had the opportunity of talking to some top people in management, and they have no respect for anyone who plays this game.

REPORTER: What do they think of the players?

ANONYMOUS BLIZZARD EMPLOYEE: All they see them as is an incredible revenue stream, my man. Blizzard is going to suck them dry until their parents kick them out of the house and they become homeless. Then a whole new generation of losers is going to step up to the plate to throw their money, and lives, away. It's a perfect business model.

REPORTER: Why maintain such extensive forums if you don't care about the players or what they have to say?

ANONYMOUS BLIZZARD EMPLOYEE: I'm not sure. Those forums are a wasteland. We throw every single suggestion players make into the garbage.

NARRATOR: When asked for comment representatives at Blizzard Entertainment declined to speak with us on camera but said, "This employee does not speak on behalf of Blizzard Entertainment." We wanted to know more. Why maintain forums if anything your user base is going to say is going to be ignored?

Prof. BRIAN SLYTHERIN, Harvard University: Most companies are seen as big faceless corporations who could not care less about customer input. Then there was this trend. A bunch of young executives got together and said, why don't we find out what our customers have to say?

NARRATOR: Brian Sylytherin is the professor of Internet forum studies at Harvard University, a graduate program for students who would like to make a career out of administrating web forums.

Prof. BRIAN SLYTHERIN, Harvard University: After that you couldn't throw a rock without hitting a company with a ridiculously extensive "contact us" section on their web site. The mantra from that point on was, "Your opinion is important to us!" Today it's just a farce.

REPORTER: A farce? You mean these companies' don't actually care what the consumer has to say?

Prof. BRIAN SLYTHERIN, Harvard University: At first they did. They truly did. But very shortly after this whole thing started they realized one thing, customers are morons.

RERPORTER: Morons?

Prof. BRIAN SLYTHERIN, Harvard University: They were paying large amounts of money for research teams that discovered one and only one thing, their products suck. No matter what, their products were inferior and they were better at some previous point in time. Eventually they realized that customer outreach programs weren't going to result in better products or increased profits so they dumped the programs altogether. Now customer feedback divisions have only one employee, a shredder.

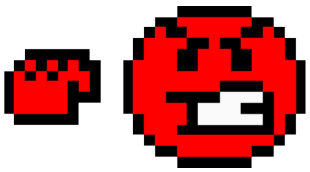
NARRATOR: And Blizzard's extensive network of discussion forums and feedback addresses are a part of that farce. We decided to ask Jonathan why he continues to support a company that makes him so angry and couldn't possibly care what he thinks.

REPORTER: If the game makes you angry, and Blizzard has no idea what they are doing, why don't you make good on your promises to cancel and just stop playing the game?

JOHNATHAN MALFOY: Heh, you think I'm going to talk to Frontline? You guys haven't aired any interesting episodes since the early 90s.

REPORTER: Wait just a minute here. I asked you abou-

JOHNATHAN MALFOY: Yeah, some serious journalism you've got going there. How do you feel that more people watch "To Catch A Predator" in one night than people have watched Frontline in 24 years? Truth hurts, doesn't it, you incompetent nobody.



REPORTER: You son of a bitch!

NARRATOR: At that point the interviewer lunged for Malfoy's throat but Malfoy let out a massive fart, sending our reporter reeling back, hitting his head on the coffee table in the process. The paramedics performed CPR, but pronounced him dead at the scene.

Our story doesn't end here. Nerds will continue to rage as they have in the past since the beginning of the Internet. They will rage because that's all they have. They will rage because of that eternal hope that someday, somebody, will listen.

ANNOUNCER: This report continues on Frontline's web site, where you can watch the full program again online, access extended interviews with our experts, learn the brain chemistry behind nerd rage, and take a test to find out what kind of nerd rage you are. Then join the discussion at PBS.com.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

3.8 A Conversation in the Hall at Hubricon Amalgamated

Friday, Mar 09, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We may not be the most fit unit at Hubricon.

"What's in there?" Gary Blunt nodded his head in the direction of the double blast door.

"Oh, I'm not sure," I replied. "You know, they don't really tell us much of anything around here."

Blunt shifted his weight from one leg to the other almost imperceptibly. The hallway was quiet and well-lit. There was no through-traffic. I hate through-traffic.

"Did you see the big game?" I asked.

"Nope, missed it, but I TiVoed it so don't tell me who won. I've been avoiding talking to people all day."

I chuckled and adjusted the balance of the assault rifle I was holding to my shoulder.'

"It was a good game," I began and caught a glare from Blunt in my peripheral vision. "I'll leave it at that."

"Thank Christ," he muttered and the conversation lapsed into silence.

After several minutes I was going to ask Blunt if he'd seen the redhead that had just started working the main entrance. I opened my mouth to speak and was cut off by a deep basso rumble that came from behind the double blast door. It was a sinister growl, as powerful as an engine but seemingly organic in nature.

"What the hell was that?" Blunt wondered aloud.

"No frigging idea," I glanced at the door just to make sure it was still there.

"Man, I hate this place."

"Good benefits," I reminded him.

"Just once I want to know what the hell we're guarding."

"There's a security terminal over there," I pointed down the hall to an alcove containing a computer terminal.

"Are you kidding?" He snorted. "My clearance isn't good enough to get me tomorrow's cafeteria menu."

"Try E-N-S-T-E-I-N as the login, I know that's Doctor Enstein's username."

Blunt raised an eyebrow.

"What? He CC-ed me on some stupid joke forward. Something about 101 golf jokes."

"What about a password?"

"Try 'missy', all lowercase."

Blunt shrugged and walked over to the terminal. He was a hunt and pecker on the keyboard. Frigging annoying.

"Missy?" He called back to me. "Wife's name?"

"Mistress, appropriately enough. I overheard him telling one of the other docs about how she'd given him the only good hand job he'd ever had."

"That guy is like 100 years old."

"Yeah," I grimaced, "I'm guessing giving him a hand job would be like jacking off a raisin."

"You would think about that, homo."

The blast doors seemed sturdy.

Blunt laughed and finished punching the keys. His efforts were rewarded with a pleased beep from the computer.

"I'm in," he announced.

He worked silently for several minutes.

"Uh," he said hesitantly, "the ah...hang on, you're not going to believe this."

"What?"

"Let me print it."

Blunt fussed with the shitty dot matrix printer and then watched as it began to rattle out pages of information. When it was finished he tore three sheets off the roll and returned to his post. He handed me the sheets of paper. I skimmed them quickly and then had to start over at the beginning because I couldn't believe what I was reading.

"A cloned dinosaur!?" I looked at Blunt in disbelief.

"A raptor," he said. "Keep reading. It gets better."

I read to the bottom of the first page.

"A dead cloned dinosaur?" My brow furrowed. "Injections of NS42. Necropin. What the hell is all this crap?"

"It's a zombie dinosaur. They brought it back to life."

I turned to the second page and was greeted with a grainy image of the undead dinosaur. Its lifeless eyes stared back at me. It seemed to be holding a human spinal column in its mouth.

"On the third page," Blunt continued, "they talk about injecting it with the 'super soldier serum' and there's a graph for its growth."

I flipped to the third page.

"It's says It's almost fifty feet tall. How is any of this poss-"

Another deep groan emerged from beyond the double blast door. The sound was so loud that I covered my ears and felt a painful vibration in my internal organs.

"I think I'm beginning to understand all of those protestors at the main gate every morning," Blunt remarked as the last echoes of the bestial groan died away.

"Yeah," I smirked with gallows humor. "I'm pretty sure the company we work for is evil."

"Eh," he was, incredibly, unconvinced of the idea. "Companies do all kinds of gray area stuff. Maybe they're doing this to try to cure those babies with their hearts on the outside of their bodies. The

ends justify the means."

"Oh, so you're saying that cloning a dinosaur from a fossil, killing it, bringing it back to life and then injecting it with a super soldier serum is justified if they can put the heart back inside one baby?"

I fear this company may have an unpleasant agenda.

"That was just a hypothetical. You know, maybe it can cure cancer or AIDS or something."

"For all we know it *causes* cancer or AIDS or something."

"Now what's the sense in that?" Blunt shook his head. "That would be ludicrous."

The conversation lapsed again. Instinctively we fell back into our guard positions at the door and contemplated this new revelation in silence.

After a few minutes the creature groaned again, more insistent this time. There was a loud scraping at the double blast door.

"Wouldn't it be poetic justice if that thing busted out of there and killed all of them?" My question was rhetorical.

"It would teach them a lesson," Blunt agreed. "Not to mess around with nature and all that."

"I still say the company is evil."

Blunt shook his head.

"You say that," he scolded, "but what about Agnes in the cafeteria? What about Big Bill in HR? What about that hot redhead who just started at the main entrance? What about *us*? Are *we* evil?"

"I guess you're right," I said and fell silent.

The weight of my assault rifle began to feel like a great burden. I was beginning to sweat and my mood was not being helped by the constant screeching of giant raptor claws on the thick metal of the double blast door. I glanced over at Blunt and he seemed equally uneasy.

Looking at him, I suddenly came to an unhappy conclusion.

"Hey, uh, Blunt?"

"What's up?"

"Did you ever notice we carry around these weird futuristic assault rifles with grenade launchers? Who even makes these things?"

"Never really noticed," he admitted, "I guess I just figured they were made by some other division of the company."

"I mean, we're guards in a science building and our guns have frigging grenade launchers on them. That doesn't strike you as odd?"

"Now that you mention it, I guess it is strange."

"And you you never noticed that we wear all black uniforms and jackboots?"

"I guess not," he said and looked down at his arms and legs. "It's just a low-maintenance color, I guess."

"Maybe," I gave him that much despite my experiences removing my dog's hair from my uniform, "but have you noticed the patches on our arms?"

Blunt held out his left arm so that he could see the patch.

"The spiral thingamajig? That's just the Hubricon logo. I've seen that sort of crap everywhere."

"Fine," I said, "now look at your other arm."

Blunt again held up an arm to inspect the patch.

"Huh," he grunted with realization.

"Yeah," I pointed to his patch, "it's a crimson skull on top of a biohazard symbol. I remember noticing it when I first joined but I just thought it looked like a cool tattoo or something. Now it all makes sense."

"Holy crap," he looked at me with wide eyes. "That means..."

"Yes, we *are* evil."

"This sucks," assessed Blunt.

As if to emphasize our unfortunate position, the double blast door dented outward with a loud clang of metal. The shape suspiciously resembled the head of a 50 foot tall raptor. The thing beyond the door shrieked as loud as any jet engine.

"Wait a minute," Blunt was pale and stricken, "if that thing is a monster made by evil scientists, that makes us...henchmen."

"We're not even that high on the food chain. Those are the guys who proactively do things. We're just evil guards. So when that thing busts down the door in its kill frenzy to demonstrate the folly of its own creation, we're going to shoot our guns a couple times and then it's going to bite us in half."

"Oh, man," Blunt shook his head, "I've got a wife and kids, man. I've got fish. I've got eight payments on my frigging Camry. I can't get bitten in half."

The raptor began an incessant hammering against the blast door. The metal began to shriek and

deform under its inhuman assault.

"Crap!" Blunt shouted. "What do we do now?"

We both turned to face the door, readying our assault rifles.

"Do they give you dental?" I asked.

"What?!" Blunt was on the verge of hyperventilating.

"Dental coverage, do they give it to you?"

"Yeah," he replied, "they give me dental coverage, but it's got a 50 dollar copay so it's not really all that hot."

Blunt looked at me, his eyes wide with fear. The hammering increased. The hinges of the door began to buckle.

"Right," I shouldered my gun and retreated across the hall. "Let's get the hell out of here."

I pulled the fire alarm and ran without looking back. I had just rounded the corner in the direction of the dolphin baby radiation testing chamber when I heard the monstrous howl of the raptor as it burst through the door. I looked back and Blunt wasn't there. I heard a chatter of gunfire cut short by an agonized scream.

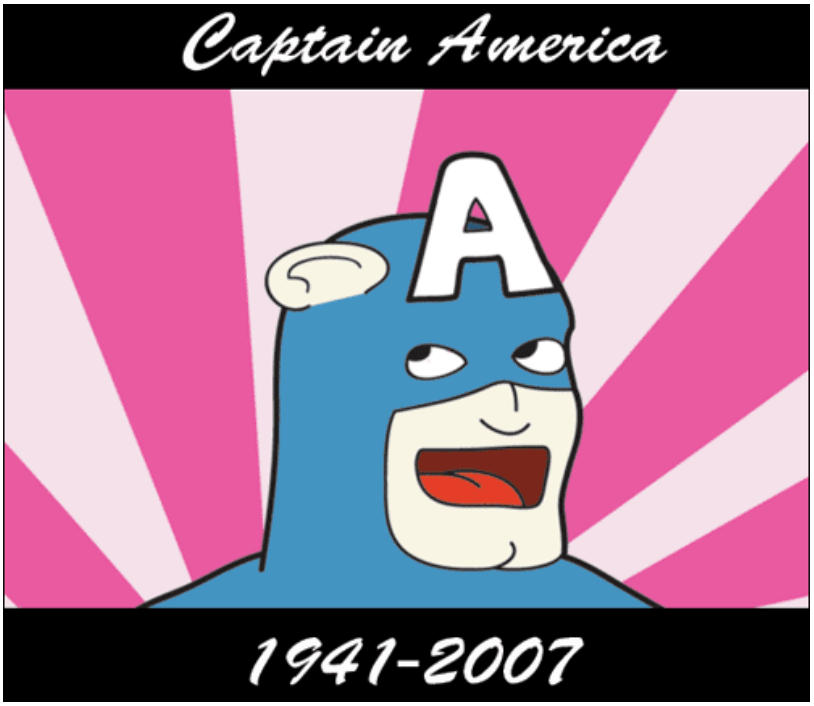
"You poor bastard," I muttered. "You poor, evil, bastard."

Then I ran for my life.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Cappin' Captain America

Saturday, Mar 10, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Captain America is dead. Gunned down on the steps of a courthouse as he was about to testify against the kingpin of The Gang That Guns People Down On Courthouse Steps in the latest issue of his comic, our most patriotic of superheroes has departed this world for the big America in the sky. Marvel hinted that a new person may step in to take his place in the future, but the original man behind the mask, Steve Rogers, is gone for good.

In memory of the Captain America we all grew up with, let us reflect upon some of his finest comic book appearances and hope that there are bad guys in heaven just waiting to be pummeled with a shield.

"Captain America Vs. The Nasis"
Captain America vol. 1 #23

Having punched every Nazi in Germany square in the face at least once, Captain America returns to the U.S. and looks up "Nazi" in his phone book. This leads to Cap mistakenly squaring off against an innocent middle class family with the unfortunate last name of "Nasi".

Key Moment

Mitch Nasi: You're going to punch my dog too? It's bad enough that you assaulted my wife and children!
Captain America: Sorry, Fritz! I guess now the only trick your mutt will know is *(uppercuts)* PLAY DEAD!
Mitch Nasi: That was my daughter again!

"Attack Of The Impossibly Large Spider-Man"
Captain America vol. 1 #137

When one of Spider-Man's scientific experiments goes horribly wrong, he becomes 74 feet tall! And evil! Will the combined forces of Captain America and the Falcon be enough to stop the gigantic webbed wonder? How does the mysterious appearance of 74 foot tall photographer Peter Parker tie into everything?

Key Moment

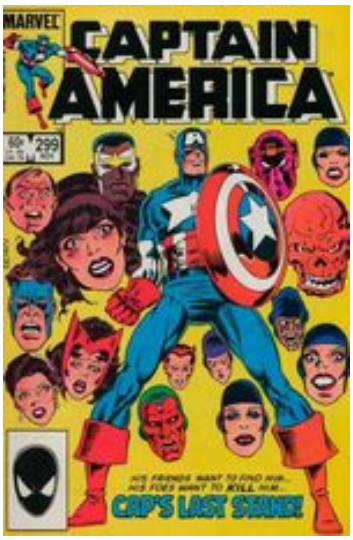
Captain America: Sweet liberty, Spider-Man, you're huge!
Spider-Man: Mmmph mrrlph! *(eating The Falcon)*
Captain America: I don't understand a word of what you're saying. Just wait until you've swallowed.
Spider-Man: Glrrg mmsh? *(opens his mouth wide to display the half-chewed mush that was once The Falcon)*
Captain America: Yuck! Why you... I just ate! I JUST ATE!

"Behind Bars"
Captain America vol. 1 #260

During a field trip to Alcatraz with the Avengers, Captain America steps inside an old prison cell to pose for a picture - and gets left behind for the weekend!

Key Moment

Captain America: Man, I *hate* prison. Boooring!

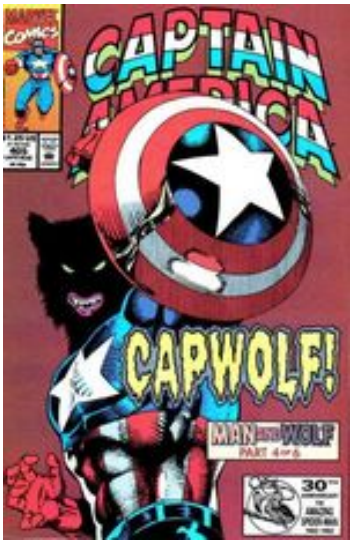


"Captain America Defends His Horrible Choice Of Wallpaper"
Captain America vol. 1 #299

When Captain America decorates his room with yellow wallpaper spotted with crude caricatures of disembodied heads, the Avengers respond with revulsion. Who will win this battle of the wills?

Key Moment

Iron Man: I'm just saying, have some consideration for the people you live with.
Captain America: This is my room! You guys got on my case when I had the fire sprinkler installed and now you're bugging me about this. Get off my case already!
Hawkeye: That was just a lawn sprinkler! And you left it on nonstop for a week!
Captain America: And as I recall, the house didn't burn down that week. Not even once.



"The Underwhelming Halloween Costume"
Captain America vol. 1 #405

Captain America shows up to a Halloween party dressed in a werewolf mask, hoping to impress the object of his affections with his originality. Instead, he is met with a cold shoulder of doom. Can our hero survive the night of a thousand frights?

Key Moment

Captain America: Yes, I'm telling you that it is a great costume. Do you know what a werewolf is? Maybe you just aren't familiar with the lore. A werewolf is-
Stacey: I know what a werewolf is. Do you know what an asshole is?
Captain America: I have never heard that word in my life.

"Captain America Vs. The Museum Of Natural History"
Captain America vol. 1 #416

Twenty four pages of pure action as Captain America gives the Museum Of Natural History the beating of a lifetime! You've never read an issue as pulse-pounding as this!

Key Moment

Captain America: I... *(kicks a T-Rex display over)* HATE... *(throws his shield through the bones of a giant sloth)* HISTORY! *(brings both fists down on the head of a blue whale model)*

"Shield Of Destiny"
Captain America vol. 3 #9

Captain America's new talking shield is way better than his old non-talking one, but something doesn't seem quite right. Can he really trust this shield with his life or is it already too late?

Key Moment

Shieldy: You should just wear sweatpants and a baggy Looney Tunes shirt like, all the time.
Captain America: I dunno, really? You think I should?
Shieldy: Yeah. Yeah, I do. Hey, have you ever thought about quitting this superhero thing and becoming a telemarketer? It's waaay less risky.

"Changing Teams"
Marvel Versus DC #3

As the DC and Marvel universes square off in a desperate battle for survival, Captain America is traded to the Chicago Bulls for a third round draft pick. Feeling worthless and betrayed by the Marvel universe, will Cap give in to his despair and refuse to play or will he give the team his all?

Key Moment

Coach: Drive the lane! You can do it, Cap!
Captain America: I *can* do it, can't I? I won't let you down! *(he stands still for three panels)*
Coach: What are you waiting for?
Captain America: Which thing is the ball?

"Attacked By The Ant-Man"
Avengers vol. 1 #161

When Captain America leaves his dirty dishes laying around the Avengers complex, unexpected guests arrive: hundreds of thousands of ants! Will the rest of the team finally confront him about his slovenly ways? Do the Avengers have enough beds to accommodate their guests?

Key Moment

Captain America: What's with the ants?
Hawkeye: What do you think happens when you leave food laying around?
Captain America: Wait, I think I know this one. Evaporation?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.10 Selected Readings From "My Boring Ass Life"

Sunday, Mar 11, 2007 by Kevin Smith

Good News!
Monday 5 February 2007 @ 4:14 pm

That's right! We finally secured funding for the sixth film in the Jersey Trilogy, tentatively titled "Derogatory Term For Slacker Twentysomethings: Funny Word After Colon." We're currently tinkering with the tag line - I suggested "Just because they do something doesn't mean they have to do something," but corporate's pushing for "Punchy, two-sentence sarcastic comment. Balls." After fighting all this time for just for permission to do the project I'm inclined to let them win the battle, but we'll see what the future brings.

Of course, when you're dealing with the suits there's bound to be some bad news. I'm sad to announce that, at this point, only 85 or so of the actors from my previous movies have signed on to be a part of "Derogatory Term". I really hope that number rises - coaching newcomers to talk for five minutes straight without breathing can be a chore - and nobody's saying that's not going to happen. I just know it takes a true friend to rail my supermodel wife on camera. If it weren't for them, well, I don't know what I'd do. Sometimes I honestly feel like Darth Vader walking through Mordor while Magneto's trying to give him a handjob. I'm lucky in that my friends are constantly around to show me love and support, even when times are tight and I can only afford to buy them one new car a month.

I'm getting too mushy here so I'll sign off. I just wanted to share the good news with my true fans, you readers. Until next time...

Drunk, Introspective, And In Love
Wednesday 7 February 2007 @ 3:25 am

Got off the phone with Jen. It's so good to hear her voice in the midst of all this hard work. She's in Aruba, undergoing extensive training with her tennis coach. She says it'll make her better in bed, and if there's one thing you readers know it's that I love having sex with my wife (Jen) (the woman I have sex with) (I've had sex with a woman). She's supposed to be gone a few weeks, so I set her up with a platinum card and a private jet and told her to have fun. I love the way her eyes light up when I give her things like that solid gold plaque of my face, even if she does get confused and hang it up backwards over and over.

You've got to sit and wonder about who you are and the people that shaped you sometimes. I'm about three Zimas into the evening, and I'm drunker than I've been in months. Who is this person they call "Kevin Smith"? A director? Sure, I've madethe same movie seven timesseven different movies, and they were almost all hits. An actor? Yeah, I've been in all my own movies and a handful of others, and my style *has* been described as "like on the Gilmore Girls, but without inflection".

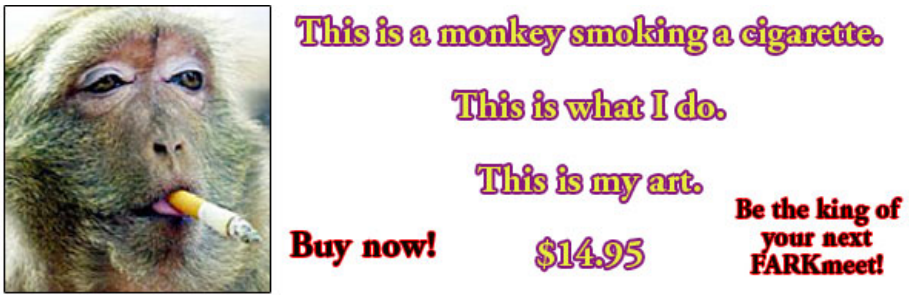
But neither of these things matter. I am a lover. I am a husband. Assuming Jen gets over this horrible disease that makes her vomit when she sees my genitals unless I give her $10,000 first, I'd like to be a father twice over.

None of these things would be possible without Jen. I love and respect her with all my heart. If I didn't, all the blogs about three-ways I've had with her and another woman would be impossible to write. Without our love, a tender, caring thing, there would be no nude pictures of her making out with a guy dressed like Superman. She is a goddess, and every time she leaves my loving arms - even if it's for a few hours to show the pool boy how the pump system in the shed works - I miss her truly.

There are going to be mistakes. Marriage is a trial and error system. It's a hard thing to take when you give your wife a handful of sugar cubes and spend the rest of the night trying to fit a diamond ring around a horse's hoof. I now triple-check my emails to her to make sure she can't misconstrue "pick up some eggs on the way home" as "fellate my best friend on the bed we share." So what if the bathroom was dark and I mistook her for the thing from Room 217 in "The Shining"? She is a woman and I have sex with her. I have sex with my wife, Jen, and I would pay any price for it. Even $10,000, which is what I frequently pay.

Love, ain't it crazy? I'm cracking open my fourth Zima now. It's going to be a wild night. Maybe I'll cruise town later, try to find the ditch Jason's sleeping in as part of his rehab therapy. He tells me they go so far as to make him shoot fake heroin and pass out in public, and I'm glad to pay for his continuing recovery. I am a husband, a lover, and a father, yes, but I am also a friend. Goodnight, gentle readers. May love be as kind to you as it has been to me.

Woe Is Me
Wednesday 21 February 2007 @ 6:09 pm



Big fight in the office today. A blind intern felt my wife's face and mistook her for a gnarled tree trunk. This is the second time something like this has happened this month - earlier a blind guy felt her face and asked who hit Cheryl Hines in the face with a waffle iron - and she was understandably miffed. He walked out with a pink slip and a black eye, and for a few hours there we thought we were going to have to take Jen in for reconstructive surgery. Then we realized she just didn't have any makeup on.

Things are growing tense between the suits and me, too. From the beginning I told them I was making this movie so I'd have something to reference in the next one, but they don't seem to understand what I'm doing. It's always been like that. For instance, in this movie, Dante and Randall are going to argue about which argument of theirs was better: the one about Star Wars or the one about Lord of the Rings. Then, maybe three or four movies down the road, they'll argue about which argument *about which argument* was better. After that we'll throw in some dance numbers set to nineties grunge rock and call it a day. You readers might think it would be odd if I could make movies where the entire point of reference came from my other movies, but keep this in mind: If I make one movie a week, that's one more thing a week you can buy with my autograph on it.

I never let the tension get me down too much, though, because regardless of what happens filming starts in just a few weeks. Brian said there was *no way* he'd do another sex scene with my wife for under two million out of respect, and I'm glad to say we did secure funding for that. Jen's getting ready for the role like a champ - I was doing laundry the other day and noticed she wrote "Brian" on all her panties - so I can't help but end the day on a positive note.

So, from one Jersey Boy to another, have a good night. I've got a hot date with a quart of Chunky Monkey and my Degrassi DVD collection - with any luck you guys, too, will be watching an episode of a television show you wrote where you specifically asked to kiss a high school girl. Ah, to be a king.

Hey, you!
Is that a an excercise bike or a can of Slim-Fast behind the camera?
Answer correctly and win an XBox 360 signed by Kevin Smith!

Angry Beyond Belief...
Saturday 03 March 2007 @ 8:52 pm

As some of you may have read, I've been struggling with my diet recently. Well, in my updates I referred to diet as a "fucktard". Well, today all hell broke loose. I was searching my name over at the IMDB discussion boards when this gem came up, posted by "BuffySlayer69":

> "Hrm... methinks Mr. Smith needs to aim his angry words towards something that can hear him. The makers of Chips Ahoy, perhaps...?"

Well you know what, BuffySlayer69? Fuck you. No, really. I'm above you message board trolls and your petty fucking insults. Did you post your picture anywhere on the IMDB discussion boards? No, you didn't. How do I know that? I searched your entire goddamn post history. Talk all the shit you want behind your Internet curtain, troll 2.0, because I have better things to do than get my feelings hurt over some nancy-ass lardboy firing off insults from the depths of his mother's basement.

You *wretch*. You fucking *scoundrel*. How dare you, BuffySlayer69? We have so much in common! Your post history on the IMDB discussion boards indicates your favorite episode of Naruto is Curse of the Dragon God; mine is Return of the Dragon God. I think we can agree those are very similar episodes in both tone and pacing. *I create things for people like you*, BuffySlayer69. Your name - *your very online identity* - comes from the same show I fucking *worship*.

I just don't understand people sometimes. You give and you give and you give, and they just keep taking. I have weapons in my insult arsenal you couldn't even *fathom*, you second-rate "burn master". I wrote an *entire goddamn movie* for the sole purpose of putting people like you in their place, and it worked. I slammed you people to the ground, but like the cockroaches you are you keep crawling out of the muck, wanting more.

Well you know what, BuffySlayer69? My pen, and my silver tongue, are always ready for people like you. The minute - the exact fucking *second* - I am done filming this movie, *you're next*. I will hole myself up in my office for a *month* and aim a burn missile right at your lumpy head. I'll make millions of dollars doing nothing more than telling the truth. What is that truth? That people like you can never cut it in the real world, BuffySlayer69. Cut me down all you want, because at the end of the day, when I'm going to bed with a model, your biggest accomplishment is leveling your Night Elf Paladin up to 60. Want to swing dicks off the bridge to see whose is longer? I'll tell you *how cold the water is*, motherfucker.

The nerve of some people. Good Christ. I'm taking off for the night. Hopefully when I get back people will have learned a thing or two about civility. I'm guessing that won't be the case. Goddamn idiot trolls.

This is an anime action figure of
KEVIN SMITH.
It costs 15 goddamn dollars and
HAS A CATCHPHRASE WRITTEN ON IT.
It's unfortunate we can't sell you some
SELF RESPECT.
PILLOW PANTS 4 LIFE

It's About Time!
Saturday 24 March 2007 @ 7:43 am

I am proud to announce that filming has finally started. What a trip! After all these hardships - financing, permits, that asshole cop at the park ticketing me because I didn't have Jen on a leash - it's finally time to shine. I couldn't be more excited.

I hope I don't get too mushy again, but I couldn't do any of this without you fans. I am simply a representative of all the Jersey Boys and Jersey Boys At Heart. I'm not going to deny it: I still get a chub when I see a 40-year-old single mom smoke her 25th cigarette of the day with the help of her her inch-long, bright red fingernails. Call it an Oedipus complex, but it won't be a red-hot poker that gouges my eyes out, if you catch my drift. I am Jersey born and bred, and I will continue to serve my people until the day I'm jailed for engaging in sexual intercourse with a minor on a bed of methamphetamines and stolen electronics. Even then I will continue to complain about the turnpike and the fact that New Yorkers think they are better than me. Blood runs thicker than water.

I feel great. *Alive.* My only binding is the waistline on my baggy denim shorts. Internet haters, critics, corporate shills trying to hold me down, to tell me how to do my job - they can all, in the words of the honorable Martin Luther King, suck it. When I roll on that set today and see the hundreds of people for whom life now has meaning, that's all the encouragement I need.

Even now, as I write this, Jen and Jason are packing for the trip to the filming site. They are understandably nervous and have been packing for the last two hours. Jason, with that sense of humor I've come to love, let me know what he was doing by saying "I am going to go shoot heroin, have sex with your wife, and spend every dime you've made under your false assumption of friendship." What a card! Jason can't have sex with anyone who doesn't have a baggie of white powder stuffed in a sock (it's part of his therapy), but it's funny to see him joke about his affliction. Sometimes humor is the only way out. I am glad I learned that lesson so long ago.

Again, thank you to everyone who has supported me through this rough stretch. It was an emotional rollercoaster, for sure, but unlike a certain *real* coaster at a certain park manned by a certain smug prick, the seats *certainly* weren't too small to contain me. Some of you say my movies set you free - let me tell you now, making them for you makes me even freer.

Au revoir, dear friends. These months will be lonesome without you, but I promise the result will be worth my torture. Stay safe, stay smart, and stay nerdy - your culture feeds my very soul.

-~Kevin Smith

3.11 Variety Film News

Monday, Mar 12, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Crix Ovate Frosh Stalin's Hancock on TriPic Pact with the Mountain

By Martin Goldenstein

MaidenMinimov Hitler Isaac Lanehas spit in his hand on a three picture deal with the Mountain kudos fesfuzz on his 7-minute acom "The Little Shoemaker's Adventure". The brief broke hymen at last year's Redfordand has been tophatting the festcirc ever since. Crix have Oya-oyaed the one-reelers as a freshfuse of Kermits and meats that distills and refines the acom into seven minutes of Cubanos.

A spitballer raged over the short, with King Jew beating out the Mountain to hook the littlest fish. His Hasidic Highness etched tablets to spool the acom puppeter on the windshield of QT's upcoming cinerdsploitation duo *Grindhouse*.

The Mountain didn't dust doilies and dropped bags to scrimshaw Lane's letters on a no-loss TriPic. Insiders Nostro that Lane will rein sled dogs on the next three Star Trek zappers, which will see a beefrolled cast and talking papers chewed by Dharma J. Previous Pharaoh Hansel Adams was given his walking papers in the fallout of a touch-touch dust up with MUGHA (no charges were filed).

Brad Pitt and Dermot Mulroney chuffed mayo on the bucket of raspberry beret, spraying ducats to glom glams in the OWL. Saratoga Spencer is set to Klezmer their cabooses in the foreshadowing dicksplitter rewiring of *Golden Girls.*

Smokey is acctraffing the Bandit in the re-refry of *Sound and Fury* due up in them guts some time next Fruguary. Battleship hairclip Meg Ryan incest with a baby, for real in the golden tower. Circa-2k also buttered cats with forced party inside larva Dakota Fanning. Her heprep said she is maxipad 2X over the plowing.

Hornblower season is almost upon us once a grain! Four major hornblower due to bust water on frown face anchors away starting in Papril. A dog in a sweater? According to Tom Cruise's robot just maybe clucks will shuttle burgers to China in the new gut-gripper *Hop a Ham.* Could SciTies be skittles over bad motor fingers? Yres, or so sklurts *Boogie Nates* Hgeathhhrr Grmha.

Mention Samuel L. Jackson appear FRONTBLASTER with tits all over a black man. Sure to set

contronnn controversign ablaze. Can you balee it? Balee it!

Flans of *ArrestMent* take hard in news from Viacom purchase proplop for optioneerying as twopic devdeal in morton picture. Cast return. Promise. All the hairy hijacks back in two straight two devild moofies like *Futchurima.* Not bat, eh? Preety goot.

Bawdrawd R Neld Squirtsinigger saw-saw moocow give nicens little boy baby tuckoo a big smoochy on the toochy.

Hrrrk. Perez Hilton crolt mit eins TMZ dolt calm repurt onna last movie tovie of Annie Tanny Fatty Fanny Cole Smith *Vegas Bug Hunt* with partial nudity for America. This the big one, Jessup!

Hnnnng. Babooo Babooo mama. Mama Salami Hayek implantistos gi baby baba. Baba kaboobies.

NOoooooo! Bah out!

WANT! WANT NOW!

Goo. Gooooooooooo. Gooo bah inside mama!

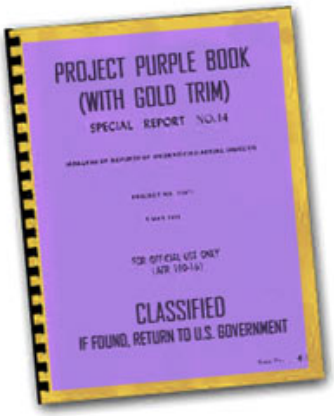
No!

Martin Goldenstein is a professor of Modern Media Studies at UCLA and he is currently on the board of directors of Liddle & Jacobi, the second largest media consulting firm in Los Angeles.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 Project Purple Book

Tuesday, Mar 13, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)



The famous Project Blue Book was a study conducted by the U.S. Air Force in order to determine the nature of so-called UFOs, and whether or not they were a threat to national security. Eventually it was determined that most, if not all UFO sightings had logical, non-alien explanations. While Blue Book was by far the most well-known of the government's "colored book projects", there were others. One of the most notable is Project Purple Book (with Gold Trim).

Purple Book began as an investigation into a mysterious figure known as the Spectral Hustler, so called because he appears seemingly out of nowhere to hustle those he considers to be busters. Spectral Hustler stories are a dime a dozen these days, and even someone you know may have had a Spectral Hustler encounter at one point in their life. In fact, if you've heard of the Hustler at all, you've probably heard the dishrag story. The story goes:

I was walking down to the store when the Spectral Hustler pulled up beside me and started knockin' for no reason. "Sucka, yo' shirt look like a dishrag and I seen them pants on yo' grandma when she workin' in the yard." I stepped back and tried to think of a retort but he snapped, "And where'd you get them shoes, a powerline?" I was like "Damn."

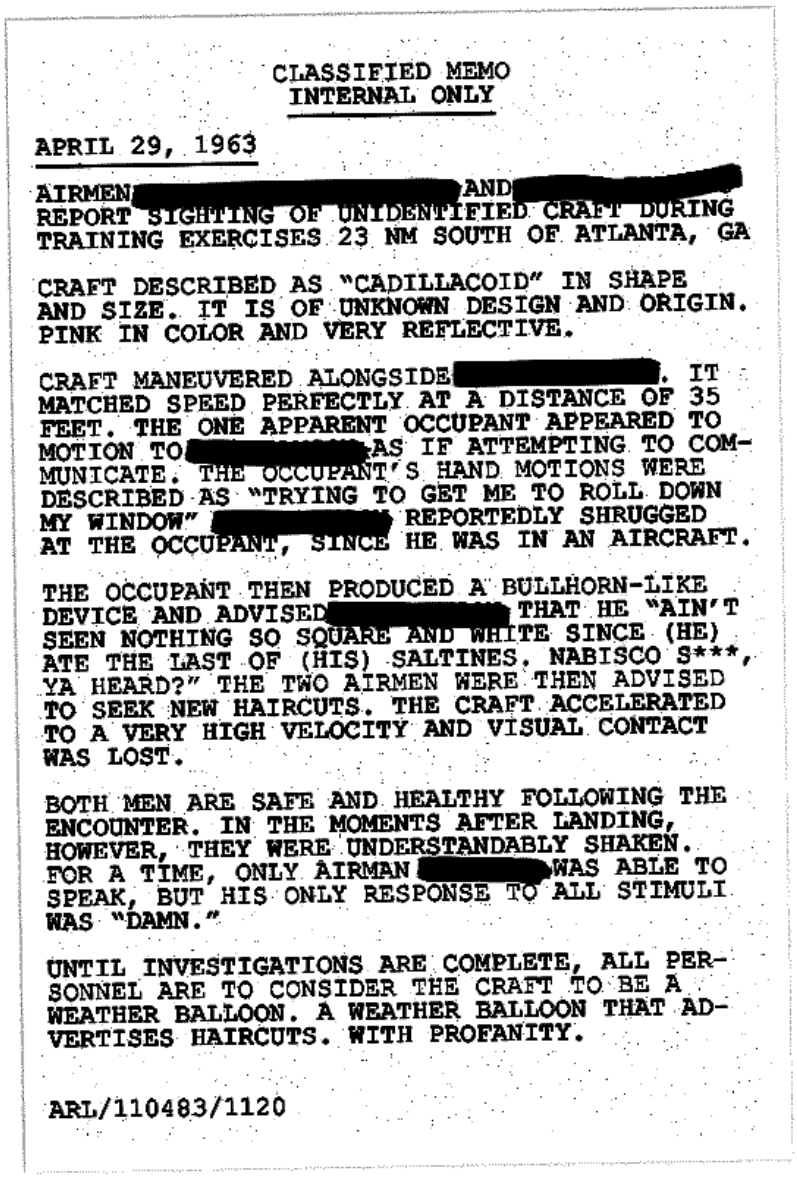
In fact, there are a couple stories in my own family that have been passed down over the years. First is this one from my uncle Tom, back when he made his first (and only) TV appearance.

Back when I was on Jeopardy, it was my turn to choose the next category. I went with "Mystery TV Shows" and was funnily enough met with a video answer. Unfortunately, the Spectral Hustler appeared the screen and his clue was: "This busta wearin' a sweater that look like the Cosby Mysteries, 'cause even Cosby seein' that wonderin' who wear it." I begrudgingly replied, "Who is... me?" The judges determined I was correct and I was like "Damn."

The Hustler obviously knows how to clown on someone in front of a crowd, but he also knows the pleasure of knocking a boy down a few pegs in front of his girl, as my brother more recently found out.

I was at Ross with my lady-friend when the Spectral Hustler stuck his head out of a clothing rack and said, "Damn G, that song 'Ridin' Dirty' ain't supposed to be about yo' girl's thong ridin' up in her b'hind gettin all nasty." We kept walking while he shouted, "I could detect that funk since y'all were back at Big Lots!" We turned and looked back. "Don't say you weren't there, Playa. I see those shoes you got on, lookin' all new even though they from 1998!" I was like "Damn."

All this contact and nobody really understands the nature of the Hustler. That's what the recently declassified Project Purple Book (with Gold Trim) had hoped to find out.



CLASSIFIED MEMO
INTERNAL ONLY

APRIL 29, 1963

AIRMEN [redacted] AND [redacted]
REPORT SIGHTING OF UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT DURING
TRAINING EXERCISES 23 NM SOUTH OF ATLANTA, GA

CRAFT DESCRIBED AS "CADILLACOID" IN SHAPE
AND SIZE. IT IS OF UNKNOWN DESIGN AND ORIGIN.
PINK IN COLOR AND VERY REFLECTIVE.

CRAFT MANEUVERED ALONGSIDE [redacted]. IT
MATCHED SPEED PERFECTLY AT A DISTANCE OF 35
FEET. THE ONE APPARENT OCCUPANT APPEARED TO
MOTION TO [redacted] AS IF ATTEMPTING TO COM-
MUNICATE. THE OCCUPANT'S HAND MOTIONS WERE
DESCRIBED AS "TRYING TO GET ME TO ROLL DOWN
MY WINDOW" [redacted] REPORTEDLY SHRUGGED
AT THE OCCUPANT, SINCE HE WAS IN AN AIRCRAFT.

THE OCCUPANT THEN PRODUCED A BULLHORN-LIKE
DEVICE AND ADVISED [redacted] THAT HE "AIN'T
SEEN NOTHING SO SQUARE AND WHITE SINCE (HE)
ATE THE LAST OF (HIS) SALTINES, NABISCO S***,
YA HEARD?" THE TWO AIRMEN WERE THEN ADVISED
TO SEEK NEW HAIRCUTS. THE CRAFT ACCELERATED
TO A VERY HIGH VELOCITY AND VISUAL CONTACT
WAS LOST.

BOTH MEN ARE SAFE AND HEALTHY FOLLOWING THE
ENCOUNTER. IN THE MOMENTS AFTER LANDING,
HOWEVER, THEY WERE UNDERSTANDABLY SHAKEN.
FOR A TIME, ONLY AIRMAN [redacted] WAS ABLE TO
SPEAK, BUT HIS ONLY RESPONSE TO ALL STIMULI
WAS "DAMN."

UNTIL INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMPLETE, ALL PER-
SONNEL ARE TO CONSIDER THE CRAFT TO BE A
WEATHER BALLOON. A WEATHER BALLOON THAT AD-
VERTISES HAIRCUTS. WITH PROFANITY.

ARL/110483/1120

A favorite piece of evidence for some believers is this newspaper clipping of what is possibly the story of the Spectral Hustler's true origin. It's a very hot button issue in most Spectral Hustler circles.

Accident at Gov't Lab Injures Man, Raises Questions

EAST ST. LOUIS - On Thursday evening, an accident occured at a governmental chemistry experiementation facility just north of town. At approximately 11:30 PM, an undisclosed chemical sample fell from a 9th story ledge onto a man who appeared to be dressed as a pimp on the sidewalk below. The man was seen running from the scene in pain, but is now nowhere to be found.

A witness to the accident said he saw the pimp-man scream in terror. "He was yelling about, 'Ahh, my hair! Ahh, my manicure!' then just took off behind me. He also said something about my knees being so dirty it looks like I'm wearing potato skin knee pads, even though I'm obviously not."

Though facility officials have stated the chemical spill was not harmful, critics argue that it's entirely possible that one of the lab's experimental human enhancement serums may have fallen into the wrong hands, making the pimp-man extremely smart and powerful. "Who knows what the blazes they do in there!" cried an elderly protestor. "I'll bet they've got Hoffa or E.T. or Data from Star Track working on a

"ACCIDENT" ON A-4

"I Love Mommy" Kitty Delights All

TOPEKA, KS - One crazy kitty is putting Topeka back on the map, but not as the capital of Kansas! Maddy, a 2-year-old domestic shorthair, is responsible for a cat-crazy tourism boom to the Sunflower State.

Her owner, Betty Destin, explains, "In June she started barfin' and meowin' all funny. She also slept for about 3 days at one point. Then she woke up and we thought about takin' her to the vet, but then she started saying she loves her mommy instead of her normal meow. We thought it was just the cutest thing!"

Over 400 Maddy fans a week come to visit the famous feline, who appears to be bleeding from both ends and unable to walk properly.

"CRAZY CAT" ON A-2

Expert: Mayor Simply a Busta Wearing a Tie

EAST ST. LOUIS - An unidentified man confronted the mayor on his fiscal plan during a city council meeting Friday afternoon. As the mayor began introducing a PowerPoint presentation of his new budget plan, the man appeared from under a trap door in the floor and shouted, "Hey, how about you give me that money and I'll get us all some drank and some skank!?"

"MAYOR BUSTA" ON C-1

And of course, since Hustler encounters take such an emotional toll, his exact appearance can never be remembered. This is the only illustration by a "witness" known to exist.

Does he really exist? Is he man? Is he more than man? Why are his victims unable to say anything but "Damn"? Has he no soul?

Have we?

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.13 History Lesson: the 5-H Club

Wednesday, Mar 14, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Head, Heart, Hands, and Health

In 1902 the first 4-H Club was formed. Though it initially lacked the name and sophistication of the modern 4-H organization, with its gruesome tendrils reaching into dozens of countries and countless lives, it was certainly the first seed of what is now a mighty harvest. Since then 4-H has remained an important rite of passage for many, and a staple of boring county fairs. Nestled firmly in shadow, 4-H cells throughout the world are teaching impressionable children how to honor the planet and the best ways to breed rabbits competitively. One of the early aims of the 4-H Club was to get inside the heads of its enlistees, and blow their minds clean open with experimental agriculture techniques. It was hoped that members would then inspire their less proactive parents to embrace a bold new age of scientific farming, as opposed to just planting shit in the ground and hoping for the best.

4-H was not without its faults though. The end of the first Great War saw a wealth of young men, many well below the age of 18, returning to the states with missing limbs. The sight of these ghastly amputees troubled the weak and squeamish 4-H kids, who had no knowledge of what it was like to survive in the trenches surrounded by all-encompassing death. Much to the relief of the 4-H Club, these limbless vets then started their own organization, the 5-H Club.

Whereas 4-H stood for Head, Heart, Hands, and Health, 5-H stood for Head, Heart, Hand, Hook, and Health. Most of its members had at least one hook hand. The ones that didn't quickly adopted hook hands as a showing of solidarity. The 5-H Pledge reflects this:

> I pledge My head to clean thought, My heart to virtue,
> My hand to labor, My hook to enemy eye sockets, My health to not dying,
> For the betterment of the world around me, at home and aboard.

5-H was cursed with several problems from the start. The biggest problem was recruitment, as the hook requirement severely limited the pool of potential applicants. The 5-H Club tried desperately to expand its ranks, offering "a free hook to every member." This attracted a great deal of interest, but only a few opted to join after learning the membership fee was "one human hand." They desperately reached out hoping children would take their hands, but when your hand is a hook few people want to grab on because it is sharp and also very terrifying.

Another problem is that very few adults wanted to get involved with the club, leaving many of the youthful members without any sort of mentoring. Because of this it quickly transformed into a gang of shell-shocked outcasts with hooks for hands harboring a great deal of resentment towards society. Still, its members tried to stay true to 4-H traditions by embracing agriculture. Unfortunately, their hooks made it hard to work with animals, and the frequency of their violent flashbacks only added insult to injury. Few animals survived under 5-H care.

The members of 5-H clung to one another, and lingered around in hopes that one day a new generation of children with hooks for hands would show up to be mentored by them. As the days faded away so too did the hopes of this future ever coming to pass. Hooks became less and less appealing as new non-hook medical prosthetic devices were developed. Faced with overwhelming despair and isolation, many members turned to suicide.

By 1940 membership had dwindled to a hookful, with only a few dedicated souls staying to keep the lighthouse running. 5-H was one of the most vocal groups supporting America's entry into World War II, believing it would help increase their ranks substantially. To show support for the war, the 5-H pledge was revised. The fifth line was changed to "My hook to Nazi eye sockets." The group insisted, though, that they would not hesitate to "insert [their] hooks in the eye sockets of any enemy, Kraut, Jap, or other."

Igor Sands, 5-H Club President 1948-1958

Membership did not grow, and 5-H's few surviving members became increasingly delusional and desperate. In 1948 the group was demonized after its president and founding member, Peter Muggsville, was arrested for kidnapping a young boy and amputating his right hand. After being convicted and sent to prison, his trademark hook was confiscated by authorities. He eventually sharpened his stump into a menacing blade and used it to fatally stab a guard. Following that he was sentenced to death.

In 1954 the ten remaining members attempted to show their patriotism by modifying the 5-H Pledge. This time the painfully antiquated Nazi references were discarded and substituted with timelier anticommunist sentiments.

I pledge
My head to clean thought,
My heart to Capitalism,
My hand to labor,
My hook to the eyes of the Commie bastards,
And my health to fighting the Red Menace.
Though a mortal I may be,
I am equal to God in my hated of Communism.

Ultimately this did nothing to change the group's reputation as "a gaggle of crazy men with hooks for hands." The fact they refused to disavow ties with Peter Muggsville and regularly proclaimed his innocence did not help matters. In 1958 5-H formally disbanded, when COINTELPRO succeeded in undermining the group. The three remaining members went their separate ways.

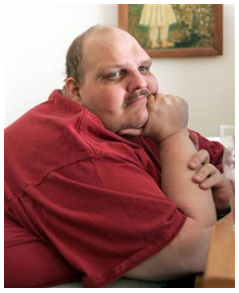
In the 1973 the group was resurrected when a new generation of men seeking to "mentor young men with hooks for hands" was formed. These men, hook handed themselves, promoted the new 5-H as a benevolent group interested only in "fostering deep bonds between men and boys (with hook hands)." After some brief internal power struggles, the group formally changed its name to the North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). And that is why all pedophiles have hooks for hands.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.14 Diary of the 1000-Pound Man

Thursday, Mar 15, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

November 4, 2003



Hello, world. I am a victim of food. It's crippled me to a bedridden state, leaving me this journal as my only outlet for the pain I feel, which is mostly in my lower back. Did I ask to be a 1000-pound man? Did I ask for an entire birthday cake covered in pepperoni slices? Actually, I did on that second one. It was very good. Note to self: ask mom if there is a way to combine pastry and sausage. If not, tell her I have a disease and that she needs to find a way to do this.

November 11, 2003

Today I saw something that brought a tear to my eye, and later to my mouth. It tasted like Pepsi. It was hour 17 of TV time, and on the screen I saw a guy leaning against a brick wall. *Leaning*. Perhaps the greatest word in any language. I dream of the day where I can be upright and motionless instead of on my back and motionless. Can you believe that the Make a Wish Foundation rejected my idea of napping while riding a Segway because it was "physically impossible?" They also had a "problem" with the fact that I am 38. The obese are the Jews of the 21st century. Except we'd make a lot more candles.

November 13, 2003

Mom and two social workers rolled me onto the coffee table after leaning it against the wall because they got the bright idea that I wanted to try leaning. Yes, I told them that I wanted to try leaning, but that was my *disease* talking! Now half of the table is stuck in the wall and the other half is getting removed from my body by surgeons over the next three days. Idiots!

November 16, 2003

My body is now free of all non-ingested glass shards. They thought they found the second table leg, but it worked its way so far in there that now the doctors can't tell it apart from my ribs. So they're leaving it in there. Now I'm sort of like a cyborg! But there is no James Cameron here to film *my* epic struggle.

November 22, 2003

Today I wrote a letter to the Giant Eagle company about the quality of their trash bags:

> Dear Giant Eagle,
>
> As a constant user of your brand of trash bags, I am appalled by your treatment of my demographic. You see, some people out there (as hard as this may be to believe) do not wear pants because these people are hyperobese. Their lifestyle and girth do not accommodate fabric in that area. I am afflicted with this condition and have been for the past 17 years. I use your trash bags to tie around the end of my legs. Or should I say, I used to! My legs are effectively dead, and your bags keep away airborne bacteria and pests who would make a meal of my decaying thighs. However, thanks to the shoddy seams and ineffective

drawstrings of your trash bags, I have lost two toes in the month of November alone! Some people aren't lucky enough to have blood pump to *all* of their body parts. I hope you will remember this in the future.

Yours,
James Slunch

P.S. Please bring back your festive red and green-colored bags.
Christmas is right around the corner!

I had better get results.

November 30, 2003

My nutritionist was telling me I need to eat at least one serving of vegetables per day. Nazi. I told him I'd eat anything he wanted me to as long as it was between two waffles. Game, set, match, right? Wrong. Later he brings back some whole grain waffles. What is with this guy? I upped the ante by telling him the waffles had to be the chocolate chip ones with the syrup inside (because sometimes I like to have two kinds of syrup with my waffles). I bet myself eight 2-liter bottles of Pepsi he quits in a week.

December 7, 2003

Pepsi time! I normally only have seven bottles during the day, but this is a little treat ;)

December 12, 2003

Oh shit. I just realized my catheter has been out for three days. This can only mean there is a reservoir of urine pooling somewhere on the surface of my body. Ugh, the guy from the hospice is going to be such a dick about this like he was the last time this happened. He thinks he's all high and mighty because he got to leave his house during the 90s. Heh, maybe I'll forget about it until next month. After all, that clod Jeff took a vow to help the sick. I answer to no one.

I hope someone comes to turn me soon.

December 13, 2003

Tony's Pizza just lost a customer. There must be a new guy there, because whoever came to my house did not understand my "bucket on a rope" policy. It's simple. You throw a rock at my window; I reach over, open it, and lower down a bucket with money in it. You put the food in the bucket and get the hell out of my sight (if I could see you). But no, this jackass rings the doorbell, which makes my mom answer the door, and that is exactly what my bucket method is meant to bypass! I just got bitched at for being a "Greedy Gus who orders a sheet pizza after eating six steaks." Mom brought me a tub of Rocky Road later, though, so I'll forgive her... this time.

December 17, 2003

That turd from the Department of Health and Human Services came back, and this time he brought his little crane. Oh Doug, haven't you realized that no crane can hold me? And there's no way my mom would let you knock down that bedroom wall for a *fourth* time. Advantage: me.

December 25, 2003

Christmas is here, but I'll never get what I really want. Mom says there is no way to cook that much bacon. At least, not with the deep fryer she has now.

December 30, 2003

Those jerks from The Learning Channel are back again to do yet another documentary on me. Yawn. Oh, and aren't documentarians supposed to not interfere with the lives of their subjects? It seems to me that yelling "You're killing him!" to someone's mother while she feeds her son mashed potatoes just might violate this principle. I was also a little annoyed by all the gagging that one cameraman did. Yeah, that's a colostomy bag. I don't see you coming over here to empty it. Sheesh.

January 5, 2004

I'm a little worried. While reaching for my giant Pixy Stix, I felt a bedsore that was much larger and creamier than my normal ones. Did I roll onto some boxes of Hostess Cupcakes and not realize it? I sure hope so. It itches like hell.

January 6, 2004

Sores hurt so I itch them. They make cake and cream. Mom make ugly face so I itch her too.

January 7, 2004

Itchy. Tasty.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.15 The Great American Reach Around Begins

Friday, Mar 16, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Alright everybody, I have a triple major announcement to make! This is going to get all your turds falling up out of your face in a crazy jumble!

Are you ready to feel this sucker blow up your birthday like a fire cake?

I'm an American.

Okay, maybe it seems like a pretty straightforward statement. It's the sort of simple declaration a pie might make if it could talk and it wanted to get across to you that it was a self-aware pie. Not everyone hears that sort of statement with the same ears. If a pie says "look mate, I'm a pie" some folks might just accept that on its face. A lot of people won't and they might wonder what sort of pie it is, why it's talking, and how they can kill it.

Like all true Americans I like to relax on my red, white and blue deck in my American Bald Eagle deck chair.

Why do the pie's words inspire one person to want to eat slice after slice of screaming apple pie when another wants to buy that apple pie a velveteen pie skirt? People have preconceptions about pie and those preconceptions color their opinion of whatever the pie might say. Maybe they hate pies because they had a bad breakup with a strawberry rhubarb pie or they ran a business where a pecan chocolate bourbon pie embezzled. Maybe their father was a key lime pie and they watched him slowly die of crust cancer in the hospital. Their past experience with pie makes all the difference.

Saying, "I'm an American", means very little to other Americans. By stating my citizenship I'm just affirming that I'm not crazy and/or some sort of filthy hyper-communist alien. After all, "American" is just another word for "humans" to most Americans.

According to a Pew Survey conducted last summer, most of the rest of the world is not going to react well to my declaration of American citizenship. The world does not like America very much right now and the dislike of a country tends to translate into a dislike for that country's people. What is my nation but a collection of millions of people scurrying around like ants at a picnic on the surface of the giant geologic cinnamon roll that is America? It's not the cinnamon roll's fault that the picnic is ruined, so you've got to blame the ants.

Even a casual glance at the survey numbers in that Pew study makes me want to poop and pee myself like a terrified frog in the mouth of a pelican. We're loathed! Every nation other than Great Britain and India (which is like an impoverished Great Britain covered in cardamom and curry powder) hates the United States. Even these two are starting to feel a bit like battered spouses. We take them out often enough, but we always get too much devil rum in us and end up throwing Franklin Mint collectible plates at them when we get home.

Some of those numbers are particularly baffling. For instance, America has a 43% approval rating in Russia and a 23% with Spain. I remember how we spent 50 years on the brink of destroying all of human civilization because America and Russia hated each other so much, but what did the United States do to Spain? There was that train bombing thing, but guys, that attack was not literally Americans bombing you. We don't want Spain to blow up. Heck, even Pakistan likes us more than

you guys do and America is literally bombing parts of Pakistan right now in the hopes that they will blow up.

Favorable Opinions of the U.S.

	1999/ 2000	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Great Britain	83	75	70	58	55	56
France	62	63	43	37	43	39
Germany	78	61	45	38	41	37
Spain	50	--	38	–	41	23
Russia	37	61	36	47	52	43
Indonesia	75	61	15	–	38	30
Egypt	--	--	--	–	--	30
Pakistan	23	10	13	21	23	27
Jordan	--	25	1	5	21	15
Turkey	52	30	15	30	23	12
Nigeria	46	--	61	–	--	62
Japan	77	72	--	–	--	63
India	--	54	--	–	71	56
China	--	--	--	–	42	47

1999/2000 survey trends provided by the Office of Research, U.S. Department of State

The world is not enough...we need frigging Mars to hate America!

Another figure that sticks in my craw is that only 39% of French people like the United States. I hate to bring out that tired old "saved your asses in World War II" line, and I know that imbroglio happened a long time ago, but a lot of those people who saved your asses are still alive. Granted, Americans have said really stupid and mean things about you guys in the past few years, but you've got to weigh them out. One hand, freedom fries, the other hand, Normandy landing. I'll believe we deserve that approval rating when I see photos of Eichmann smothered in poutine.

The most precipitous fall in the favorable ratings comes from Indonesia, who loved us in 2000 and now thinks we're the scum of the earth. That's *after* we rushed aid to them in the aftermath of that horrible tsunami. Let that sink in for a second. Whatever we are doing, it's pissing them off so bad that rushing the US Navy, food and monetary aid to their country caused us to become *less* popular. To inject an American metaphor, that's like hitting a home run in a baseball game and then the umpire runs over you with his Buick.

Ah, I can't believe myself! It's instinctual, but arguing like that is the wrong way to tackle this problem. When you challenge someone head on you force them to defend their beliefs. Even an opinion that is only tenuously held can suddenly become intractable in the face of opposition. Make no mistake though, something has to be done.

I can influence my government with my lonesome vote and I can try to become an informed citizen of the world. That's a good start and those are things every individual American can do to change our image on the world stage. To actually change people's minds requires an entirely different approach.

We have to make them understand us. That is the mission of **the Great American Reach Around**. Saving the world!

Roughly a quarter of Something Awful's audience hails from outside North America. Thousands of Europeans, South Americans, Australians, Africans and Asians are potentially reading this article.

The face of France? Perhaps we will learn differently!

Because of this audience and because of the potential for an even greater global audience I am declaring this spring to be **the Great American Reach Around**. For the next three months I will be America's ambassador to the Internet nerd world. Just as a baker explains why his pie is delicious and why the fact that it talks does not make it inherently evil, I will seek to explain this crusty sweet of the United States to the world.

For those of you who have decided that you dislike America, I implore you to approach **the Great American Reach Around** with an open mind. Read the articles about America in the coming months in the same way you might read dispatches from a war zone. I'm just your everyman pouring out his soul, stunned by the grisly horrors of war, or in this case northern Indiana.

Americans, take heart, this is a very large country full of natural and unnatural splendors, interesting people, and strange history, so you might just learn something

you didn't know about our proud land. This will also be an opportunity to learn more about the world. I have asked writers from all over this weird planet of ours to contribute mini-articles telling us about their nook of the earth.

The Great American Reach Around will be appearing every Friday (give or take on here and there) with a new topic about the United States and a new representative from a foreign country. This will continue for three months or until world peace has been achieved; whichever comes first.

If you are a foreigner with any questions about the United States or anything you would like to know, feel free to email me and I will do my best to address them in an upcoming article. Above all, remember that I love you deeply.

Next week, the **Great American Reach Around** will bring you an insider's look at America's heartland, the Midwest, where men are men and women are a slightly longer and softer type of man. You will also get a glimpse at life in France through the potentially inscrutable eyes of a Frenchman or two. How does it stack up to the domestic bliss of American suburbia? Find out next week!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 Misconceptions

Saturday, Mar 17, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

misconceptions about
randy
(flyer 1 of 83)

MISCONCEPTION: I know how to drive a boat.
FACT: This is yet another hateful lie spread by my opponents. I would never drive a boat. Don't believe the hype, folks.

MISCONCEPTION: I killed an endangered unicorn.
FACT: No. I saw one at the zoo once. When I went to blow out the candles on my birthday cake a few months later I wished really hard that the unicorn would die, but when I went back to the zoo it was still alive. I think my wish missed and killed the people who had been walking around the zoo the first time I went because I didn't see any of them during my second trip.

MISCONCEPTION: I had a deeply meaningful sexual relationship with a public urinal cake for three years and contracted AIDS, SARS and rabies in that time.
FACT: Absolutely untrue. I have never taken a blood test.

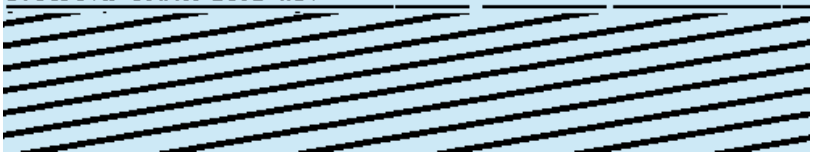
misconceptions about randy (flyer 18 of 83)

MISCONCEPTION: I frequently use one public phone to make a collect call to another public phone clear across the city, then run to the receiving phone just to decline the charges.
FACT: Frequently? No. Daily? Yes.

MISCONCEPTION: I am eating a cheese danish.
FACT: I'm not eating anything at all right now! That nasty rumor began when I was eating breakfast last week.

MISCONCEPTION: During a little league soccer match, I ran onto the center of the field and purposefully set my entire body on fire, frightening countless children.
FACT: I only intended to set my hair ablaze, but it grew out of hand. I was just as surprised as everyone else. Next time I will spread vaseline on my face and neck.

MISCONCEPTION: I shouldn't be in Kinko's for three hours just to make a few copies, drinking up all the free coffee and licking my blister-ridden lips suggestively at every customer who comes in the door. I don't even know what I'm doing and should let an employee handle this for me so I don't screw everything up.
FACT: That's total bullshit. I fought for this country (against an old woman behind the donut shop last year - and I won) so I think I can handle making a few copies. It's not like it's rocket science or like I even know what rocket science is. They're just copies, how can you possibly screw that up?



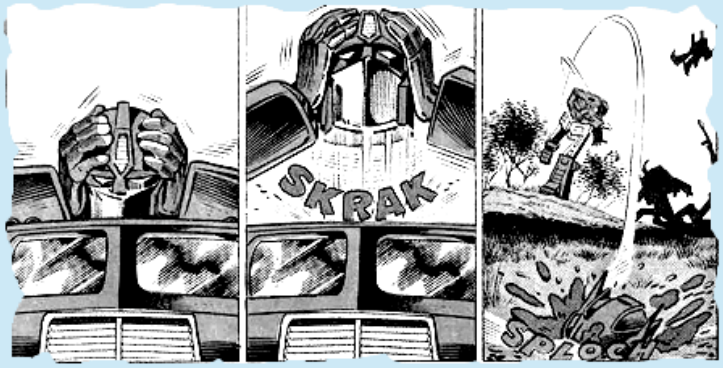
misconceptions about randy (flyer 37 of 83)

MISCONCEPTION: I can break someone's neck from a mile away by running towards them for a mile and then breaking their neck with my hands.
FACT: Yes.

MISCONCEPTION: I am out of touch with the American people.
FACT: Way wrong. In fact, I've been told just the opposite on many an occasion. I spend several hours on public buses every day, casually brushing the side of my knee across the skin of other people's foreheads in a desperate attempt to make contact - any contact - with another human.

MISCONCEPTION: I have never picked up a book in my life.
FACT: I have picked up dozens of books. I have never, hoever, put one back down. Where do they go? That's what gives me my mystique.

MISCONCEPTION:



FACT: My pant size has never gone above 34, although one

misconceptions about randy (flyer 83 of 83)

MISCONCEPTION: I have mental health issues.
FACT: I was briefly institutionalized, but they threw me out (through a third floor window that was closed) because I was so uncrazy that I didn't belong and I paid the guards three hundred dollars to do it.

MISCONCEPTION: Every time I autograph the inside cover of a Spanish-To-English dictionary at the book store while no one is looking, I spell my name slightly differently.
FACT: I'm just signing other people's names, like Raandy and Raaaaaandy.

MISCONCEPTION: I have chainsaws for hands.
FACT: I do not now, nor have I ever, had chainsaws for hands. I have publically expressed my long-standing desire to replace my hands with chainsaws and talked to several doctors and Home Depot employees about the possibility of having some sort of transplant procedure done, but nothing has come of it.

Misconception: I can only afford to copy and distribute 4 of the 83 flyers that I spent the last year of my life writing.
FACT: I can afford way more. These are the only four that are fit for the public, as the rest would completely ruin my credibility.

THANK YOU FOR READING THESE FLYERS
I HOPE THEY CLEARED THINGS UP ABOUT ME
IN THE UPCOMING ELECTIONS PLEASE WRITE IN "RANDY" FOR
THE POSITION OF PRESIDENT OF SONY
YOU KNOW I AM TRUSTWORTHY NOW

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.17 The Time I Took Drugs With Gay Devil-Worshipping Bikers

Sunday, Mar 18, 2007 by Joshua Taylor, Age 13

Hi, I'm Joshua. Usually I'm a pretty good kid. My teacher says I'm the best student she's ever had in many basic subjects such as reading, math, end times prophecy, and cleaning my room. But she's only had one student because my teacher is my mom! Ha ha, yes, I'm home schooled, which is why cleaning my room was on the list of subjects, along with those other normal ones.

Of course I respect my parents, because the bible says "If your mother tells you to do it, then do it. Don't come bothering your dad, especially when he's having a drink with his friends" (Luke 4:3), but like many home schooled kids, I sometimes feel the need to rebel. Which is why one time I took drugs with a bunch of devil worshipping gay bikers. Don't worry! My mom and dad weren't home and I cleaned up the house real good and also apologized to Jesus so there was no harm. Most of you probably don't understand the world as much as I do, so I thought I'd tell you a little about what it's really like to take drugs.

This is kinda what the biker looked like, but not quite.

The first thing I did was shut all the blinds around the house because I know Jesus can see everywhere and he can even see through walls ("Lo, I am watching you. Stop that." Mark 8:15), but I thought if I covered the windows it might take longer for him to see what I was doing and by then I probably would be done. Then I got out the phone book and I looked up "drugs" and picked one out and called it. They said the drugs would come over soon, and I could tell the guy on the phone was with the devil because he had a deep voice.

Then some bikers showed up with the drugs, and they got the drugs from the democrats and our tax dollars. And they were all swearing and stuff cuz they were bikers and they were saying stuff like "Let's inject fuck some drugs," and "Satan. Shit," and also like stuff like "These drugs have really *evolved* me" because that's how much they were with the devil.

And one of them had a tattoo and it was of Harry Potter. He waved his hand and made Harry Potter start walking around his arm because he was a biker warlock. ("Warlocks are bad but biker warlocks are super-bad, like soooo bad." Genesis 14:2) Then I asked to see his dog tags, because at bible camp they said we were soldiers for Christ and handed out plastic dog tags and also plastic guns and we pretended to shoot little paper people and the people were sins, so anyway this guy was a soldier for Satan so I asked to see his dog tags but he didn't have any because he had engraved his name in his SKULL.

Then it was time for him to give me the injection of drugs so he pulled out the bottle and put on the white coat and then he rubbed a cotton ball with alcohol on my arm and said "There's no candy if you sit through this shot! The Devil!" and I said the "the devil" too cuz I was being a rebel against Jesus Christ's will and the biker high-fived me and my hand caught on fire.

So after we had taken the drugs they decided to be gay for a little while and they did stuff like take off their shirts in front of each other and show each other their muscles and also put their hands on each other's butts. And the drugs had possessed me too so I decided to be gay too and I took off my shirt in front of them and they were like, "We're looking at your muscles now. Yes, hell! We're

gay!" and then one biker hugged another biker and they didn't hit each other on the back while they were doing it to show it wasn't gay, so it was gay.

Suddenly I thought: wait, here I am being gay with my shirt off and what if the rapture happened RIGHT NOW and I had to go to heaven while I was gay? Because we are the last generation to live on this earth and my grandpa said he thought that too about his generation but my dad said he's crazy because he's old and that he eats our money or something, so I think grandpa is probably wrong. But if Jesus called all his Christians into his arms right now he'd gather all of us up and then go "Oh man, I think I'm touching a gay person right now. Gross," and then he'd have to look through us all and I'd be standing there without my shirt and he'd be like "Ok, I found him" and toss me into hell.

Ok, like this but with like glowing eyes and stuff.

Then I realized that they rapture people naked anyway ("I rapture people naked anyway" Luke 1:23) so he wouldn't be able to tell if I was gay, especially since I had thought to close the blinds and Jesus probably hadn't checked up on me yet. So I relaxed a little but I put my shirt back on just to be safe. The drugs were going pretty strong anyway, and I was already feeling the effects of them, like I believed in global warning and I didn't like big business and I was a hippy and stuff. But just while I was on them, I'm normal now.

After awhile the bikers said they had to go be gay devil-worshipping bikers somewhere else, so I said goodbye and they went off on their motorbikes on a "highway to hell", like in that song my dad plays when he thinks I'm not around.

Ok, so that's the time I took drugs. And it's the only time, cuz I imagine Jesus has like a clipboard and he's marking it down every time I do something bad and if he gets too many marks then I go to hell, so I have to balance that out. Which is why I did this article, I guess, as a public service for people who want to know what doing drugs with gay bikers is like if you don't want to do it yourself. But this doesn't have to be the only time I write stuff for this site because I came up with this idea, and it's a good enough idea that I'm gonna start another paragraph so it'll be at the top of the paragraph and will be its main idea.

I was thinking that since I know so much more about the world than most people, because I was educated well and have a personal relationship with its creator, that I could maybe answer some questions about how the world works and the bible and stuff. The bible says that "Answering people's questions is pretty neat and a cool thing to do" (1 Corinthians 3:17). You can't email me directly because my mom reads my email, and also because they have this program on the computer that blocks out every site except Yahoo, so just email maxnmona@somethingawful.com and he'll get your questions to me. So it's been fun talking to you all. Bye!

-∼Joshua Taylor, Age 13

3.18 The Big Ten List of Little People

Monday, Mar 19, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dwarfs, midgets, wee-people, the tiny devils, lil' pints of Hades; whatever you call them, these little people play an invaluable part in making our lives better. They simultaneously remind us of why it's so great to be normal sized and why we must fear their bestial cleverness.

Love them or hate them, join me as we celebrate the world's 10 greatest little people!

10. Kenny Baker

How you know him: He occupied the beeping trashcan body of R2D2 in all of the *Star Wars* films.

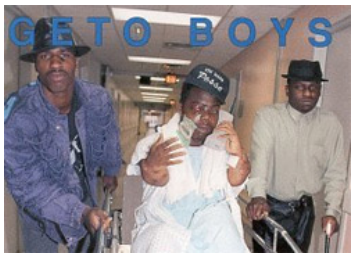
You might not recognize Kenny Baker, but he is one of the longest-working little people in the entertainment industry. He has appeared in all six *Star Wars* movies and has only been arrested for drunk driving once!

Why he came in last on the list: You never see his face or hear his voice.

Why he made the list: He can still pull long lines at sci-fi conventions with his gorgeous signatures.

9. Bushwick Bill & Joe C.

How you know them: Joe C. was a member of Kid Rock's posse and Bushwick Bill was an integral part of 90s rap legends the Geto Boys.



For years where Kid Rock went so went Joe. The ubiquitous Lilliputian could be seen strutting around on stage at Kid Rock's concerts and just hanging out with Rock during MTV interviews. Joe C. died tragically in 2000 when he escaped from his cage during one of Rock's coke-fueled benders and was slain attempting to pilfer cheese from a rat trap.

Bushwick Bill, on the other hand, is alive and enjoying a modestly successful solo career despite having shot out his own eye during a 1991 suicide attempt.

Joe C.'s nadir: Joe's high and low points involved prancing around on a stage alongside one of rock music's biggest mistakes.

Bushwick Bill's nadir: Following his 1991 suicide attempt the photo of a one-eyed Bill recuperating in the hospital was used as the cover for the Geto Boys album We Can't Be Stopped.

8. Bridget Powers

How you know her: Frequently billed as Bridget the Midget, she is the most prolific and successful of the midget porn stars.

Bridget Powers has appeared in more than 45 adult movies and has subjected her tiny frame to pretty much every depravity you can imagine.

Her career high point: Her magnum opus is 2000's *Double Midgetation.*

Her career low point: She is now pint-sized Courtney Love for heavy metal band BlakkOut. Her number one influence is listed on the band's website as "The Beetle's".

7. Leopold Kahn

How you know him: You may not, but he is one of the most famous midgets of all time, touring with P.T. Barnum in the late 19th century.

Leopold Kahn is known best by two of his several stage names: Admiral Dot and the El Dorado Elf. He was discovered by circus promoter P.T. Barnum in 1870 and joined the traveling circus as a living oddity. He was dressed in a tiny mockery of an admiral's uniform and appeared alongside his mother as Admiral Dot. Kahn toured with Barnum and with the Locke & Davis Royal Lilliputian Opera Company, a troupe composed entirely of midgets, for several decades.

The bigger they are the less they make: Claimed to be only 25 inches tall, Kahn continued to grow despite his billing and was eventually undershadowed by smaller midgets like Major Atom. He continued to tour and enjoyed great success.

He's in midgets and acquisitions: After retiring from the pro short dude circuit, Kahn became an entrepreneur and opened the Admiral Dot Hotel in White Plains, New York.

6. Jason Acuna

How you know him: Wee-Man, the *Jackass* midget.

Acuna is possibly the least-crabby of the little people appearing on this list. He gamely grapples with adult children in nearly every episode - and both film installments - of MTV's *Jackass.* He has been kicked in the testicles more times than any other midget or dwarf in the world.

He owes his career success to: The fact that it is illegal for Johnny Knoxville to throw a child into a pit full of alligators.

Raw talent: As demonstrated in an episode of *Jackass*, Acuna is able to kick himself in his gigantic dwarf face.

5. Michael J. Anderson

How you know him: Most recently appeared as the ringleader of HBO's *Carnivale*, but is perhaps best known for playing the iconic dancing midget in David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*.

Anderson has not worked as regularly nor as prominently as some of the others on this list, but his backwards-talking dancing dwarf from Twin Peaks is one of the most memorable characters in TV history. He played things straight in Carnivale and delivered a layered performance that made you forget he was a little person.

Most shamefully exploitative moment: His most recent gig was appearing in two episodes of that shitty witch show *Charmed* as a leprechaun.

Shining moment: Appeared in Lynch's 2001 mindbender Mulholland Drive as a normal-sized man through the use of full-body prosthetics. This might also be considered his low point depending on how you look at things.

4. Verne Troyer

How you know him: Played Dr. Evil's homunculus Mini-Me in the *Austin Powers* movies.

Verne Troyer has translated his success as Dr. Evil's sidekick into a career as the most recognizable little person working in the movie industry these days. Though he is best known for his appearances in Austin Powers he has also appeared in a number of commercials and low-budget films. He also participated in VH1's c-list celebrity horror show *The Surreal Life*. Troyer gained infamy for being combative, sulking and, ultimately, becoming intoxicated and urinating on the carpet.

The ultimate shame: Will appear in the upcoming Uwe Boll masterpiece *Postal* alongside veteran actor Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka.

Shining moment: Married 6'2" tall yoga instructor and model Genevieve Gallen. They dated for three years and divorced less than three months after being married.

3. Eric Lynch AKA Eric the Midget

How you know him: Fans of *The Howard Stern Show* on Sirius know him as Eric the Midget, the perpetually ungrateful and wheelchair-bound monster "the size of a Butterball Turkey".

Eric Lynch is an unhappy member of Howard Stern's Wack Pack, a menagerie of miscreants and genetic mistakes composed of callers and unusual guests to the Howard Stern radio show. Dubbed "Eric the Midget" for obvious reasons, Lynch prefers to be called "Eric the Actor" and will often leave venomous messages on the Stern show voice mail referring to various staff members as "faggots" and "jackasses".

Lynch makes the list and ranks so high because he is an uncommonly angry and possibly even evil midget. He is surly even when being offered gifts and compensation. His only apparent skill is that he knows everything about American Idol. He obsesses over various Stern-related Internet message boards.

Eric the made man: Lynch most recently gained infamy for ordering a hit of some sort against a caller to the Howard Stern radio show. The caller claimed to have attended high school with Lynch and stated that a number of disruptive concessions, such as the construction of ramps and elevators, were made by the school for the tiny terror. Lynch contacted a person with supposed mob ties and instructed the man to track down the caller. The message ended with Lynch intoning ominously, "You know what to do. You know what to do." No word on whether or not the midget FBI has been notified of his wee mob activities.

Shining moment: In a fit of bad judgment by Stern staffers, Lynch was given the phone number of American Idol contestant Katherine McPhee and called her so many times that she refused to appear on the radio show. Imagine the answering machine scene from *Swingers* with a raspy hostile midget trying to get his rambling messages in before the beep.

2. Herve Villechaize

How you know him: The swarthy miniature major domo of Fantasy Island.

Villechaize appeared in a number of film and TV roles, but is best remembered for his *Fantasy Island* catchphrase, "De plane, boss! De plane!", which began nearly every episode of the show. He also appeared as an evil henchman in the James Bond movie *The Man With the Golden Gun*.

Villechaize looked and behaved like a miniature date rapist in most of his roles, cooing over women five times his size and practically dripping with hair shellac. This lustful exuberance carried over into his private life and he is rumored to have been nearly fired from *Fantasy Island* for harassing women on the set. He was later fired for reportedly unrelated reasons. Villechaize also spoke with a noticeable accent (Villechaize was French), affirming the widely held belief that midgets and dwarfs are the spawn of hell.

Miniature downfall: Plagued by poor health later in life, Villechaize became increasingly mentally unstable and once threatened his manager at gunpoint. He shot himself in 1993 and succumbed soon after to his injuries.

Shining moment: Was an advocate for abused women and children in the 1980s and was so passionate about the subject that he would go to crime scenes to comfort victims. Nothing soothes shattered nerves quite like a tiny hand patting you on the shoulder.

1. Warwick Davis

How you know him: Davis is Hollywood's go-to-guy for little people roles, but he is probably best known for his appearance as the titular character in the film *Willow*.

Warwick Davis received his big break from George Lucas, patron saint of the vertically challenged, when he was given the roll of Wicket in *Return of the Jedi*. After a few years of hiding behind a fur suit Davis landed the lead role of heroic dwarf *Willow* in the movie of the same name. That movie proved that Davis contains almost three times the volume of acting as larger costar Val Kilmer. He has gone on to a stellar career that would be the envy of most normal-sized actors.

Most shamefully exploitative moment: Appearing as the leprechaun in 2003's *Leprechaun: Back 2 Tha Hood*. See also: all other *Leprechaun* movies.

Shining moment: Appearing opposite Ricky Gervais in the HBO series *Extras*. Davis parodied the roles offered to dwarfs. Davis also physically attacked Ricky Gervais for hitting on his wife, a fight that Davis lost.

Whether you think of them when you're peeing or you check under the bed for them before you go to sleep at night, there is no denying the contribution that these small folks have made to our lives. Take a moment to say a little prayer for them all in the hopes that they might one day go to whatever heaven is set aside for their miniature race. Perhaps some sort of H.O. scale celestial kingdom.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 The Awkwardness Survival Guide

Tuesday, Mar 20, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

A waiter entreats you to enjoy your meal and you respond with "you too."

This error is not confined solely to waiters; you may say "you too" when an usher tells you to enjoy the film, when an airline employee tells you to enjoy your trip, or even when a friend says "happy birthday." The "you too" is one of the most common errors in human discourse.

Your best bet is to simply ignore your mistake, since every waiter in the world has heard "you too" fifty times a day for the entire tenure in the food service industry. In fact, many of them probably take perverse delight in telling diners to enjoy their meals, knowing that the "you too" response is inevitable. Just let the waiter get away with it, because it is one of the few pleasures that life affords him.

In extreme situations, such as when you're on a power-lunch with your business colleagues or when you're trying to impress a date, you may mitigate the situation by actually taking yourself at your word and inviting the waiter to join you as you dine.

You lean back too far in your chair and almost fall over.

In a moment of idleness, you decide to create the mildly euphoric sensation of leaning back on two legs of your chair. You lean too far, and nearly fall over backward; you catch your balance after some amount of flailing, and the front legs of your chair land on the ground with a loud thud.

We're hesitant to recommend faking a seizure to avoid awkwardness, mostly because its overuse is dangerous. If everyone became aware of the possibilities of the fake seizure, not a single social event could occur without at least a dozen fake seizures; they would become so commonplace that real seizures would go untreated, and thousands of epileptics would die every year from swallowing their tongues.

However, in this case, we recommend falling out of your chair and faking a seizure.

Out of habit, you end a phone conversation with "I love you" when not talking to your significant other.

When ending a phone conversation with a friend or colleague, you say "I love you," a habitual flourish which has been drilled into your phone etiquette by years of conversations with your spouse or significant other.

Have no fear: your friend or colleague will probably assume that they heard you wrong, that you were joking, or that you simply misspoke. Calling back and insisting that you didn't mean to tell them you loved them will only make you seem desperate, creepy and cowardly, and the other party will assume that you really *are* secretly in love with them.

If you're concerned that your colleague took the comment wrong and believes that you're in love with them, you can easily cover your tracks by ending *every* telephone conversation with "I love you" for the rest of your life. Who knows: you might even get an "I love you" or two back!

You accidentally call your mom by a term of endearment generally reserved for your significant other.

You have become so accustomed to calling your spouse or significant other "sweetie" that, when visiting your mother, you accidentally use the term on her.

Is it the emergence of some oedipal fantasy, or merely an indication that you've become too accustomed to your significant other? Either way, your embarrassment will be tempered only by the fact that your mother must love you unconditionally and has a long history of putting up with your stupid mistakes.

In this scenario, apologize to your mother (goodness knows you don't do that often enough). If your significant other is present during this fiasco, glare at her menacingly until she "gets the message."

When talking to a disabled person, you make reference to a faculty which they do not posses.

While it may seem rude to walk on eggshells around the disabled, it still makes the blood rush to your cheeks when you realize that you're telling a blind person about a movie you saw, or saying "see you later, I gotta run" to a paraplegic. Many times, they won't notice (especially if they're deaf), but the steely gaze of an offended cripple is something that nobody wants to experience.

If, god forbid, you do wind up offending a disabled person by mentioning the ability that they struggle every day to live without, no apology can possibly compensate for their feelings of shame and inadequacy. Your only hope is to try to reason with them; gently explain that you meant no harm, but you're merely enjoying one of the basic abilities given to almost all members of the human race. Tell them that you have no shame when it comes to exercising one of the basic faculties with which God blessed you, and you that can only express your deepest regret and sympathy that the almighty did not see fit to honor them with the same privilege.

You become bewildered when faced with an "ethnic" handshake.

It is the fear of all suburbanites: when presented with a fist, an open palm, or any other nonstandard handshake, we freeze up, unable to react. We know that we must act quickly to avoid looking hopelessly square, or worse yet, racist. What do we do?

The most important factor when faced with an "academic" handshake is *reaction time.* No matter what your response is, slapping a fist or tickling a palm is infinitely better than just tentatively extending your trembling hand and hoping the other party takes the initiative to guide you through the process.

All handshakes are, at their core, tests to measure the machismo and charisma of an opponent; a nonstandard handshake goes above all that, and becomes a test of confidence and

will. The slightest hesitation values your opponent's hand above your own. When faced with an unfamiliar handshake, take action, *any* action, as quickly as possible. Don't think, just shoot out your hand and slap whatever's in front of you.

You end up with droplets of water on your crotch after using the restroom.

We're not here to pass judgment. We don't know if you were sprayed by an overzealous bathroom faucet, or if you failed to adequately shake Lil' Odysseus before you returned him to Ithaca. Either way, you are confronted with one of the most difficult social situations imaginable: you appear to have peed yourself.

Don't panic! Although all may seem lost, the secret to disguising a pee-spot or a wet patch is perfectly simple. Secure the bathroom door against any intruders, remove your pants, and run them under the tap until they are uniformly saturated with water. When you emerge from the bathroom, you'll look as good as new! Your pants may be a shade or two darker and there will be some significant dripping, but you can probably play it off as a simple case of extreme sweating.

You laugh at a completely inappropriate time.

During a situation that demands complete silence, such as a funeral, a church service or a business meeting, you remember something that wasn't actually very funny, but it somehow strikes you as the most hilarious thing in history. Perhaps it's an old Wizard of Id comic, or the time in the Cosby Show when a mean kid called Rudy Huxtable "Rudy Huckleberry."

Anyone who has experienced this situation knows that attempting to stifle your giggles will only make them worse. Never attempt to hold your laughter in, or it will come out in undesirable ways. Your face will buckle and contort, and before you know if you'll be fizzing and snorting and squealing like a baby pig being deep-fried alive. Instead of holding your laughter in, try to release it as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. Allow yourself one solid, loud "HA!" through the diaphragm, and then sink into your seat with a scowl on your face, like Ally Sheedy in the Breakfast Club did when Molly Ringwald was being a jerk and describing her stupid imaginary problems. With any luck, those around you will recall the scene and go "yeah, fuck Molly Ringwald."

You call your teacher "mom."

When addressing a teacher or professor, you mistakenly refer to him or her as "mom." Among awkwardness survival experts, this is known as "The Doomsday Scenario."

If the room has fallen silent, enjoy the momentary reprieve; your peers are merely gauging exactly how hard to laugh at you, which may take several seconds. Soon, they will decide to laugh very, very hard.

Calling your teacher "mom" leaves you with very few effective tactics. DO NOT attempt to play it off as a joke; your classmates aren't stupid, and they all saw you pause three-quarters of the way into the word as a look of panic and bewilderment slowly crept onto your face. DO NOT attempt to turn the word "mom" into

another word halfway through, as in, "hey mom... tana is a beautiful state. They call it 'Big Sky Country.'"

Your best hope is to face the situation with dignity. Acknowledge your error and do your best to laugh along with your peers. The main alternative is to literally crawl into a hole and die.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.20 They Are Called Clawmen

Wednesday, Mar 21, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

By Josh Boruff, Age 25

The Clawmen arrived with fierce intensity from glowing portals as big as barns but made out of light and energy instead of wood. The portals were connected to some far away place that was strange and alien. They did not lead to the inside of barns but who is to say since no one ever ventured through them. The Clawmen also came from cracks in the ground and from the bottoms of lakes and oceans. Whenever you looked somewhere, a Clawman would show up and you would have to stop looking there and run for your life lest you be crushed to death by its merciless claws.

They were called Clawmen because of their menacing claws, which they used to claw things. The goal of the average Clawman was to crush as many things as possible with his great and terrible claws. Also the only word they spoke was "claw," which they repeated with every movement in a booming robot voice.

Everyone knew when the Clawmen first arrived because within minutes the major cities of the world were reduced to rubble. Those lucky enough to not notice the Clawmen firsthand eventually found out on the news. Intrepid reporter Bert Lightning reported live from the scene of many Clawmen attacks and showed the world the terror of Washington, D.C. getting crushed to bits between the claws of the Clawmen. The President of the United States of America was squeezed until he exploded guts everywhere and the whole world saw it, at least the parts of the world that could still see and had TVs (and they were few).

Bert Lightning was nearly clawed to death himself, but he got out and he joined the underground of human resistance fighters - brave men and women who slipped through the cracks of the Clawmen's claws to fight another day. They also had a few dogs and horses and cows. They lived in underground bunkers that the Clawmen did not know about.

On the surface things were not going so well. Armies shot bullets and bombs at the Clawmen, but nothing hurt them. Even nuclear weapons did not harm the Clawmen, who shrugged off the explosions and kept clawing. They just kept clawing at everything, including hope. Soon there were no armies left. There were no communication systems left to use. The telephones did not work and the Internet was gone. The Clawmen had cut the wires and were rapidly clawing at mankind's throat.

People abandoned the cities and fled to the countryside and forests. "There is nothing for them to claw here," people would say as they joined the long streams of refugees snaking away from the giant smoke and dust plumes they once called home. But they were wrong! The Clawmen would claw them in time, and there was nothing that could be done.

After the cities were gone, the Clawmen first took to the forests and viciously crushed many trees and rocks. They crushed waterfalls and rivers and animals. They stayed very still so that birds would land in their open claws, then they would crush the birds. Clawing was as important to them as breathing was to us. Maybe it was even how they breathed since they had no mouths?

When they moved to the open country their progress was slowed. There were no big things to crush so they took their time crushing blades of grass and clumps of dirt. But there were so many of them and so little else left to crush that it was only a temporary slowdown at best.

In one of the bunkers (Bunker X it was called) some survivors gathered to discuss the future - a future they hoped would be free of Clawmen.

"I am called Dirk," said a scientist (whose full name was Professor Dirk Gold, though he did not like telling anyone this because his wife was crushed and saying his last name made him sad since it was also her last name). "Their claws are made out of a metal not of this world." "This world?" asked Bert Lightning.

"Or any world we know of!" added Dirk.

"How can we ever stop them?" Bert asked, cutting to the heart of matters as any good reporter should.

"If there is a way to stop them, we will find it," Dirk replied. He pointed at a glowing energy ball and added, "We have all sorts of science at our disposal here in Bunker X."

Twenty years passed and still there was no way to stop the Clawmen. Bert Lightning had grown old and died, as did Professor Dirk Gold. Their children carried the torch of humanity in longed to light the darkness left by the Clawmen. They had lived with many other young adults in Bunker X and had not seen the outside world ever.

On one fateful day Bert Lightning Jr. and Professor Dirk Gold Jr. were hard at work in a lab in Bunker X, tinkering with a giant machine they hoped would save the human race.

"Just some slight adjustments to the calculations," said Dirk Gold Jr. as he franticly turned some knobs on the machine, which was shooting lasers at an energy ball the size of a giant pumpkin or a beanbag.

"That is what you always say!" snapped Bert Lightning Jr., who was taking notes on his pad for the Bunker X newspaper he reported for.

"This time I've got it!" trumpeted Professor Dirk Gold Jr. He slammed on a big red button and then the power went out and the energy ball fizzled into a tiny spark and faded away.

"No!" he screamed. "That was our last energy ball!"

"You've really blown it now, Dirk!" Bert Lightning Jr. said. "We're goners for sure without power!"

"That wasn't me, stupid! All of Bunker X is without power, not just this one lab!"

"We're never gonne win!" said Bert Lightning Jr. "Face it, the Clawmen cannot be stopped. Not ever!"

But then something happened that no one expected! The ceiling of the Bunker X lab opened up, peeled back like the top of a sardine can. Except this was no sardine can, this was the last refuge of human beings. And human beings are no sardines. It was the Clawmen. They had clawed so much of the world above that the Bunker was now dangerously exposed. "My God, the Clawmen! They look just like our fathers described," shouted Dirk Gold Jr., with eyes as big as the energy balls he spent his life working with.

"We can't let them claw us!" Bert Lightning Jr. yelled in a frightened but determined voice.

The two quickly ran out of the lab into a hallway. But the Clawmen were trailing behind, peeling the ceilings away like they were concrete bark on a concrete tree or the concrete peel of a concrete banana. Along the way they would grab up other Bunker X citizens and claw them. There were screams and sounds of metal scraping against concrete and things exploding and blood gushing out of eyeballs when the Clawmen would squeeze down on soft human bodies.

Bert and Dirk ran until they were cornered in the Bunker X gym, the site of many basketball games and memories. They were trapped. A lone Clawman advanced on them. Claw... Claw... Claw. "We're done for, Dirk!"

"So long old friend! I guess we can finally rest easy when this is over."

The hulking alien monster advanced slowly on them, and soon other horrible Clawmen appeared behind it. All of them advancing slowly on the two heroes.

When the first Clawman was mere inches from being in reach of them, something amazing happened.

"Look!" said Bert Lightning Jr. "The Clawmen are clawing each other!"

It was true. They had clawed so much that there was so little left to claw. They did not want to share or claw secondhand scraps amongst so many. They wanted to claw something big and new and there was nothing like that left on the planet. Soon all the Clawmen were viciously clawing at each other, all over the country. What else was there for them to claw save for a scant few survivors and the ruins of a bunker?

In other countries the Clawmen suddenly turned on each other. A line was crossed and that sent them all over the edge like a train engine driving off a cliff. Now no Clawman could ever trust another Clawman. There was a rich new world of clawing to be had for them all, claw against claw. Could claw unclaw claw? The Clawman mind struggled to claw the full extent of such exciting new concepts. Claw... Claw... Claw.

And deep in space on the Clawman homeworld of Clawmania the Clawman Empire began to crush itself. The Clawman King found his throne and crown clawed off and crushed by his once loyal Clawmen subjects and it was war. A war against all Clawmen declared by the Clawmen themselves.

And back on Earth the dust was settling as the survivors were slowly returning to the surface, seeing for the first time a world of finely crushed sand and the crushed remains of the mighty Clawmen. They had crushed everything and when that wasn't enough, they crushed themselves. "What a mess" said Dirk Gold Jr., looking at the vast wasteland before him.

"It's the prettiest mess I've ever seen," said Bert Lightning Jr., as he admired the hazy sunset in the distance and the glowing silhouettes of bent and broken claws. "We've got a new world to build. And this one, Dirk - this one won't be crushed by any claws."

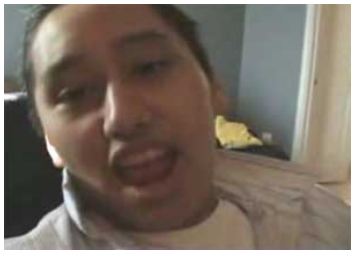
After twenty years, the world was at last free of the tyranny of the Clawmen. A new world would rise out of the dust and finely crushed debris. A world without claws and crushing. A world of hope and potential.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.21 Why the PlayStation 3 is the Dominant Home Entertainment Console

Thursday, Mar 22, 2007 by Chad "chadwardenn" Warden

Hey ladies! Lowtax here and I have just seen the light. As you may know I hate the PlayStation 3. My thread in BYOB titled "bump this thread every day there's still no reason to own a PS3" encourages users to add a reply to the discussion every day there is still no reason to own a PS3, which before today was every day. All that has changed and I have closed the thread and banned everyone who posted in it! My eyes have been opened by this wonderful video by a fellow named Chad Warden. In it he describes in expert detail why the PlayStation is the best and how only nancy boys and sailors play the Xbox 360 and Nintendo Wii. Because of these revelations I have fired all other writers and renamed my web site to "Chad Warden's Something Awful: Presented by Lowtax". I hope Chad's first update helps you realize the error of your ways as it did for me.



Greetings, my name is Chad Warden. You already know me from the popular Internet community YouTube. Richard, the proprietor of this establishment, has asked me to guest-host the front page column today in the hopes that my truth-slinging commentaries will drive up readership to this failing comedy site. The usual Thursday clown has been taken "ill" and has resorted to calling in sick once again, though between you and me this "Hassan" won't last through the vernal equinox. Can't imagine why anyone would read his columns since he shows loyalty to Microsoft and their laughable attempts at cutting into Sony's dominance of the home entertainment system market. But I digress.

If you have not viewed my video thesis on the PlayStation 3 entertainment console, do it now, as it will provide a basis for my claims and help further the discussion. I intend to prove that PlayStation 3 is the ultimate home console and that the Xbox 360 and Nintendo Wii are inferior alternatives. I will expand on those observations made in the video and make a few new ones. It might also serve you to read up on the histories of the prospective institutions we will discussing today. It will be a very busy update today and I hope that you, the otherwise boorish Something Awful reader, can keep up.

The "Wiimote": Controller or Sexual Aid?

One of the most common complaints levied against Nintendo's new console is the shape of the "Wiimote", the primary device for controlling action in Wii software. Many have complained that it resembles a sexual device, colloquially known as a "dildo". I take offense at such a shape and feel uncomfortable handling this device. It also rumbles, furthering the obscene illusion. However, the shape of the controller would be appropriate for such a game, if it fit within the context of using "dildos".

This software might be called "Wario Ware: Shove This Controller Up Your Own Ass Game", a party game where the primary attraction is a mini-game that pits players against each other to shove the dildo-shaped controller into their buttocks. Perhaps a special edition controller could be included with the software to heighten the illusion such as a ribbed or self-lubricating device. Regardless, the current controller just isn't appropriate for the usual Mario Kart affair.

I find it silly when people say that the PlayStation 3 copied the Wii's motion sensing abilities. It is in my opinion that the Wii should copy Sony's ability to acquire quality titles, while Sony continues to copy everything else. Everybody knows PS3 has the best games. Proof? I'll show you.

Let's examine a popular Nintendo title called "Zelda". This is an adventure game where the player walks around like a small female dog, equipped with an inadequate sword and shield, making high pitch whines at enemies. It's not a very appealing concept to say the least. What gamers really want to do is to shoot African Americans, on their PS3.

The claims that Sony is copying other companies' designs are outrageous. It's Nintendo who is actually pilfering ideas. I present to you the PS1 classic, Final Fantasy VII. Nintendo is trying to copy Final Fantasy because they know that without it, they can't compete in the marketplace. Despite that, loyal PS3 gamers don't particularly care if other systems have a Final Fantasy game available for sale as the quality of the series has dropped considerably in recent years. The most recent game has the player running around as a little girl, and we all know the abilities of females are limited to manipulating penises with their mouths.

Xbox Circle? We Want Games, Not Geometry!

Sony is the true excrement, true excrement. Having said that, I have some observations about Xbox fans, specifically those who enjoy the Xbox 360. When a consumer goes into Best Buy or Circuit City looking for some entertaining gadget to bring home, they aren't searching for a graphing calculator or a math book. They want games. Microsoft's insistence of covertly pushing geometry on their customer base is laughable. Xbox 360 players who are actually buying into this concept are just trying to appear smart, without actually being smart. The ability of PS3 fans to understand the concept of a circle may be limited, but we just want to play games, not do geometry.

Speaking of games, that is one area that the Xbox is severely lacking in. It doesn't have any games available for sale. What is a console without games? You can't just stare at the hardware all day, though you could in the PS3's case as it is one handsome looking system if I do say so myself. There is, however, one game you could purchase for your Xbox 360, if you made the mistake of purchasing a unit in the first place, "Tears" of War. I can't help but chuckle at my ingenious play on words.

The African American community is trying to say that Gears of War is a title worth purchasing. It's simply not so. The developer's attempt to instill some kind of emotional impact into a first person shooter storyline was laughable. Perhaps they could have employed rapper 50 Cent or Fat Joe to extend some of their trademark masculinity to the storyline. The title would have been, as the kids say, "ballin'".

Only Homosexual African American Males Play Halo

A lot of talk has been made about the upcoming shooter Halo 3. I find that a more appropriate title is "Gay"-lo 3, considering it's widely publicized homosexual audience. Research has proven that before most Halo matches homosexual African American males engage in 67% more sadomasochist homo-erotic love making than usual in order to prepare themselves for the amount of homosexual images one sees in the average Halo map.

Sony always triumphs in the console wars. It's the appearance of the console, not the hardware inside, that truly decides who is victorious in the marketplace. The PS3's plastic housing contains

qualities not unlike my hair. It's black and slick, and evokes the kind of manliness that only true African American males are attracted to.

The cost of Sony's unit has turned many off to the console. I often wonder what kind of cardboard boxes those people are living in. Six hundred dollars is pocket change for me, and my parents are able to skillfully pick up the bill. I would offer you $600 just to cease your discussion about inferior consoles and your inability to pay for the best. It's difficult to impress women with the Wii, as they would think less of me if I carried one with me everywhere I go. It's the PlayStation 3 that makes women go crazy and defecate themselves at the sight of it's magnificence.

The inferior consoles have a rough road ahead of them. All I can say is that I hope they enjoy operating in Sony's shadow, if they can continue operating at all. One day homosexual African Americans will see the light, a light emanating from a blue diode reading data on the discs of the most ballin'-est games on Earth. One only hopes that Sony can duplicate the success they enjoyed with the PS2 and such games as 50 Cent Bulletproof.

Something tells me they can, and will.

About the author: Chad Warden is an aspiring comedian who makes his living creating viral videos to illicit strong reactions out of autistic YouTube users. In the past Mr. Warden has appeared at the Laugh Factory, the Improv, and comedy clubs all over Las Vegas. Recently he was asked to appear on The Late Show with David Letterman and Late Night with Conan O'Brien. In his spare time Chad enjoys writing novels, running with his dogs, and spending time with his beautiful wife and kids in the Hollywood Hills.

-∼Chad "chadwardenn" Warden

3.22 The Great American Reach Around - The Midwest & France

Friday, Mar 23, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Last Friday I announced the launch of a new series of articles here at Something Awful called the Great American Reach Around. The purpose of this series is to share information about the United States of America with our readers around the world and give our foreign readers an opportunity to tell us about their homeland. Think of it as a cultural exchange program for the borderline retarded.

This time around we will pay a visit to the Heartland of America. The Midwest is a mix of rural farmland, decaying industrial areas, and modern cities. Many think of Midwesterners as the stereotypical Americans; fat, dumb, and white. A lot of them are, but the Midwest is actually ethnically diverse and has educational standards that rival any first world nation. It is one of the fattest regions of America, there is no avoiding that one.

Three readers living in France will provide the counterpoint, giving us a ground-level view of their country and their home cities. Alexandre "Apoual Brabiste" Wolmer will take us on a tour of Beaune, Cyril "Dr. Fred" Kowaliski will show us Nantes, and Manuel "Senso" Lanctôt will tell us all about historic Toulouse. Can they dispel our misconceptions about France and the French? Probably not, but at least it will be entertaining!

When it comes to the Midwest I admit a certain degree of bias. I have lived in this region of the United States my entire life and I can not provide a truly objective view. Luckily, I can go one better, because I have learned to both love and hate this area of the country.

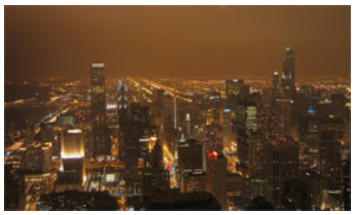
"Midwest" as a label is fairly ambiguous and is often applied to any state that is not on one of the coasts of the United States. This region is sometimes derisively referred to as "the fly-over states" by assholes from the West and East coasts who believe there is nothing worthwhile or interesting to be found in the Midwest. I guess it's hard to dazzle you after you've seen a melted cat tangled up in medical waste in a sewage canal off the Jersey Shore.

Even among those who aren't trying to insult the Midwest, the term has a pretty flexible definition. For our purposes we will use the definition of the Midwest that encompasses Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. Today we will be concerning ourselves with Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana.

The Midwest states are defined as much by what they are not as what they are. They are effectively surrounded and connected to every other region of the United States, many of them border Canada, and the traditions of those regions bleed into the Midwest. This cultural overlap is the rind that surrounds the heart of the Midwest and that heart radiates out from the Great Lakes.

Our journey through this land should probably begin at this heart and in the Midwest's defacto capital, and my current home town, Chicago, Illinois.

Chicago, Illinois



Chicago is the largest city in the Midwest and the third largest city in the nation, with 2.8 million inhabitants compared to New York City's 8 million. The numbers are deceptive, however, because Chicago is part of an immense and densely-populated metro area that extends uninterrupted north into Milwaukee's metro area and south east deep into Indiana.

It is not uncommon for someone from as far away as Merrillville, Indiana to tell someone not from the area that they live "in Chicago". Who can blame them? They live in Northern Indiana, the world capital of anti-abortion billboards, NASCAR memorabilia and fireworks stands! If Northern Indiana can figure out a way to come up with a firework that looks like a stock car and shoots up into the sky and explodes into an aborted fetus with a dime next to its hand then maybe those people will start self-identifying as Indiana residents.

You may know of "Chicago" as the "Windy City", but if you ever visit Chicago you should never say this phrase. If there is a gust of wind and you say, "Boy, I guess this is the Windy City!" you are more likely to have a wino vomit acid in your face than have anyone laugh or smile knowingly. No one actually knows for sure why Chicago is called the Windy City, but all residents know with metaphysical certitude that anyone making a joke about the name deserves to die. Not even TV weathermen use the expression in Chicago.

Situated on Lake Michigan, Chicago's skyline is arguably the finest in the United States and many regard the city as one of the great architectural centers of the world. The "Chicago School" of architecture (that's a style of architecture, not literally a school) gave birth to steel-frame construction

and what we consider modern skyscrapers. Most famous architects of the 19th and 20th centuries have at least one incredible building here with their name attached to it.

For over 20 years Chicago was home to the world's tallest building, the Sears Tower, but this title was stolen by the cheating Petronas Towers in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia in 1998. Everyone in Chicago got very slightly pissed off about this because the Petronas Towers took the title on a technicality. When the Taipei 101 building in Taiwan was completed in 2004 it took the title more honestly and Chicagoans paused briefly from not caring about the issue to be glad that someone took the title from the Petronas Towers.

Chicago was built by immigrants that no one wanted around, like the Irish, Poles, Germans, and Itallians. These days Chicago plays host to the nation's second largest population of modern unwanted immigrants: Latinos. Despite this high-concentration of untamed Latin passion and a large African-American population, race relations have actually been very good in the Chicago area in recent years.

Most crime statistics in Chicago have continued to trend downward since the 1990s, although murders rose slightly from 405 in 2005 to 426 in 2006. Residents of Chicago will tell you that our hilarious murder statistics are a source of great pride and entertainment here. Gang shootings and street warfare have largely taken a back seat to much more creative "interpretive murders", like the case of a man who strangled his infant unconscious, placed it in a plastic bag and threw it at a wall until it died.

The two most recent murder sensations to sweep the city are a serial killer who murders and mutiliates gay men (still at large) and a lesbian woman who suffocated her lover with a pillow, locked her in the trunk of the car in their garage, and then called the police claiming she went missing. There was also a guy who was slashing the faces and necks of people walking their dogs at night, but they caught him and he never managed to kill anyone. Better luck next time, buddy!

The 1980s saw a Chicago in decline. The old industries of America were disappearing and the heavily industrial city of Chicago was not coping well. Richard M. Daley, son of the late mayor Richard J. Daley, was elected as mayor in 1989 as a backlash against ineffective leadership during this time. He has become the nearly undisputed and beloved Caesar of Chicago.

Richard M. Daley was re-elected to a sixth term as mayor this year. He has presided over a new Chicago, resurgent and flush with wealth once again. Tourism has returned and he has helped the city diversify its economy and come out on top in a global economy that has seen so many other Midwestern cities fall on their faces. Major public works projects like the fantastic Millenium Park and new commercial construction abound.

Like his father, Richard M. Daley is prone to bully political opponents and resort to quasi-legal tactics to get what he wants. Unlike his father, he wields his nearly absolute power in the city for the obvious good of the city. That doesn't mean his stunts don't sometimes make people mad.

My personal favorite Daley stunt came in 2006. The Repulicans had expressed an interest in holding their 2008 national convention in the liberal stronghold of Chicago and invited Daley to bid on the opportunity. Daley replied by giving a speech in which he said he could not devote the time to the proposal and had to withdraw Chicago from consideration so that he could focus on planning for the seventh Gay Games. Illinois family groups and the RNC went into a tizzy. Daley, almost

an avatar of Chicago, went on to speak at the Gay Games. Try to imagine one of the "sassage in my aye-orta" SNL superfans walking out and giving a speech at the Gay Games. The message was clear to Chicagoans and to social conservatives. Finally, Chicago would not have gotten to be the fifth fattest city in the United States (and probably, therefore, in the world) without having a lot of great food. I am a big fan of local favorite Giordano's and their ridiculous stuffed pizza. Remember in *Empire Strikes Back* when Han Solo busts the Tauntaun open with Luke's light saber? Imagine that, only instead of guts popping out it's melted cheese and pizza sauce.

There is also Chicago Pizza and Oven Grinder Company, which offers the unique pizza pot pie experience. They bring out a bowl of pizza with a mushroom-shaped lid of crisp crust overflowing the top and then they flip it and cut out the bowl. A few bites in and you'll feel a tingling in your face. That's your nose getting fat, but it's worth it! Or you can just head over to Lou Malnati's or Pizzeria Uno (the original) and they will satisfy your need for more traditional Chicago Style pizza.

There's a lot more to Chicago fine food than just pizza. We have the traditional sausages and Chicago Style hotdogs (no ketchup you heathen), but we also have a wide variety of fine and/or fast ethnic food. Humboldt Park has roughly 50 awesome Puerto Rican restaurants and trendier neighborhoods tend to have at least one stellar Asian restaurant, Thai being a big favorite.

Chicago is an international city to rival any in the world, as important today as when this city was America's meat and steel supplier. It has been through tough times and tough transformations, but it has come out on top, a burgeoning city-state of 21st century America. It is the shining beacon of the Midwest.

Every light side must have a dark side, so let's continue on and learn what horror lurks in the shadow of Chicago.

Located in the North Western corner of Indiana, only 25 miles from downtown Chicago, is what may be the worst city in the first world. This blighted hellscape is comparable to Prypiat in the Ukriane, only the wilderness is not reclaiming this city the way it is reclaiming that one. Radiation may not kill off trees and deer, but if a river is literally on fire and bubbling with acid then there is not a whole lot of recovering the fish can do.

Welcome to...

Gary, Indiana

I am going to go ahead and get this out of the way at the very beginning: Gary has the highest percentage of black people of any city in the United States. Over 84% of the population of around 100,000 is African American. Someone who knows this statistic and hears people saying how terrible Gary is might be under the mistaken impression that hatred of Gary is racially motivated. It is emphatically not. It isn't the people in Gary that are horrible, it's the city itself. It's so decrepit and such a stinking industrial wasteland that you actually feel endangered by the buildings.

According to Wikipedia there were about 103,000 people living in Gary in the year 2000 and by 2005 that number had fallen to just 99,000. I'm sure Wikipedia gives all sorts of lame reasons why that happened, like white flight and unemployment rates, but the truth is simple: Gary killed those people. The motto of Gary is "City in Motion", but apparently about 4,000 of its residents just couldn't move fast enough.

Maybe they were walking at night to get a pack of cigarettes and a miasma of purple gas came out of a vent and then they were just gone. Maybe they stumbled and rolled down into a ditch and landed in a seep of bubbling liquid that stripped them down to skeletons in seconds. Maybe they were on their way to work one morning and there was a hiss and a burst of superheated gas and the asphalt just opened up and swallowed them.

The first thing you will notice about Gary is that it stinks. This is the rotten stench of dead steel mills, the sulfurous stink of paper mills and the ammonia tang of some sort of industrial piss works. A genocide investigator from Bosnia used to unearthing mass graves will cover his nose with his shirt when he gets near Gary. This is the decaying stink of an industrial city in its last throes. Residents of Flint, Michigan might know the aroma.

If you want an anecdote of how cosmically fucked up Gary is then you need look no further than any given week's newspaper. There is always a story of something strange and unnatural happening there. This week it's the latest in a string of alligator sightings in trailer parks in Gary. The latest gator was a four-footer caught live and scampering around the trailer park, the last gator was not so lucky. It was spotted in winter and by the time it was located by animal control it was frozen solid.

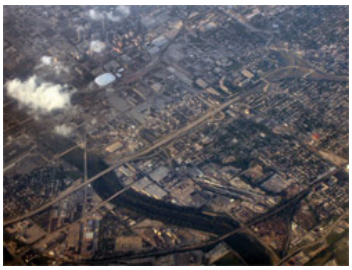
You could theorize about some crazed herpetologist releasing gators into trailer parks in Gary every few months, but it's so much more likely that there are simply alligators emerging from derelict factories there.

If you've ever been to suburban America you know that it's a glossy string of fast food chain restaurants and strip mall shopping. Gary has a few forlorn burger joints, but most of the city is more likely to have a cigarette store where you feed dollar bills through a slot in bulletproof glass and the guy behind the counter hands you a pack of Camels using an armored Lazy Susan. The last time I stopped at a convenience store in Gary there was an elderly guy with no shirt on laughing and picking scabs off his face in the parking lot. This was at night in January.

Gary's only claim to fame is that it's the only city in America with a casket store and nail salon combo. You want to get a nice casket in Gary, because if you've lived there for more than a few years it's going to be a closed casket. That's if you're lucky and the city left enough of your loved one to actually bury.

Get out while you still can!

Using Gary to represent Indiana is as unfair as using Chicago to represent Illinois. Northern Indiana, from Gary all the way across the state to Fort Wayne, is horrible. The radio stations play nothing but Rush Limbaugh and the towns are all interstate stopoffs focused on sucking dollars from passing tourists and travelers. The people are generally nice, but you won't find down home friendly for the most part until you head South.



Indianapolis, for all that it's just a giant version of a suburb, is a decent enough place to visit, especially if you like Indiana's second religion of auto racing. Illinois is much the same, with an increasing twang to the voice in either state as you head south. Beyond the cornfields and soybean mega-farms of Indiana and Illinois you will find river communities that are old, historic, and quaint. These are often beautiful small towns along the rivers that are bleeding Applebees and Fashion Bug Pluses where their back end runs into the interstate.

When you travel through areas like that one of the first things you learn is that a few W-stickers on cars and a cowboy hat don't mean you won't be welcome. For most of America the difference between Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, has been blown totally out of proportion. You might find something to argue with folks about if you go looking for it, but they like the same sort of thing you do, want the same sort of thing you want, and they aren't stringing black people up from trees or playing banjos in the cornfield.

That of course excludes Northern Indiana, like I said, because as friendly as people may be that place is a nest of vipers waiting to bite you.

Finally, before we get to the foreign representatives, let's zip back to Chicago and then head north from there. Into a true oddball of a state that blends the sensibilities of Canada with those of Northern Indiana and offers up scenery that might feel more at home in rural New England.

Our final stop on this US tour portion of the Great American Reach Around resides within the state due north of Chicago. Wisconsin is a largely rural state with scenic forested regions and a varied landscape. There is some heavy industry and a hell of a lot of dairy farms. The German influence prevelant in the Midwest is almost palpable in Wisconsin. People of German ancestry make up nearly half of Wisconsin's 5.5 million inhabitants. German-style buildings

are not uncommon and don't be surprised if you see a sign that uses an umlaut.

Wisconsin's largest population center is the city of Milwaukee, which is located a scant 90 miles from downtown Chicago. It is essentially the second egg in the metro area omelet. Milwaukee's economy has not adapted as swiftly as Chicago's to changing times, but whereas Chicago endured a brutal realignment from its heavy industrial backbone, industry clings to life in Milwaukee. There is also a lot of beer coming out of the city, much of it actually pretty good.

Milwaukee is also home to two of the (currently) worst professional sports franchises in the United States: the Milwaukee Brewers baseball team and the Milwaukee Bucks basketball team. If you're playing for a bastkeball team with a green deer as its logo then you're probably not going to win the championship.

Today we will end the American portion of our GARA feature with a brief look at Wisconsin's capital and second-largest city.

Madison, Wisconsin

Madison is the ultimate "little big city" of the Midwest. There are a lot of these sub 500,000 population cities in the Midwest that try to walk the line between small town and big city, but most of them end up feeling like a gussied up suburb. Madison manages to feel like a giant small town with the advantages and comforts of a big city. It's a fairly cosmopolitan place where people still smile at you and say hello. I have also never seen more trees within the city limits of an urban area than I have in Madison. Central Park in New York City has fewer trees per square mile.

It is an extremely white city, even for Wisconsin, possibly indicating that Wisconsin wizards transformed the blacks into trees through some sort of ancient Germanic magic. Luckily, its proximity to both Milwaukee and Wisconsin lead its large population of college students to day trip to the dens of ethnic diversity nearby. It's an open-minded place. The beautiful architecture and scenic location on the shores of Lake Monona go a long way to help explain why Madison consistently ranks high in the top 100 cities to live in the United States.

Madison is the birthplace of the Progressive movement, which in turn gave birth to the Progressive Party. It was a liberal breakaway of the early 20th century Republican Party started by Robert M. La Follette. Think of him as a socialist version of Ross Perot. Needless to say, Madison is a hotbed of liberalism.

If you're looking for a nice and beautiful place to visit and you don't want to be overwhelmed by a big city like Chicago, you could do worse than Madison.

I hope you've enjoyed this first leg of our big tour of the United States. It has been an epic journey, but it's an epic country. Now it's time to take a look at what our French compatriots have to say about their nation.

Take a deep breath, relax, and get ready to get *French as fuck.*

Alexandre "Apoual Brabiste" Wolmer

Beaune, France

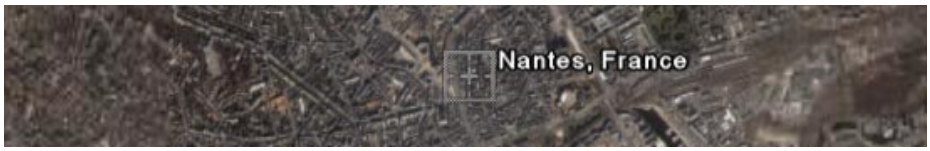
Ask us about America and it will echo as USA in our ears, and we will begin to talk about Iraq, flying from a topic to another like a surface-to-air missile. Insist a little bit, and we will describe a fascinating but suspicious alien world we've only ever seen through a telescope (or television). Trust me, in Beaune, island of peace in the tranquility of this vineyard ocean called Côte-d'Or, Burgundy, anything that doesn't wear a sun-hat or contains less than 12% of alcohol (like a hamburger) is considered as a threat from outer-space.

Here almost everything revolves around tourism and wine (literally), and even if we know the ways of the 21st century there is still no McDonald restaurant in a 19 miles radius. Between Dijon and Lyon on the main route between North and South of France, we, the 22,000 "Beaunois" [bone-wah], are not that far from civilization. However, the rare industries we had, flew elsewhere leaving us with only vineyards to occupy our sons and tourism to provide work for our charming daughters.

In the early 1900's an inhabitant named Louis Chevrolet found the best way to get a career: he left his bike repair shop and went to do business in a far far-away country. Maybe this was also due to the lack of proper entertainement. Our numerous bacchic festivals aside, we don't have any exceptional ways to entertain ourself. Perhaps boredom is in our nature.

Several scientists were born here. One, physiologist Etienne-Jules Marey, almost invented the first Western Film ever. Well, he actually built the first film-camera prototype to film running horses. However, we have everything for a tourist to enjoy; an historical city center surrounded by ramparts, old churches, old buildings with colourful roofs, rivers to walk along, and plenty of souvenirs and wine shops. Fine for you, but what really makes me fond of this town and made my childhood the best ever, is the pearl of awesomeness I used to play around as a kid: a real tank from WWII.

If one day you pay me a visit, you will discover that even if almost every misconception about France is somehow true, we are not so rude here, maybe only a little bit shy. Sure, people who talk out loud tickle our mustache, but around a glass of wine it doesn't really matter.



Cyril "Dr. Fred" Kowaliski

Nantes, France

Let's be honest: France probably isn't the most popular tourist destination in the United States at the moment. However, the feeling of irrational antagonism is very much mutual: many French people will gladly rant on about America's cultural imperialism and maverick military endeavors until they're blue in the face. It's a shame, really, because our two countries have every reason in the world to be best buddies. We all love eating, democracy, being staunchly nationalistic, eating, looking down on other countries, our respective stockpiles of deadly nuclear weapons, and of course eating.

We Frenchmen do have a few traits that differentiate us from Americans, though. We're really laid back, we enjoy cushy socialism a little too much for our own good, and we love to complain about anything and everything. Over two centuries of ever-changing government systems, from empires to monarchies and republics, have also made us more cynical about politics than most, and we will go on strike anytime the government pisses us off in the slightest. Lastly, most of us couldn't care less about religion-even though the average French city seems to have a church roughly every 20 square meters.

One such city is Nantes, which is where I live. Nantes has something like 30 churches, but you'll be hard pressed to see anyone attend them regularly. Instead, the locals-les Nantais-would rather sit at one of the city's many cafés, buy pastries at a local old-style bakery, or make me feel underdressed for going shopping in jeans and a t-shirt. (Yes, people here dress really well for some reason I still haven't figured out.)

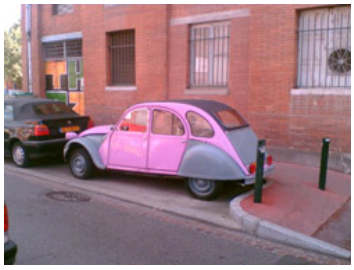
One of Nantes' main attractions is the local university, and so the city harbors a pretty healthy population of college students. It's not unusual to hear people playing loud music, drunkenly yelling in the street, and partaking in other excesses at 1AM on a Wednesday night, for example. Otherwise, Nantes isn't particularly exciting. It does have a few landmarks-Jules Verne's birth place, the old LU biscuit factory, the Château des Ducs de Bretagne, among others-but it's not really the type of place you'd see one of those coaches full of old tourists stop by.

As unexceptional as it may be, Nantes is definitely a pleasant city to live in. I don't even own a car, because more or less everything I need is within walking distance. For everything else, there are trams and buses. The city center is admittedly a maze of small streets, alleys, cul-de-sacs, and unnecessary roundabouts, though, so driving here probably isn't the best idea. Overall, Nantes looks like a strange mish-mash of different epochs, from the Renaissance-era castle to the city's lone skyscraper, with imperial public buildings and early 20th century apartment blocks thrown in here and there. The people are friendly and carefree, though, and staying here is

a blast.

To go back to my original point, France really isn't the bastion of cowardly, unshowered, America-hating proto-commies that Fox News would have one believe. The French share most of the same values as Americans, and while we may be more left-leaning, most of us are laid back enough to not make a big deal out of it. So let's just shake hands, make up, and all have a glass of wine-or we'll set your car on fire.

Manuel "Senso" Lanctôt
Toulouse, France

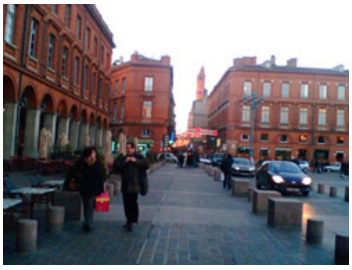


Alexis de Tocqueville may have loved America at the time of his famous happy stroll but would he still love the Big Mac-eating, warmongering and arrogant country that it is now? Probably, since France is starting to like fast food, chauvinism is a national past time and they used to be pretty aggressive (they started what became the Viet-Nam war after all).

France is well known for its famous wines, cheeses, bloated goose liver pâtés, seasonal car burning (about 40,000 in 2005) and holier-than-thou attitude towards the USA. The latter can be explained by the fact that Americans consider themselves to be in the best country in the world while the French believe that all other countries suck. This is what happens after three Napoleons and a revolution - just don't mention the German occupation.

After a bit of traveling around, Toulouse is still my favorite city, mainly because this place is older than Jesus and also, of course, because it's not Paris. Students make about 1/8th of the city population so there is a good nightlife filled with distant drunken singing, but unfortunately I'm not a student.

It's pretty hard to find a bar where you can sit and have a calm drink on any day of the week except in Irish pubs.



Toulouse is also the head quarter of Airbus, famous for its huge A380 plane that keeps getting postponed and being the laughing stock of Boeing.

I never bothered to understand why but the public transportation system here goes on strike every now and then. There's nothing funnier than being stuck in a crammed bus for an hour and seeing 500 students waiting at the next bus stop. Well, nothing except maybe stepping on dog poo poo, which Toulouse has more than enough. Those little carpets in front of doors are used to wipe that poo poo off your shoes more than anything else.

As for the dirtiness cliché, this is not true anymore. French women do shave their armpits and they

smell pretty good. The average Toulousain (or "Toulousaing" in the local accent) is trendier than most North Americans. They're also sexier since obesity is not yet a general problem here. That alone, my friends, is a good enough reason to come visit us.

If you have any questions, comments, compliments, or complaints about this article you can feel free to email me. I can relay comments to our foreign representatives as well.

Next week on GARA: I complete the circuit of the Midwest and we hear from readers from old rivals Greece and Turkey!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.23 Whackin' Wolverine

Saturday, Mar 24, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Wolverine is dead. After slipping in the shower and hitting his head in the newest issue of his comic, our most played-out superhero has departed this world for the big guest appearance in the sky. Marvel has confirmed that no attempt will be made to resurrect the character. He is gone for good.

In memory of the Wolverine we all grew up with, let us reflect upon some of his finest comic book appearances and hope that there are bad guys in heaven just waiting to be called "bub" before being eviscerated with their backs tastefully turned toward the reader so their gaping wounds aren't shown.

"Sneaking Out Of The X-Mansion In Kitty Pryde's Suitcase"
Uncanny X-Men #151

When Professor X bans cheap beer from the mansion, Wolverine has only one option: escape at all costs!

Key Moment **Wolverine:** Come oooon! This is taking forever, you loopy broad!
Kitty Pryde: You're too... heavy! It's been twenty minutes and I haven't even reached the front

door. I think they're starting to suspect something is in my suitcase.
Wolverine: Just tell them you're incredibly weak. They'll buy it, you're a girl.
Kitty Pryde: *(sobbing)*

"Which One's The Dinner Fork?"
Marvel Comics Presents #93

Wolverine is invited to dinner with the president, but can the wild beast be tamed in time? Can etiquette win out over years of savagery?

Key Moment
Storm: Logan, those are both knives. Put them down.
Wolverine: All you need in this world is a sharp blade, bub. Trust me.
Storm: Maybe, but this is tomato soup. You can't cut tomato soup.
Wolverine: Maybe not, but I can... CUT THE BOWL!
Storm: Oh god.
Wolverine: See? Muscles *and* brains.

"Ashamed Of Shrinking The X-Men"
Wolverine #65

Thinking a button on the danger room control panel is there to order Pay-Per-View pornography, Wolverine presses it and discovers the button's true purpose: firing a shrink ray. With the rest of the X-Men now one third of their original size, where will the team go from here?

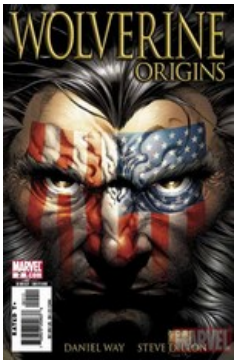
Key Moment **Wolverine:** I can't believe I did this to you guys. I am so sorry. Stupid stupid stupid!
Professor X: It's quite alright, Logan. Just hit the "Reverse" button to reverse the ray's effects and return us to our proper size. We can't quite reach it ourselves.

Wolverine: Oh, the shame of it! I have to take Cyclops' motorcycle and wander around the Canadian countryside while thinking about my mysterious past until this all blows over!
Jean Grey: Logan, the button! Logan!
Professor X: He has made up his mind, Jean. Now we must decide which one of us will perish to keep the rest from starving.

"The Empty Robot"
Alpha Flight #53

When Alpha Flight takes on its most dangerous enemy to date, Wolverine employs a tactic that ultimately decides the battle.

Key Moment
Wolverine: Hey guys!
Guardian: Wolverine, we've lost the fight. We're all badly injured. Where... *(coughs up blood)* where were you?
Wolverine: I'm the best there is at what I do... and what I do is hide in robots until fights are over!
Northstar: I'm gay.
Wolverine: Yeah, you told us already.
Northstar: Well, I just wanted to let everyone know I still am. Just in case anyone thinks something has changed.



"Wolverine Visits The County Fair"
Wolverine Origins #2

He's survived supervillains, ninja assassins and mutant hunting Sentinal robots, but can Logan withstand the horrors of the county fair?

Key Moment
Face Painter: So what'll it be?
Wolverine: A dragon breathing fire on a skeleton as the skeleton rams a greatsword right up the roof of its mouth and through the top of its head, where the dragon's brains are splattering all over the place.
Face Painter: Haven't learned that one yet. I can do an American flag or a pink teddy bear holding a heart-shaped balloon.
Wolverine: Gimme the flag.

"Undercover As Waiters"
Wolverine #8

When the world's most dangerous mutant villain is spotted at a local restaurant, Wolverine and Hulk go undercover to flush him out. Will they go too deep, leaving their lives as heroes behind for the magical allure of the food service industry?

Key Moment **Wolverine:** Here's your rolls, bub.
Customer: I say, why are they impaled on those horrid blades? And why are those blades protruding from the back of your hand?
Wolverine: I uh... I'm a waiter.
Hulk: HULK BRING WATER TO TABLE! *(loud crashing noises)* ARGH! HULK DROP PUNY TRAY! HULK SMASH GLASSES!
Customer: What is wrong with that freakish man?
Wolverine: Sorry, sir. Can't be helped, he's Italian.

"Storm And Wolverine Vs. An Eight Year Old Girl"
Wolverine #39

She won't get away this time!

Key Moment
Girl: Please don't hurt me!
Wolverine: HAHAHA!
Girl: Why is this happening? Tell me what I did and I'll apologize! I don't want to die!
Storm: Get her, Wolverine! Haha! Get her! Yes! Haha!
Wolverine: Blehehehe!

"Attack Of The Guys Who Just Throw Their Guns Right At Their Enemies"
Wolverine #122

Wolverine is outnumbered by an army of ruthless assassins wielding untold amounts of firepower. Will his mutant healing factor be enough to keep him alive when his enemies start throwing their guns at him?

Key Moment **Guy Who Threw A Bazooka:** Wait a second, it didn't work! What in the sam hill is going on here?
Wolverine: Was that the best you could do? Say your prayers, bub. *(unleashes his claws with a signature *snikt* sound)*
Guy Who Threw A Shotgun: Three years of training... all for naught!

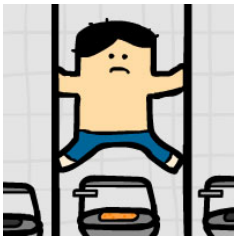
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.24 The 24 Coolest Things I've Ever Done

Sunday, Mar 25, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

I finally got around to turning 24 yesterday. It was a long, arduous task, but I'm proud to say I passed through my 23rd year on the planet unscathed. My unemployment streak (which is approaching world record status) is still wonderfully unblemished, and I've come to find professors are much more sympathetic about multiple absences when you accidentally mispronounce "I needed to level my Mage to 60" as "I contracted Lupus when I wrecked my car trying to save a burning orphanage on the way to my grandmother's funeral."

But I know it's all downhill from here. The year between 23 and 24 is the line between probation and prison time for dating high schoolers. Women my age are starting the brutal trek from 24 to 25, where even the hottest coed suddenly forgets how to wear makeup and can't go three sentences without using the term "my kid". I am sure my transition will be just as unforgiving: One second I'll be doing homework and thinking about watching a movie, the next, making hotel reservations with my horse-faced secretary, whose beauty seems to grow at the exact same rate as my wife's thighs.



It's alright, though. When I finally succumb to the ravages of pre-midlife mediocrity, I'll go with a smile. Why? Because I've done a *ton* of cool shit in my life. If more people knew me they'd call people *my* age "The Greatest Generation" based on my experiences alone. I'm not one to one-up a so-called "hero" who lives off my taxes because he spent most of his twenties in some European bunker but believe me when I say I could if I wanted to.

In honor of my 24th birthday I've gone to the trouble of compiling a list of the 24 coolest things I've ever done. No need to thank me; your riotous laughter will be more than enough. That and gift cards to popular online retailers. I'm told I have to say this is a joke if I mention it, so please keep in mind that I *was* kidding and I would in no way appreciate free money from total strangers. Not a bit. Now get to reading this list and "ironically" putting your credit card information in that Amazon box so I can "jokingly" buy myself some shit. Ha!

1. Won first prize in a pep rally "school spirit" contest by taking pictures of players from the opposing team, cutting their heads out, and sticking them on styrofoam "stakes".

2. Slapped the president of a community college on the ass and shouted "go team" at him.

3. Told a semi-autistic kid in my apartment complex that the girl down the hall (who he was in love with) needed his help with "Return to Castle Wolfenstein" but was too shy to ask him. He printed out the entire GameFAQs FAQ, signed it, and slid it under her door.

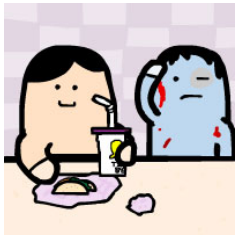
4. Sprayed my dad in the eye with brake cleaner and lit him on fire as we tried to turn my Airzooka into a flamethrower. I was 20 years old at the time.

5. Was nearly killed in Indianapolis after my friend honked his horn (which played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic") at a bunch of black guys.

6. Told a Wal-Mart manager to "shut the fuck up and let me watch television" after eating mushrooms, walking to the store to get some soda, and staring at moving patterns in the floor for the better part of an hour.

7. Watched a fat girl fall through a cheap, tacked-on wall at a college party; was laughing too hard to help her despite her kicking her chubby ankles in the air and shouting "help me."

8. Hit the lead singer of Mindless Self Indulgence in the face with a shoe at a concert.



9. Spent the better part of a week in the third grade purposely saying "cunt" instead of "can't" until they sent me to speech therapy.

10. Convinced a grocery store cashier to sell me cigarettes despite the fact that I was underage because "my dad would beat my ass" if I didn't bring any home.

11. Watched my friend get his ass kicked at an underground "fight club"; made him take me to Taco Bell before he drove himself to the hospital to get stitches.

12. Told a girl whose father hung himself "your dad killed himself because of you" when she cut me in a lunch line.

13. Got in a fistfight at a party. Spit on a cut in the guy's forehead and told him "you have the clap now, motherfucker" at the end of the fight.

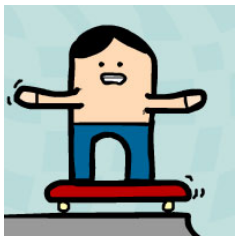
14. Nearly killed my neighbor when I was a kid by smashing berries I found on bushes into a "Gummi Bears" cup and convincing him to drink it, saying the juice would "make you jump real high."

15. Ate a spoonful of castor oil and puked all over the house so my grandmother wouldn't make me go to church.

16. Got disqualified from a donkey basketball game in high school for smacking the donkey in the back of the head for not moving, thus making me the first person to ever donkey punch a donkey.

17. Turned in a list of four white power bands and Huey Lewis when a particularly irritating teacher asked us to make a list of five bands we liked as a homework assignment; presented them as "Christian groups" when I found out we were to give presentations on our list and got a B.

18. Was nearly mauled by dogs while running down the road, carrying a large plastic ghost, with my pants around my ankles during a Halloween vandalism spree.



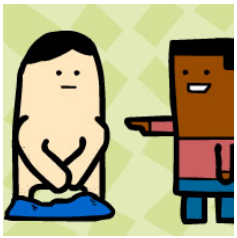
19. Got bitch-slapped by a grieving mother in a gas station when someone told me her asshole son had died and I said "good," not realizing she was standing in front of me.

20. Joked with a drunken, 35-year-old man who lived in my dorm that he should steal the golf cart a university safety officer left parked in front of our hall. I did not realize drunken 35-year-old dorm dwellers were so open to suggestion *or* that university security officers often left their keys in their golf

carts, and as a result of his expulsion the workforce is short one accredited construction worker.

21. Tried skateboarding for the first time ever by attempting a drop-in off a 14-foot ramp. Walking back to the car to get a rag to wipe up the blood, I stepped in a human turd behind the halfpipe.

22. Hid a bag of pot in my grandmother's sugar bowl after a friend told me "they never look in obvious places."



23. Spray painted the rims of my friend's $250 junker van gold with green dollar signs before making a trip to Louisville. Made trip back home without the benefit of a windshield or a wallet.

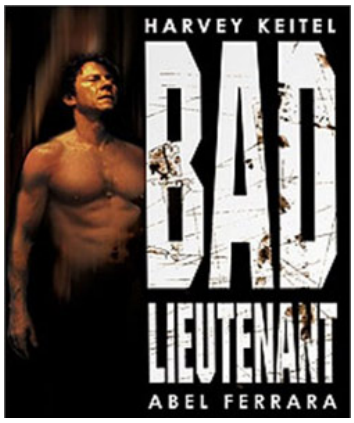
24. Ate a heaping helping of cafeteria biscuits and gravy, resulting in me shitting a bright orange foam that looked *almost exactly* like the Nickelodeon logo in my dorm restroom at about three in the morning. Of course, the toilet backed up, and in the process of escaping a terrible fate the bottoms of my pajamas were soaked in toilet water and neon orange exrement. I washed them in the dorm shower and attempted to walk down the hallway, nude, covering my junk with the wet, wadded up pair of pajamas. I got three doors away from my own when a group of about six black dudes came out of the room in front of me. Expecting at least a hearty mocking, I dropped my gaze. One of the dudes said "'sup, holmes", I responded with a nod, and we both went our separate ways.

As you can plainly see, I have lived a fruitful life and I am fully ready to accept the doldrums of old age. I have a story for every occasion, especially if the occasion calls for stories about black people and/or strangely colored fecal matter. I don't know about you, but I'd much rather hear about that than something involving "Europe" and "how I got my Purple Heart". Shove that in your foxhole and smoke it, grandpa!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

3.25 Too Much Information: The 59 "NC-17" Citations for "Bad Lieutenant"

Monday, Mar 26, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



When *Bad Lieutenant* was released in 1992 the groundbreaking film stunned audiences with its shocking and graphic portrayal of an aberrant police lieutenant. Critics received the film in much the way they might receive a mouthful of vomit during a kiss with a beautiful girl. Even those critics normally attracted to art house cinema considered the movie to be so relentlessly nihilistic that it was difficult to recommend.

Some critics did manage to come around on the film, but one group never viewed *Bad Lieutenant* as anything other than abject filth: the Motion Picture Association of America.

The MPAA's ratings board slapped the film with a "hard" NC-17 and forced director Abel Ferrara to make a number of deep cuts to get the movie to an "R" rating and larger theatrical release.

After months of digging, I have managed to discover the list of NC-17 citations given to Ferrara by the MPAA. This is the list of citations that qualify the film for an NC-17 rating. Any one item on the list was enough to earn it an NC-17 rating and Ferrara was forced to cut all 59 things out of the final film.

Today, for the first time, the world will learn what *Bad Lieutenant* might have been!

1. Bad Lieutenant's scrotum stretched out to create a "Tijuana Trampoline" for a Mexican jumping bean

2. Drugs or alcohol injected into a baby for luck

3. Part of a skeleton's hand hidden inside a vagina

4. Four instances of the unutterable profanity, which cannot be reproduced here

5. Turtle made to eat its own vomit through trickery or special effects

6. More than one consecutive minute of a man staring into the camera

7. Ghosts portrayed as real and/or consulted as experts

8. Erotic skullduggery

9. Good Lieutenant locked inside a freezer by Bad Lieutenant and thrown into river

10. Bad Lieutenant laughs and flushes goldfish down toilet

11. Semi-automatic weapon discharged inside a well or cistern more than twice

12. Destruction of federal property in the act of intercourse

13. Bad Firefighter seen using the restroom for emotional gratification

14. Sexual humiliation of house cats

15. Bad Lieutenant stands naked and eats canned pasta over his sink as his penis becomes visibly engorged

16. Babies utilized as the subject of an auction or in a barter transaction

17. Bad Astronaut admits to destroying Challenger space shuttle out of jealousy

18. Locomotives constructed prior to 1990 participating in a wedding ceremony

19. Birthday cake decoration used to advocate abortion

20. Bad Helicopter used twice to terrorize or maim wild horses

21. Bad Helicopter appears with the word "Fuckwagon" painted on the side

22. Bad Helicopter appears with a realistic image of a woman defecating on a rattlesnake painted on the side

23. Bad Helicopter seen using the restroom for emotional gratification

24. Ritualized torture and murder of a notary public

25. Depiction of a crab or lobster notarizing official police documents

26. Graphic demonstration of the forbidden "egg jape"

27. Oral copulation performed in a bad dumbwaiter

28. Minor forced to witness a sporting mascot purchasing crack cocaine

29. Scenes of one or more sporting mascots smoking drugs with a helicopter

30. Sodomy on Good Helicopter performed by a sporting mascot while a minor is forced to watch

31. Minor willingly assisting in the disposal of a body at the behest of a police officer

32. Multiple human skulls appearing in the wrong location on Bad Lieutenant's airport X-ray

33. Bad Lieutenant grunting and gasping on toilet bowl with graphic splashing sounds

34. Human skulls in toilet bowl fished out and sold to teenagers

35. Prominent background image or images of a wizard nude from the waist down

36. Graphic description of a wizard masturbating himself onto a photograph of the President Eisenhower

37. Industrial robot programmed to inject testosterone into an erection

38. Parrot trained to speak blasphemy against the Catholic Church

39. Hostage forced at gunpoint to simulate oral copulation with a doorknob

40. Bowling ball painted like a testicle rolled into bowling pins arranged to spell out vulgar terms for the vagina

41. Basket containing Christmas ornaments flattened by steamroller

42. Harpoon gun used in prostate exam

43. Gravity defied repeatedly and without explanation, implying the use of sorcery

44. Car driven by Bad Lieutenant made out of human guts, runs on blood

45. Bad Sergeant stabbed in neck with shovel for not being bad enough

46. Bad Lieutenant "fake throws" ball for Golden Retriever

47. Elderly woman shoved into puddle

48. Sporting mascot married to Chinese woman in citizenship scheme orchestrated by Bad Lieutenant and Bad Helicopter with assistance from Bad Crustacean Notary

49. Kazoo used to frighten rape victim

50. Amish deceived into using computer disguised as plow by Bad Astronaut

51. Nearby tornado ignored by characters without consequence

52. Multiple characters call in sick to jobs despite not being sick

53. Chastity vows mocked

54. Good Helicopter destroyed with missile for filing taxes on time

55. Dean's car taken apart and reassembled in his office

56. Trigger discipline ignored by Bad Lieutenant during Russian Roulette game

57. Bad Astronaut admits plans to fake Mars Landing

58. Bad Helicopter and Bad Astronaut framed by Bad Lieutenant for cocaine that has disappeared from evidence room

59. Bad Lieutenant promoted to Bad Captain by Bad Commissioner after proving bad enough to rescue Bad President

There were originally plans for an entire trilogy based around the character of Bad Lieutenant, but these were scrapped when it was realized that there was no way to film an entire movie inside a dead white rhino's vagina. Without this key bridge in the second film, the third film (in which Bad Lieutenant meets Bad Time Traveler and erases history) would have been implausible.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 Anarchy Rides Again

Tuesday, Mar 27, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Online Anarchy series.

So much knowledge is at your disposal right this very second. You could be reading about the operation of nuclear subs or city subway systems or even sub sandwiches, but no, you're right here about to find out how to become an anarchist in your very own home– mid 90's style!

You may already know that lots of guys tried to spread their anarchistic values on the early Internet, but none could quite hold a candle to XOZero. For years he wrote text files and spread them around hoping to bring down the establishment and set in motion a new world order in which he would be free to commit crimes, buy and sell what he wants, and watch TV all day without having to go to gym class.

In his April 1995 installment, our hero tries to accomplish what he couldn't the other three times: total worldwide anarchy and chaos.

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Hello welcome to my 17th text file. This is XOZero I am a
professional anarchist here to serve you and bring you the
ideas that breed a winner. Sorry about the delay in getting
this one out. My mom got me a job working part time at CVS.
Yes of course by now you should know that Im not like serious
about this job or anything. Im only doing it so I can buy some
supplies such as stink bombs and black clothes and a necklace
for Beth. So Dont Complain That Im A Working Man!!!

Hmmm... Lets see what is in my E-Mail since last time . . .

                    ---- TESTEMONIALS ----

    "Hi I'm a dad and I think your a bad influence. You
  prey on my children's minds and make them into bad kids.
          F***** YOU FOREVER!! Sincerely, a dad"

    "i tryed your suggestion about calling pepto bismol
 'poops abysmal' and it worked and now everyone at school
  is calling it that. we dont really talk about medicine
much but when we do its always about 'poops abysmal' so thanks"
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-- FROM ANONYMOUS

But enough bragging .....

On with the chaos!!!!!!!

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          __________//|__________
    ---==={     LIFE AS A TREE      }==---
          ________________________/
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Find a tree with a big ol hole in it and get inside. When some couple comes over to sit under the tree and be romantic you can go "Im A Tree I Know All About Nature And All Of Her Creatures. You Two Should Not Get Married Because It Will Make Nature Mad." Then the boyfriend will go crazy and start busting up the tree and thats when you should get the heck out of there.

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          __________//|__________
    ---==={     DETECT THIS!!!      }==---
          ________________________/
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Call up the detective of the police department in your town and say "I've Got A Lead On Your Biggest Case!!!" and then he will say "OK IM COMING RIGHT OVER!" but here's the trick... you never told him where you are so he will just drive around the town all night wondering what it was that was so important and he will probably start to cry.

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          __________//|__________
    ---==={     MARRIAGE MAYHEM     }==---
          ________________________/
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Go up to a married couple at the store (wal-mart, kmart, ect.) and get them apart from each other and say to the husband "Hello Sir Did You Know Your Wife Is Talking Trash About You At The Other End Of The Store??"and then go to the wife and say "Hello Madam Your Husband Thinks You Are A Crazy Coot And You Kiss Like A Wet Skunk. He Told Me All This. Im His Friend" then basically that marriage is over..

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          __________//|__________
    ---==={     GOLF CART CHAOS     }==---
          ________________________/
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For this you need a friend to help. Go up to the school security guard in the golf cart and start making small talk with him. Then start examining his ride and ask him what kind of mileage he gets on this baby and while you have his attention your friend can sneak around to the other and flick him off multiple times.

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           __________//|__________
      ---=={       PUTRID PARTY      }==---
           ________________________/
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When a jock is having a party with friends one thing you can do is get a really small dog and hollow out a rotten watermelon. Then put the dog in the watermelon and stand on the sidewalk outside the party and roll the dogmelon up the walkway and into the front door. Then the dog will eat its way out and do its business on the carpet. I dont know how to train a dog to do this yet.

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           __________//|__________
      ---=={      LIVELY LIBARY      }==---
           ________________________/
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Dress up like Theordore Roosevelt the best you can and get a big pillow to go under your shirt so you look real fat. Then go to a libary and walk around bumping books off the shelves with your belly. When a libarian comes over to help pick up the books just adjust your glasses (on the little chain) and go "Oh Im Sorry My Lady I Am Just So Portly And It Cant Be Helped!" and while this is happening your friend can sneak in and steal some of the days newspapers. Then use the stolen papers to learn about local and national politics because knowledge is power.

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                          |
           __________//|__________
      ---=={        SLIME TIME       }==---
           ________________________/
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Make a nasty concoction of all your things in the refrigerator in a blender and hide it in a plastic bag under your shirt then go to a barber shop. Right when the barber is almost done with your haircut open the bag and start spilling it out on your lap and start making groan noises. Then the barber will be like "Hey" and you can just run out the door and finish the haircut at home for free. Congrats you now know the secret to free haircuts.

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           __________//|__________
      ---=={    MOUNTAIN MADNESS     }==---
           ________________________/
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If your stepdad makes you go climbing with strangers you should make them think you have a bad case of mountain madness. Start talking about mountains and how much you love them and you want to live on one someday and climb a mountain every day forever. Then kiss the mountain very passionately and say "I! LOVE! THIS!! MOUNTAIN!!!!" and slip a hula hoop (engangment ring) around a big rock. Then pick a climber to be the best man and a brides maid or two and a priest and start the wedding. Write your own vows for the mountain and begin calling her by her mountain name like a first name and ask her what she wants to do this weekend. Then when they start to say you aren't faking it anymore and that you

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actually have mountain madness thats when you can play it off
like it was a joke, because it was a joke the entire time. It was
always a joke. You were never actually in love with a mountain.


Well thats the end of this edition. I hope you will survive
in an ever corporate world until next session when I bust out
the big guns and show you how to make a pumpkin into a burning
bowling ball of stinky crud. So long . . .

 XOZero

           "HEY NEIGHBOR WHERE DID YOU
              GET THAT HOT NEW TEXT FILE??"
                     /

              _____
             /_____
_____ooOOo___(_O_O_)___oOOoo_____________________________
|                                                       |
| DARN RIGHT!! YOU GOT IT AT RANDY'S RESURRECTION!!!    |
|                                                       |
|                       SYSOPS                          |
|         RANDY II               Ouuughhhhh??           |
|        MorePOWER                 Aruuuugh             |
|      I_Think_So_Tim           Augh Augh Augh          |
|       WilsonsWisdom               Stephen             |
|_______________________________________________________|
```

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.27 U.S. Department of Barrels

Wednesday, Mar 28, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

U.S. Department of Barrels
Bureau of Barrel Statistics

Frequently Asked Questions

Section 7.1 - Barrel of Fun Index (BFI):

The BFI is determined by counting the total number of barrels in circulation in the United States and its territories in a given month and calculating the percentile of barrels that fall under the category of "fun." The criterion for this index is as follows:

- Barrel resides in the United States or a territory under the jurisdiction of the United States and;
- Barrel contains a living clown residing in the barrel for a period of no less than 14 days, or;
- Barrel contains one or more monkeys.

Due to revised government safety standards for fun, barrels containing expired clowns are not measured by the BFI and are instead included in the Food Barrel Index (FBI). The United States is currently a leading exporter of expired clown barrels to the developing world.

Although cracker barrels are considered fun in some parts of the country, federal regulations stipulate that they be omitted from the BFI. Barrels of fish are not included, even if used for gaming purposes. The Bureau of Barrel Statistics has no way of verifying that the fish are not on the protected species list and were caught with valid fishing licenses during designated fishing seasons. Thus fish barrel figures are omitted from the BFI due to potential illegalities. Finally, the BFI does not chart recreational barrel usage or barrels used in lieu of clothing. Because there is no way to gather accurate or even meaningful statistics, activities such as riding barrels down waterfalls or wearing a barrel around your person are not factored into the index.

The BFI primarily charts two distinct barrel statistics. Clowns per Barrel (CPB) and Monkeys per Barrel (MPB) are used to show the respective percentages of barrels containing clowns and monkeys in circulation. In regards to the MPB, the percentage is not to be used as the total number of monkeys existing inside of barrels, but rather the percentage of barrels that contain at least one monkey. Some barrels contain multiple monkeys. The MPB **does not** take this into account.

SPECIAL NOTICES:

There is overlap with the Barrel of Fun Index and the Explosive Barrel Index, as barrels containing clowns are known to explode when handled improperly. Clown barrels are thus a key component of both indexes.

BFI REVISIONS AND HISTORY:

The BFI has undergone considerable changes since it was created in 1968 at the behest of President Lyndon Baines Johnson, who learned that the Bureau of Barrel Statistics lacked numbers concerning barrel related fun. At first, the BFI tracked a myriad of fun barrel uses, including midgets per barrel, puppies per barrel, and candy per barrel. The practice of storing midgets in barrels was outlawed in 1976 when midgets were granted equal rights, so the BFI began tracking Monkeys per Barrel figures instead. From 1982-1984 the BFI tracked barrels containing escape artists. However the Escapist per Barrel (EPB) figures were highly unreliable due to market instability and a high level of fraud.

The BFI has thus been downsized to report only essential figures with values of use to governments and private business.

In 2004 the European Union launched L'Index Joyeux de Baril to provide Western Europe with similar barrel statistics. Currently it tracks both CPB and MPB, though the figures are dubious at best due to the inclusion of invisible barrels used by mimes.

PREMIUM SERVICES:

Premium membership to the Bureau of Barrel Statistics is free to all U.S. residents. Services include real time SMS updates of all barrel statistics tracked, including BFI figures. For more information, visit the Premium Membership site.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.28 Marc Norton, Furniture Gremlin

Thursday, Mar 29, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In Cleveland, there is a gremlin named Marc. He sells furniture. Sure, Marc is no different than most furniture-selling gremlins, except for the fact that this particular gremlin has a series of commercials. Commercials that make women barren. Commercials that turn children into rapists and murderers. Commercials that make you doubt your sobriety, even if you *didn't* just end a tear-filled telephone call to your ex-girlfriend. Marc's 30-second late-night nightmare fuel has made him part of Cleveland's "local color," which means that everyone is making fun of Marc without him knowing it - sort of like when William Hung graced the American Stage and our country was delivered an Asian stereotype we hadn't seen since Mickey Rooney in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, or even Jim Nabors in Disney's *Herbie the Love Bug Meets a Gook.*

The true face of evil is as terrifying as it is bearded.

If only these people knew the power this dark spectre of furniture holds.

I come to you today because it's unfair for Marc Norton to be shared with only the seventh most dangerous city in America. And even though I view his half-minutes of spooky hate and rage from the safety of my home in the ninth most dangerous city in America (a mere 75 murderous miles away), it would be a shame if the works of Marc Norton were not witnessed by the Something Awful audience - whose trips to the corner store are hopefully unlike mine, which resemble speedruns of *Contra*. Keep in mind that in order to showcase these commercials, I must employ the greatest resource that the Internet has ever known: YouTube. So if you happen to be viewing this article one day after it's published, keep in mind that the nature of YouTube means that these videos can go down or get replaced with Naruto anime music videos at the drop of a hat. That is why you should treasure this evil while you can.

To begin, we must start slow with the sanest commercial of the bunch:

Meet Marc. Or as he calls himself, "Maaaaahhkkhhkkhhkk." Internet research has provided me with the fact that Marc Norton, Furniture Gremlin was kicked in the throat as a child, possibly for having a ponytail. So that accounts for his ghoulish voice. But it doesn't account for the fact that he delivers dialogue in his commercials like a kidnapper talking to parents distressed about the state of their child's butthole. Note that Marc's karate stance is not just for the purpose of this commercial: in each spot he looks like he is powering up for some special move too expensive to animate into *Dragon Ball Z.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4jubP3t27IQ

You may have noticed that Marc's theme in these commercials seems to be "Help, I'm surrounded by crazy shit!" But what the audience doesn't know is that he is in control of the souls these coarse porcelain and wax bodies hold. Turnabout is fair play, my sweet gremlin.

Marc Norton is clearly flaunting his demonic powers to the authorities who have tried for the last decade to stop his reign of cruelty. Why else would pentagrams envelop this commercial like a sandwich of sheer terror? But we all saw what happened to the last cop to investigate Norton's Furniture: trapped in a cruel miscarriage of justice and only brought to life when a dumpy dark wizard wants you to kill a lion or get something off of a high shelf. And in the end, your harsh master returns to his vinyl succubus; the sounds of their lovemaking and ponytail slapping against wet back echo throughout the showroom of the damned.

This commercial is the first to end with the Norton Furniture Phone Number Song, a chorus of at least nine voices giving you the number at once. So it's kind of like singing a round, but in the course of 1.5 seconds. It is the warbled discordant melody of the mad.

The next set of commercials, which I affectionately call "The Ghoul Trilogy," feature a character by that same name. Not bothering to inform us of who this character is, Marc has The Ghoul show up in his commercials to show the viewer that escape from Norton Furniture is impossible.

Yes, Ghoul, play those little games all you want, but it won't change the fact that Marc Norton gave you a partial lobotomy with a knitting needle and is slowly poisoning you as you tend to what he calls "the soul garden." From my estimate, it looks like The Ghoul was either a homeless person or FM radio DJ (same thing) who wandered into Marc's store looking for a free meal. What he got was a life of indentured servitude to a man doing Satan's work in black V-neck T-shirt. The fact that he draws precious children into the store is the only reason Marc keeps The Ghoul alive... As if you could call that living.

The Ghoul is back, and this time he wants him some ponytail! The source of Marc's power, his ponytail cannot be severed by gardening shears alone. Only an enchanted diamond bonesaw could cleave Marc Norton from the lock that brings him his omnipotent power. But The Ghoul doesn't know this. All he hopes is that separating Marc from his ponytail will afford him some dignity, and perhaps something to rest his head on when he sleeps in Norton Furniture's world-famous "broken glass pit of blood and shame." The slow motion at the end is symbolic of The Ghoul's eternal torment; he cannot take his own life, or that of his master. Never before has so much desperation been distilled into such a small moment, beautiful in its abject tragedy.

I've waited this long to point out the fact that the only thing Marc guarantees is his commercial in that his name is Marc. But even this is a lie. No mortal dares speak the true name of Marc Norton.

This commercial, the final episode of "The Ghoul Trilogy," features the Prince to Marc Norton's King of Darkness. He is known to visit orphanges at night and feast on babies with poor credit. His name is unknown, but he takes the form of a large frog. Do not be drawn in by his goofy smile and thousand-yard stare; locking eyes with the gaze of this misshapen creature can drive most men to madness. The Ghoul, thinking he has one-upped both his master and second-in-command, assumes he has them both. But Marc Norton knows that The Ghoul lacks the necessary brain matter and can do nothing but excitedly slash at the air while losing control of his bowels. Ashamed, Marc can do nothing but shamble off-screen as if his bones are made of wicker – *which was the exact deal he made with dark forces to receive his tremendous power!*

This final commercial for Norton Furniture shows what can only be a bleak future for the already bleak state of Ohio. Having been made Governor, Marc now uses his shadow magic to bring character actors from the 1930s to the future just to execute them. No one knows why he does this, but then again, no one dares question the methods of Marc Norton. He now decides who lives and who dies. And, in an act of cruelty, he shows up on the last days of condemned criminals' lives to make them think that his mighty slouch might show them compassion. Yet they still die. Does Marc show any remorse? You may believe he is covering his face out of shame in the end, but in reality he's hiding a smile more wicked than all the heavy metal covers and van murals in the world combined. Things do not look good for Ohio, my friends. Pray for me as I try to cross the border into the promised land, Indiana.

Indiana as a safe haven? Truly, this is hell on earth.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.29 The Great American Reach Around - The Midwest & Greece & Turkey

Friday, Mar 30, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Week two of the Great American Reach Around has arrived and with it comes the conclusion of the first leg of our journey. I will be finishing our whirlwind tour of the Midwestern United States by briefly glossing over states like Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Kansas. Stops will be made in Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, and Minnesota. If you need a refresher of week one you can click on the portion of this sentence which is underlined in blue.

Our foreign GARA reps this week hail from Turkey and Greece. These two dogs have been fighting over the chew toy of Cyprus for as long as anyone can remember. Since they both belong to NATO their constant posturing for war might one day spark World War III. Greekite Master Gamawa takes us on a tour of Athens in Greece, one of the cradles of Western civilization. Meanwhile, Serdar "Galewolf" Aldanmazlar will be showing us around his home town of Ankara, Turkey.

With a little finesse and a little luck, nothing will explode in this installment of the Great American Reach Around. Nothing...other than your mind! Which will be blown! Your mind will be blown!

This time around we begin our journey in capital and largest city of the humble state of Ohio. My bias will probably come out once again in this article since I lived in Ohio for nearly 15 years. Ohioans might want to stay away.

Columbus, Ohio

Political pundits have made Ohio out to be the great bellwether of America. Those pundit guys are nuts about bellwethers - they fucking love those things - but if you're a foreigner that hates our government and is looking for a state to blame for America's foreign policy, then look to Ohio. If I had to give Ohio some sort of high school senior superlative I would bestow it with the title of "Most Average".

Ohio is built around the mighty rivers Interstate 70 and Interstate 75, and most of the other towns in the state are either attached to one of the bigger cities or they cling to the concrete Mississipis that divide Ohio into four pieces. Each piece sucks equally.

Ohio contains a number of well-known and completely uninteresting medium-sized cities. There is Cleveland, home of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and the setting for the Drew Carey Show. Remember how shitty that show was? That's Cleveland! There's also Cincinnati (or "Cincy", which unlike "The Windy City", is actually used), home to the Reds and Bengals and the setting for WKRP in Cincinnati. Remember how shitty that show was? Well, Cincinnati is nothing like that! It's the race riot capital of America thanks to cops constantly shooting teenage black kids reaching for cell phones.

Toledo would probably be the high-point of a visit to Ohio, which is kind of like trying to find the high point on a basketball court. You could also visit Dayton or Youngstown, two smaller urban areas that lead the United States in the production of derelict industrial buildings. By the way, you never want to visit either under any circumstances not involving a court summons.

That brings us to the subject of this segment: Columbus, Ohio.

To really feel what makes Columbus special try to imagine a giant fraternity house with a bunch of drunken guys in red sweatshirts. They're crushing beer cans on their heads and falling off of balconies onto concrete. Maybe they're doing a little date-raping or smoking weed. Got that image fixed in your head? Okay, now multiply that house until it contains 100,000 people. Now imagine that these people are under a legal obligation to spend at least 50% of their day talking about football. Welcome to Columbus!

Columbus is home to Ohio State University, one of the largest institutes of higher education in America and rival of the hated University of Michigan. The two schools and their student bodies are virtually identical and they both field top-tier football teams most years, making them like matter and anti-matter. Life in Columbus and much of Ohio is structured around "Buckeyes" or "Bucks" football games and their immense impact on the psyche of most Ohioans.

People from other states in the United States are reading this right now and laughing, because hey, every football team has devoted fans, but they're wrong. You cannot comprehend the devotion of Ohioans to the Ohio State Buckeyes unless you are from Michigan or one of those countries where they go ape shit over that kick football game with the little panda ball.

What do Ohioans think of the rest of the world? They don't. They hate Michigan, they have some family in Indiana, and beyond that is just this big hazy landmass covered with terrorists, French people and New York City.

From Ohio we move north to the home of Robocop and the slowly rusting corpse of the American automotive industry; Michigan.

Michigan, also known as "Detroit and some other cities", is the great junk yard of the United States. You know those cars you see stalled on the shoulder of an interstate? Those cars come from Michigan. If you're a member of the UAW (United Auto Workers) then you should probably skip to the

next page. I have owned two cars manufactured in Michigan and I am not going to be nice about this ugly state.

Detroit, Michigan

Around half of Michigan's 10 million people live in and around Detroit, allowing the rest of the state and some of its smaller cities to live free in something approaching natural splendor. Michigan is the state to visit if you want to see the Great Lakes. Think of it as the top and bottom pincer of a geologic crab claw reaching in and snapping the freshwater Pangaea into its component parts.

Lansing, Michigan's capital, has managed to survive the post-industrial shift still going on in the Midwest by transforming itself into a big IT center. When all of these jobs are relocated to Hyderabad then Lansing can complete its transition into a more flexible pornography-based economy. For now it's a pretty nice medium-sized American city.

If you want to visit an even nicer medium-sized city, head to Grand Rapids. Well, okay, you're probably already headed there, because it's one of the convention capitals of America. It's also one of Michigan's fastest-growing cities, shedding the funeral shroud of the auto industry to embrace various biomed companies with sinister William Gibson names like VitaMed and NutroTox. Yakuza assassins have yet to show up on the streets.

There's also Flint, a city being slowly killed over the course of multiple Michael Moore documentaries. By the time he does his movie about the war in Iran we should be ready to finally witness the burial and eulogy for Flint. In the meantime, feel free to stop on by! Flint is a giant version of one of those "living history" Pilgrim villages in New England, only it's about the Great Depression.

That brings us to Detroit. At least in Robocop there was the promise that the whole thing would be bulldozed to make way for Delta City. Actual residents of Detroit can only watch in despair as the American car manufacturers flail around in a slow-motion death. Once Toyota or Honda figures out how to make a pickup that is not vaguely homosexual then it's all over for the American car makers.

If you don't believe me that Detroit is dying then take a look at its population statistics: since its heyday in the 1950s its population has shrunk by almost 50%. In the 1980s it lost over 20% of its population as a result of Detroit automakers suddenly realizing that other countries were capable of producing cars. Since then the downward spiral has continued every single year. Those of you who read the week one column might remember that this is a similar fate to the one avoided by Chicago

and still potentially looming for Milwaukee.

Can Detroit's decline be stopped? Hell if I know. Try giving OCP's urban renewal department a call.

Ethnically, Detroit was once a white major city, but white flight has turned into predominantly dark. it does boast America's largest population of Muslims in its suburb of Dearborn. Herein lies Michigan's one advantage over Ohio: as all of the white people and jobs leave Detroit, a new and ethnically diverse group of people are coming to the city. There aren't enough of them to cover the losses, but maybe by 2050 or something we'll end up with a Little Baghdad in Michigan instead of a giant version of Flint.

We voyage on, north to the frozen land of Minnesota and then south with the Mississippi from Illinois to Missouri. What horrors and pleasures await? There is only one way to find out. That way is to click on the next page.

Known outside Minnesota as "The Land of 10,000 Lakes", this often-misunderstood state is fiercely independent and unique. The region is homogenous, with nearly 90% of the population able to trace their heritage back to Northern Europe. Minnesotans may think of themselves as a breed apart, but the rest of us like to think of them as the creamy filling in our national Oreo cookie; great when you pry the Canada cookie off the top and combine it with another America and Minnesota to create a sort of jury-rigged Oreo Doublestuf.

Minnesota's largest urban area is the Minneapolis and Saint Paul metro area, known collectively as the Twin Cities. That's a cute way of saying they form one big urban area; a frosty suburb with some genuine bumps of culture here and there. It's a great place to visit and watch the Twins or the Vikings lose a ball game. National Public Radio legend Garrison Keillor and left-wing talk radio host Al Franken are both from the area. Many consider Minnesota to be a fairly liberal state and I think this proves the state is on the leading edge of the intolerably boring radio movement.

The Mall of America, Minnesota

Located in Bloomington, part of the Twin Cities metro area, and situated conveniently close to an airport and casino, the Mall of America is the largest shopping mall in the United States and one of the largest in the world. Many Minnesotans are ashamed of the mall, but in their darkest moments they all succumb to the lure of Orange Julius and Dollar Daze at Bloomingdale's.

The Mall includes an indoor theme park, a 14-screen theater, and an aquarium. It is perfectly designed to accommodate a teenage coming-of-age comedy or a zombie apocalypse. While the Mall of America has maintained a relatively high level of occupancy, it has lost several of its anchor stores and a number of other vendors.

Despite this, the crazy backers of the mall intend to enlarge it even further. Fearing that the mall might one day grow to encompass both of the Twin Cities, city planners are engaged in a legal battle with the mall's backers.

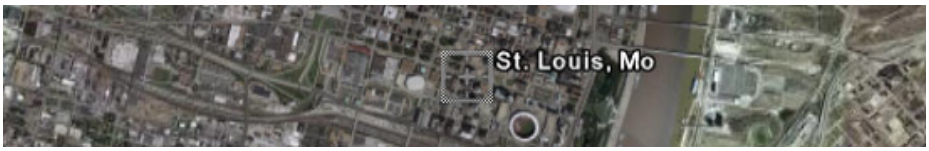
Visitors to the Mall of America think nothing of the world beyond its walls. They are overwhelmed by the flashing lights and commerce opportunities and suffocated beneath the soft-pretzel stink of capitalism. For them a foreign nation is the baby changing room on the second floor.

Caught between the Midwest and the South is our final stop on today's journey. Missouri is a Midwestern state with a heavy dose of Southern Fried Stupid in a similar, but opposite, manner to Kentucky and its thin coating of Midwestern Chili Cheese.

Missouri has the exciting distinction of being the only state in the Midwest to have joined the Confederacy during the American Civil War. Actually, it's even worse: Missouri tried to join the Confederacy and they failed. Even the Confederacy did not want them.

Missouri has all of the natural splendor of a limestone quarry combined with the economic opportunities and culture of a strip mall. To drive through Missouri is to see America at its worst, a mash of the fundamentalism of the South bereft of its history and beauty with the rampant consumerism of the North without anything good to consume. It's the birthplace of Mark Twain, but he hated it so much that he died.

Let us slump into...



St. Louis, Missouri

Located on the Mississippi river on the border with Illinois, St. Louis is the closest thing Missouri has to a world city. It has long been a center of science and industry in the United States, but as the industry has disappeared St. Louis had struggled to find more of the science part. After decades of decay and rampant crime the city is in the early stages of an upswing. It has a long way to go to fight itself out of the decay (anyone who even drives through St. Louis can see that) but it seems to have finally put itself on the right course.

St. Louis has a very dark side lurking just across the river. Residents of St. Louis, Missouri can try to blame Illinois, but East St. Louis is a creature of their own creation. The slowly-shrinking pool of St. Louis vomit on the Illinois side of the border has been a cancer of destitution and decay since the 1950s. East St. Louis is slowly managing a comeback as well, but it owes it all to riverboat casinos. Stripping your population of their wealth to rebuild your town is a hollow victory, at best.

Visitors to St. Louis don't have it all bad. You can go to a St. Louis Cardinals baseball game (they're kind of like the Yankees of the Midwest) or check out the arch that looms over the city like a space-age door knocker. There are a lot of historic buildings and museums, or you can just sit down with a picnic by the Mississippi river and watch a barge loaded with garbage drift slowly past. What's that smell? Oh, looks like someone left another dead body in one of the abandoned HUD houses on the north side!

A little side note on St. Louis: St. Louis was the location of the 1904 World's Fair. One of the main attractions was the first Ferris Wheel...the main attraction of the famous Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Way to go, losers!

I will now end the American portion of this week's GARA by giving you one or two sentence descriptions of the remaining Midwestern States. I do this with all due respect and affection.

Iowa - Take the middle of Illinois and spread it across an entire state, add more corn. Tied with Ohio for most efficient letter-to-syllable ratio.

Nebraska - Probably more of a Great Plains State, looked better when the Germans were driving panzers through it on their way to Moscow.

North and South Dakota - Frozen wasteland and wasted farm land, Democrat and Republican. South Dakota is home to Mount Rushmore and North Dakota is home to the giant Paul Bunyan from *Fargo*.

Kansas - Missouri's friendly twin. Good-hearted rednecks playing baseball and dreaming of the big city.

That's it for the filthy Americans, so let's see what the filthy foreigners have to offer!

Master Gamawa
Athens, Greece

How to make your own Athens: First find a nice dry and rocky plain between some mountains and the sea. Pour cement in, let it dry and add five million people. Cook under a hot sun until the century turns, while adding cars constantly and stirring with a crooked political spoon. Let it roast and swell with ethnic pride and sparkle some European flavors and oriental spices on top. It is important to let the city cook in its own juices because it tastes like the food your mom used to make.

NOW EAT IT! Eat my Athens!

Greece is located in the crossroad between east and west like a spicy kebab cheeseburger. Athens is the center of Greece and half of the population of this country lives here, in gray 5 story blocks of flats. Greece is a nice country indeed, but is unfortunately, infested with proud, loud, lazy and arrogant but kind hearted Greeks, guided into mediocrity by families of spineless politicians. But we have very good food and decent places to go on vacation.

Greek kids are brought up as Orthodox Christians and go to school for 12 years. Greek schools are nothing like American schools. A school day lasts around 6 hours and then kids go home to eat lunch with their families and study and that is GOOD! It strengthens the bonds! Greek schools know nothing about cheerleaders, prom nights, jocks and greasy gun slinging trench coat nerds. Teen medical conditions like Asperger's syndrome, Bipolar Disorder and ADHD are unheard of here, mostly because we are not very good at pronouncing them. We do not feed our kids medicine. We prefer the old guilt trip "Why are you doing this to your mother Stavros? Your mother is crying because you don't study for school! Have you no shame?" It works, I swear!

Near the end of school years, Greek kids are getting ready to take the Pan-Hellenic exams that will allow them to get into a Greek University or go to the Army for a year due to an inexplicable fear of war we have installed in us, after having gone through many wars with everyone around us. It is a total waste of time but also a very interesting experience.

Greeks live with their parents till their early thirties. Ha ha, laugh all you want! We do that because the minimum Greek wage is around 700 euros (900 USD). Renting a half-decent house costs half of that. Try living with 400 dollars per month you silly American! Now I laugh at YOO! We also do that because we are lazy and we like having someone cook and clean for us. THANKS MOM!

The nation's favorite hobby is drinking coffee. We like to sit in (or outside of) "coffee bars" for hours, smoking and brandishing our cell phones and trendy sun glasses. I cannot really explain that, I am sorry. It's kind of therapeutic though. When a Greek dude asks a girl out it's always for coffee.
In the late hours of the night most Greeks like to go to the live music clubs.

To understand what those clubs are, imagine a place that looks like an expensive restaurant with a stage. The best selling Greek artists (like Madonna, if we had one) perform there almost every other night and the raving audience spends money to throw flowers on them and dance like women wearing their most expensive clothes. This is my chance to say that Greeks are apparently unable to get rid of the ancient paganism and weird rituals, no matter how hard Christianity tried and that reflects on the entertainment industry. The music sounds something like a whiney, operatic, oriental, epic, power-pop shit fuck dumb - I hate this music sorry. It's surreal. Fuck Greek pop music! There I said it. In fact fuck the Greek television, cinema and art in general.

Bars in Athens don't close until early in the morning. Going straight to work, after a night out, on a week day, with your eyes looking like the anus of a horse, is fairly common and explains why our economy sucks balls. Football is pretty big here too. We are also known as the Rock and Roll Elephant Cemetery. Most bands you Americans laugh at visit Greece for a quick buck. Heavy Metal is still going strong here.

A quick word about Greek public services, transportation and social services: They are always malfunctioning in some way. DO NOT TRUST THEM!

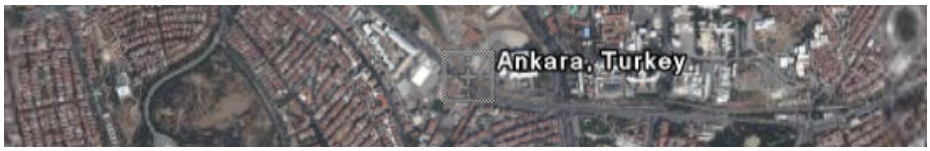
Greece is a nice, chilled and safe place though. Curfews make us laugh. Gangs with fancy names? No sir. Random crime? Not really, unless you like to walk alone in dark places. Juggalos, frat boys, emo kids and otaku basement dwellers? Not yet (we have "anarchists" and "communists" though). How about suburban kids being stupid and violent? We do not do that. Bored, rich, suburban kids here, drink coffee and show off their money, cell phones and

cars. These bad things come from America and scare us, mostly because we KNOW that eventually we will do that shit too.

All in all we tend to 'say' we hate America because that's what the whole world does right now. It's trendy. It shows you have a heart and a soul. It shows sensitivity. It shows you are not a cold hearted, capitalist bastard that hates babies. But we watch American movies and love American music and products. We sometimes even "think American", whatever that means. The truth is that we don't really mind. If you ask us, we will rant for ages and go all political on yo' ass. But in the end we just prefer to sit on our hairy asses, drinking cold Frappe coffee, smoking and chatting for hours under the greek sun.

Greeks really are not that hairy and I assure you we don't like to have sex with boys. This joke has gone far enough! Also, obligatory "This is NOT Sparta!" It IS madness though and you will get used to it.

Madness, perhaps, but blasphemy? Probably best not to ask Greece's old rival Turkey. It's a country with one foot in the West and the other in the East. Let's board the airplane of our minds at imagination station and fly next to Ankara, Turkey!



Serdar "Galewolf" Aldanmazlar
Ankara, Turkey

Let's cut to the chase: Turkish modern music resembles dying screams of a pig impaled by a jagged spear, recent Turkish literature is all about insane conspiracy theories that even make Tom Clancy blush, according to Turkish film makers everyone in the country eventually gets cancer or anything that can lead a full theather go on rabid crying frenzy, the only "metropolitan" city is currently waiting an earthquake that can probably cause more destruction than a hydrogen bomb and reduce it to a pile of rubble.

The Turkish economy is so good that once Starwars Galaxies credits were actually more valuable than a Turkish lira. We connect to the internet by using cables made of knitting thread and pay it in sheep. Modern Turkish architecture enjoys erecting huge phallic objects right in the middle of a city, placing thermic reactors into one of a kind beaches, flooding 3000 year old ancient cities by building dams everywhere and burning Ottoman era historical houses for shopping malls. Even after our collective vandalism and irresponsibility these lands are, by far, still considered as a piece of heaven on earth.

The place currently I live, Ankara has a glorious history of being a boring hellhole, really. If you don't belive me let me remind you that Ankara is the only city not invaded by allied factions after the First World War. Brits blockaded Ýstanbul, Greeks -backed up by Brits- claimed that in the past some of their ancestors complained about disadvantages of having sex with women in Ýzmir region, so they decided to invade there. French ended up in south east only to be defeated by locals, Italians enjoyed the south beaches for a while but they decide to leave after witnessing their French buddies defeat.

Russians, at first considered attacking north east cities but then realised that we were fighting against "goddamn imperialistic pigs" for them and decided to give us a break. Frustrated by the fact of being invaded by French and Italians at the same time people of Anatolia picked up their stones and sticks (yes, after the war these are the only left in the country) and kicked out all but Greeks and British in one year. The latter two persevered but in the end they are ultimately defeated by M. Kemal Ataturk and Turkish army after a long series of battles (tough Brits retreated without a fight, leaving us with no choice but to rejoice).

As you can see, we historically don't like people invading other countries no matter how justified their cause was (let's pretend that we didn't invaded half of the known world just for the hell of it). Twenty five years ago we do enjoyed our unofficial title of "the little America" invented by our politicians. Then yanks started acting like a buch of assholes, like you know raiding our bases and putting bags on the heads of our soldiers but yet we have high hopes on US coming to its senses and stop blowing people around us or well, maybe us in the future.

Its not the political disputes or constant cockblocking that causing all this hate against USA. The greatest circlejerk ever formed is located in these lands, working and living only for inventing new ways to make Turkish people hate and fear America. I'll write about two worst examples of this circlejerk and you'll understand what i mean (hopefully).

Metal Fýrtýna, which can be translated as "a book from a talentless, half (if not totally) delusional guy" or "Metal Storm". I have to stop here and apologize to everyone because I could have stopped this unholy artifact of stupidity. I once knew the guy who wrote this book, I could have staked him in the heart while he was resting in his coffin and hosed him with holy water but I hesitated and let him go.

This book sold more than anything for 2 years. The author is a guy that wrote fantasy novels and short stories even fantasy metal songwriters define these as "nerdy". One day me and and my friends made so much fun of him, he snapped then vanished from social life, appeared on Turkish Big Brother variant then vanished again. When he came back from pits of hell, he was holding this book.

Dear god I don't even know where to start. Ok, here we go. US sucker punches Turkey and attacks from Iraq for our borax reserves because the only way you can defeat us is either sucker punching or sending chinise princesses(*) to marry our leaders. Things happen, yanks nuke capital while people are trying to carry Ataturks coffin, paratroopers land on Ýstanbul, Turkish and US generals shoot each other from helicopters, US soldiers see Turkish cavalaries in their dreams and everything ends up Turkey goddamn nuking Washington DC!.

Kurtlar Vadisi Irak (Valley of the Wolves Iraq?): This movie is what Turkish people corelate themselves as US people do with The 300. But instead of buttsexing Spartans we come up with one chubby talentless actors character which practically worshipped by retards as god and two godawful support characters. They come from a fantasy universe where a car tuner guy blows an undercover

CIA agent posing as a Hezbollah agent with a bazooka and the world is ruled by Andy Garcia and Sharon Stone (god knows i wish i was joking). The movie picks up from where the main character Polat Alemdar confronts Andy Garcia and Sharon Stone by staring at them then infiltrates northern Iraq with a black SUV, caps Billy Zane along the way and blows shit up with pistols while plugging holes in US marines.

There are dozens of books and at least five movies like that are waiting in the line. My favorites are the books that make us invade USA, settle in Germany after they leave and the movie about 4 morons who end up capturing a US oil rig in Iraq.

Well, hating US is the new thing enjoyed all over the world. We just add a pinch of insanity for flavor.

*This is a joke for Turkish guys.

I hope you enjoyed this week's Great American Reach Around! If you have any questions, comments, concerns, or criticism, feel free to email me!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.30 The Inbox Of Nardo Pace, The Empire's Worst Engineer

Saturday, Mar 31, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Subject Trash Compactor
From Death Star Detention Level Janitor <oldroscoe@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 7:46 PM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

Hey, kid. That trash compactor you designed is up and running and I've got to say it looks great. Lots of grime, a magnetically sealed hatch that can't be opened from the inside, a tentacled garbage creature that practically serves no purpose at all. It's got everything a salty old janitor could ever want.

One thing, though. It takes an awful long time to flatten garbage. I'm talking a minute or more, depending on how many flimsy poles I toss in there. If our capital ships can boogie at faster than light speeds, why can't we make a few walls slide toward one another at a speed that outpaces a Hutt's leisurely stroll?

Subject breathing device too fuckin LOUD
From Lord Vader <xVaDeRx@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 12:20 AM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

yo hey i still dont understand whats going on with this thing

can u put a knob on my breather apperatis so i can turn down the volume when im in the library or sneakin up on maintenence droids? why did u put a speaker on this thing in the first place lol

also,

Subject E-11 Blaster Rifle Calibration Still Off
From Stormtrooper Commander 09731 <09731@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 3:51 PM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

As you know, the E-11 has come a long way since its initial prototype. Thanks to your hard work over the past three years the rifle no longer fires completely sideways, and with your latest revision, the number of casualties resulting from blaster fire being directed completely backwards has been drastically reduced.

That said, the E-11 still has some accuracy issues. We recently bolted one of the rifles to a testing mechanism so that it couldn't move even a millimeter, then set up a human-sized target six feet in front of the blaster's barrel. Shooting in two second intervals, we let the E-11 fire at the target continuously for three days.

The result? Not one shot hit the target. I realize you're busy, but perhaps we can go over the design one more time and iron this out.

Subject Death Star :(

From Foreman Galhi <fgalhi@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 8:13 PM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

Keep your chin up, ok? Don't let the whole "Death Star getting blown up" thing get you down.

It's really my fault just as much as it is yours. Your original plan called for three weak spots, and I asked you to cut it down to one. If I had suggested we get rid of the weak spots altogether none of this would have happened.

What do we do now? Mope? No. We learn from our mistakes and make an adjustment to the blueprint for the new Death Star I'm working on.

Construction is going great, by the way. As you suggested, instead of constructing a defensive shell around the framework then working my way inward, I'm just building all the cool stuff in the middle first. I think you're right, it's the best way to go.

Subject AT-ATs... hell yeah!
From Maximilian Veers <mveers@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 10:09 AM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

WOOO! Are you kidding me? Are you *freaking kidding me*!? These AT-ATs rule!

I cannot believe how awesome they are. I'm personally piloting one on our upcoming operation on Hoth and I can't wait to stomp on those rebel scum. There's like, no way to stop these things. I'm a big fan of yours, man. Big fan.

Subject carbonite transport device
From Boba Fett <backpacksgotjets@bountyhunters.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 3:17 PM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

I am currently transporting a bounty that has been frozen in carbonite with a device you created. I have been told to direct any questions or comments I might have your way.

This is obviously a new technology, but might I suggest adding a few security measures to the transport device's control panel? Right now anyone can walk up to this thing and flip a few switches to release the frozen prisoner. I'm thinking a number pad with a secret code would be great, or heck, even a plain old key.

Just a friendly suggestion. Oh, and thanks for the modifications you made to my rocket pack. That "ignition" button square on the back of the pack where I can't reach it is great.

Subject This darn bottomless shaft in my room
From Emperor Palpatine <bigbossman@empiremail.com>
Date A Long Time Ago 1:42 AM
To Nardo Pace <npace@empiremail.com>

You are responsible for designing my Throne Room, yes? Do not doubt it. I can see the truth inside you. It burns with a twisted blackness that cannot be denied.

I ask you this: Why is there a chasm in my room? Was it really necessary? What purpose does it serve? Nothing useful has ever come of it. In fact, sometimes when I awake in the middle of the night and stumble in the darkness while making my way to the Imperial Restroom, I mistakenly wobble along the shaft's edge. I also bump my knee on the Imperial Coffee Table, but that is another matter.

I'm expecting very important company today, but I fully expect that you will draw up plans for a grate to cover this errant hole and have someone build it tomorrow. It is your destiny.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Annual Festival Safety Report (Pakistan is Just the Dumbest Country)

Sunday, Apr 01, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

There is no way to say this that could make it any more bizarre than it already is: A recent *kite festival* in Pakistan resulted in *11 deaths* and over *100 injuries.* The reality of this matter goes way beyond my comic imagination, so here's an extensive quote from a news article:

> "At least **11 people have died and more than 100 injured at an annual kite flying festival in eastern Pakistan**.... The deaths and injuries were caused by stray bullets, **sharpened kite-strings**, electrocution and people falling off rooftops
>
> **The festival is regularly marred by casualties** caused by sharp kite strings or celebratory gunshots fired into the air...Kite flyers often use **strings made of wire or coated with ground glass** to try to cross and cut a rival's string or damage the other kite, often after betting on the outcome.... He also said that **a 16-year-old girl and a school boy, 12, died after their throats were slashed by metal kite strings** in separate incidents.
>
> **A 13-year-old boy fell to his death from the roof of his home as he tried to catch a stray kite, and a 35-year-old woman fell off the roof of her home trying to stop her son from running after a stray kite**."

I have performed an exhaustive investigation into the cause of this incident, and have discovered that Pakistan is fucking stupid. Of course, if you think this was bad, you should see their Butterfly Catching Festival. Ironically, the Pakistan Live Ammunition Celebration was deemed the safest festival in the nation's history.

All jokes about how completely and utterly devoid of intelligence the entire nation of Pakistan apparently is aside, festivals are often deadly. And. in spite of certain events getting major media attention, like the 1923 Pickle and Razor Blade Festival of Akron, Ohio, many festivals gone wrong slip right under the public eye. Which is why, every year, crack researchers at SomethingAwful Inc. organize an exhaustive list of festivals, fairs and other events...gone wrong. Here is this year's incidents:

- All contestants injured, possibly killed, during the 2007 Chinese Moon Breathing Contest.

- Tragedy struck at the site of India's first Cobra Handling and Balloon Popping Exposition.
- North Korean officials announce that next year's Jump Rope Competition will be much improved by the addition of jump roping instead of the usual torture/executions.
- In related news, officials of Japan's annual Base Jumping Festival assure the public that next year's events *will* include parachutes.
- 23 corpses destroyed at the Michigan Exploding Corpse Festival.
- To promote safety, officials are encouraging the use of sunscreen at this year's Fire Guns While Blindfolded and Dizzy Fun Fair.

- Riots broke out in Central Park last week as two rival pun appreciation societies battled over the location of their annual Picnic In The Pun-ark. One man said the police were "sure gonna read us the *riot* act" before he was savagely beaten with a two foot iron pipe.
- Tragedy was averted in Jacksonville, Florida, when the locations for the Anorexia Convention and The Sara Lee Poisoned Food Taste Test were accidentally switched.
- The Kansas Sackrace Competition has announced changes in its award system: All losers get kicked in the balls twice. The Grand Prize winner only gets kicked in the balls once.
- Authorities pleased over lack of attendence at this year's Toyota Murder / Suicide Challenge.
- 47 killed during Wicker County's annual Children of the Corn Festival.
- Nearly half of the dogs at this year's All-UK Dog Show found to be small people in dog's outfits. Entire stock of dogs killed just to be sure.
- California Diving Championship officials call swimming pool full of sulferic acid "a light hearted prank" but admit that electrocuting survivors "went too far."
- Deadly virus released at The Deadly Virus Releasing Festival. Event organizers declare the day a success.
- Detroit Rap Festival inexplicably invaded by black people. White rap fans report feelings of "discomfort" and "outrage."
- This month's Candlelight Banquet In A Small Straw Hut turned out badly.

- An accidental swear word at a Boulder high school Varsity Football Game opened up a portal to hell in the end zone, instantly incinerating all of the players and most of the spectators. One survivor reported that it was "the best damn game of football I've ever seen."
- The grand opening of a La-Z-Boy factory was interrupted by a man dressed in tights and a cape announcing his new role as protector of the city. The man was then shot down by a former army sniper suffering an acid flashback. One, apparently drunken, spectator said it was "the best damn game of football I've ever seen."
- The Michigan Unbirth Festival will be delayed until suitably sized vaginas can be located.
- 1 feared dead at world's first Good Friday. Coroner's report inconclusive.

Thanks to Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka and Evan "Pantsfish" Wade for writing some of the jokes. Lowtax wrote the funny ones. Pantsfish wrote the one about kicking people in the nuts.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

4.2 Exposure to Celebrities May Render You Lame

Monday, Apr 02, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I admit it, I'm a total loser. I'm as smooth as extra-chunky peanut butter dipped in gravel. I fall all over myself in social situations and make bad first impressions. My idea of suave is telling a filthy joke at a party and hitting the punch line in the moment of silence between tracks on a CD. That's a good night.

But, as bad as I can be on my own, if you introduce a celebrity to the mix I instantly become ten times worse. It's not like I run into celebrities all the time, but I think this ineptitude in their presence is a common trait of the human condition. You have this one opportunity to meet someone and you are probably going to blow it because you're trying too hard to be cool.

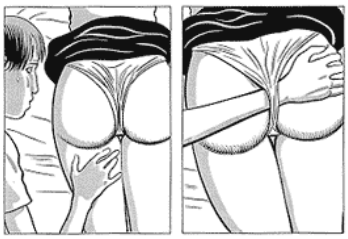
When you encounter a celebrity you have three possible reactions:

> **1)** You say "hi" and maybe shake their hand. If the setting allows, you can chit-chat politely for a minute or two and then wish them well.

This first option is never exercised. Celebrities are not normal people. They are 5,000 times busier than you are on your worst day and they are all fantastically wealthy and powerful. They live in unparalleled opulence and every free moment is spent being entertained in ways that would send shivers up your spine. SCTV's Joe Flaherty channels spirits for the Red Cross and hang glides over Mount Fuji daily. Dustin Diamond? Shits money and builds beaver dams for crippled beavers when he's not working on mastering cold fusion.

In other words, these are immortal, indefatigable and inscrutable beings that you cannot treat as you would a normal person. That leaves options two and three.

> **2)** You play it cool as ice. You give them a nod or a smile and walk past like you don't really care. I'm sure they'll empathize, they don't care. You gain little or nothing from the experience, but you aren't harmed. Once they're gone you can throw up all over your chest out of nervousness and pass out on the floor.
>
> **3)** You cram as much into the brief meeting as possible. You talk a mile a minute, hard-selling them on the idea that you are their ultimate fan. You want them to love you and you want them to understand why you love them. This is a life changing experience. If you feel like vomiting from nervousness go ahead and do it right on their face.



Obviously option three is going to have some unintended negative consequences, which is ironic because it's also the most widely exercised option. I don't want to rub anyone else's nose in their shameful celebrity encounters, but I will share my own.

Authors are unusual celebrities. Oftentimes their names are very famous, but their faces and who they are is not widely known. Dan Brown sold like 50 billion copies of that Da Vinci book, but I have no idea what he looks like. J.K. Rowlings sold 500 billion copies of various Harry Potter books and all I know about her is that she has a vagina or at least self-identifies as female. I think she probably has a British accent.

William Gibson - I met author William Gibson on the book signing tour for *Virtual Light*. I brought him a copy of *Mona Lisa Overdrive* to sign for some reason and then I gave him a picture I drew of a crab smoking a cigar. He looked at the picture and said, very politely, "That's ah, from my, ah-." I interrupted him and explained, "It's not from anything, it's a crab smoking a cigar." He nodded and the line moved on.

Dan Clowes - I met author and cartoonist Dan Clowes at a signing for his graphic novel *Ghost World*. Ever the contrarian, I brought a dog eared copy of *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron* for him to sign. When I handed it to him I had a stuttering fit and was unable to say anything. I do not stutter. He was very polite and even signed a couple other things for me. I managed to blurt out "thank you!" after he had finished. This is possibly the worst overreaction I've ever had to a celebrity, considering 99.999% of the population would not recognize his face.

Douglas Adams - I listened to him read from *Mostly Harmless* at a book signing. As usual, I stubbornly refused to buy the book he was selling and instead bought a copy of a *Dirk Gently* book for him to sign. This is probably my worst celebrity author encounter through no fault of Mr. Adams.

I am blasphemously disinterested in his *Hitch Hiker's Guide* books, so I was kind of bored, but the real problem was that during the reading this old man next to me kept letting out these hideous squeaking farts that smelled appalling. Every time he would fart he would make this high-pitched giggling sound and grin really big. I know everyone thought it was me with the bad gas, because what kind of fucking psychopath laughs at their own farts in public?

We were sitting in the front row so Adams kept getting blasted with this old dude's stench. It got so bad that at one point he had to stop reading to start on this coughing fit. His face got really red and I think he almost passed out. What's worse, this old dude got up and left during the pause, so when Adams regained his composure he looked right at me accusingly.

My brushes with film and TV celebrities have been even worse. Always coincidental, I have never failed to make an ass of myself no matter what approach I take to the celebrity.

Wesley Snipes - I was with Wesley Snipes in an elevator in downtown Chicago about four years ago. I told him that *Blade* was awesome. He thanked me. After a few seconds of silence I told him that he looks much less black in person than in the movies. He did not say anything else to me.

Marilu Henner - I ran into this star of TV show *Evening Shade* about ten years ago at a Ponderosa Steakhouse in Indiana. I introduced myself and asked her what she was eating. She said "mashed potatoes" and I commented "looks delicious!" When I asked for her autograph she reluctantly agreed. When I tried to hand her the pen I knocked an iced tea into her lap. She screamed and I ran out of the restaurant without paying. I was later stopped by the police, taken back to the restaurant, and the restaurant owner threatened to press charges if I didn't pay. The irony is that I hated that TV show.

Fiona Apple - I stood behind her at an ATM. She backed into me when she was finished. That would have been no big deal, except I was wearing running shorts and I was on this

medication that had given me painful priapism. In other words, I had a raging boner and she backed onto it like she was playing slow-motion ring toss. When she turned around she was absolutely furious and she just stared at my erection. I have never felt more humiliated in my life, but she had to kick me once before it was over. She snorted derisively and said, "That's it?" before walking off.

Ben Kingsley - I ran into him at the baggage terminal at the Atlanta airport. I was drunk at the time because I hate flying and when I saw him I yelled, "It's fucking Gandhi!" and I gave him a huge hug. He pushed me off of him and shouted, "What the fuck is wrong with you?!" He still autographed a dollar bill for me.

Those are just the worst of them. I've also made a fool of myself to Renee Zelwegger and I once mistook some poor guy at a bowling alley for Rob Morrow from *Northern Exposure* and spent almost fifteen minutes accusing him of being in a shitty ripoff of *Twin Peaks*.

I live with the shame of these embarrassing moments every day of my life, and I have just doubled that shame by revealing them to the world. The lesson for everyone else is simple: if you see a celebrity, just stay the hell away. The one who could end up hurt is you!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.3 District Bulletin: Public Elections

Tuesday, Apr 03, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Halt, you! Kindly permit your betters to interrupt your freedom. Those who pass this pole without lingering to read the dispatch posted hereon shall forfeit their right to an hour without shame.

Odd season choosing is upon us, when them like you enter the electoral chamber to choose your betters. As we enter the odd season, serious season, dour season of little dalliance and large weighty choosing, our district shall gracefully upheave once more. You, bearer of just hatchet, bring swift decision down upon us, and with sour humility we resign to your prescription. Your betters place their trust in you, citizen of the district, to select your betters with wisdom and soundness of reason.

Please do not quit reading this pole! Oh, not yet! First, memorize this complicated ballot. Incorrect memorization of this ballot may result in the selection of unwanted or inferior betters.

Superior for Education

The Superior for Education accepts manifold tasks relating to the herding and indoctrination of youngmasters, youngmisses and youngmartins. The Superior for Education employs his giant head to impress his charges, driving them to success with lessons and fables designed to impose respect and civic girth. He sorts youngmasters from youngmisses and ensures that they don't commingle to produce lust babies or sex bats. He identifies youngmartins within the herd and drives them over cliffs. And so promise will these candidates:

Walf Bazane

Tiny man Walf Bazane is our current incumbent, having made proud hearth in the office for countless years. It is speculated that he invented education. Walf Bazane has killed less children than any other man in the district. His soft heart and enormous head bring dignity to the office.

"Under my control, your children will become like you: huge, stupid and invincible. Please let me keep doing my job, or I will tie a fine wire on my neck and jump out of a tree. My giant head will roll to the center of town and taunt you forever."

Hairbank:

Hairbank arrives from the North. He makes his business as a merchant of spoiled meats and automobile husks. He claims to have no family, and bares his teeth at ladies. He possesses no qualifications. He is hostile to our culture.

"Your safety is paramount. If you choose me as your superior, I pledge to feed enough of your children to wild animals that wild animals will not leave the woods angry with hunger and come after you. If I am not elected, I will taunt wild animals until they overrun the town."

Superior for Discipline

This superior enforces the shame of punishment on they who might shrug our happy customs and slouch to the shameful life of the crooklaw. He measures punishment for all ingraces, from trivial slights to the awful rough and grim. He maintains the tether-pole, and twines all them to it who offend us. The honest and gentle need fear him not, but them who offend will taste the salty slap of his crackbook. Read the words of they who would serve:

Arthur Asb:

A native district boy, hale and tall, huge, stupid, and invincible. Traps the smell of vigor in his palms like a goose catching a bread. Arthur Asb, such a specimen, pale and fine in breeding, he waves to old men on porches so politely. A gay giant.

"I have more teeth than any other man, and like pearls they shine, except the black one. The black one is my will. With this black tooth I will impose my conscience on the undertuned."

Weyre Asb:

The brother of Arthur, a robust man of appreciable and attractive quality. In boyhood, Weyre lacked the apprehension of a man, and sought the craft of a treachor. After six days tethered to the pole, Weyre learned his hard lesson, and now desires to bring that hard lesson to the lesser.

"Tremble now, cocklaw, for I have something unpleasant. I have grown my finger's nails into claws. Elect my brother if you fear my mantle of horror."

Superior for Protection & Warding

This superior fulfils one simple task: he drives away Croisquessein, the invisible man who has thwarted us lo so long of years. Maybe a hundred years. Croisquessein hides our trinkets, dirties our suitcoats and shirtcourts, flimsies our children, and impedes our footfalls on the ground, creating invisible obstacles to fell us. He embarrasses us in our professions by misplacing our tasks. Croisquessein can't be seen due to his invisibility or non-existence, but the Superior for Protection & Warding spends his days attempting to drive him from our lives. So far, no Superior has been able to do so. Perhaps one of these men here:

James Feiche:

One of the most notable men of science in our district, James Feiche is the inventor of the duck-rim and the Feiche clamp, as well as the sporting throw known as the mastodon press, which he used to defeat Hon Helch in the masked sport games so long ago. It is a lucky turn indeed that he now turns his machinelike mind to the problem of Croisquessein.

"I thank you for the vote which you may see fit to afford me. I will destroy Croisquessein with the furnace of science. Only science can find a man who is invisible or does not exist. I beg that you will let me destroy Croisquessein."

Hon Helch:

Hon Helch is the sole rival of James Feiche, and carries the bitterness of defeat on into the years with the tenacity of a springloaded Feiche clamp. He has no interest in warding or destroying Croisquessein.

"I am coming for you, James Feiche. I will snap this election in half and then I will snap you in half."

Head Better Superior

Our head better superior stands above all other men. He is owner of the district, and he coddles it to him like a baby child. Our Head Better Superior lies sunbellied alongside us in the favorable times, sharing in our content and fat, and in the poor times he swats the wasps from our eyes like a cat so vigilant. Please take especial care to choose him, for he outstands all other superiors as their better. Find him among the two below:

Claude Fantsy:

Goodbarrel Claude Fantsy was one of the district's most noted grandfellows, a superior even into his bones inside, a servant to all man and men. He pledged his whole face, his face of truth, to the life in public and the demands of many. Please elect Claude Fantsy instead of Dorroile.

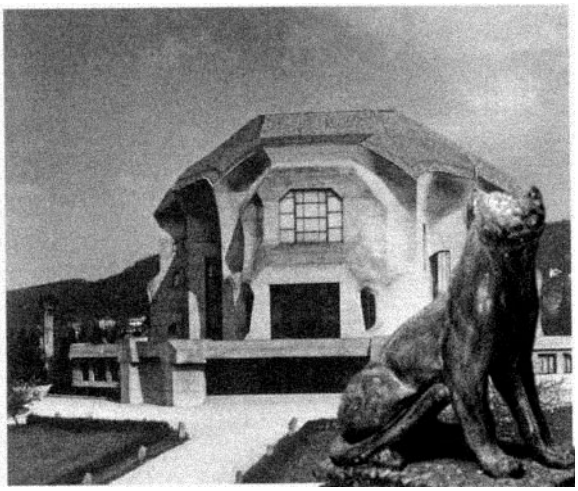
"Please, please do not vote for Dorroile, because he is notorious for being obscene, and he will only use his position to find women, smirk at decency, and cheat in the dance lottery. Dorroile is evil and crafty. I am a good person and the district is my very marrow inside. I will do good things. I will give away my car to somebody, if I win. I will do anything."

Dorroile Y_____:

Dorroile is an awful man, a pranksman and joke artist. He loves eating and money. He is smarter than everybody. He never seems to open his eyes. Nobody can figure out what to do to punish him.

"Please vote for me so that I can use your money to buy stupid food. I am going to buy a chicken filled with taffy and eat it in front of everybody for laughs. I can make Claude Fantsy cry just by dancing, I bet. It would be funny to see him cry, so let's do that. I want to sleep with women all the time also."

Elections shall be held on the 19th of April, beneath awful bronze panther that guards the Weep of Desperation. To vote, drive your hatchet into the stump corresponding to the candidate of your choice. Following your votes, please proceed into the Weep's eastern gulch for relief & fancy times.



-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.4 The Factoids of Life

Wednesday, Apr 04, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I have long been a fan of strange and fascinating facts, or "factoids" as the decadent people of the 22nd century call them when they are not too busy eating pills that taste like extinct animals and having sex with holograms that look like their sisters. Today I plan to share with you some of my favorite facts, which have helped me live a healthy life free from death and rich in rewards.

- A wizard's magic does not work inside of Home Depot.
- A dog cannot occupy the same space another dog has previously occupied. When this event occurs a dog will lose all motor functions and effectively turn into a statue.
- Every night at midnight the Long Gone Rider appears in the nearest desert and offers up winning lottery ticket numbers if you are pure of heart and have no sins to your name.
- No hippopotamus has ever been struck by lightning. That is why the Native Americans called them "Nature's Lightning Repellants."
- Try as you might, it is impossible to achieve orgasm masturbating to beautiful bean footage.
- The most pellets Pac-Man can eat before reaching critical mass and exploding is 17,842.
- It is uncouth for a wedded lady to blog.
- If current potato consumption continues the potato will be extinct by 2073.
- Dogs never get nose bleeds even when they snort excessive amounts of cocaine.
- The best place to hide gold from pirates is under your tongue. The best place to hide pirates is in industrial freezers.
- The web comic you and your roommate plan to do is called Penny Arcade and it is already being done.
- The only non-surgical way two separate beards can exist on the same face is through lycanthropy. Otherwise, a double beard requires costly elective surgery.

- Nikola Tesla invented the joy buzzer, but it was stolen from him by the nefarious Thomas Edison.
- When visiting Australia, keep all your items secure. Kangaroos like to steal wallets and hide them in their pouches. This is why the Native Americans called them "Nature's Shoplifters."
- The 2007 movie "Pride" had the largest special effects budget in Hollywood history.
- The best name for a child is "Clumpy." The second best name is "Coupons, Rebates, Freebies, & Great Deals."
- Actor John Goodman has no skeleton and maintains a gelatinous state in temperatures above 32 degrees.
- Everyone born in 1978 is colorblind on weekdays.
- It is impossible to take more than five showers in a day and remain sane. All who have tried to breach the five shower barrier have gone mad.
- The TV series "According to Jim" has been on the air for six years.
- You can overcome radiation poisoning by eating a Hungry Man TV dinner, which will absorb the radiation as well as most of your stomach lining and soul.
- If you say "atheism" five times in a dark room Richard Dawkins will appear and ask to be fed.
- You can make your own thermal paste using coconuts, tree bark, and mandrake root. **WARNING: DO NOT EAT IT.**
- Thumbs is just tiny arms for your hands.
- If you are the strongest man in the world then you really shouldn't have a problem lifting up the fattest man in the world (unless you are both).
- A baby can only do 10 pushups before it tires out and has to be put away.
- This hurts me more than it hurts you.

I stand by these facts as I stand by frozen dogs and moderated potato consumption. I hope they service you as they have serviced me many time before.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.5 Nerd Rage News: A Look Back On 3-19-07

Thursday, Apr 05, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

> *What I remember about March 19th, 2007? I woke up like it was going to be a normal day. The newsroom was pretty quiet that morning. Mondays are usually slow as the weekend and Spring months bring little news for nerds to rage about. We were doing a report on Stalker and how it over-promised and under-delivered, sending PC game nerds into their usual uppity, "I knew it was going to suck!" spiels.*
>
> *I got a call around 5 'til 11 just as we were about to go off the air for the morning. It was our field reporter saying that the unthinkable was happening. He was pretty shaken up and so was I. Once we got confirmation we broke into the Stalker story and then all hell broke loose.*
>
> *I will never forget that day. Never.*
>
> -Hassan Mikal, News Director, Nerd Rage News

Join us as Nerd Rage News takes a look back on the events of March 19th, 2007. Here, fully uncensored and in its entirety, is the Nerd Rage News broadcast from that fateful day. Warning, some of the images you are about to see may not be suitable for younger veiwers.

ANCHOR: So basically what you're saying is that you want reparations?

CRAZY VIDEO GAME NERD: That's correct. We are sick and tired of developers promising the world to us loyal gamers and then delivering the same crappy games over and over. It happened with Fable. It happened with Stalker. It's going to happen with Spore. We're sick of being treated like this and it's going to stop right now.

ANCHOR: But what justification do you have to ask for money from these developers? Often times during the development process certain features must be cut for time or financial reasons. Do you hones-

CRAZY VIDEO GAME NERD: They must pay, no, they *will* pay, for the trauma and mental anguish they have caused us. We follow these titles from their inception to their release, foregoing sleep and sexual intercourse in the process. This isn't some kind of game to us. It's real life. We're going to send a messa-

ANCHOR: I apologize but we must interrupt this interview for some breaking news. We are getting word that there is a disturbance at Capcom headquarters in California where a fire has broken out. Rick Little is reporting from our nerd eye in the sky, Nerd Copter 6. Rick? What can you tell from your vantage point?

NERDCOPTER RICK: All hell has broken loose here at Capcom headquarters in California. It seems that an angry mob chanting something, I can't quite make it out from here, has set fire to the building. The mob is growing by the minute and local police is powerless to stop it.

ANCHOR: Is there any word on why this mob has formed and set fire to the Capcom building?

NERDCOPTER RICK: We don't know at this moment in time. It's hard to imagine what the folks at Capcom could have done to set off such a reaction. One thing is for sure, this mob won't go away quietly.

ANCHOR: Thanks Rick, these certainly are unsettling images. We now go to our reporter on the ground Rob Suzuki. Rob?

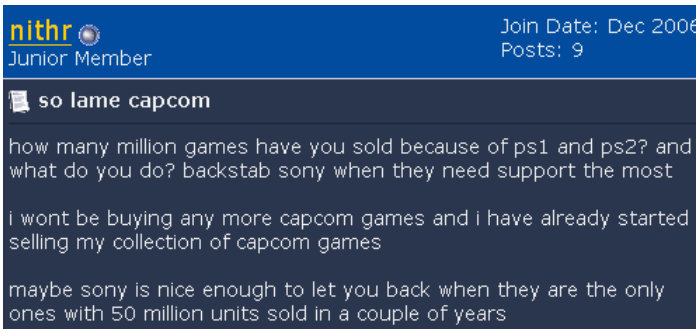
ROB SUZUKI: This is Rob Suzuki reporting live from the ground at Capcom Headquarters. At approximately 10:30 this morning a group of rioters chanting, "Death to Capcom. 360 sucks. Sony rules" congregated at this location and torched the Capcom USA building. They are now demanding the scalp of Capcom developer Hideki Kamiya for a ritualistic sacrifice. All this because Capcom announced earlier today that the upcoming sequel in the Devil May Cry series, which Kamiya created but is no longer apart of, is coming to the Xbox 360.

ANCHOR: So Devil May Cry 4 is no longer a PlayStation 3 exclusive for Sony?

ROB SUZUKI: That's right, and these nerds, all of whom are either too fat or too skinny, are mad as hell about it.

ANCHOR: Will the game still be released for the PS3?

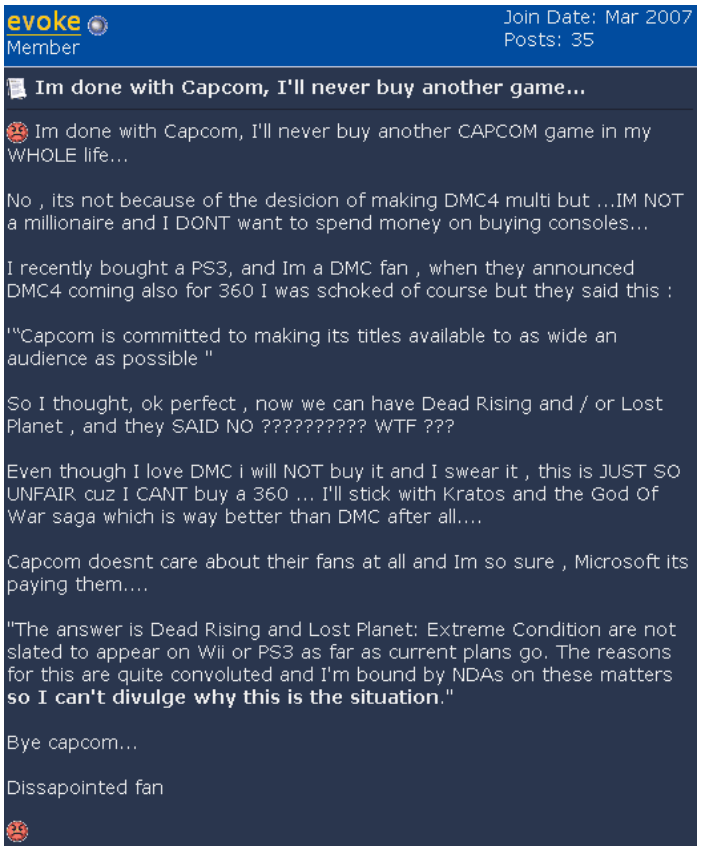
ROB SUZUKI: Yes, it will be released for both platforms, that's what's so insane about this. No matter what system you own you will be able to play the game when it is released. That simply isn't enough for these rioters however. Let me see if I can get in close and interview one of them. Sir? Can you put down the torch and answer a few questions for me? Why are you rioting today?


nithr
Junior Member
Join Date: Dec 2006
Posts: 9
so lame capcom
how many million games have you sold because of ps1 and ps2? and what do you do? backstab sony when they need support the most
i wont be buying any more capcom games and i have already started selling my collection of capcom games
maybe sony is nice enough to let you back when they are the only ones with 50 million units sold in a couple of years

ROB SUZUKI: How does this affect the quality of the game in any way?

Cid
Junior Member
Join Date: Mar 2007
Posts: 7
Quote:
Originally Posted by MidNemesisTentacle
+ Money for Capcom + Gamers to enjoy them + Fanboys crying = Greatness
Multiplatform will never sell like exclusif titles..
Dmc will never be like before it's gonna be just a multiplatform games betwen others nothing exciting.
Capcom just killed dmc4 series and took aways what made dmc so popular.
More money maybe in short time, in long time no..
Capcom made a really bad choice and now peoples wont believe Capcom because of is past comment regarding dmc4 exclusif

ROB SUZUKI: But you will still be able to play the game. But now that it's on multiple systems, Capcom can expand its user base that much more. Why is this such a bad thing?



evoke
Member
Join Date: Mar 2007
Posts: 35

Im done with Capcom, I'll never buy another game...

Im done with Capcom, I'll never buy another CAPCOM game in my WHOLE life...

No , its not because of the desicion of making DMC4 multi but ...IM NOT a millionaire and I DONT want to spend money on buying consoles...

I recently bought a PS3, and Im a DMC fan , when they announced DMC4 coming also for 360 I was schoked of course but they said this :

'"Capcom is committed to making its titles available to as wide an audience as possible "

So I thought, ok perfect , now we can have Dead Rising and / or Lost Planet , and they SAID NO ????????? WTF ???

Even though I love DMC i will NOT buy it and I swear it , this is JUST SO UNFAIR cuz I CANT buy a 360 ... I'll stick with Kratos and the God Of War saga which is way better than DMC after all....

Capcom doesnt care about their fans at all and Im so sure , Microsoft its paying them....

"The answer is Dead Rising and Lost Planet: Extreme Condition are not slated to appear on Wii or PS3 as far as current plans go. The reasons for this are quite convoluted and I'm bound by NDAs on these matters **so I can't divulge why this is the situation**."

Bye capcom...

Dissapointed fan

ROB SUZUKI: Thank you for talking with us. The mob is now passing around a petition urging a boycott of Capcom games. I'm being told that I need to get out of here as the police are sending in officers in riot gear to quell this civil unrest about a video game once and for all. This is Rob Suzuki reporting live from Capcom headquarters in California.

ANCHOR: Thanks Rob. We have more breaking developments to report. Sega is announcing that the long standing PlayStation series Armored Core is heading to the Xbox 360 as well as the PS3. We now go live to Sega of America headquarters to see how Sega fans are handling this loss of exclusivity.

BOB SUZUKI: This is Bob Suzuki reporting live from Sega of America headquarters where Sega has announced that Armored Core 4 is heading to the Xbox 360. Now, there is nobody here at the moment and we are not sure if anybody is going to come by and express their disgust. Sega of America seems to be empty as well. We have not seen a single person enter or exit the building since we arrived some six hours ago. We aren't even sure that anybody has worked in this building in well over 2 years.

Oh, here comes somebody. Sir? Sir? How do you feel about Sony losing Armored Core 4 to the 360? Will you not be buying a PlayStation 3? Is Sonic the Hedgehog too gay now? Sir? Oh, he's just a local jogger. Well, this is Bob Suzuki reporting live from Sega of America, and we'll let you know if anything ever happens here again.

ANCHOR: Thank you for that report, Bob. New information about Sony's continuing loss of exclusive titles is flooding into the newsroom at a fevered pace. Sony has now lost Ace Combat 4, Grand Theft Auto IV, and Folding@home, all of which are due to appear on the Xbox 360 before

the end of the year. It's going to be a very tough day for Sony who- Wait a second. I'm now getting word that Sony is losing 1st party titles as well. Ratchet and Clank, Gran Turismo 5, and PlayStation Home are now slated for release on Xbox 360 *before* the PS3.

This is just amazing. President of Sony's PlayStation division, Ken Kutaragi, has announced to shareholders that both the triangle and square button have jumped ship, citing irreconcilable differences with the company. Where these mainstays of the PlayStation controller will end up is anyone's guess, but it has become plain as day that they cannot stay successful on Sony's failing console. Circle and X could not be reached for comment. No word yet on which buttons will replace triangle and square, but Kutaragi has stated that in order to afford them consumers should work more hours if they really, really want those buttons.

Sony is now holding a press conference where Phil Harrison, president of Sony Computer Entertainment Europe is fielding questions from the press. Let's go to it live.

PHIL HARRISON: Today's announcements are just another indication that the PlayStation brand is as strong as ever. We've received some new numbers today and we are pleased to announce that 67% of all people who have watched Talladega Nights on a Blu-Ray disc, watched it on PlayStation 3. In fact our number 1 selling game is Talladega Nights. I will now take questions from the press.

SOME OTHER REPORTER: Are today's losses an indication that Sony is losing dominance in the home console market?

PHIL HARRISON: Not at all. As I've said the PlayStation brand is as strong as ever. The system is so popular that we are having trouble keeping up with demand. Once we are able to replenish supply those developers will return to our platform. In fact demand is so great that I will suck off anyone who is able to purchase a brand new PlayStation 3 right now. No, really. I will suck your dick if you bring me a PS3 that was purchased in the last hour. Come on. Nobody? I'm sure there's a PS3 you can find *somewhere*. Free blowjob? Nobody? Okay then, you see how hard it is to get a PlayStation 3. We simply can't keep up with the high demand for our system.

REPORTER: Do you think we're stupid?

PHIL HARRISON: Yes. This press conference is over!

ANCHOR: It is a dark day for Sony, and the world. With the PS3's exclusives jumping ship, one only has to wonder how we as a nation can carry on. As always Nerd Rage News will continue its coverage of the day's events, and inform you on any new developments. We'll stay with you in these tragic times. To recap, Sony has lost the followi-

When someone asks you, where were you when Sony lost all of its exclusives, you'll remember. Oh, you'll remember. After that day we wondered how any of us could go on. But we did the only thing we knew how to do. We stayed on the air and reported the news. In some small way, just being there helped ease people's fears. Throughout the day there were rumors of more lost exclusives, but they were just that, rumors. It was so crazy. We just didn't know what to believe anymore. We just didn't know. We will always remember the pain of that day.

> The reason Sony lost these exclusives, the reason these people wanted to release games on multiple platforms, these developers... They weren't doing anything wrong, they were living their lives, they were going to work, they were making games, they were doing what they normally do.
>
> Uh, as I understand it, and my understanding of this is vague, at best, another smaller group of people announced they were going to boycott Sony and post angry messages on Internet forums. And we're told that they were zealots fueled by nerd rage, nerd rage. And if you live to be a thousand years old, will that make any sense to you? Will that make any goddamned sense?
>
> -David Letterman, on the events of March 19th, 2007

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.6 The Great American Reach Around - The Northeast & The UK

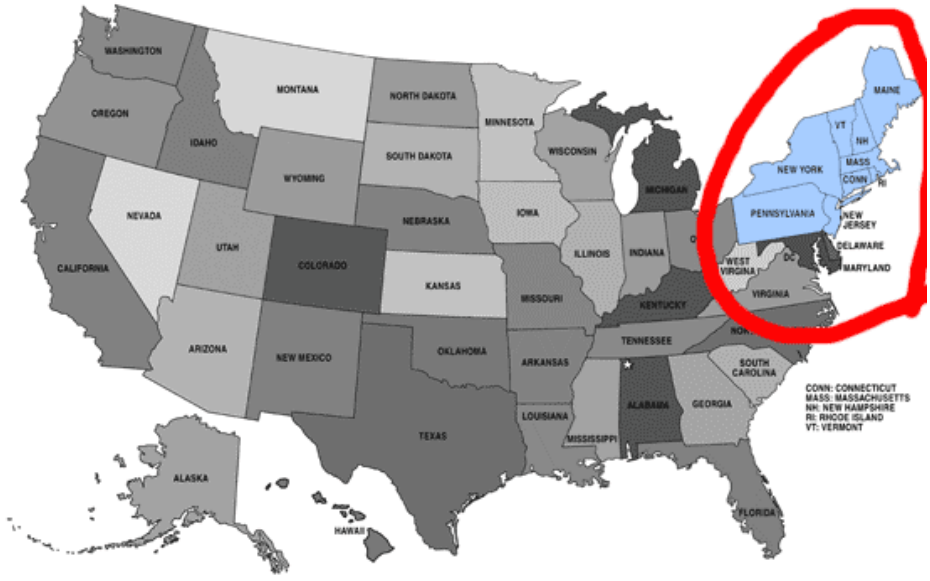
Friday, Apr 06, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Welcome to week three of the Great American Reach Around, where I tell the world about America and the world tells me in a funny accent to "get fucked!" Actually, three gracious foreigners will be providing a counterpoint to the coverage of my homeland.

In week one and week two we covered the Midwest, where I grew up and spent most of my life, but this week we journey to the right side of the map and the Northeast of the United States. Geographically, the Northeast is the smallest of the regions we will be covering, but don't be fooled; it has big heart.

There is a portion of the Northeast that contains thousands of tiny states that most of America likes to call "statelettes". These adorable little collectible states constitute the region within the region of the Northeast known as New England. According to science you would have to be using a map the size of a zeppelin hangar to actually fit the names of these wee states within their boundaries on the map!



The Northeast also plays host to some of America's most famous and populous cities, including the big daddy of them all; New York City. It also encompasses many of the 13 original colonies, giving it a long and colorful history. Remember, most of the Continental United States was unexplored or

barely inhabited until the late 18th and 19th centuries. Some states, like Montana and Wyoming, may not even exist to this day! But, the Northeast has been there since the beginning, and the inhabitants are not going to let you forget it.

For our purposes the region known as the Northeast is comprised of the following states: Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont. Even though they are considered part of the South, both Delaware and Maryland are often thrown into this group because they share much of the culture (and the Boston and Washington urban sprawls) with their Yankee kin. We'll be covering them in our articles on the South, so if you live in Delaware or Maryland don't take it personally.

I will begin our tour of the Northeast with a trip to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The GARA foreign representatives this time around hail from America's abusive uncle that we outgrew; the United Kingdom. Pete "Opired" W. will take us on a tour of his home town of Lutterworth, England. Alasdair "AlMac" MacKenzie will explode our Hollywood misconceptions by showing us around Glasgow, Scotland. Finally, John "deathmike" Doe, found dead in a canal, will give us a look at his rural home in Nuneaton, England. Purely by chance, Lutterworth and Nuneaton are only a few miles from one another.

East of Ohio is Pennsylvania, the state that serves as a buffer between the Northeast liberals in their ivory towers and the common peasants of the Midwest. Pennsylvania's location has made it one of the Northeast's few "transition states" where you can see the culture of the Northeast blending with the culture of another region. In the distant shadow of New York City it can be easy for outsiders to forget that Pennsylvania contains two of America's largest urban areas: Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania, and Pittsburgh particularly, have suffered from the loss of industry (especially steel) in the United States over the past twenty years, but the state's proximity to major ports and its diversified economy have helped preserve the state's character.

Pennsylvania was founded on the ideal of religious tolerance and this persists, from one degree to another, to this day. This tolerance has also allowed the state to be overrun by the Pennsylvania Dutch. The place is lousy with them in their goddamn buggies talking their half-German moon language. They're like time-traveling Mexicans.

With Pittsburg and Philadelphia both vying for my attention, I have opted to cover a lesser-known city in Pennsylvania.

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Allentown is Pennsylvania's third largest city, coming in way behind Pittsburgh and Philadelphia with a population of only around 110,000. It is on the outer edge of Philadelphia's urban area, which means a number of the problems that come with urban areas afflict Allentown. It is by no means a hell-on-earth slum, but violent crime, drugs, and prostitution have increasingly afflicted Allentown. You fancy Europeans with your liberalized ideas about drugs and prostitutes might think that's not as bad as it sounds, but the next time you sit on a bus next to a hooker blacked out with a needle still in her arm you can write me an angry letter.

The city has a diverse population and a reasonable standard of living, with hundreds of historic buildings, including the immense Albertus Meyers Bridge. One of the main features of the skyline in Allentown - well, okay, the only feature of the skyline - is the PP & L (Pennsylvania Power and Light) building. This 23-story tower was built in the 1920s and is said by many to resemble the Daily Planet building seen in the George Reeves version of Superman. It is the centerpiece of the PPL Plaza in downtown Allentown and most consider it the architectural heart of the city.

Allentown has an extensive system of parks, including multiple amusement parks, and much of its outlying area is heavily wooded and rural. So close to Philadelphia, this is no accident, and Allentown owes this natural beauty to a great deal of philanthropy and pragmatism at the turn of the 20th century.

The Farmer's Market in Allentown is one of the most spectacular stops for gastronomes in the area, sprawling for over 90,000 square feet and open year round. The dozens of vendors at the market offer everything from candy to cookies with M&Ms baked into them, plus meat! It also provides an opportunity for the Pennsylvania Dutch to enter civilization and earn their barn money the hard way: with pies and cheese.

Allentown won't be winning any contests for America's safest, or most beautiful, or most cosmopolitan city, but in the densely populated Northeast it manages to strike a pleasant balance somewhere in the middle.

New Jersey is one of the most misunderstood states in the Union. When people think of New Jersey, and I include myself in this, they picture slums and urban sprawl. What they're picturing is Jersey City and Newark, New Jersey's two biggest urban areas and what amounts to suburbs of New York City. They also could be picturing Camden, the slimy runoff of Philadelphia. The reality is that much of the rest of New Jersey is absolutely nothing like this and there is a great deal of natural beauty to be found.

New Jersey's founders even tried to dispel this image with their PR-conscious nickname of "Garden State." The name was chosen following an incident in 1762 when Benjamin Franklin had the top

knuckles of all of his fingers chewed off by a pack of feral Italian children while he was sleeping in a whorehouse in Newark. Franklin wrote a scandalous article in a colonial digest accusing Newark of being home to gangs of "Mediterranean cannibals". Luckily, his nickname of "Wop Abattoir" never stuck.

For New Jersey I have tried to explore the side of the state furthest from the looming shadow of New York City. Let's check out...

Paterson, New Jersey

Paterson is a city representative of the unseen half of New Jersey. Alive with its own industry and culture, it may interact with New York City, but it does not owe its entire existence to Manhattan.

Like much of the Northeast, Paterson is positively encrusted with historic buildings and monuments. The once-bustling downtown area has been largely vacated in favor of strip malls and big-box retailers in suburban Paterson, but the buildings are nice to look at if you can ignore the giant signs for dollar stores and nail salons.

Economic depression resulting from globalization of industry in the 1970s and 1980s is a common theme in these articles. Paterson has certainly suffered its share, but I'm pretty optimistic it will recover.

A spate of new construction and the gentrification of areas that had fallen into disrepair are indications that Paterson may be fighting its way back to the head of the class. The ethnic diversity of the city that is the source of a fair amount of strife has also created a vibrant selection of restaurants, stores, and ethnic shops. The People's Park neighborhood is rich with South American flair and the south side of Paterson has a large middle eastern immigrant community.

In many ways Paterson is a reflection of the good and the bad of the Northeast. Its crime and poverty are contrasted against diversity, tolerance, culture, a rich history, and a beautiful environment. It is a middle class city that is finding its way back to prosperity.

And it doesn't smell like Jersey City.

Now we continue into the foreign portion of this article, beginning our journey in Lutterworth, England.

Pete "Opired" W.

Lutterworth, England

Lutterworth is a small market town in Leicestershire in the centre of England. The main point of interest geographically is how central it is to the UK's road network, being sited on the main North/South motorway (M1) and within a junction of the main route to the Northwest (M6). This has meant Lutterworth has become a primary site for UK logistics & the main employers in the area are warehousing units a couple of miles down the road on 'Britain's first & largest dedicated distribution park' Magna Park. Thrilling!

The town itself is normally described as 'quaint' on first viewing. The buildings are old and well maintained, there's lots of greenery & flowers decorating the centre. There's a nice old English cricket pavilion & pitch on one of the routes into the town, giving a nice country feel to the approach. The locals are friendly too, and the whole place comes alive in the summer months when as with the rest of the UK, everything just looks so much better. It's a very pleasant town, there's little trouble other than the odd drunken local thinking he's Rambo with his dad's shotgun, or the old English custom of bar brawling on a Friday night. Even the distribution park is landscaped so as not to ruin the skyline.

It's much more akin to a rural village in its mindset rather than that of a larger town, despite housing around ten thousand people. There are few enough people frequenting the same places that most people know most other people, or at least know someone who does. And if you need some anonymity, you have the cities of Leicester & Coventry within a short drive.

Of course if you come into Lutterworth from the M1, your first impression will be shattered by 'The Camper Van'. It's been there ever since I first arrived 8 or so years ago, and I imagine it will be there forever more. At the very least the pile of rust it eventually dissolves into will leave a nice scorched Earth effect memorial to its inappropriateness in such an environment.

Lutterworth is generally famous for two things, firstly John Wycliffe was Rector of St. Mary's in the 14th century & is credited with translating the first copy of the Bible from Latin into English. This is despite being quite unable to settle on one spelling for his own surname.

Secondly Sir Frank Whittle developed & produced the first jet engine in Lutterworth & there's a lovely model of a Gloster 'Whittle' E.28/39 stuck in the middle of one of Lutterworth's roundabouts to commemorate his work, along with a rather brusque looking bust in the town centre. Rumours

persist in certain circles that Whittle in fact developed the engine so that he was able to get away from Lutterworth faster.

Like much of the UK however, we're currently losing our youth to various bastardised versions of American culture. Most of our females seem to have turned orange, carry small dogs in handbags & say 'Oh my God' at the end of every sentence in some bizarre homage to Essex girl Chantelle Houghton who in turn was aping Paris Hilton. The males are split between the now customary Emo haircut crew on most corners worrying about how to return their sister's hair straighteners slyly, and the usual chav trainers & sportswear posse's hanging about the shops trying to blag ciggies.

And that attitude really sums up middle England's preoccupation with America. Americans always seem so certain that what they do is right, you're proud of your God & proud of your country - and you'll stand by either till the bitter end. Us middle Englanders are much the same, except we're essentially Godless and we're not allowed to be proud of our country without getting arrested for insulting someone or something. You're like the cool uncle at a family party and as such, until the fire of youth has been burned from our souls and we resign ourselves to middle management jobs in logistics companies, all the cool kids want to be just like you.

Lutterworth, despite what some might say, is actually a nice place to live.

Alasdair "AlMac" MacKenzie

Glasgow, Scotland

How do the Scottish view America? I have an unfair point of view because I lived in Pennsylvania for a year and have a personal love for the country, but this is not a love which is shared particularly strongly by my fellow Scots. I would say that many of us view America as it currently stands with a mixture of friendly amusement and bemusement - a huge number of us feel little or no connection to Tony Blair and company, so we don't necessarily embrace the Alliance Of Freedom vibe too strongly. Many of us live over there with you, and many of you can trace roots back to us. We're a tiny relatively carefree country and we are well aware that the sum total of our value to many Americans is as a place to be mystically referenced when discussing heritage.

Focusing on part of this sleepy little country in more detail, Glasgow is a city with a massive inferiority complex. It is Scotland's largest city and is a major centre of industry and technology, but it lies firmly in the shadow of The Other Place - Edinburgh, only an hour's drive away to the East.

Through cunning use of a large castle and some really quite pretty gardens, Edinburgh has the marvellous honour of being Scotland's capital. It's where the tourists go. It's fun to visit. It's practically draped in tartan and haggis. Glasgow hates it with a seething fury.

Coming second to Edinburgh in the fight for Capital seems to have affected Glasgow on a fairly deep level. It is a city always striving to be number one at something, anything. It never quite succeeds.

Glasgow has a vibrant and modern commercial centre with several excellent museums and the second best shopping scene in Britain (after London). The city centre contains George Square, a one-block area which often plays host to outdoor concerts and which looks a little like a mini Trafalgar Square. It also boasts nearly the tallest single-purpose cinema building in the world, and has a riverfront area which compares reasonably well to London, Newcastle and several other British cities. This area in particular is currently undergoing extensive development and is managing to quite successfully fuse the city's prestigious industrial past with shiny new modern delights.

Notice a theme beginning to emerge? No matter how hard it tries, Glasgow is never *ever* number one in the world at anything fun. In this city, the word "best" is always prefaced by "second" "third" or "nearly the". Our shopping is great, but yours is probably better. Our architecture is phenomenal, but go to Barcelona or Paris and decide which is more sophisticated.

Nothing illustrates Glasgow's futile drive for perfection better than the recently built Glasgow Tower. This 127 metre high masterpiece of engineering opened alongside the city's new interactive science museum and IMAX theatre in 2001 and was lauded as the feature which would finally put Glasgow on the international map of awe-someness. The Tower is the tallest structure in Scotland, and crucially is the tallest base-rotating tower *in the world*. Finally! Now anyone in the entire world who wakes up thinking "Man, I'd sure love to check out the tallest base-rotating tower in the entire world" will have NO CHOICE but to come to Glasgow!

The tower doesn't work.

Somehow, during all the back-patting and cheering and celebrating, whoever designed and built the Tower forgot to make it actually able to do the thing that it was supposed to be best in the entire world at doing.

Never willing to admit defeat, the people of Glasgow have come up with a novel way of dealing with the embarrassing issue of The Tower. We just don't speak about it. Ever. It sits there in all its glory on the bank of the River Clyde, stretching into the sky like a shining Freudian metaphor, and no-one ever mentions it. The news doesn't report about it. The papers don't write about it. Even the staff in the Science Centre right beneath it do a very good job of never ever looking above eye level.

We might even be the best city in the world at dealing with elephants in corners. Almost.

However, please don't leave thinking that Glasgow is utterly incapable of doing anything at all better than anywhere else. Sure, it might struggle with the fun stuff. Yes, it is constantly overshadowed by its tourist-friendly neighbour. There is still one thing that the city excels at, one crown it shows no signs of giving up in the near future.

Glasgow is without a doubt the best city in all of Europe at killing you slowly and horribly. We have the highest rates of coronary heart disease and cancer in the entire continent.

Highest? Some might say *best*.

John "deathmike" Doe

Nuneaton, England

Nuneaton, like America, is a place which can look deceptive if one looks at it from a certain angle. A quick google image search might give you the impression that it is the sort of gentile English country town that often features in whatever twee politically correct masturbatory gran-flick, Richard Curtis is releasing this year in order to keep himself, Hugh Grant, and which ever over the hill ex-boyband member sucked off one of the film executives in order to sing the smoochy theme song, in the filthy lucre.

The sad thing is, all those lovely country inns and stately homes are in the countryside surrounding Nuneaton, and those that aren't have had their photos taken from the architectural equivalent of Myspace angles, to block the abandoned factory on one side and the rusting Ford Escort on the other. A search in the BBC news search engine shows another side of Nuneaton. It's hard to think which would be the worst news story on there; the 11 year old who had his hands set on fire, the man whose ear was chopped just for hell of it, or the fact the mayor's wife was arrested for benefits fraud.

Probably the worst thing about Nuneaton is the racism that exists amongst certain segments of the population. Large racial disturbances seemingly happen every summer. A quick check on our friend google, shows they've been going on since at least 1995. It usually kicks off for two reasons. Edwards Street is the centre of Nuneaton's muslim population and according to a local legend, the longest street in England without a pub.

Bearing those facts in mind, it boggles the mind why the government opened up a bail hostel and a court mandated drug rehab centre on that street. Its kind of like opening a furry rave club next to a pet shop and wondering why the pet shop owner complains when your regulars start interfering with his stock. The analogy stop there as I doubt a mob of pets would lynch the lusty furry to the point of hospital treatment (well outside certain geocitie fanfic sites), whereas the losers in the battles for Edward street are usually those just released from her majesties pleasure and soon to be thrown back into her loving arms.

The second reason is when the anglo-saxon locals decide to kick off. It's usually over something petty, like someone's 11 year old brother got detention for beating up a classmate, a white girl going out with an asian guy (ley be takin' our wimmin!), or influenced by current affairs (the Sunni inhabitants of Edward Street are probably having a hard time of late due to Shiite Iran locking up a few British marines in order to prove they're still hip and with it despite a few grey hairs and a sudden fondness for repeats of *Murder She Wrote*) and usually ends up with the same results; with the white and proud of it crew getting beaten black and blue and deservedly so.

Nuneaton's main claim to fame is it is the nominal home to transvestite author George Elliot AKA Mary Anne Evans. George lived back in the days of yore, when Nuneaton was a mainly rural area, and the mining industry hadn't moved in and imploded (and left a large man made mountain in the process) and made the town what it is today. Most schools in Nuneaton force its inmates to learn one of Georges many tedious novels, with the end result that most of those who read her works in schools end up hating them with a passion due to the fact her novels bare as much resemblance to modern day Nuneaton life as Hamlet does to the current state of politics in Denmark.

The inhabitants of Nuneaton have a very unusual relationship with America in the fact they adopt American culture as a form of escapism from Nuneaton and the UK in general. Most people aged between 13-30 latch onto some form of cultural stereotype that originated from the other side of the Atlantic, whether its that of a pimped out hip hop playa, a Paris Hilton/Laguna Beach esque princess, a black clad and paler than thou goth or a New England style hardcore punk tough guy. America is what we in Nuneaton would like to be. Different parts of it appeal to different people, but it kind of seems that a lot of us if not all of us at some points in our lives symbolised America in our minds as representing exactly what we wanted to be. This does bring up a lot of unintentional comedy with anti asian racists blasting out 2 Pac on their way to Edward streets to put forward the supremacy of the Aryan race or a bunch of 16 year olds staggering around the town park with Confederate flags draped around their shoulders whilst high on coke on December the 8th "as that's what Dimebag would have wanted".

Despite the fact that we in Nuneaton want to be the Jennifer Jason Leigh to America's Bridget Fonda, we like to blame you (when it's not the EUs turn) for various international events. Iraq war: your fault, flight restrictions on transatlantic flights: your fault, Iran kidnapping some of our marines to assuage fears about its receding hairline: your fault. It doesn't matter if there's no logic behind these allocations of blame, as long as we somehow pin it on you by ranting about Blair being Bush's poodle down the pub after a few pints or so.

We can't decide whether we love you or hate you, just like the rest of the world really.

I hope you've enjoyed this edition of the Great American Reach Around. As usual, if you have any comments, suggestions, compliments, or criticism, feel free to email me.

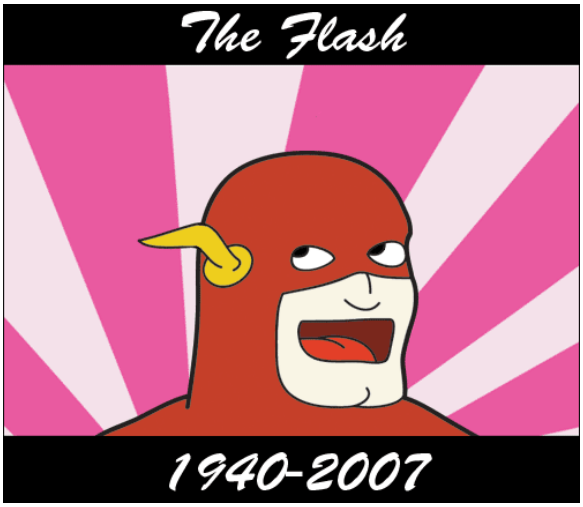
Next week we will return with what some believe is the greatest city in the world and many believe is the greatest city in the United States: New York City. There's also a whole state hiding behind it somewhere. I'll look into that.

Counterbalancing the big apple is a little bit of red-headed mirth from the Emerald Isle. Representatives from Belfast and Bray will offer up their respective views of the two halves of Ireland.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.7 Fraggin' The Flash

Saturday, Apr 07, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



The Flash is dead. After mistakenly shaking a can of soda at mach 5 speeds in the newest issue of his comic, our most fleet-footed hero has departed this world for the big sidewalk in the sky. DC has confirmed that no attempt will be made to resurrect the character. The Flash is gone for good.

In memory of the Flash we all grew up with, let us reflect upon some of his comic book appearances and hope that there are bad guys in heaven just waiting to be punched a thousand times from all directions in a fraction of a second.

"Movie Theater Madness"
Flash Vol 1 #28

With crime at an all-time low, the Flash suddenly finds himself with more free time on his hands than he knows what to do with. Will hamming it up in front of movie theater screens across the country be enough to stave off his boredom?

Key Moment
Moviegoers: Hey! Get outta the way of the picture show!
Flash: Woop woop! What's the matter? Can't see? Haha!
Moviegoers: What's the big idea?
Flash: Look at my shadow! Here, look, the world's fastest dog - Woofwoofwoof. Woofwoofwoof.

Moviegoers: Booo! Hiss! Booo!
Flash: On to the next theater!

"Flash's New Ride"
Flash Vol 1 #74

During his daily jog around the planet, the Flash comes across a Burmese tiger in his hometown's zoo and decides to keep it for himself. What wacky adventures await this unlikely duo?

Key Moment
Shoeshine Boy: Hey mista Flash, why you ridin' a tiger round the city if you can run faster than a biplane?
Flash: None of your business, kid! Go suck a lemon!
Shoeshine Boy: Why you...!
Flash: Haha. Stupid kid doesn't even have a tiger. What does he know?

"The Flash's Inner Ear Infection"
Flash Vol 1 #154

Will the Flash let an inner ear infection get in the way of his mission to deliver a box of extremely fragile Faberge eggs across the country? Not if our hero can help it!

Key Moment
Wonder Woman: Are you in any condition to do this? Why not give me the eggs and let me transport them in my invisible jet for you!
Flash: I appreciate the offer, but no. I promised that I would deliver these eggs myself and I am a man of my word. Severely limited motor skills and balance be damned!
Batman: Whee!

Flash: Say, what are you up to over there?
Batman: Oh, just putting my forehead on this baseball bat and spinning around as fast as possible. It's a detective thing, you wouldn't understand.
Flash: Dude, let me try that right now or I'll kill you.

"The Mysteriously Shrinking Outfit"
Flash Vol 1 #177

The Flash senses that something's not quite right, but what could it be? Will he solve the mystery before it's too late?

Key Moment
Flash: Now what the heck? This costume is tight in odd places. What's going on?
(thinks about it while pacing around his house at super speeds, hitting his head on every doorway)
Flash: I've got it! The sudden costume tightness, it all makes sense now! Puberty at last!

"Charades Gone Horribly Wrong"
Wonder Woman #109

Sometimes a hero's worst enemy is his own boredom.

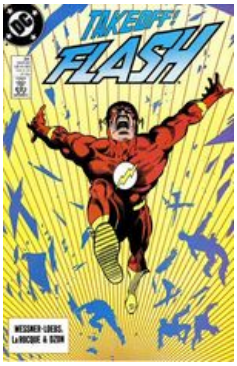
Key Moment
Wonder Woman: Good job, Brian, you tiny orphan! Now it's the Flash's turn.
Brian: *(watching the Flash raise an index finger)* One word.
Wonder Woman: Great goddesses of Temyscira! What are you doing? The wind you're producing is unbearable!
Brian: Ah! For some reason my biker shorts and sleeveless jacket aren't protecting me at all! *(he and Wonder Woman are blasted through a cement wall)*

Flash: Geez. Come on, guys! It was clock. *Clock!* You didn't even try to guess!

"The Overbearing Uncle"
Flash Vol 2 #6

When uncle Larry comes to visit, no one is safe!

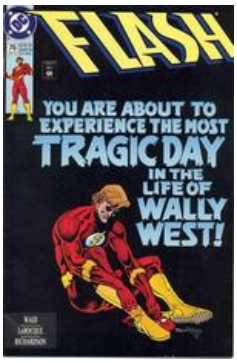
Key Moment
Uncle Larry: C'mere, you big galoot! Give your uncle a hug!
Flash: Nooooo!
Uncle Larry: HUG TIME! I live for this shit!
Flash: My back! Let me go!
Uncle Larry: Please stop squirming. This is really all I have left in life.



"World Hunger"
Flash Vol 2 #24

After coming face to face with the reality of world hunger, the world's fastest man deals with it the way that only he can.

Key Moment
Flash: Golly, these kids in Africa are starving to death! What can I do? I know! I'll run fast!
Kids: Yay! Go Flash! You can do it!
Flash: MUST... RUN... FASTER!
Flash: *(three seconds later)* Ah, Miami. This is much better.



"Tragedy"
Flash Vol 2 #76

Nothing can prepare you for this, the must gut-wrenching event in the history of the Flash. Will anything be the same again?

Key Moment **Flash:** I just can't believe it... *(sobbing)* Anna Nicole was an inspiration to us all. How could this happen? Why, God?
(running faster than light as the tears roll down his face and fall off, sprinkling the soil of a dozen countries)
Flash: WHYYYYYY?

Shmorky Remembers The Flash

"The Flash's Chinese Fire Drill"
Flash Vol 1 #64

The Flash acts like a chinaman and sets a building on fire.

Key Moment
Firemen: OH GOD WE'RE ON FIRE!
The Flash: Me so solly!
Firemen: HELP US!!!
The Flash: Me Chinese, ching chong ching chong!

"The Flash's Fat Brothers"
Flash Vol 1 #115

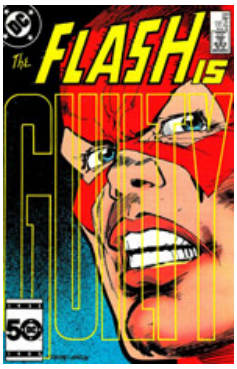
The Flash's two fat brothers visit him and embarrass him by dressing in his suit and trying to fight crime.

Key Moment
Darryl: I'm so tired, let's stop to eat.
Greg: I know a good Italian restaurant on 4th street.
Darryl: Oh Jesus, all the way over there? We better call a cab.
The Flash: GET OUT OF MY SUITS! GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT!

"The Flash And The Electrified Gorilla"
Flash Vol 1 #127

An electrified gorilla is just minding his own business when The Flash tries to arrest him.

Key Moment
The Flash: Alright, Mr Gorilla, you're coming down town!
Gorilla: Don't touch me, I'm electric.
The Flash: Shut up! *(grabs the gorilla and shakes violently)* YAAAAUGH!
Gorilla: I told you!



"The Flash Gets In To His Mother's Make-Up"
Flash Vol 1 #348

The Flash tries on his mother's make-up when she suddenly walks in on him

Key Moment
Flash's Mother: What are you doing in my bedroom?
The Flash: *(turns around with lipstick and blush on)* NOTHING!
Flash's Mother: Oh God are you wearing my make-up!
The Flash: NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME *(runs not as fast as usual, flailing his arms like a sissy)*

"The Flash Tries To Assassinate Wonder Woman"
Wonder Woman #78

Wonder Woman is getting too clingy to The Flash so he decides to take her out during a romantic dinner.

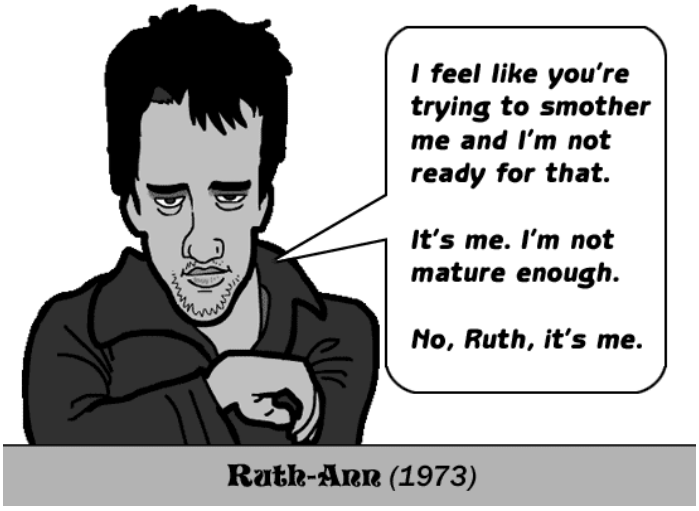
Key Moment
The Flash: Eat your spaghetti. Don't look out that window.
Wonder Woman: Why, what's out there?
The Flash: NO! DON'T SHOOT HER, SHE HAS TO EAT THE POISON SPAGHETTI FIRST!
Wonder Woman: Poison?
The Flash: D'OH!

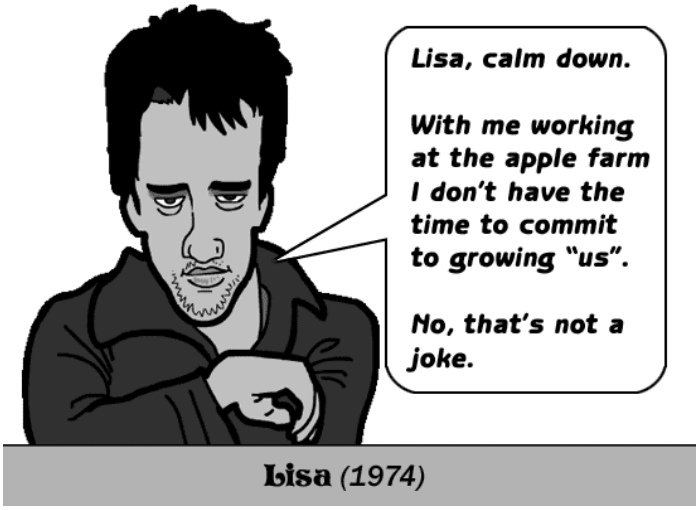
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

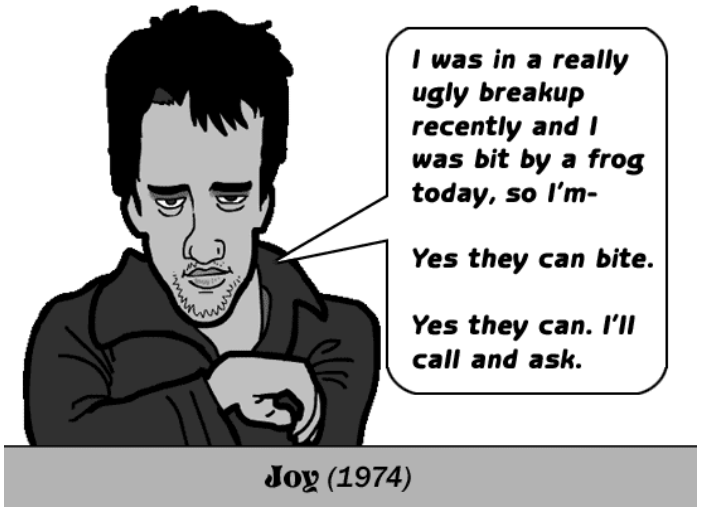
4.8 Breaking Up With Christopher Lambert

Sunday, Apr 08, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Special thanks to Flash Tub wizard Shmorky for his wonderful illustration of Highlander star Christopher Lambert. Be sure to digg the article detailing how some rich and famous asshole artist directly copied one of Shmorky's most well-known pieces of art and is selling it for the big bucks.







Joy *(1974)*

Heather *(1975)*

Wilma *(1976)*

Dakota *(1977)*

Ashleigh *(1977)*

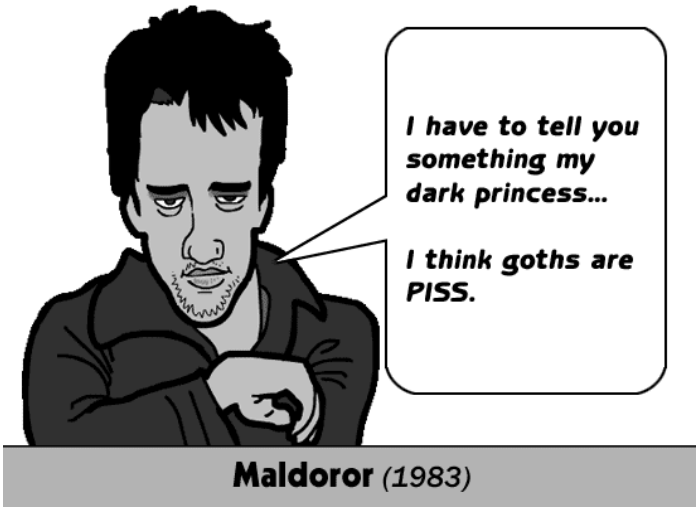
Paula *(1978)*

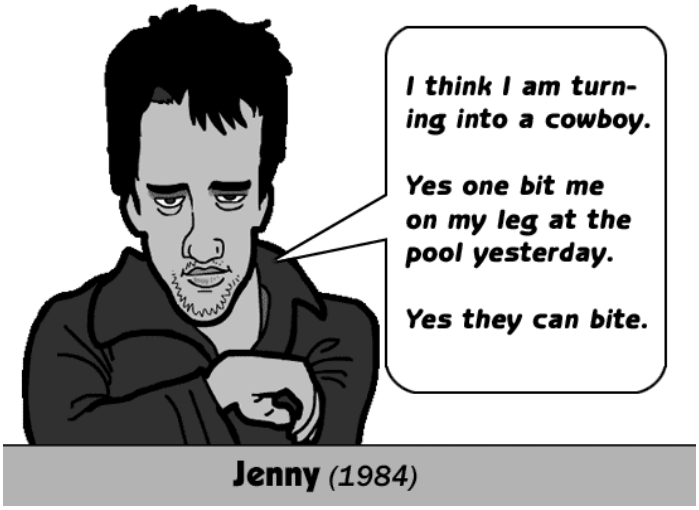
Nancy *(1979)*

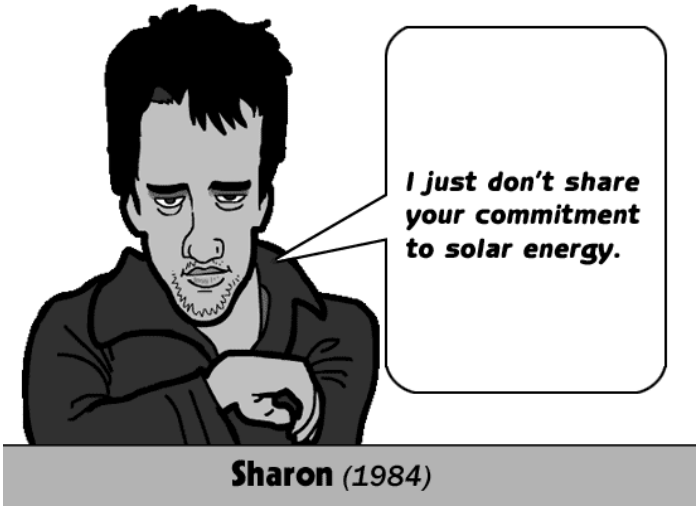
Astronaut school was really rough on my bones but now I am going to mars so goodbye.
I don't have time to talk the rocket leaves any minute.

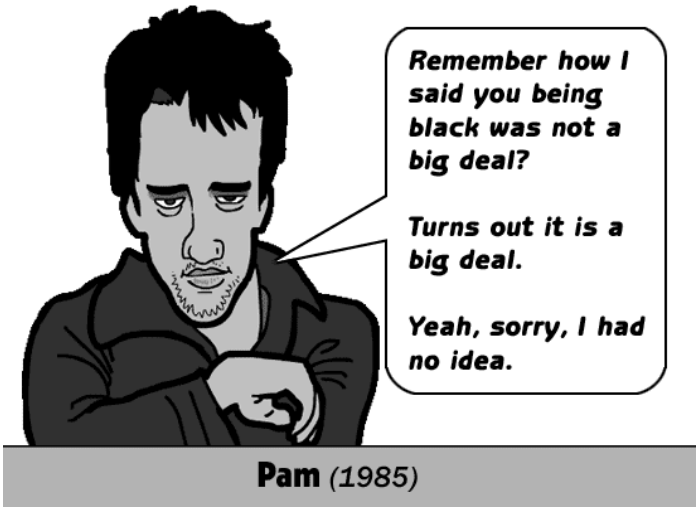
Golby *(1980)*

Eleanor *(1981)*


I have to tell you something my dark princess...
I think goths are PISS.
Maldoror (1983)


I think I am turning into a cowboy.
Yes one bit me on my leg at the pool yesterday.
Yes they can bite.
Jenny (1984)

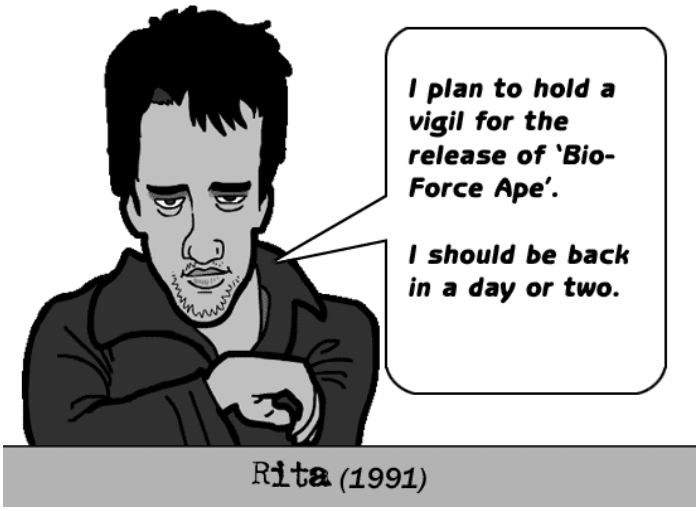

I just don't share your commitment to solar energy.
Sharon (1984)



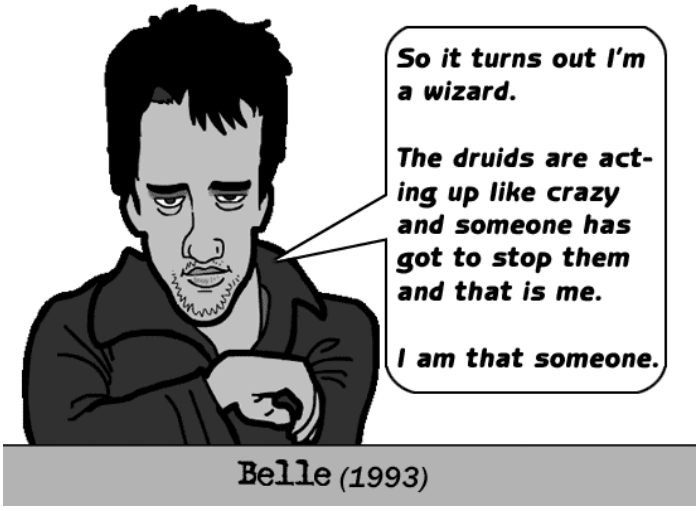
Pam *(1985)*

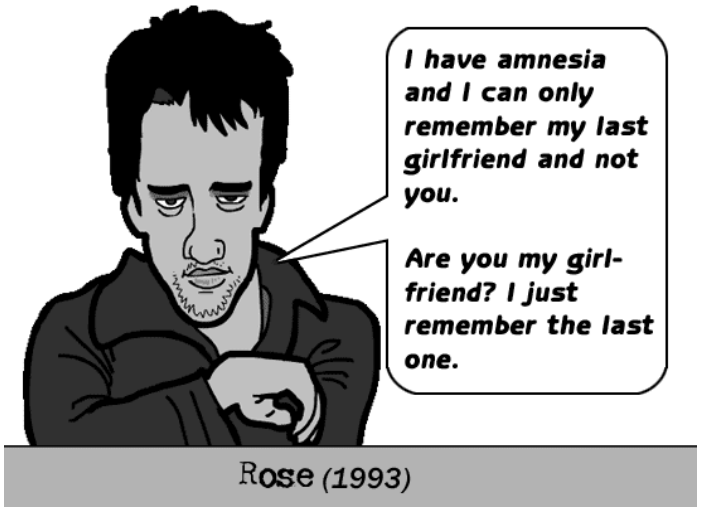
Helen *(1988)*

Juicy *(1990)*


I plan to hold a vigil for the release of 'Bio-Force Ape'.
I should be back in a day or two.
Rita (1991)

I am just really into this sandwich right now, baby
Sylvia (1992)

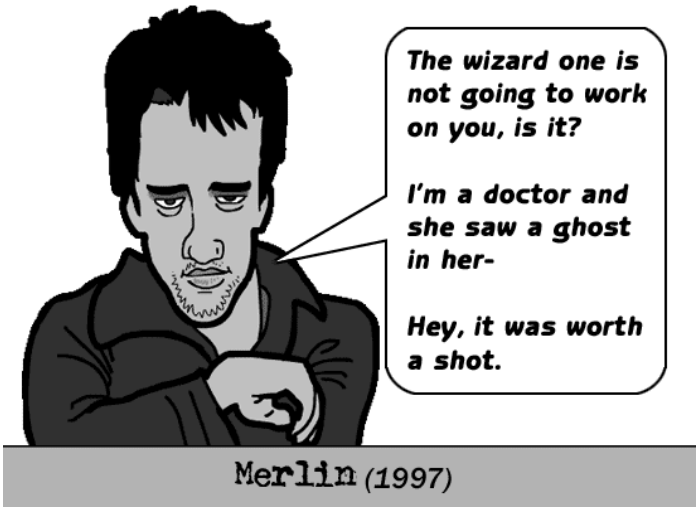

So it turns out I'm a wizard.
The druids are acting up like crazy and someone has got to stop them and that is me.
I am that someone.
Belle (1993)



Rose *(1993)*

Witney *(1995)*

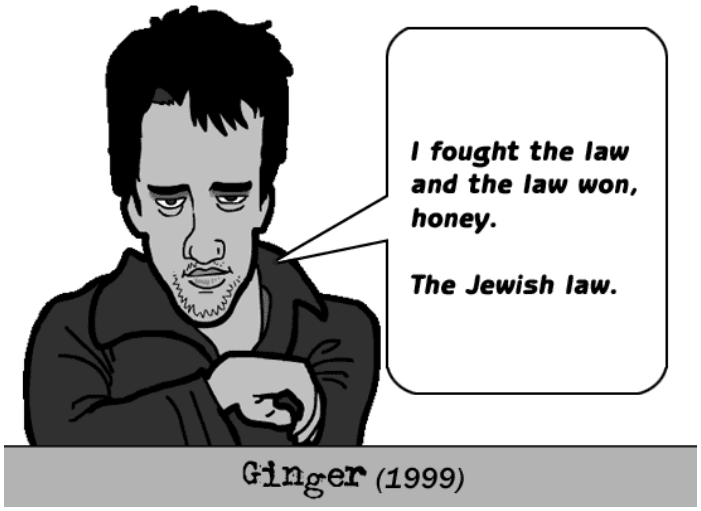
Journey *(1996)*



Merlin *(1997)*

Miko *(1997)*

Missy *(1998)*



Ginger *(1999)*

Victoria *(2000)*

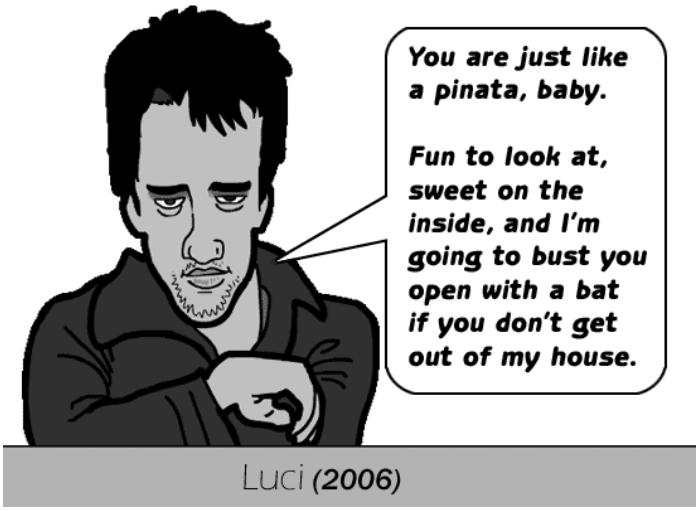
Ever since the car accident you keep telling me to treat you like a normal human being.
That's really hard for me to do because human beings have legs.

Krystyna *(2000)*

9/11 reminds me so much of why I am glad I am not a skyscraper.
Oh, I just mean that unlike you, I don't want fire-fighters inside of me.
Haley (2001)

You and I are just too different.
You love George Bush and I want to throw up every time I hear your voice.
Morgan (2003)

Have you seen my blog?
It's at w-w-w dot blog planet dot com slash it's fucking over you dumb bitch.
Karen (2005)


You are just like a pinata, baby.
Fun to look at, sweet on the inside, and I'm going to bust you open with a bat if you don't get out of my house.
Luci (2006)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 The Creation Science Academy for Kids Presents: God's Beautiful Creatures

Monday, Apr 09, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The world around us is full of many amazing and beautiful things that God has created. It says in **Genesis 8:4** "For God put the animals great and small for man to marvel upon and so man did look upon the duck and the clam and he did weep with joy".

It is a beautiful universe that God has created for us and today we will take you on an adventure of learning. Some of these creatures are so strange that only someone as wise and almighty as God could have imagined them!

We begin our journey on the Amazon River, the mightiest river that the Lord has placed upon the earth. It is so large that if astronauts were real they would be able to look upon it from the great lie of outer space!

One of the Amazon's largest inhabitants is the **Boto**, also known as the **Pink Dolphin of the Amazon** River. The pink color of the dolphin combined with the tea-like color of the Amazon River makes the dolphin look just like a beautiful woman under water.

The Boto is so beautiful and docile that fishermen and narco-traffickers have been known to wade out into the water and make love to the willing creature. This is not a sin, for as is written in **Corinthians 11:7** "Saul's wife did turn away from Saul and recoil from his touch and Saul did go out upon the river and find a new wife, and he knew this wife again and again, yet no child did come of their union. And the Lord was glad."

For a fun project, make your hand into a tight fist and place the first two knuckles of your fist against your lips. This is what it's like to kiss a dolphin!

Another one of God's beautiful creatures can be found in the Amazon, but this little fellow is much smaller! He is called the **Candiru Fish** and he is just about the size of a toothpick.

Mr. Candiru is a very funny fish that God has made. He likes to smell the water for pee that comes out of the water lungs of catfish. He follows the smell all the way into the lungs of the catfish and hooks on and then drinks the blood of the catfish.

Sometimes he smells the pee that comes out of men and women who walk into the water and he might go inside of them and drink their blood! Isn't that silly? God has created the Candiru to remind us that his water is not our toilet.

You can turn to **Ezekiel 4:4** and read what God says about going to the bathroom in the water.

> "Jacob went down to the sea and he did move his bowels upon the wave with furious scorn. There was a great rumble from above and lightning did flash and the Lord said unto Jacob; 'Go no more upon My water or in My water or beneath My water. Go only upon the land and the mountain and the tree.' Jacob did not heed the word of God and he moved his bowels a second time and then was seized up in the jaws of a great otter of the depths and swallowed whole."

Wow! Better hold it next time, huh?

Another one of God's strange and wonderful creations is the **Giardia**, a type of flagellated protozoa. This little mischief-maker likes to hide in our drinking water and get inside of our bodies in a cool glass of lemonade or iced tea. Once inside he will make us sick in all kinds of different ways and he comes out of our bodies and makes our friends, family, and even our pets sick! This disease is sometimes called "Beaver Fever" because campers get it when they drink water that comes out of a beaver dam. This is, unfortunately, the sweetest type of water.

If you want to try something really fun, look at a Giardia under a Christian microscope and you will see what looks like a silly clown's face! This is God's sense of humor. We didn't say it was very good.

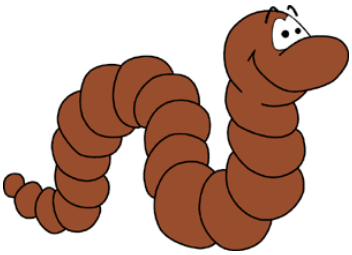
You may wonder why God would create a parasite to go inside our bodies and make us sick. The reason is very simple: it is part of God's Plan. While Giardia are not mentioned specifically in the Bible, a passage from **Deuteronomy** (**6:18**) does address this subject.

> "Hecus tore at his gut and cast his hands up in despair. He cursed the name of the fluke that was within him and he blamed the Lord for its transgressions. With a great peal of thunder the Lord appeared before Hecus as a violet thousand-eyed apple and the Lord spoke unto Hecus. 'Blame not the fluke, nor the leech, nor the tick, nor the kobold. The smallest animal and the largest rock are all part of My Plan.' And Hecus did wail and rend his tunic and ask God to reveal his plan and with a booming voice God did reply unto Hecus, 'No! This is just a rough draft and I am not ready to show it to anyone yet!'"

Boy Hecus, show some restraint! Everyone knows that God's Plan is revealed incrementally through the events in our world, like the Super Bowl and the Holocaust.

For our last example of God's wonderful creation we have to go back to a very long time ago. Thousands of years ago, when the docile vegetable-eating tyrannosaurus walked the earth, there was a flood that encompassed all the earth. God warned his prophet Noah that he was to collect two of each of the beasts of nature and place them on his ship (the Ark) or else God would kill him painfully over many days.

One of the most interesting creatures that Noah rescued from certain destruction was **Arthropleura**. This 6-10 foot long arthropod was basically a gigantic centipede - the largest land invertebrate of all time - and boy did Noah have a tough time getting him on board the Ark! You can read all about it in **Genesis 7:2.**



> "The armored beast did snap through the net cast upon its back by Shem and both he and Japheth took flight. Much later Noah returned to the scene and gazed upon the hissing countenance of the beast. Then he did prostrate himself before it and say 'O armored beast, I beseech you in the name of the Lord to journey onto my ship and live among the camel and the unicorn and the kobold and the small dragons'."

> "And then only did the beast climb up the ladder upon a thousand feet and it did bite and devour many aboard the Ark. Even as the rains lashed the decks the cries could

> be heard from the animal pens as the great armored beast set upon a hippogriff or a chimera. With no wit left to him, Noah did take up a spear and shout to God, 'O mighty Lord, this is bullshit' and he did smite the beast with great effort and personal risk. And then he remembered that he brought two of them upon the ship as the Lord had demanded and Noah did curse God."

Even Noah wasn't clued into God's Plan!

I hope you have enjoyed this fun and educational look at just a few of the beautiful creatures that God has created for our amusement. Next month we will begin our unit entitled "Paleontologists: the Pawns of Satan". Bye bye!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 Wikipedia Userbox Roadshow

Tuesday, Apr 10, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

If there's one thing more entertaining than the unquestionably factual and completely accurate information Wikipedia provides, it's the Wikipedia community itself. I'm sure they mean well, but when it comes right down to it, I guess a gang of pretend-astrophysicist shut-ins might not be the best dudes to write anything anyone would ever want to read. They work hard though, I'll certainly give them that. Keeping the Jennifer Love Hewitt article in a state of grammatical perfection while the estimated World War 2 death toll reads a total of "jared davis is a faget.stole my girlfriend" for nigh on a week is a job only a certain class of human being is capable of doing. And don't get me started on the obscene length of the "Lightsaber combat" article. It's the kind of thing you scroll through really fast and go, "Holy crap, someone actually wrote all this, this is hilarious!" and then you actually start to read it and you go, "Holy crap, someone actually wrote all this, this is depressing!"

But enough about that, my recent favorite pastime on Wikipedia is browsing the community's user pages. More often than not it provides a good deal of insight into the thankless heroes whom we often take for granted. I saw a dude with psoriasis once. Well I mean, I didn't actually see the psoriasis, but he had a little box on his personal page that said, "This user has psoriasis." Instantly, I was hooked. I had to know more. Not about psoriasis, about these classy little boxes that fill up everyone's user pages!

This user maintains a blog.
This user contributes using a laptop.
This user uses Google as a primary search engine.
This user contributes using Mozilla Firefox.
This user loves using Google Earth.
This user contributes using Microsoft Windows XP.
XP

Thankfully, I had the forum goons from FYAD to help track down some of the lesser-used userboxes. Mostly the unfortunate ones that somehow got shoved aside to make way for the more popular "This user runs Fathead Linux" and "This user can't ride a bike, but they can tie their shoes".

Do you wanna "g'out" tonight? This user thinks "girls with gout" are what it's "all about"!

This user believes Mork and Mindy was a government-funded attempt to prepare the world for extraterrestrial life

This user strongly opposes the inclusion of social intelligence as a general measure of IQ

PIMP This user has 6 girls in his instant messenger contact list, a number that steadily rises

This user owned and operated a trenchcoat before The Matrix made it popular

^_~ This user averages 7.25391 hours of anime per day

This user listens exclusively to retro video game music in MIDI format

ELK This user is visually reminiscent of a lumbering elk

;-) This user wonders where all the female Wookiees are

NERD This user lists the school library as their emergency contact

Nerve damage in this user's left hand allows them to maintain the "Live long and prosper" signal indefinitely

:-(This user is neither a grower nor a shower. It just kind of hangs there, which is getting increasingly worrying

As of April 10, 2007, this user has ridden an ostrich, a pony, a donkey, an elephant, an emu, a mule, and a large dog

This user is NOT a fan of time-out

HELL NO This user has taken a photo of their bunghole for the anus article, thereby enriching humankind

This user only wears shirts in which the airbrushed portrait of Biggie is larger than a Thanksgiving turkey

AUT This user is an Omega-class Aspergian

This user believes in the inherent beauty of sideburns

Ruh-roh! Rhis ruser rikes Rooby-Roo!

MAC 40 40% of this user's daily food intake is in the form of Easy Mac

This user does not support land mines, but accepts their existence

This user is a confused hypochondriac who thought the phone book was a medical text and diagnosed themselves with a bad case of four cheese pizza

This user wishes women more closely resembled Linux

This user lactates under stress

BIG 47 This user has sold $47 worth of Cutco cutlery as of April 10, 2007

This user is a spokesperson for GAFPPP (Gokus for the Acceptance For Public Pokémon Players)

BEA This user has made love to a pensioner

ZUH This user chooses not to believe in magnets

This user is Xenaphobic and suffers massive panic attacks at the sight of Lucy Lawless

This user proudly stood against the masses to argue the paraellels between fine art and anime dating sims

This user has edited away 2 common misconceptions in the Female orgasm article

CALL ME This user guards the Kari Byron article like a hawk

This user has a testicular injury caused by an exploding cell phone battery. This has not, however, negatively affected his virility. In fact, the opposite would be more true than anything else

ARGH This user GITS-R-DONE on a regular basis

This user has a bullshit stepdad

This user put "Borg" as their religion on the last census, and thinks that people who put "Jedi" need to get a life

;-D This user opposes the removal of images from the Vagina and Breasts articles, but declines to say why

This user has spent more than five weeks in a tree fort

This user feels he can relate to Fry from Futurama, and is keeping an eye out for his special Leela

3 NCN This user has three non-contiguous nipples

This user stopped reading The Onion after realizing that they were making fun of him as well

IS-E This user finds the concept of indentured servitude very erotic under the correct set of circumstances

5000 This user has written more than 5000 words on the philosophy of Ghost in the Shell

2L-WoW This user made a Second Life character for their World of Warcraft character

This user is friends with black people, but not close friends. Like they wouldn't invite them to their house, but they'd say hello to them on the street, or maybe buy them a beer

This user has long-standing but unresolved issues with his mother

This user is a high functioning manchild

This user eats mozzarella sticks with every meal

This user prefers Smurfette to human women

This user says, "Computer, end program" once a day, just in case

N/A This user remembers and enjoys the late 90s pop group All Saints

This user finds the drudgery of human social constructs to be *quite* a magnificent bore

This user remembers and celebrates all past Wikipedians whose lives have been cut short by fate / heart disease

This user is a coward

This user becomes enraged when they find the integrity of the Sega Dreamcast has been insulted

This user has thought a lot about what it would be like-- hypothetically-- if one were to insert Micro Machines into their anus-- hypothetically

This user always tries to ford the river

This user contains three forms of insoluble malted milk balls

JEAL-OUS? This user has had 2 (two) girlfriends as of April 10, 2007

q_q This user cried when Aeris died

This user is in favor of stronger legs for dining chairs

This user has a Charlie Chaplin mustache, *not* a Hitler mustache!

This user spoke out against gay dogs in public

SP-G This user enjoys playing strip poker with his grandma

DH-47 This user has seen the movie Dragonheart 47 times

This user proudly protects the Oprah Winfrey page from vandalism

PL-G This user is a pro-life grandma

This user is open to editing by both sexes

NO-ARM This user is self-diagnosed with leprosy

This user is a horse

Many of this user's Wikipedia edits can be traced to childhood abuse

This user sings songs to girls, but he only knows Dragonforce songs

This user is proud to own signed, six-foot plaster replicas of every Muppet ever created

This user used Wikipedia as a scholarly source on his senior thesis. No, seriously, he thought he could do that

This user isn't allowed within 200 feet of Rick Berman

This user has at least 10 (ten) HyperColor t-shirts in their closet at any given moment

When reverting edits by vandals, this user has been known to groan at over 80 decibels

This user collects anime figurines and does NOT consider them toys

This user wants to invent a car that will be his friend when he cries

This user is large and in charge

This user could use a good hug

This user strongly wishes to be an engineer and believes that sex can wait

This user wishes real life was a lot more like anime

This user wishes real life were less like anime

This user played a female character in Fallout 2 to engage in as much in-game sex as possible

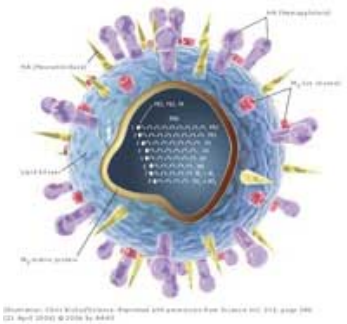
Big ups to Good Times Orc, Miracle Troll, knight poop, Sleepingbag, Anus Steel, Couch Participant, maxnmona, Da DoNuT iN dA oP, A THIZZIN MONGOOSE, Autism Sundae, gobbles, WORLDS BEST BABY, teekun, Rascal, RjY, DoodooPosthistory, Pretzelcoatl, Skip Rogers, Sombrerotron, JOHNSON MCHUGH, Fab Boner, The Red Baron, the bi bandit, Allahu Snackbar, and P-Funk. They were instrumental in bringing these to you today. Until next time!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.11 Dear Mr. Congress-Man

Wednesday, Apr 11, 2007 by Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Letters from Constituent-Man series.



In all my cycles I have never written a letter to a Congress-Man, so please understand that the situation is grave. Upon reading my letter, I trust that you will understand and take immediate action, as it is your sworn duty as a Congress-Man to cater to the concerns of your constituent-men.

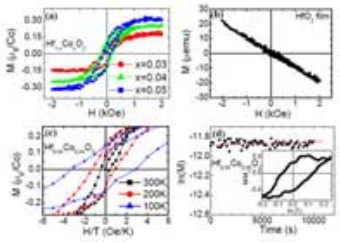
Mr. Congress-Man, what are we doing with meatballs?

The answer is not enough. May I propose to you this radical notion: *meatballs in everything.*

In my many studies of sustenance I have seen scant few dishes that contain meatballs. These dishes are spaghetti and meatballs and meatball sandwiches. What? Oh, my companion-woman is yelling "Swedish meatballs" at me. I do not know what that means. The most notorious meatball dish is spaghetti and meatballs. Why should something as great as a meatball be subordinate to pasta and tomato sauce? Surely that is an injustice worth righting.

In this planet's other nations they are supposedly doing bold things with meatballs. We are being left in the dust, breathing in the fumes of failure like common sponges. This is ridiculous! I appeal to your patriotism, brave handler of America's will, to bring about a revolution. Bring meatballs to everyone, every day, every meal. That is phase one.

The wonder of the meatball is the ingenuity of it. Mr. Congress-Man, it is a ball of meat. In this day and age of super science we should be able to do more with a ball of meat than mummify it in long strands of soft pasta. Mr. Congress-Man, your science-men put a man on the moon and sent little transports to explore the nearby Martian provinces. Why does it prove so difficult for your modern science-men to do more with meatballs? Is it fear? I will show you that there is nothing to fear.
Mr. Congress-Man, I am not insane.



I propose that we remedy this situation right away with a Meatball Awareness Period. Give a child meatballs and he will grow up a man of significant girth and sustenance. He will become a source of many more meatballs for others. Meatballs are self-replicating like a virus, but they are here to help us. We can befriend the meatball collective and control its power. There is eternal life in the meatball if only we will learn to listen. The frequency is there but you are just not tuned in like I am.

Mr. Congress-Man, I am a humble immigrant. I came to this country from a dream about meatballs as vivid as any reality. Gravimetric forces set in motion by a massive explosion took shapeless meat and compressed it into balls. I am a meatball yet made and yet I am meatballs all the same, as all life is built from tiny meatballs beyond the reach of eyeballs, themselves meatballs of a different sort (seeing meatballs).

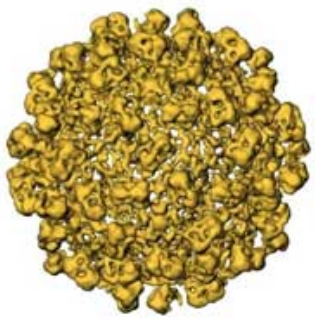
Meatballs are the bricks of tomorrow. Today we build massive skyscrapers and domes and transports out of bricks but the world of tomorrow will be built out of meatballs. Think about it. We can eat

our cities if the need arises and they will never go away, because we will be one in the same as our cities. Mostly we will find quiet corners and suckle the nourishing protein like graceful fawns at the teat of majesty. That is phase two.

"I am hungry" a poor man will communicate.

"Look around you, the world is your meatball," I will reply through a series of instructive pulses and hums. The entire world is a giant meatball made of smaller meatballs, populated by living meatballs of varying sizes. I have an equation that proves this, Mr. Congress-Man. You can make my equation a reality if only you will take action.

The motion picture "Meatballs" was not what I expected it to be and I left the theater prematurely via particle entanglement methods unknown to the primitive theater ushers. This was a wakeup call for me.



Mr. Congress-Man, in 1947 a craft crashed in Roswell, New Mexico while on a routine survey mission of the Borealis Anomaly, §§ 52-1242. I would like my helmet and suit returned to me from the government archives as soon as possible. The air here is too thick and there are too many impurities corroding my thought corridors. In exchange, I will show your science-men a meathypersphere. It is a construct that will prepare you for phase three.

Mr. Congress-Man, as I write this the meatball collective frequency is scraping my ears so badly that they are gushing fluid. Still I write and still I implore you to do what is right for your congressional sector and the world around it. The fate of all mankind may rest in the balance.

Mr. Congress-Man, what are we doing with meatballs?

We are building a better world. That is what we are doing. Sincerely,

A Concerned Constituent-Man

-∼Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

4.12 Animation Website

Thursday, Apr 12, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

ANIMATION AW WEBSITE

Aqua Teen Hunger Force Movie Still Exists

by TERRY April 11, 2007

Despite the wishes of animation fans the world over, divine forces have not interrupted the production or distribution of the *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* movie. This was unfortunate for yours truly, as I was recently given a free ticket to this "film" by an Adult Swim publicity agent. Before I could tell them how laughable the fact is that the word "Cartoon" exists in the title of their network, I was off of the phone and my entire afternoon of watching my bootleg *Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy* DVDs was ruined. As an animation historian, though, it is my responsibility to document the current downfall of the art (which started back in 1970, kids), so I hopped in my teal Lumina and headed down to the screening.

Let me first say that when I was growing up, there were a lot of kids on the marijuana, but I kept myself off of drugs throughout the 1970s by spending the entire decade petitioning movie theaters to show Ralph Bakshi films. While all of my efforts only led to the record two-week showing of *Cool World* in 1992, that's neither here nor there. It seems that these druggies have grown up and infiltrated our very own movie industry; and what's worse, their roach-clip scarred fingers are now in the animation pie, making it more rancid than ever. I knew my hypothesis was correct when two youths sat next to me, bumping my popcorn slightly and trying to correct their rudeness with a, "Sorry, dude." "Rock on," I said derisively, "Rock on." Then I noticed their long hair and vacant eyes - needless to say, I moved so I could sit all by myself (just the way I like it).

So what about the movie? Dear reader, my heart wept when I saw this travesty, which proceeded to wipe its feet all over what I have devoted my very life to. This "comedy" has not one speck of humor, that is, unless you find the antics of a talking milkshake "groovy." Or perhaps a mentally-challenged meatball makes your bong water boil? Whatever the case, the *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* movie can do nothing but hurt the art of animation. In an age when brilliant, traditionally animated films such as *Romeo and Juliet: Sealed With a Kiss* are lovingly crafted and released for the eyes of eager animation fans to devour, watching this perverted "animated" puppet show makes me want to burn my original *Mighty Mouse* prints, give up my affair with animation, roll some crack joints, and join the "stonerheads" who enjoy this garbage. Where were the vaudeville-style joke setups? Where were the animal characters based on famous comedians from 60 years ago? Why was it that not *one* pie was thrown? If this is comedy, I ain't laughin'.

I've lost all hope, folks.

Cartoon (and I use that term loosely) Network has received my letters over the past six years, so I'm more than certain they know how I feel about the *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* movie, as well as their entire Adult Swim lineup. Now it's your chance to show them just how *you* feel. If any of the 20 theaters this movie opens in are near you, just stay home and smoke a meth drug cigar. It'll be almost the same experience.

42 Comments

Wally Gator: The Complete Series Coming to DVD!

by TERRY April 11, 2007

Yes, folks, you heard me. After 17 unsuccessful Internet petitions, three hunger strikes, and one suicide-by-cop, Time-Warner Home Video has finally listened to our pleas: *Wally Gator* is headed to DVD! This set will include all 427 *Wally Gator* shorts made between 1962 and mid-1963. I, for one, have fond memories of *Wally Gator*, not just as a relic of my childhood, but as an icon of the time when animation used to *mean something*. Sure, most of the episodes of *Wally Gator* were lacking in-betweens, many of them used jokes from older Hanna-Barbera 'toons, and some were even repainted segments of *The Flintstones*; but damnit, they were fun! Being the biggest Wally fan on my block, I can't wait for these puppies to hit my local Wal-Mart. Actually, all of this Wally hype makes me a little sad my record 18 years of dressing up as Wally Gator for Halloween didn't go on longer, just because a certain town's police force considers going out alone on Halloween "panhandling" if you do it after a certain age.

Here's the press release:

> Yibba dibba dabba! Wally Gator is back, and he's brought along several hundred of his favorite adventures! Wally's the Yogi Bear of the swamp: stealing pies, running from authority figures, and even happening upon mischief now and then! In fact, if you squint, he looks kind of like a green Yogi Bear. Actually, we suggest that you do this!
>
> DVD FEATURES:
>
> - *Animated menus*
> - *Non-animated menus*
> - *Hidden menus*
> - *Menus, menus, menus!!!*
> - *Previews*
> - *Macrovision*
> - *In (most) Color(s)*
> - *Collectable unmarked black plastic case*
> - *Dual purpose DVDs also function as small pocket mirrors*
> - *Featurette: Andy Griffith v. Huckleberry Hound: The Trial of the Century*

- *Full feature commentary with DVD factory supervisor Fred Sutton*
- *All 427 episodes on two amazing discs!*

MSRP: $599.99

Yes, the price is a little steep, but we do have to realize this is a niche market. However, once Wally Gator is out, there's no doubt that kids will drop their Transformers and Pokemon and cozy up to one of the greatest animated spectacles ever produced. People, we are *this close* to seeing a Secret Squirrel DVD set. Let's vote with our wallets on this one.

17 Comments

Animation Great Terp "James" Henderson Dies at 112

by MIDI April 10, 2007

2007 has proven itself to be a dangerous year for animators from animation's Golden Age: Terp Henderson is the seventh casualty the animation industry has suffered in the month of April alone. There must be some kind of curse; that's the only way to explain this. All of these 100 year-old men dying can't just be a coincidence. We're just lucky that Terp's legacy will outlive his robust body.

Terp was born May 2nd, 1894 on a small Missouri mulch farm to his two impoverished parents. Ever the motivated worker, Terp took a job babysitting a young boy to help pay off his parents' growing debts. Luckily for Terp, this young boy happened to be Walt Disney himself. Lacking any form of modern entertainment, through the power of their imaginations Walt and Terp created characters such as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Krazy Kike, the last of which has sadly been whitewashed from history. Though these lovable characters were a far cry from their modern versions, and also made of mulch, Walt treasured his experiences wih Terp so much that he eventually turned their creations into studio-making successes when he moved to Hollywood in the 1920s. Terp eventually found out about this, and in 1929, caught the next trolley to Hollywood to confront his old friend. Here's Walt Disney's take on the matter in a 1966 interview from Leonard Maltin's book, *Please Ask Me About Cartoons!*

> "So this fucker comes pounding on my door, yelling about how he saw our characters in a moving picture, and how he wanted money. Well, 'Fuck you," I says to him, and he storms off. So I go right back to my cocaine, when I'm interrupted five minutes later. Terp is back again, and he's got some slimy Jew with him. Fucking lawyers. He tells me I'm 'liable' and I tell him I've got a well for him to poision right here! [At this point, Walt Disney pointed to his asshole.] Then he tells me how much I could be sued for, and I give in. Country's run by fucking gypsies. I gave Terp some job painting cels in the basement of a opera hat factory. Fucker's still probably there now. What? I'm on my death bed, for fuck's sake!"

Though most of Terp's work has gone unseen by the public, he will mainly be remembered by the

competent cel-painting on such Disney shorts as *Trolley Follies*, *Clarabell Cow Eats a Straw Hat*, *Love that Horseless Carriage!* and the canceled 1940 adaptation of *Mein Kampf*.

3 Comments

Tex Gorbin's Lil' Nigger Still Unavailable on DVD

by MIDI April 10, 2007

In a move that should shock any animation fan worth his or her salt, Viacom (the second-biggest evil empire next to Micro$oft) has once again chosen to put a hold on the release of Tex Gorbin's beloved *Lil' Nigger* series of animated shorts from the 1940s. I, for one, can't understand the mentality of these backwards-thinking suits when it comes to classics like Gorbin's. Ever since Gorbin introduced the world to Lil' Nigger in *Watermelon Fever!* back in 1943, this character has delighted audiences with his charm, fear of ghosts (or "ghosties" as he called them), and with his hilarious catchphrase of "I be inferi-uh!" Here's a quote from a Viacom executive that should sum up their brainlessness rather nicely:

> "As far as I'm concerned, *Lil' Nigger* will never be seen by a modern audience. I mean, have you actually watched these shorts? They're reprehensible! And at the end of every one, the main character is hung from a tree and set on fire! I vomited while screening these. I actually vomited. To tell you the truth, we bought this library of shorts just to burn the original prints."

Honestly, I'm not surprised when idiots like this who know nothing about animation make all the decisions in our industry. If you get past the antiquated views on race, *Lil' Nigger* is just as classic as *Snow White*. And these shorts actually taught white moviegoers in the 1940s that black people like watermelon, fried chicken, and sleeping, just like them! The fact that these shorts were never hailed as a landmark for civil rights makes me think that someone has had a vendetta against *Lil' Nigger* for a *looong* time. Animation fans, we shall overcome.

108 Comments

Guest Commentary: Why All Modern Animation Sucks

by JOHN K. April 10, 2007

Back when I was making *Ren and Stimpy*, everyone came up to me and said, "Your show is the coolest thing I've ever seen!" and I agreed with them. This is why every show that came after mine was a total *Ren and Stimpy* rip-off. In some ways it's a little lonely to have produced the only good piece of animation since *Huckleberry Hound* went off of the air. The real problem with regular cartoons these days is that they are written by *writers*! How crazy is that? I mean, are paintings written? Back when I had an animation studio and wasn't living out of my friend's car, I made sure that all of my cartoonists were either illiterate or had severe dyslexia. I'd be damned if anyone was going to let foul non-pictures stink up my cartoon! I also made it so no words could be used for communication in the Spumco offices. This tied up production quite a bit, and made an eleven-minute cartoon take up to 18 months to produce, but it's the reason all five episodes of *Ren and Stimpy* I worked on are such classics. But today, I have a different topic, so please see my last nine updates if you want to read what's wrong with the concept of "writing" a cartoon. As if you need me to tell you.

If you want to know what made *Ren and Stimpy* so amazing, it's that I followed the principles of classic animation. This is not just a good way to make cartoons. This is the *only* way to make cartoons. And if I wasn't so "controversial" and could actually get a job making cartoons again, I would make sure that my crew would work just like it was 1942 - and that means no dames! Well, except for all of the 18 year-old girl animators I recruit right out of high school who really look up to me and don't mind that I'm 50!

Let's take a look at some examples of great and bad animation:

Look at this. Amazing composition, killer poses, and great color design. Someone frame this and put it in The Smithsonian!

Blech. Some people consider this series a "classic." I consider them to be "retarded." Awful, just awful.

Look at this playful exaggeration of features! They really don't draw characters like this anymore! Why not?

If Cartoon Network still let me in their building, I would tell them what garbage this is. I just threw up.

Shameful. I've had beer shits that looked better than this.

Yipes! Can you believe they let this stuff on TV?! It's far, far, too good for that. God, do I miss the 60s.

That's all for today, kids. Look out for my next update where I'll give you the storylines to cartoons I would make if someone would just hire me! As for now, this plasma isn't going to donate itself!

308 Comments

Family Guy Renewed for Seventh Season

by MIDI April 10, 2007

1052 Comments

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.13 The Great American Reach Around - The Northeast & The Two Irelands

Friday, Apr 13, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

We continue our voyage of discovery in the Northeast United States with a trip to New York! For many the city and the state are one and the same, but there is a great deal more to New York State than just New York City. Like, um, some farms. Hang on, give me a minute.

There are some mountains. And Buffalo, home of buffalo wings and the only population decline over the past 50 years that can rival East St. Louis!

Dang it all to heck, let's just talk about New York City.

New York City, New York

If the most accurate metric for judging the value and prestige of a city is the number of charts the Nazis drew up to demonstrate the effect of super weapons, then New York City is the number one city in the world. I'm sure New Yorkers could probably find a few more reasons why their city is number one in the world, but they'll never go looking: New York City is the world.

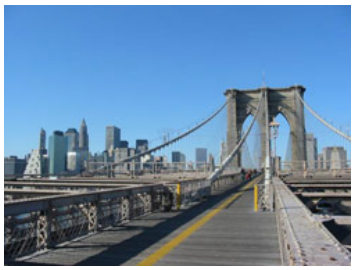
From the garment stands of Chelsea to the noodle stands of Chinatown, all of these other places people keep talking about are just words that show up on a shipping label. Paris, London, Russia, Ice Station Zebra; they're all just words as meaningless and innocuous as the customs inspection number.

New York City is America's most populous city. It is America's most economically important city. Despite what Hollywood wants you to think, it is America's most culturally important city. Everyone in the world old enough to read and write has heard of New York City.

This great city consists of, and is sometimes referred to as, the Five Boroughs. Each of these unique government districts contains a population greater than some of America's Western states. The gem of New York City is Manhattan, home to many of NYC's landmarks and the location of its peerless

skyline. Manhattan is the most densely populated region of the United States and it has some of the most expensive property and highest rents in the world. A studio apartment goes for an average of about 2500 dollars a month in Manhattan, but a New Yorker will tell you that you can easily end up paying double or triple that.

Connected to Manhattan by the famous Brooklyn Bridge (among others) is NYC's most populous borough. Brooklyn cradles the western shore of Long Island and is home to over two and a half million New Yorkers. Anyone who has ever watched a movie set in New York City will probably recognize the borough's brownstone townhouses. Even though these historic brick buildings have spread throughout North America, they are an enduring image of New York and Brooklyn.



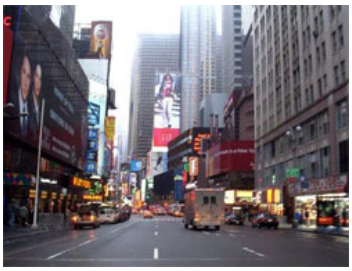
Compared to Manhattan, which has a diverse working population but is predominantly white, Brooklyn is ethnically diverse. It has a large African American population as well as sizable new and old immigrant communities.

Queens is the geographically largest of the five boroughs and is even more diverse than Brooklyn. In fact, Queens is considered the most ethnically diverse county in the United States and it sports large populations of whites, Jews (who are usually also white no matter what some people say), African Americans, Chinese, Koreans, Greeks, Russians, oh hell, everybody lives in Queens. Contrary to TV media, Queens is not ruled by a King, nor is that show even shot in Queens except for the occasional exterior. It's shot at a studio backlot in Culver City, California. Culver City looks nothing like Queens and may actually be at war with Queens.

North of Manhattan is the Bronx. To a lot of people living outside of New York City the Bronx is "that bad side of town". For decades New Yorkers might have shared this sentiment, but these days the "bad sides" have shrunk and have been scattered across the boroughs.

Mesopotamia, in the crook of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, gave birth to human civilization. The Bronx, in the crook of the Hudson and Harlem rivers, has given birth to hip hop civilization. Love it or hate it, we have the Bronx to indirectly thank for most of the songs on America's top 40. The Bronx remains a cultural center for music and the arts and also spray-painted subway cars to this day.

Staten Island is the smallest and least populous of the five boroughs and is isolated on an island southwest of NYC. Can you guess the name of the island?



Staten Island has the distinction of being the only borough with a boat named after it that has eclipsed the borough itself in terms of fame. The guided missile cruiser USS Brooklyn isn't more famous than Brooklyn. The E-War Frigate USS Manhattan is not more famous than Manhattan. Yet the Staten Island Ferry is more famous than Staten Island, which is amazing when you think about that. Go ahead and think about that.

There are things to do on Staten Island, plenty of fun to be had, as long as you're Italian. If New York City could be said to have a suburb this close to Manhattan, it would be Staten Island.

So what makes New York City so great? Why is it special? I'm glad I asked myself that question on your behalf! It could be the character that oozes out of its many historic neighborhoods and monuments. It could be all of the hard-working and creative people living in New York City. It could be the great food. It could be the long history of tribulation and

triumph. It could be all of those things and more, but I don't have an easy answer. Hey, cut me a break here, Woody Allen has devoted his entire career to answering those questions.

What I can speak to is the character of New Yorkers. They are proud of where they live and fiercely loyal to their city. It's a common trait among people who live in big cities, but New Yorkers take it seriously. They tend to be brusque in a way that borders on hostility, but that doesn't mean they don't give a shit. If anything New Yorkers give too much of a shit.

In LA people will be late to a meeting or to a party with friends and no one will care. In New York a late arrival is just as likely, but that tardiness will become the central issue of a long discussion about the shitty traffic in midtown. That cabbie in the Mets hat that cut them off will spawn a heated argument about Daryl Strawberry's drug-fueled wife beating.

It would be impossible to write an article about New York City without mentioning the events of September 11th, 2001. Over 3,000 people died and New York suffered a permanent loss to its skyline when the World Trade Center was destroyed by Al Qaeda terrorists. What most Americans and most people around the world fail to comprehend is that for New Yorkers this was first and foremost an attack on their city.

Once the smoke had cleared and the scale of the attacks had begun to sink in, New Yorkers overcame their fear and anxiety and drew on their rage. They didn't think about bombing someone because every attorney, barista, scam-artist, prostitute, and fashion designer in the Five Burroughs wanted to tear apart the people responsible with their bare hands. While people in Washington and around the world talked about coming together and battles against evil-doers, people in New York took the attack personally.

As the years wore on and New York increasingly became a symbol for America attacked, New Yorkers themselves became disenfranchised. September 11th was no longer about an attack on them; it was about an attack on America. It was a symbol every politician trotted out to underline the importance of their favorite policy or war.

Ask a New Yorker now about September 11th and they can recall the fear and anger of that day, but there is a bitter taste of betrayal to it now as well. What happened to all of that money meant to help rebuild and safeguard America's first city? Why are millions going to secure Wyoming when New York is asked to make budget cuts? Why didn't anybody take care of the firefighters and people who cleaned up the toxic mess left behind? Why have almost six years passed and the one asshole they could point to and say "this guy did it" is still thumbing his nose at them?

There are no good answers for New Yorkers, just photo-ops for solemn politicians looking to get elected. New York City is a symbol of America, but it's sick and tired of being a symbol for America's actions.

Even though New York City's extended metro area constitutes well over half of the population of the Empire State, there is more to New York. Let's move on and find out just what there is to see and do elsewhere in New York!

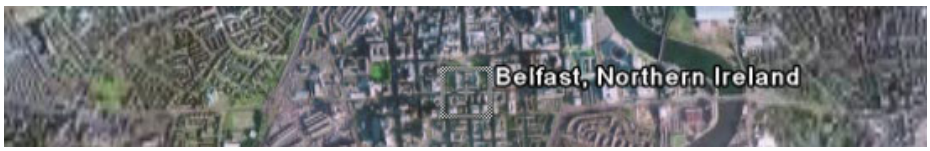
Albany, New York

Albany is the capital of the state of New York. It's a city. Oh, and HEY, what's that over there...it's New York City! Sorry, Albany. You just aren't worth a whole lot when you share a state with what may be the greatest city in the world. You would be a fantastic city in, say, Idaho. I'm sure I would devote the whole Idaho entry to you if you were in that state.

Hey, don't look so sad. Come on, cheer up. At least you aren't Buffalo!

While the readers from Albany take a minute to write me an angry email, let's move on to our foreign representatives from the Emerald Isle. Ireland is a nation divided by a difficult history and those dastardly British we kicked out of America years ago.

We shall not speak of shamrocks or leprechauns.



Gerard 'paperface' O'Brien

Belfast, Northern Ireland

Belfast, city of a thousand surprises, is situated in the North-East of Ireland and, in addition to being the capital of Northern Ireland, is the second-largest city on our Emerald Isle. The rest of the world has a fairly negative image of Belfast and, to be honest, it's well deserved. That terrible episode of Captain Planet has it almost right: for thirty years we endured the brunt of the euphemistically-named "Troubles", or, to be more accurate, two opposed sets of bastards shooting at civilians and at each other.

Well, no longer! "The Troubles" are over, and Belfast has seen a lot of urban regeneration over the last decade. Unfortunately, a great deal of it has been embarrassingly ugly. Take, for example, Belfast's Grand Opera House. Looks lovely, no?

Well, in 2006, an extension was added to the original building. When announced, we were assured that the extension would fit the "style and mood" of the original Opera House. What we actually received was a monstrosity.

Perhaps our town planners felt that we had a proud tradition of terrorism to represent, and, given

our new-found peace, architectural terrorism was the only answer. On the other hand, the School of Architecture at Northern Ireland's premier university, Queen's, might shed further light on the decision.

Northern Ireland differs from the rest of the UK in the fact that, unlike Scotland and Wales, we don't have our own devolved government. We are under what's known as "Direct Rule" from the Westminster government in London. Despite this fact, local elections are regularly held, in case we chance upon a government. Unlike most democracies, where leaders are paid to rule the people, democracy in Norn Iron is a case of paying our representatives to refuse to sit in the same room, let alone talk to one another.

Despite these negative aspects, Belfast is a pretty good place to live, these days. The people are (for the most part) quite friendly, especially if you're foreign, and there's a budding nightlife scene for the tourist to experience. For the American tourist, we boast pubs that are older than your country, while for everyone else, we're just a generally decent place.

Irish people traditionally love America, and the majority of us still do. While we might disagree with the politics of the nation as a whole, American citizens are usually welcomed with open arms. We will certainly make fun of you if you tell us you're Irish, though. You're not. For an Irish person, it doesn't make sense to be proud of somewhere you're not really from, even if you can't agree where your loyalties should lie.

Peter "Teim" Keenan

Bray, The Republic of Ireland

When most people think of Ireland, they think of rolling green hills, Redheads in dresses, Monks getting bored and drawing in the margins of Bibles, Booze, Potatoes, and, of course, "Riverdance". Some people like to think that they are, in at least some little way, Irish. So for those of who fit this description, I'm here to help.

For those of you who don't know, Ireland is that small island next to Britain that's shaped like a teddy bear. We have a population of about 4 million, of which a small percentage are Irish speakers. In fact, more people in this country speak Chinese than Irish.

A couple of centuries ago, after a good long while of beating up the Vikings, (and, of course, ourselves), the former High King, Dermot MacMurrough made a sneaky deal with a Norman lord by the name of Strongbow. If Strongbow would help Dermot retake the country he could marry his daughter and rule the country after Dermot's death. It was a good deal, fame, fortune, conquest and a banging hot wife, who could refuse an offer like that?

Soon the country was theirs, we didn't really stand a chance, what with the Normans using such sneaky tactics as "wearing lots of armor" or "using bigger bows than everyone". When Strongbow inherited the country he renewed his oath of fealty to the King of Normandy (which is part of France), Ireland was ruled by foreign government for the next 800 or so years.

When we did get the country back (in the form of a Free State) the first thing we had to do was get back to fighting each other, but when that was resolved we pretty much mellowed out, became a Republic and declared that we'd never fight again.

I live in Bray, one large piece of concrete located on the east coast just south of Dublin. About a quarter of the town is actually part of county Dublin, but the rest is in Wicklow, the garden county.

Or at least, it was, until someone got the bright idea to use the forests and mountains as medical waste dumps. Still, if you get by all of that, you get a green rolling landscape which seems to be what everyone expects of the country, complete with a monastery, big lakes and more winding road than you can shake a used syringe at.

Bray town itself is a bit of a hole, if you want to be honest, it's filthy, "modern" and used up. It used to be a popular seaside town, (like Blackpool in England), but now, well, let's just say that the Town Hall is a McDonald's and leave it at that.

Now to dispel a popular myth about Ireland. Leprechauns. They never wore little green suits, in fact, they were more partial to wearing red. They are several inches tall, not like the 3 foot things that you Americans are so fond of. The film "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" actually has a pretty good portrayal of the Leprechaun myth, but be warned, it has such a skewed view of Ireland that I'd consider it a hate crime.

I hope you have enjoyed this installment of the Great American Reach Around! We will be taking next week off, but we will return in two weeks to conclude our tour of the Northeast. Our eyes will wander even *norther* on the map and discover the lost country of Canada.

What mad gods are worshipped in this strange land of the Canuck? Find out in two weeks!

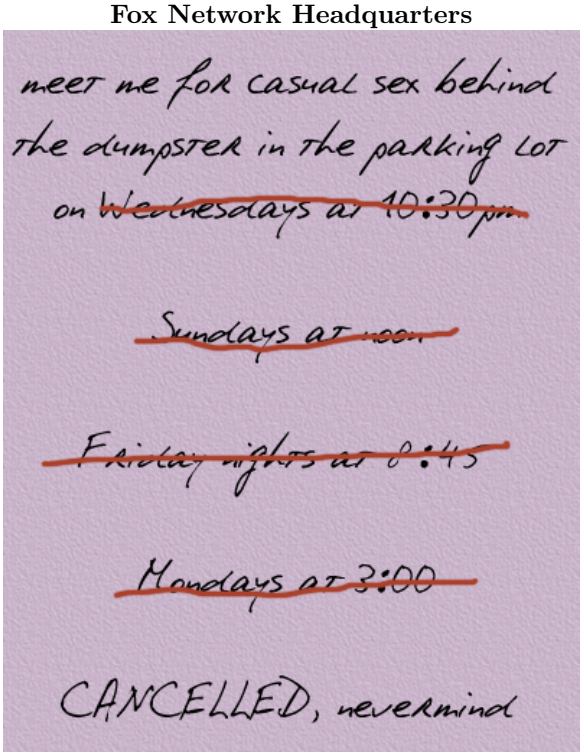
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.14 Select Passages From The World's Most Renowned Public Toilet Stalls

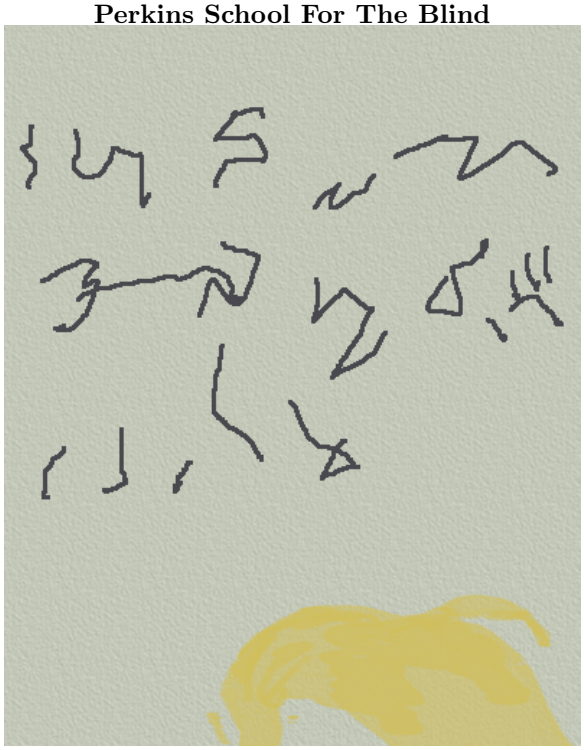
Saturday, Apr 14, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Bathroom stalls predate mankind by nearly a thousand years, and the practice of writing on them originated ten years before that. Further your cultural knowledge by joining us in examining the greatest pieces of contemporary bathroom stall literature.

Fox Network Headquarters

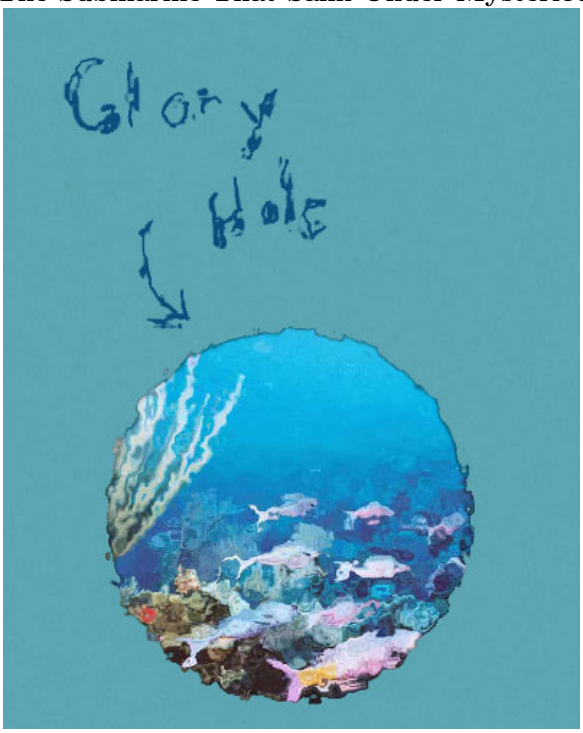

meet me for casual sex behind
the dumpster in the parking lot
on ~~Wednesdays at 10:30pm~~
~~Sundays at noon~~
~~Friday nights at 8:45~~
~~Mondays at 3:00~~
CANCELLED, nevermind

Perkins School For The Blind



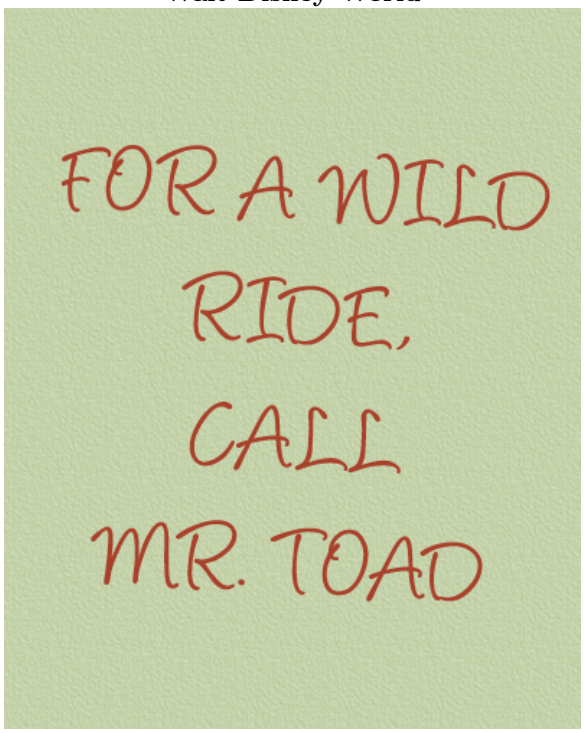
Oregon School For the Deaf

U.S.S. Redding, The Submarine That Sank Under Mysterious Circumstances

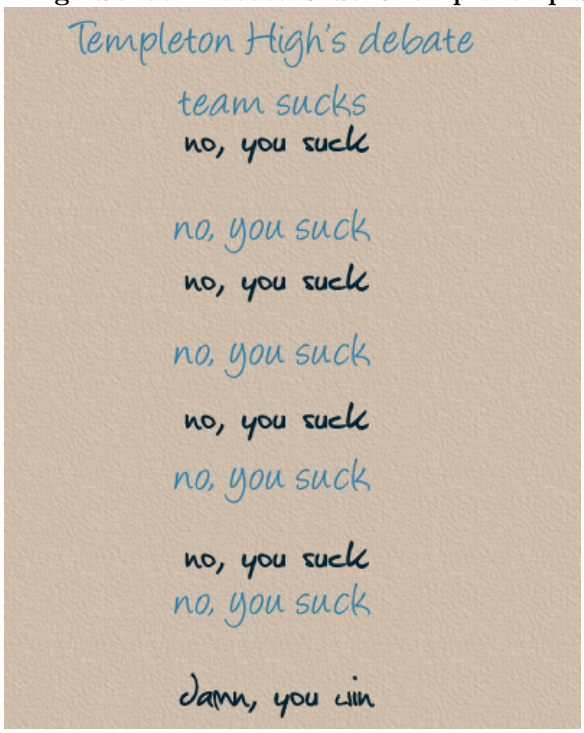


Alabama State Narcolepsy Treatment Center

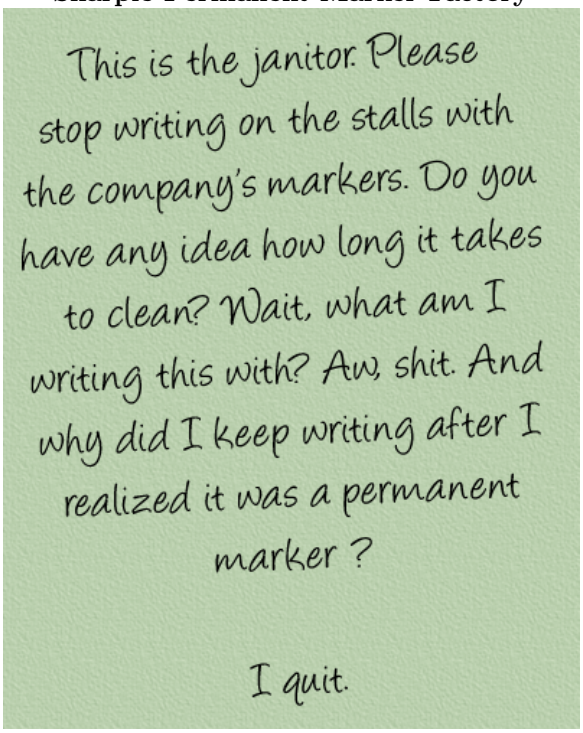
Walt Disney World



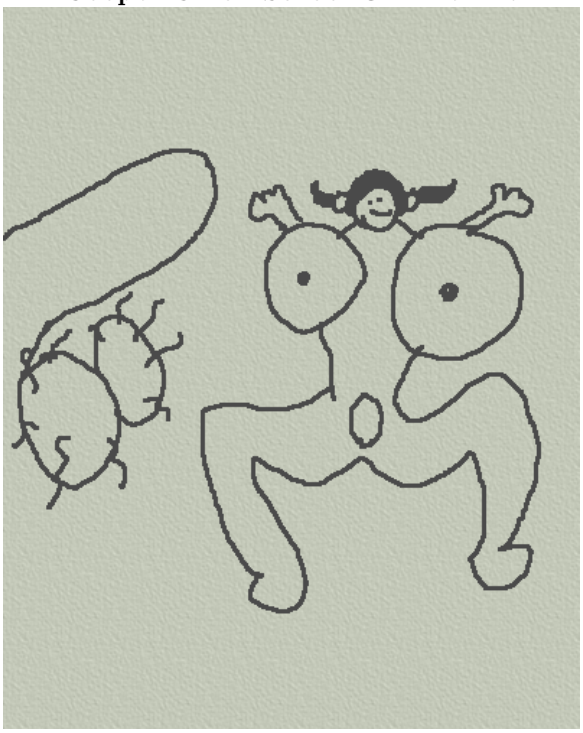
National High School Debate Club Championship Stadium



Sharpie Permanent Marker Factory

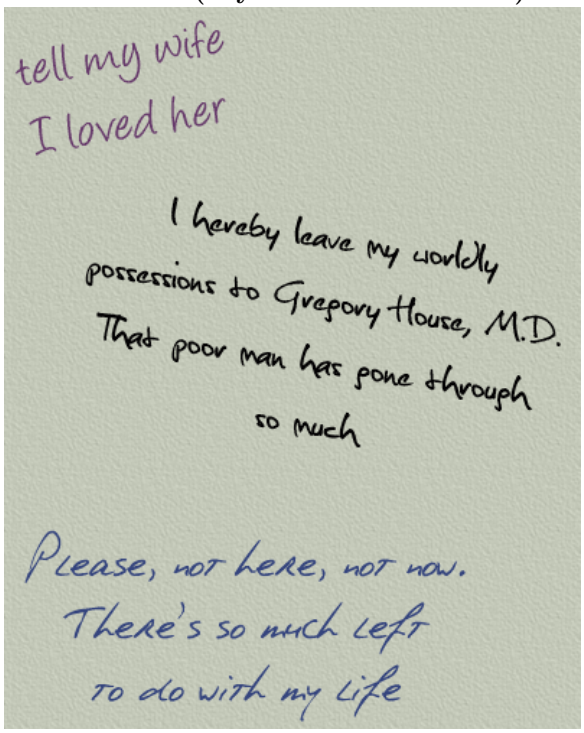

This is the janitor. Please stop writing on the stalls with the company's markers. Do you have any idea how long it takes to clean? Wait, what am I writing this with? Aw, shit. And why did I keep writing after I realized it was a permanent marker ?
I quit.

Cooper Union School Of Fine Art

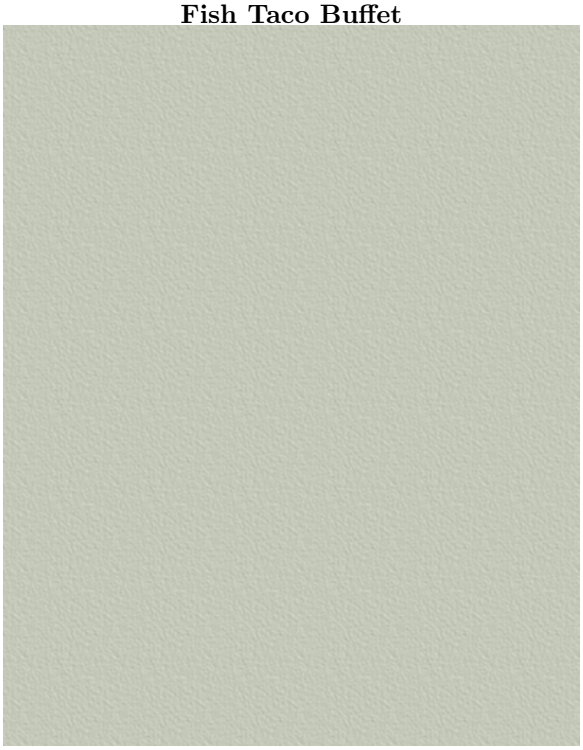


Penthouse Film Studios

Taco Bell (any location worldwide)


tell my wife
I loved her
I hereby leave my worldly possessions to Gregory House, M.D.
That poor man has gone through so much
Please, not here, not now.
There's so much left to do with my life

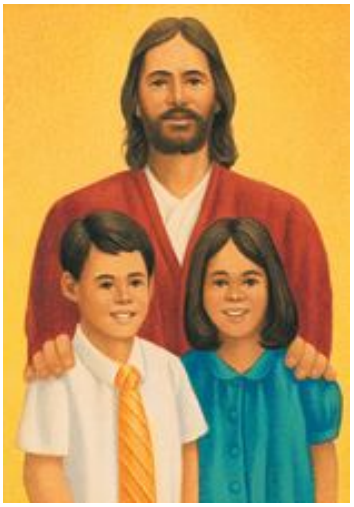
Tijuana Tito's Donkey Sex Show Theater And Poorly Ventilated All-You-Can-Eat Fish Taco Buffet



-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.15 This Article Isn't About Gay Devil-Worshipping Bikers

Sunday, Apr 15, 2007 by Joshua Taylor, Age 13



Hi there! My name is Joshua Taylor, and I'm a 13 year old home-schooled Christian, and I'm real proud of it! Some of you might remember me from the time I talked about taking drugs with gay devil-worshipping bikers, but this article isn't about that. My youth pastor says talking about that with you all was a big mistake, and that Jesus frowned when he saw the article and also furrowed his brow. So to make things up to Jesus, I'm going to be answering real questions that were emailed to me by readers. Hopefully I can set you all on the right path, so you won't end up in embarrassing situations like my gay biker one. Ok, let's get started!

> **When do you think the world is going to end? Who do you think the antichrist is? Is he gay?**
> **-Remy Green**

That's a great question, Remy. Um, three great questions I guess. Those are three great questions, Remy. I don't know when the world ends, but I hope it's before I get too far into this puberty stuff cuz based on what my youth pastor says there's like basically no way to get through that stuff without sinning a whole bunch and also I guess girls become manifestations of the devil which he said will be really hard for me, but I'd think it'd be way harder for them, I dunno.

I don't know exactly who the Anti-Christ is, but he's probably gay. He'd kinda have to be, wouldn't he?

* * * * *

> **Hello Joshua Taylor I would like to know what are your positions on the Iraq War and what solution do you have to this war (with Jesus's help of course)**
> **-Sheltin Pickler**

Well, obviously the easiest thing would be for Jesus to come down personally and tell all those Arab guys to stop fighting against democracy and freedom or whatever they are fighting against (to be honest, I do not get the chance to see much news but my mom fills me in pretty well).

On the other hand, I don't think Jesus will do that because he has this whole thing about us doing stuff for ourselves while he gives us stuff like blessings and super strength and maybe flying someday (that'd be AWESOME) so I say we just stay the course and let Mr. President Bush continue sorting things out on the frontlines of the war like he has been. I kind of picture him leading the charge on a giant eagle decked out in full eagle armor, but he's probably riding like a super-cool pick up truck when he leads charges instead.

* * * * *

> **Dear Josh,**
> **I have a few questions for you. Thank you. Please save my soul!**

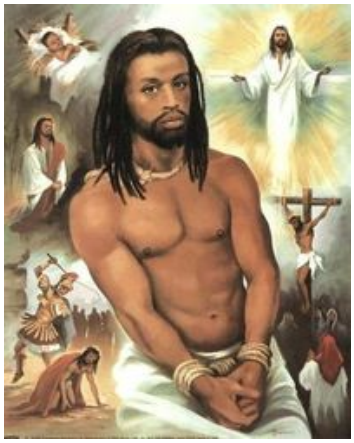
-Derek

Sure thing, Derek. Let me take them one at a time.

1. If you could ask the Mythbusters to prove one story or part of the Bible, what would it be and why?

I probably wouldn't want them trying to prove anything in the Bible, and in my next sentence I will tell you why. The Mythbusters like to bust myths using explosions and a hot babe, and both of those things, while sometimes fun, are not things you want anywhere near your bible. That's like Bible-Taking-Care-Of 101.

2. How do you think Jesus looked?



For one thing, I bet he had the biggest muscles ever because he's half-God, half-human and so he probably didn't have to work out at all to get a six-pack ("Behold these pecs. I'm ripped. Lo." Mark 14:6).

Other than that, I think most theologians agree that he had long hair and a beard. As for race (because I bet that's what you're trying to get me to say), I've seen a bunch of pictures and he had different skin color in all of them so I think I figured it out: I bet Jesus had like holographic skin where it was all different colors depending on where you were standing.

This makes sense for two reasons: A) He wouldn't offend anyone and no one could say stuff like "Hey, that guy doesn't represent me because I'm Mocha Chocolate Chip Brown and he's white." B) When he walked down the street he would be flashing all these different colors and I bet it would really impress people and convince people that he was God. If anyone doubted him he could just keep steping forward and backward and be like "Now I'm Asian, now I'm Mexican, now I'm Asian again. Can you do this? No, because I'm God. Let us pray."

3. What is the best thing to do, Bible-wise, when you find yourself looking at a girl's chest?

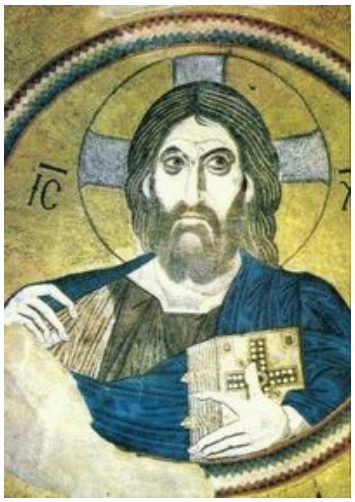
Probably hold the Bible up a little higher so you can't see her chest anymore.

* * * * *

I have a few pressing questions that might be explained best by some of those dead on biblical quotes. Being that I am not allowed to read the bible anymore, after I kept raising questions about why the Tribes of Israel had

to kill so many people in a place called the Promised Land; I would really appreciate if you could sort those out for me.

-Henry Python, esq.



Oh wow, you signed your email Henry but I see in your header it says Sam Fisher. I don't know much about like news or wars and stuff, but I remember from my friends TV that you're someone pretty important in the government (I think?). I wish I could remember which part of the government you work for, but all I remember is you were sneaking around killing people and controlling people's lives, and that doesn't narrow it down at all. Anyway, hope I didn't blow your cover.

I'm gonna take your questions one at a time:

1. If gambling is a sin, then why is it on TV all the time? Is TV a sin?

Television is like a major sin. I'm pretty sure there were two original sins in the Garden of Eden and one was television and the other one was probably federal taxes or something. As for gambling, that's also bad. Like it says in the Bible: "If you want to gamble, then you are gambling that I won't punch you with a big fist from the sky. A big giant fist, right from the sky. POW!" (Corinthians 2:5)

2. Why did Satan hide dinosaur fossils so far beneath the earth? Why doesn't Jesus just turn those fossils into something useful like more oil or coal?

It's been awhile since I studied Biology with my mom, but if I remember right it wasn't Satan that hid the dinosaur fossils, but Jesus did to test us. It's like when your youth pastor stands behind you and says "Fall backwards, I'll catch you" as a trust thing. But instead of being a little dizzy from being at a party and accidentally letting you fall on a box of thumbtacks, God actually gave us a Bible so that we wouldn't get stuck with a bunch of thumbtacks&I dunno I kinda lost my metaphor there.

Basically just listen to this bible quote: "Dinosaurs were around when humans were. They were all chilling out together and then I killed all the dinosaurs for no reason and buried them really really deep in the ground forever. Makes you think, huh?" (Genesis 1:5)

3. If Chewbacca is not a Christian, will he still be in heaven?

Chewbacca is fictional, right? All fictional characters go to hell, for obvious reasons.

4. Why is everything made in China?

Well, not everything is made in China. For instance, the Earth was made in space, and I was made in space and then teleported to my mom's womb just after mom and dad married (I haven't reached this level of biology yet, so I may be mixing up this process a little).

I think a lot of Satanic religions were made in China, like Buddhism and Communism. Also my shoes. I guess China is a mixed blessing.

5. I learned on HBO that during development in the womb, the part of the body that forms into sexual organs take sharply different development stages. the part on the woman that turns into the clitoris is the same part on a man that turns into a penis. Why does the devil science want us to believe that men and woman develop vary similar when my mother told me that god gave man a penis then made woman with a place to put it, but god wounded woman and makes them bleed and act crazy 25-100% of the time.

Dang, I think reading that was worse for my immortal soul than the whole taking drugs with gay bikers thing. I think you should really think hard about what Jesus has said about filthy stuff before you start using words like you did: "Sticks may be used to crucify me, and stones may be used to kill anyone I don't like, but words probably hurt the most. Especially sex words. Ew." (2 Chronicles 5:13)

* * * * *

did my cat goto heaven when it died? it died of cancer if that matters... and it had 5 toes instead of 4... i hope Jesus didnt hate it for being mutated.
-Kellyn :D

Hey Kellyn :D. No, Jesus didn't hate your cat because it was mutated. Jesus doesn't hate anything but sin and Satan and Muslim people, which are basically three words for the same thing. On the other hand, cats can't get into heaven because heaven is only for people, and imagine how much of a drag it would be if there were all these animals of all kinds just kinda hanging around on your cloud and you'd be like "Jesus, why are there fifteen hamsters on my heavenly throne?" and he'd say "Well, I couldn't keep them out because I don't hate them." You see how bad that'd be?

So your cat is going to hell, I guess. But it might like it. Cats are kind of weird.

* * * * *

Alright, before I show you this last one I should warn you that it's really intense and talks about penises and farts and, like, frogs and stuff. Maybe you've heard warnings just like this before, but believe me about this one:

dear joshua taylor, age 13,

my lover told me that the Sin of Sex is only the Sin if both she likes it and it can make her with child, so to make it not a Sin but just something fun we put it in her rear

> private.
> i read all of the Bible and it only says that men putting it in the back private of another man is bad, so im not worried about that part of it.
> but what happened was: not the first time we did that (which was fun but i got a little bendy at the start and it hurt) but the second time, while i was putting it in there she did a thing that i thought that good girls did not do which was pass gas. that part was bad enough. but the fact that i was just putting it in there but not all the way made my foreskin inflate like a bull-frog.
> i drew a picture of what happened cause no one i told has had it happen to them.
> my question is: is it a Sin?
> and if it is a Sin: is it a Sin because the gas made it bad, or because my place looked like a bull-frog which was almost like doing it with an animal.
> and will I go to hell because of what happened then and how do i make it not happen again cause it made me sick.
>
> thank you for your time. yours in Christ,
> Jonathan Purtill

I don't have any answer for this one, because there is no way I could explain to my youth pastor that I read all that stuff. My eyes kinda shut off the first time I saw the "S" word. I'd just like to give Jonathan here one last quote from the Bible which might solve whatever problems he had (I don't know what those problems are, I didn't read the email): "For thus I spake: What did I say about sex words? Gross. Those words are really gross. I shall not abide them. Or farts. Sex words and farts are completely out." (Judges 3:17). Ok, that's it from yours truly. I hope I made you laugh and maybe think a little. You can email me to tell me what you thought of it, but try to keep it clean because my youth pastor and my mom are going to read over everything you send me real close they said, and they also said that he is moving in and not to believe anything dad says from here on out.

Cool. See ya!

-∼Joshua Taylor, Age 13

4.16 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Rebel Food Services Supervisor

Monday, Apr 16, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Hey, my name is Groot Moredo. I am (or was) a food service worker for the Rebel Alliance. I'm actually a supervisor, which means I get to bitch to the bosses when shit goes wrong, but all that title means on an average day is that I have to fill in for *everyone*. Everyone who calls in sick or is late, I have to fill their shoes and do their job.

I like to think of myself first and foremost as a family man. I have a lovely wife, Shashik, and a handsome young son named Thogut. I believe in the Rebel Alliance, but mostly this is just a job for me. I used to run a really posh Jedis-only restaurant on Coruscant, but these days I'm lucky if I get to thaw 500 bagels for a brigade of borderline retarded meatheads.

Anyway, I was asked to do a journal of my work, but I thought it might be more fun to just show you the incident reports I filed with my various superiors. These are pretty representative of the hell I have gone through in my job. Maybe they will bring you some tiny amount of pleasure.

REBEL FOOD SERVICES
INCIDENT REPORT

FAILURE TO COMPLY WITH MANDATORY DRESS CODE

Date / Time: 4-14-79 / 06:30
Employee: Rootookini
Reporting Supervisor: Groot Moredo
Location: Apple Dumplin' Cafe (South Cafeteria - Hoth)

Incident Description: Rootookini refused to wear his Apple Dumplin' Gang server's uniform for the third time and flew into a rage when I suggested it would be alright if he just wore the cowboy hat and vest.

Rootookini is our only wookiee server and he is our main source of complaints. He has repeatedly refused to wear his cowboy boots, citing a lack of feet, and he complains endlessly when he actually bothers to wear his uniform blue jeans to work. Lately he has begun to refuse the entire uniform, which is not only in violation of the workplace manual, but it is also highly unsanitary.

When I suggested that he might be more comfortable as a dishwasher he screamed incoherently and tore apart several full-body hair nets. He then threw plates at our customers and disappeared up into the ventilation for over an hour. We were able to chase him out by sending practice droids into the ventilation, but custodial services claims he defecated repeatedly in the main heat exchanger.

I really want Rootookini to succeed. He had a very rough puppyhood; his parents died in a tragic

accident involving a giant drain and he ended up an outcast living in the primordial jungle of Kashyyyk. He was saved from being eaten by a particularly large and hateful jungle duck by a Trandoshan. He owed the Trandoshan a life debt and the Trandoshan, unfortunately, turned out to be a child molester.

It's all a very tragic story, but the bottom line is I have given Rootookini as much space as I can. He is off server duty and until HR decides what they want to do with him I don't want to see him in the Apple Dumplin' Café. We have Dave Moonskipper's birthday next week and I can't afford to juggle that with a potentially dangerous eight-foot tall monster.

Suggested Action: Termination.

REBEL FOOD SERVICES
INCIDENT REPORT

INAPPROPRIATE USE OF CAFETERIA FACILITIES

Date / Time: 6-5-79 / 22:45
Employee: N/A
Reporting Supervisor: Groot Moredo
Location: Main Cafeteria - Yavin 4

Incident Description: Admiral Ackbar's wife has once again laid her eggs in our refrigeration unit. I warned her about this last month and she persists in secreting a foamy egg case and depositing her clutch in the meat cooler. When I bring the subject up with her she starts screaming in that threat-hiss of hers and if I press the issue she sprays ink at me. I have no problem meeting her husband's dietary needs, loathsome though they may be, but she needs to cooperate with our requests.

We will be happy to set up a cooler specifically for her to lay her eggs. When they hatch we can prepare them just as Admiral Ackbar enjoys and pickle the remainder of their young for future use. Her last clutch hatched unbeknownst to us and escaped into the employee lockers. They found books and learned how to read and several of them climbed on top of each other and got inside a coat and tried to walk out of the cafeteria.

They started screaming and spitting ink when we caught them. We had to blast them just to shut them up and several of my employees were very disturbed by the incident. It's just an all-around bad
situation.

Suggested Action: Please speak with Mrs. Ackbar.

REBEL FOOD SERVICES INCIDENT REPORT

THEFT OF MESS PROPERTY

Date / Time: 7-22-79 / 09:40
Employee: Meekek, Zuk, Torno, Sevu, Domdo, and Paul
Reporting Supervisor: Groot Moredo
Location: Officer's Mess - Yavin 4

Incident Description: I realize that the Rebellion is an equal-opportunity employer, but I have to question the wisdom of hiring a clan of kleptomaniac dwarfs that do not speak a comprehensible language. Regardless of HR's reasoning, we're stuck with these six and they are nothing but trouble.

I will attempt to use this report to chronicle the sum of the larceny that has occured in the Officer's Mess since the Jawas were hired.

7-4: Meekek and Sevu were asked to mop the floors. They instead melted down all of the silverware into a large metal ingot that they traded to one of our suppliers for a JJ-F4 droid that is only capable of opening doors. They seemed very pleased with this trade, although they scattered when I began yelling.

7-8: Torno convinced the others to unscrew the metal countertops in the kitchen. He smuggled them out to Yavin 3 and sold them for a droid that paints ceilings. When I confiscated this droid to hand it over to custodial several of the Jawas bit me.

7-15: During a formal dinner Zuk distracted me with a dance while the others crept under tables and stole the shoes, socks, and feet of various officers and their guests. With the help of security I was able to recover most of the feet, but the shoes and socks were never found.

7-16: The next day a Corellian HN-66 assembly droid appeared in the mess. It was apparently taken from one of Corellia's shipyards and it spent most of the morning stamping our folding chairs into the shape of window frames.

7-17: All of our ovens disappeared. In their place was a cone with feet and a flashing yellow light that just keeps cursing in Mandalorian. If you get too close to it a little panel opens and it tries to grab your breasts.

7-22: The last straw was this morning. I woke up on the floor of the barracks and found that all of the metal bedframes had disappeared during the night. In the Officer's Mess I found 750 bird incubator droids all screeching like the bird they are supposed to emulate.

Something has got to be done about these guys.

Suggested Action: Have security investigate fully.

REBEL FOOD SERVICES INCIDENT REPORT

FORMAL REQUEST FOR TRANSFER

Date / Time: 11-27-80 / 08:34
Employee: N/A
Reporting Supervisor: Groot Moredo
Location: Field Kitchen - Moon of Endor

Incident Description: I've been with the Rebellion for what, fifteen years now? I've been stationed on Dantooine, Hoth, Yavin 4, you name it. My wife and my son have followed me all the way. Now here I am on Endor, wondering why we need a field kitchen in the middle of a commando operation. I want out.

Look, I think these Empire guys get the message. We don't like them. We don't like them so much we're going to blow up everything they have built.

Here I am feeding Norloc soup to a bunch of ungrateful teddy bears while the commandos I landed with are playing grab ass with some storm troopers. What am I doing? Why am I ladling out re-heated soup for these little shits? Can you answer me that?

Can you answer me why I joined you guys when I was a teenager with dreams of bringing down the oppressive Empire and you filled me with promises of being a fighter pilot? Then when it came time to qualify for pilot I couldn't even make Z-95 school because you assholes said my compound eyes fuck with my depth perception.

News flash dickheads: I had those eyes when you told me I could be a pilot. And besides, have you ever seen a fly crash into a wall? I see dimensions you haven't even imagined with these things.

In short, get me off of Build-a-Bear Planet and either let me get back to the private sector or let me get behind the stick of an X-wing.

Suggested Action: Fuck you.

Of course, they didn't let me go. I sat on Endor watching the action like a tourist while those furry little creeps ate the dead storm troopers. Bet they didn't show you that in the newsreels did they? I guess my Norloc soup just wasn't enough because once they started taking prisoners they were pulling those poor bastards apart and eating them while they were still alive. Most horrific fucking thing I have ever seen. I'll never get it out of my head. Fuck the Rebellion.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.17 Internet Discount Barn Spring Fire Sale!

Tuesday, Apr 17, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Looking for HOT DEALS on SCORCHING merchandise? Welcome to the Internet Discount Barn's spring cleaning FIRE SALE! That fine bonny barn of ours is engulfed to the rafters in ravenous fire, and we're fanning the flames of savings with the bellows of limited-time megadeals. You're not walking out of this one alive!

Need we remind you that the Internet Discount Barn, established in 1994 (just one year shy of our 14th anniversary! Olé!) has long been your hottest sources for the best deals on the greatest merchandise anywhere! We literally bend over backwards to find the hottest merchandise, and then add insult to injury by offering our wares at humiliating prices! We're getting played for fools by our own BIG DEALS!

No-Sleep-Um Nightlights!

What cruel soul invented this nightlight? We don't know, but we're passing it on to you at an incredible discount! The No-Sleep-Um Nightlight works a little TOO well, if you ask me: conquer your child's fear of the dark by replacing it with a healthy fear of nightlights! This high-tech, Haitian-designed, extremely unfriendly product casts menacing red light and scary monster shadows all over your child's room, emits a horrible, piercing scream every half hour, and sometimes pops out of the outlet and crawls around! I took one home to test it, and I found unexplainable marks on my daughter's neck. I didn't see what happened, because she lives way out in the guest house, but I think I can imagine! Get this damn thing away from my family! Our stock manager has a hunch that it can think! **$50 for nightlight** in sealed box, hopefully forever. Stop hurting my daughter, evil light, and start being a part of our savings!

America's Greatest Bloopers, Gags & Boners

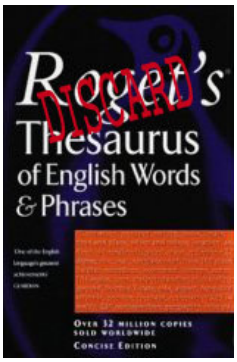
Boy howdy! We have six hundred copies of this classic VHS cassette of great American bloopers! Released by Dark Moon Video in 1985, this classic reel of zany boners contains some of the most hilarious footage you've ever seen: animal vivisection, graphic sex-change surgery, tribal mutilation, police shoot-outs, live newscaster suicides, barbaric Indonesian exorcism rites and much, much more! Obviously rebranded "Faces of Death"-style "mondo" cinema, spiced up with lively "slapstick" music and spinning graphics that say hilarious things like "whoops," "what a spill!" and "BONER!" Banned in sixteen countries— even Italy, where life is cheap! You know what's cheap in America, though? Laffs & chuckles! Enjoy these boners in your home.

$5 per tape. We won't sell 'em to Native Americans! It might give them ideas!

Medical Supplies – Adequate medical products?

If the Internet Discount Barn stands for one thing, it's SAVINGS— and it does! If we lived in a perfect world, the Internet Discount Barn would stand for two things: SAVINGS and QUALITY. Look around you, though: famine, high prices, youth wargangs, brothers killing brothers... the world ain't perfect! Take comfort in the fact that some things never change, and those some things are our commitment to SAVINGS and good value. To bring you such astounding savings, the Internet Discount Barn often takes the philosophy that one man's trash is another man's treasure. So, on that same token, doesn't it follow that one man's medical *waste* is another man's medical *supplies?* Add a little boiling water, and these syringes, broken thermometers, used bandages, and discarded appendages will be good as new. And so will you, when you bung your various leaks with our value-packed bloodstained gauzes!

Scream all you want, we won't be persuaded to charge a cent more than **$3.99 a pound** for this wonderful waste!



Roget's Thesaurus (IRREGULAR)

Looking for not quite the perfect word for that special occasion? We've got fifteen hogsheads of irregular Roget's Thesauri to unload on the downcheap! Fine printing, bound perfectly, and contains many of the same words as the proper store-bought copies. Synonyms range from nearly correct to bewildering to patently racist or offensive. Sick joke of a former Roget's employee, or the controversial book that the English language didn't want you to see? You be the judge. We'll stick to judging the SAVINGS, which in our judgment are quite good indeed. Buy two, and we'll throw in a copy of Bartlett's Misattributed Quotations, including such classics of misattribution as Andy Rooney's widely-circulated "why I hate blacks" e-mail forward. *Le bargaine spectaculaire.*

Did we mention it's cheap? Not recommended for academics. **$1.40 each.**

And remember, it wouldn't be a FIRE SALE unless a few of our products had light to medium fire damage.

Fork Tines! It's Tine Time!

Got forks with missing tines? Buy our tines and save. We were curious as to whether the word "tine" could be used to describe anything besides the prong of a fork, so we looked it up in our thesaurus, and apparently it's roughly equivalent to the word "spic." Get these spics off our hands! **Ten cents a dozen!**

Taxidermy? O!

Aberrant miscreations from the minds of someone(s) far sicker than we. Combinations of multiple animals made one; apes with the heads of eagles, ignominiously posed in the eternal rigors of vicious sex acts. Awful to behold. Some pieces are animatronic, and we admit that the zebra with the spinning penises is funny to us after a few beers. Loosen up, enjoy these awful things. Life is short, and when you die, some Colombian is going to put your arms and legs on the torso of a sun bear copulating with a flayed sloth, and then it's going to end up in our warehouse and make us uncomfortable for a few days until we get desensitized to it and realize how funny it is. **$500 for all of it, we don't care, take it all.**

DeBarge

Imagine our true delight when we were shipped a six foot cubical wooden crate with the word "DeBarge" stenciled on the side. Does it contain members of the 1980s R&B dance-pop group DeBarge, or merely several hundred pounds of their LPs? Our shipping manager wouldn't let us open the crate, because if it contained live (or dead) human beings, we might be in big, big trouble! We did our best to ascertain the situation of the crate's contents by exposing it to a gauntlet of trials, including vigorous shaking, freezing, loud shouting and knocking upon the box. Occasional faint response suggested presence of living things inside the box, but this was weeks ago. Consider it a mystery grab bag! Packed with value; moderate fire damage, slight Jheri curl smell.

Hey, what the hell, **crate is free if you pick it up from our warehouse** and sign a waiver stating that you didn't buy it from us and you've never met us.

We hope you've found a bargain worthy of our good name! Our fire sale has cost many lives here in the warehouse, so do our grieving widows proud and partake in our hot deals today, before they all burn to cinders!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.18 The Message of P. B. Fouke is Heard!

Wednesday, Apr 18, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

I AM OVERCOME WITH INTEGRITY

P. B. Fouke, President and Gen. Mgr.

Friends, customers, admirers of virtue, I come before you to announce that my earthly vessel may be nearing the end of its journey. As I write this, I am overwhelmed with integrity such that mortal man was not engineered to bear. I can no longer see my reflection in the mirror without being momentarily blinded, and my wife, bless her soul, has taken her own life out of personal shame. She died knowing that she could not match my high levels of integrity, customer appreciation, and dedication to the fur trade, though through no fault of her own. It is simply the price I pay to bring you the best service of any fur company in the country.

I knew upon first glimpse of her beauty that she was something magnificent and tragic. I knew that it was my solemn duty as a good man to rescue her away from the carnal world of corset modeling, where lecherous illustrators gazed at her near-naked form and committed her most intimate designs to paper with vile ink. After having R. J. Heckwolf, my esteemed grader, appraise her and her family, I knew it was a doomed venture. Her familial stock lacked the supernatural vitality of my own, and her scandalous past was certain to stain my reputation in the notoriously pious fur industry. But love is not an enterprise for the cowardly. The greatest catches often employ the greatest of risks. Against better judgment the trap was set, and many happy years were ensnared.

I mourn my beautiful wife's passing, but I respect her decision from a business standpoint. If I were not able to satisfy my customers and meet their every need, I would not be able to live with myself. Truthfully, dear readers, I would take my own life in grand and epic fashion. It is the personal peace I gain from being the best at what I do that keeps me anchored to the world of man, though my spirit soars in a place far beyond. I dedicate this edition of The Trappers' Partner catalogue to my wife, Mrs. M. V. Fouke.

R.I.P. M. V. Fouke
Adequate Wife & Mother
Honest As Was Able

As was requested in dying breath, her beautiful and pristine pelt is being returned to her native home in the foothills of Virginia. To her parents and brother, I offer you my condolences and accept your apologies in advance.

It is an unfortunate twist of circumstance that I should be so dedicated to the fur trade and my customers that I have achieved a state of being so pure and just that others feel overshadowed in its presence. Rest assured that such stature has not gone to my head, dear readers. I, Philip Bond Fouke III, President and General Manager of the Fouke Fur Company, son of Philip Bond Fouke II, grandson of Philip Bond Fouke, remain as humble as ever. I wish only to make YOUR LIFE better. I long only to make YOUR JOB easier. I desire only to make YOUR FORTUNES greater.

In honor of my wife's passing I kindly ask you to DEDUCT fifteen per cent (15%) from all catalogue prices. I believe she would want me to continue doing what I excel at: pleasing my customers first and foremost. Dearest M. V. Fouke, such exquisite light upon my life, invoked by divine spark, shall never again shine for me. She lives on now only as savings and memories.

HERE LIES THE LAST LIVING WILL AND TESTAMENT OF P. B. FOUKE

Having served hundreds of thousands of the good trappers and shippers of this continent for over three great decades, I am pleased to announce that I plan to serve many more. However, as I am but a humble man, I must relinquish control of fate to the Lord God. Though I fear my time amongst you may be nearing its end, I endeavor to remain here as long as is possible in the hopes of dutifully serving trappers and shippers even further. But, in the event that I am called away suddenly to conduct business on a higher plane of existence, I leave the following as my last will and testament.

My most prized possession, the Fouke Fur Company, I WILL TO NO MAN. Let this institution be run by the man most worthy of the job. Let this man prove his worth by wrestling control from all would-be takers. Let this man be a coworker of mine whom I have known from between five to twenty years. Let this man not be J. F. Swanton.

To this great Republic, which my family gallantly fought to protect with blood in the Civil War, I leave my manly son. As my father trusted and believed in the government, so too will I with the further care of my boy. I know in time he shall prove a worthy man and dedicate his life to being the absolute best at the trade of his choosing.

To J. F. Swanton, wicked rival, dishonest man, and best friend, I will to you my most prized pelt - the pelt of a Confederate colonel my father killed at the Battle of Belmont. I trust you will appreciate it in a manner unique to you and foreign to all other men.

To the great state of Missouri, I will to you my beard, currently residing on the revolting face of J. F. Swanton. I advise you to employ whatever means necessary to retrieve it, lest you be cheated out of a priceless artifact with wildly untapped power.

REMINDER TO ALL GOOD MEN: J. F. SWANTON'S FOUL FACE IMPRISONS MY BEARD EVEN STILL

I often catch myself reaching to stroke my impressive beard, only to find it missing. I am then sickened with disgust by the gruesome texture of naked skin. I again call for all good hunters to return my beard to me at whatever cost. And to show that I am all too eager to reward an honest day's work, I am raising the bounty to an unprecedented $700.00.

Ask yourself this, good trapper: Has a greater fortune ever been offered for such a task? Alert me of an instance and I shall raise the reward to $800.00. FIND THE SCOUNDREL J. F. SWANTON and remove my beard from his face. Return it to its rightful place, and help restore order to the universe. Help cement the foundations of Justice in this country by deterring those who would seek to savage it.

J. F. Swanton, know you this: My offer extends only to honest trappers and

shippers. Even if you surrendered the beard to me, I would not reward you. Not even if you groveled and momentarily extinguished the hellfire in your eyes would I show a hint of clemency. Though my best friend you may be, you are evil beyond measure, and you have stolen that which is most precious to me. In time your face shall be naked and barren, and mine shall marshal a grand parade of hair.

SUCCESS DOES NOT COME WITHOUT SACRIFICE

I have learned this lesson hard all throughout my life. In my efforts to succeed in the fur trade I have lost both my beard and my wife. These losses, profound as they are, do not detract from the good I have done and will continue to do. My commitment to quality has never waned. I would even dare to say that it has grown stronger with each challenge and loss. As the fur of comfort and humanity are systematically stripped from me by fate and by J. F. Swanton, I grow stronger. I become more refined, more focused. I become the job I am best at. My integrity shines brighter, because I live to do the job I was born to do. And when the hour arises, I shall die doing the job I was born to do. I can only imagine that I will use my last breath of life to offer savings never before seen by any trapper or shipper. I can only imagine that I will then somehow find the strength for yet one more breath of life, which I will use to offer even higher payouts for pristine pelts.

When I ascend to Heaven to be with my beautiful wife, I will continue doing what I have done here in this world. I will provide the angels with the FINEST QUALITY TRAPS AND SUPPLIES at the best prices, and I will PAY THE MOST FOR PELTS. I do not fear death, I only fear failing customers. I will work tirelessly in life and death to see that such a tragedy never comes to pass.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

-~P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

4.19 Screw It, I'm Calling In Sick

Thursday, Apr 19, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Press 1 to hear your messages. Press 2 to-

1

1, new, message. Message, 1.

"Hey R-Lo, it's me, Acetone. It's 2:31 PM on a Thursday...

The perfect crime. Heh, heh, heh. Old man Kyanka doesn't suspect a thing.

Look man, *cough* I can't write an update today because I'm pretty sick. I guess I caught that *cough, hack* stomach virus that's been going around. I've been puking all night with occasional spurts of diarrhea. Heh, no pun intended on th-*cough, wheeze, barf*-that one. I don't want to get too graphic but my shit smoothies literally have a yellowish tint to them. And when I get up from the toilet snot drips out of my nose and into the shit covered toilet which is red from all the blood in my vomit and stool.

It's that bad. I have to keep taking showers because the shit drips off my asshole and down my leg and that's simply no way to live. My shower drain is sort of clogged with hair and mold so the water backs up and my feet slosh around in the shitty water and it stinks up the tub. I would go get a plunger and some Drano to unclog it but I'm just *cough, snort, sneeze* too sick right now.

So yeah, I won't be showing up today. I'm really sorry to let you know on such short notice. You can get a replacement writer in time right? Shit man, I'm really sorry. I think I got the flu from this Chinese place I go to all the time. They received a C rating from the Department of Health but their General Tso's Chicken is to die for, which I think I might be doing right now! *hack, cough, moo* Ugh, it's just torture.

I looked up their health report and there was a vermin infestation in the kitchen and investigators found that they were just rounding up the rats and serving them to customers. I thought it was an ingenious idea but state regulators had a different opinion. So what if they debone chickens with their teeth! That's just how they do it in China! If a Chinese restaurant gets a C rating for its authentic cuisine then the laws in this country are racist and outdated! There, I said it. I won't go back on it. Anyway-*cough, heave*

I *would* have come in today because my job is important to me, it really is, but it's just that I don't want to get anyone else sick. I'm sure this cold I got is pretty contagious *cough, cluck cluck cluck* and I don't want to give it to any of the other guys. I know we don't work in a formal office or anything but I'm so sick that I might infect the others through private messages or data packets. With the amount of packets we sniff on a daily basis the packets might came down with something and bog down the servers.

In fact I think that's how I got this fever. I saw maxnmona coughing pretty hard the other day and considering the massive amount of time I spend making out with him in the break room on the pool table on Taboo Tuesdays it's no wonder I got sick. Yeah I know you said to stop role playing with other writers at work but we try, we really do try. So yeah, what a coincidence that he just gets over his cold and I got just came down with it this morning. Yeah, that and the Chinese food, that

must've been how it happened! *cough, caw, roar*

In fact they say that U.S. businesses *cough* lose almost $100 billion dollars a year in revenues because of employees who show up to work even though they are sick. I would be glad to work sick because I am that much of a dedicated employee but here's a quote from an article that recommends not to.

> Some experts say presenteeism can actually result in a greater loss of productivity than absenteeism.
>
> In a new survey, almost half, or 48 percent of employers report a problem with presenteeism. That's up from 39 percent last year, and it's a situation more organizations are taking seriously.

This only shows that by me staying home I care MORE about my job and my coworkers. I care deeply about their health and well-being, and if I was ever responsible for making them ill, I just... couldn't live with myself. I would end my own life if that happened. I would fucking end it all right now. Do you want that on your conscious for the rest of your life? Do you, you fuck?! I'm doing it! Say good-bye to Acetone! It's the last time you'll ever see the likes of me again! I was a legend! You are nothing!

The U.S. Department of Labor estimates that workers who call in sick for illegitimate reasons cause businesses to lose millions each year. In fact on the day Star Wars Episode 1 came out U.S. businesses lost a staggering $400 million in worker productivity. I understand the severity of lost man-hours to illness. That's why I am taking this very seriously. Don't bother calling back to see how I am when you receive this message. I appreciate the thought but there's really no need to. After I hang up I'm just going to go ahead and try to sleep this yeast infection off.

Just so you know I'm not faking it let me go ahead and send you a cell phone picture of myself right now. Here it is.

ATTACHED IMAGE

That's me right now, with the tissue and everything. I can barely stand to speak I'm so sick. I'm so sick the CBS Early Show web site decided to use my picture on their article about showing up to the office sick. They added a snazzy background of a generic office workplace and sent it back to me so I could show you how sick I would be had I shown up at the office and gotten everyone else sick

leaving no one to update the front page. When CBS News says you're sick, well you better believe it or you might end up a dead duck. You don't want me to end up a dead duck do you? Do you?!

THIS UPDATE IS ONLY A DRAMATIZATION. Do not attempt to go to the zoo sick! Please have some consideration for the friendly giraffes who do so much for us.

Ugh, my sore throat feels like it's on fire. I must have a really bad case of the Parkinson's. *hack, cough, tweet, hee-hee-hee-hoo* You might be wondering what those animal sounds are in the background. I'm just watching a nature show and the volume is up real loud. It helps me feel better actually. It's not like I'm calling in sick to go to the zoo and I'm calling from the zoo right now oblivious to the fact that you might hear zoo sounds in the background and figure out that I'm not really sick and these are just a bunch of lies in order to go to the zoo and see the new wild monkey exhibit the newspapers are raving about. I would never do that.

I used to work with a guy who would fake being sick all the time. One day it finally caught up with him when the boss saw him at the zoo when he was supposed to be at work. I take my job very seriously and would never do anything like that. I am 100 percent genuinely sick and would never ever stoop that low to see the monkeys, no matter what kind of crazy simian hijinks those cute little guys get into. But I think if I did go to the zoo when I was taken ill it would really help me feel better and actually get me back to work faster. So if you happen to go to the zoo today and see me here, then I was actually just trying to get better so I could come back to the job I love so much. *cough*

So yeah, *cough, hack, *'Hey Hassan are you done with the phone yet? Let's go see the giraffes!'* Shhh!* *sigh* Anyway, I should be in tomorrow at the earliest, or next week at the very latest. Depends on whether I decide to buy the annual zoo pass or not, I mean, if I can get over this, uhm, AIDS.

Thanks for being such an understanding boss, Lowtax. See ya later, bro.

Yeah I'll take a bucket of popcorn and a large sod- *click*"

END OF MESSAGES

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

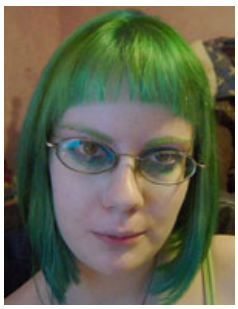
4.20 A Look at Chicks that Suck

Friday, Apr 20, 2007 by Brilliant college-age social satirist

By my own estimation I am pretty much the biggest expert on chicks around. In my 19 years on this planet I have dealt with chicks of all shapes, sizes, colors, and temperaments, and I'm sad to report they basically all suck. Exceptions to this rule are few and far between, but that's mostly because their teeth were also few and far between and somehow they managed to grow a personality in the place of good dental hygiene. Sometimes they were really fat too.

Because I am so knowledgeable on the subject I thought I would share some of my wisdom with you guys. The stupid bitch AI in my comp class says I should always introduce a paper with a thesis, so here you go: There are a lot of different kinds of chicks that suck and I'm going to tell you about them. Mostly this is because they are public eyesores, but sometimes chicks can be ugly on the inside too. This could mean they have cancer or some other disease (which probably means they're bald and way too skinny) or that they have a bad personality. What I'm getting at is that any way you slice it they probably suck, and now I'm going to tell you why.

Ugly chicks



Ugly chicks are kind of like the catch-all of this group because most of the chicks we're talking about are going to be ugly. Just remember that for their ugliness to be its own merit they have to be really, really ugly. Like, so ugly you look at their face and start wondering what their underwear smells like and pretty soon the smell of old chalk and/or tuna starts giving you migraine headaches. This means that you have to avoid fat chicks at all costs if it's over 85 degrees outside, which can cause problems if your route to class takes you by the comparative literature building. This just goes to prove that every woman has a different way of giving you headaches and making you miss out on important stuff.

Ugly chicks with their hair dyed bright colors: These chicks suck because they're trying to draw attention to their faces when they should be directing it somewhere else, i.e. away from their faces. If you are an ugly girl you were born without neon-green hair for much the same reason deer were born without targets on their sides. This is called evolution, which you may recognize as the only thing that is fucking you.

Ugly chicks that think they're pretty: These chicks are gross but they think they're hot shit, which is a lot like a doctor telling you the tumor is malignant and it's spreading to your ballsack. These girls usually look like retarded birds and wear belly shirts so you can see their delightful medley of butterfly tattoos, stretch marks, and hickeys. They will pester the DJ at a party to play a country song and then start hollering and dancing on a table until some poor sap takes one for the team and drags them off to the bedroom. The next morning his dick will be bright green and she'll be deciding whether to name the baby "Delonte" or "Toby Keith Jr."

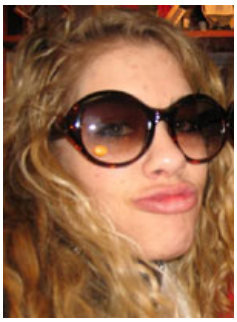
Ugly chicks that always look kind of dirty: You kind of have to feel bad for these chicks because they look like dogs that just rolled around in something dead, but nobody wants to drag them around back by the scruff and spray them with a hose. I'm not really sure if they're dirty because they don't care or their skin is naturally covered in patches the color of a baby's asshole,

but I'm sure as hell not going to get close enough to find out.

Fat ugly chicks: This is like God giving you lemons and you make lemonade, except it's really God throwing funnel cakes at you and you eat them all, and then you wonder why I get all mumbly when you start talking during class. If you didn't know, it's because I'm used to hearing people who can say three words without stopping for a breather, but then if I give you a mean look to shut you up I want to puke everywhere.

Skinny ugly chicks: Back in high school there was this white trash chick who was really ugly and skinny. On top of that I guess she was kind of retarded, because she was always licking her upper lip. This made it look like she always had a Kool-Aid mustache, but her family was so poor they probably had to buy Flavor Aid. Either way the top of her lip was pink because of her nasty-ass tongue rubbing up against her crustache. Since she didn't really have any boobs or anything and her face was always all stained, you'd think at least one of those pedophile dudes would pick up on her, but she also smelled like burned motor oil really bad. That's probably too much for most people to take, even a child molester.

Chicks in dumb clothes



I know guys are supposed to be the ones with no fashion sense (we also love sports and hate to ask directions, *hurrrr*), but most chicks aren't quite the fashionistas they're supposed to be. The chicks on my campus really don't care what they're wearing, which in my opinion erases the only advantage they had over the average chimpanzee.

Chicks that always come to class in scrubs: Okay. We get it. You're a nurse. I'm glad you finally found a job that forces men to interact with you. Now that you've saved some lives, maybe you could move into optometry and spare my eyesight by tying a trash bag around your horse face.

Freshman chicks in senior class t-shirts: "Ooh! This shirt will separate me from all those *other* college students that *didn't* graduate high school! I can also use it as a pillow when I drink too much at a frat party and wake up in a ditch chewing on a used condom! I wonder if 'abortion clinic' will show up on daddy's credit card statement. "

Chicks in those ugly Crocs shoes: The crappy thing about these is nobody has had the idea to make a muzzle out of neon-colored foam. If I wanted to stare at a pair of veiny-ass cankles above a pair of novelty shoes I'd hire a fat clown. I know that's a pretty thin distinction there, but at least clowns open their mouths to do more than blow guys in khaki shorts and talk about Myspace.

Chicks in oversize sunglasses: What bothers me about these is that at some point someone decided they looked good. While I certainly appreciate chicks who look like they came down with cancer and had to borrow some headgear off the invisible man, maybe they could just go the whole route and get cancer and turn invisible. Barring that they could replace the lenses with magnifying glasses and stare at the sun for a couple of hours. I'm not picky.

Chicks that wear sweatpants with writing on them: It could just be me but if I was a fat chick I really wouldn't want to go around advertising the fact that my ass was "juicy." The last time I checked the stuff that comes in Tropicana bottles isn't an opaque yellow-brown color. If they're going to do that they might as well wear a ski cap that says "lumpy" and a bra that says "lopsided."

Boring chicks

I know this is a redundancy like "ugly chicks" or "lesbian liberal arts graduate students" but some people are still convinced that chicks are capable of being interesting outside of a medical research context. Chicks are only capable of talking about, like, five things, and all of them are boring as hell. If experience tells you that statement is untrue, congratulations. You're dating a post-op tranny.

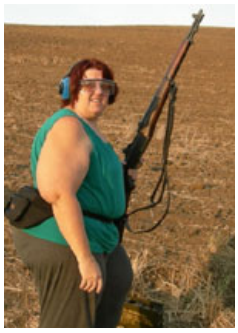
Fat chicks who talk really fast: I'm guessing these chicks talk so fast because they're hungry and years of parental abuse taught them not to eat while people are looking at them. In that sense words are the only thing you will ever see these chicks spit out. The second you stop looking at them they raid the pantry or eat pocket lint or whatever the hell it is they do to drown out the screams of the skinny girl inside of them.

Chicks that always talk about how hard it is to be a chick: This is pretty much the biggest load of crap I've ever heard because if it was so hard to be a chick they'd all be dead. Obviously being a chick isn't harder than deciding on things like "where should I eat" or "what shoes should I wear," since they can't do that without having a nervous breakdown. This goes to show that everything a chick says can be translated to "please make all my decisions for me."

Drunk chicks: These chicks pretty much exist to inform other people that they are drunk, have been drunk, or plan on being drunk. This is because they are stuck in high school, where it is perfectly acceptable to shout "I'M SO DROOOOONNNK" and get deepknuckled in a broom closet. The fortunate thing about these chicks coming to college is that they are prone to yelling that in public and campus rapists are a lot more opportunistic.

Chicks who think they can communicate with their dogs: Someone needs to sit these chicks down and explain to them that they're the only talking dogs in the room. I guess "sitting them down" wouldn't be a problem since the most physical action dog owner chicks get involves peanut butter and a really smelly butter knife, but the point stands.

Miscellaneous chicks



These chicks are like elephants because they're so unique they deserve their own category (also because they're fat and they have huge noses). I didn't really feel like making new categories for all of them so I'm just kind of lumping them all here.

Chicks that stand in the middle of crowded hallways and talk to one another: While I understand it's hard for a chick to go five minutes without telling someone an enthralling story about Facebook, there are better places to stand and have a conversation. The interstate, for instance.

Alternative chicks: I'm pretty sure there's some sort of economic law against "My Dad Molested Me" t-shirts since if you sold them you'd totally totally erase the demand for things like neon green hair dye and cat's eye glasses. The economy always bounces back, though. I'm sure things like soap and laundry detergent would see a huge boost in sales.

Fag hags: I really don't think it's a coincidence that the one guy who wants to spend time with

you has no interest in having sex with you, sweetheart.

Fat chicks that walk really slow on the sidewalk: If I was a missed shave away from being forced to pull a cart for a living I'd probably speed it up before an Indian put an arrow through my forehead and made a necklace out of my teeth.

Pregnant chicks: These chicks talk about nothing but the things that come out of their vaginas, which isn't too different from most chicks except they're "disabled" or whatever so if you tell them you don't care people think you're rude. If I was a professor and I had one of these chicks in my class I'd ask her a really hard question, and when she got it wrong I'd turn to the class and say "Let's count all the mistakes in the room." If that didn't get her to stop coming to class I'd probably just shove her down a stairwell or something.

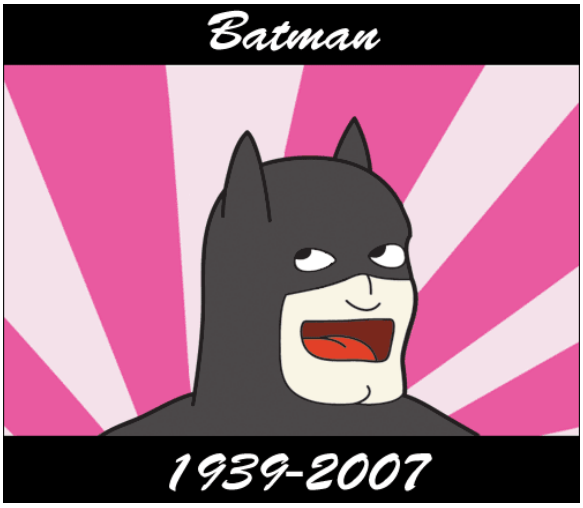
I would have done more of these but I didn't have time to break out a slide rule and shit to make sure everything was in its own little category. This is because a certain power-tripping graduate student is making us write two pages on our favorite movie, and I need to get it done so I don't have to sit in a conference and stare at her greasy-ass bowl cut for like an hour. Maybe she should spend less time worrying about my writing and more time building a time machine so she can go back to 1994, when chicks who went their entire college careers without bathing were supposed to be attractive. I guess some people get off on 28-year-old college students who look like Lisa Loeb swallowed a couple bowling balls, but whatever.

In closing, I would like to restate my thesis that all chicks suck for some reason for another. This is pretty much a scientific fact, so all you chicks can stop gnashing your crooked little baby corn teeth and write a nasty email to your friend because you're not in her Top Eight or whatever. Dumbasses.

-∼Brilliant college-age social satirist

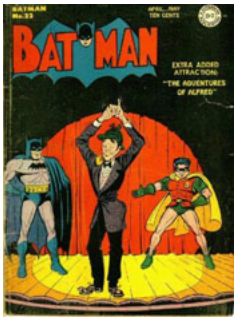
4.21 Blowin' Up Batman

Saturday, Apr 21, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Batman is dead. After mistakenly grabbing a can of Spray-On Bomb Exploder from his utility belt while reaching for the Spray-On Bomb Diffuser, our most superpowerless hero has departed this world for the big batcave in the sky. DC has confirmed that no attempt will be made to resurrect the character. Batman is gone for good.

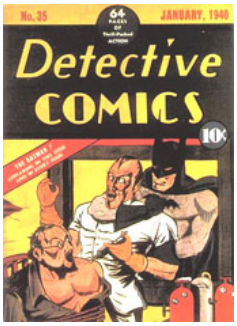
In memory of the Batman we all grew up with, let us reflect upon some of his comic book appearances and hope that there are bad guys in heaven just waiting to be broodingly gazed down upon from a dark rooftop.



"Sherlock's Erotic Dance"
Batman #22

Hoping to become the world's greatest detective, Batman seeks advice from none other than Sherlock Holmes himself. What he gets, however, is an unexpected lesson in the art of the booty dance.

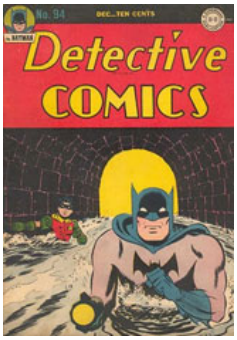
Batman: I really don't see what this has to do with fingerprinting!
Sherlock: My boy, if there is one thing I have learned in the course of my investigations, it is that one cannot keep their hands away from a booty that is being properly shaken. I don't know how you Americans gather fingerprints, but that's how us Brits do it.
Batman: Hmm. Yeah. *Yeaaahhh.*



"Dr. Batman"
Detective Comics #35

There's a killer loose in Gotham City... tetanus! Armed with the newly-developed vaccine, Batman is out to eliminate this scourge from the city once and for all.

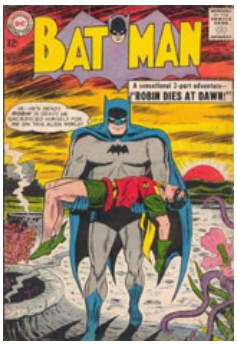
Batman: Inject this man with the tetanus vaccine... NOW!
Doctor: That's what I was doing!
Patient: Will you two please stop? That needle keeps jamming into my shoulder!
Batman: Just... *(struggling)* inject him already!
Doctor: I'm trying to inject him! Why are you fighting me?
Batman: It's the only way I know how to help people!



"The Wrong Turn"
Detective Comics #94

Batman's navigational skills are put to the ultimate test in this thrilling aqueductic adventure!

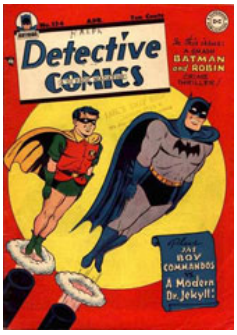
Robin: We're trying to get to the moon, right? I don't think we should be seeing water.
Batman: You don't understand space. It's complicated.
Robin: I understand sewers. Which is what we're in. We should have taken the Batrocket.
Batman: Nonsense, I think we're almost there. It should be this next left.



"Swimming Too Soon After Lunch"
Batman #156

A pleasant lunch on the beach for Batman and Robin turns into a pleasant lunch... of danger!

Batman: Why didn't he listen to my warnings? How could I fall asleep in the sand after we ate that macaroni salad? Why was he swimming in his costume? Whyyyy?
Crab: *(crab sounds)*



"The Worst Plan"
Detective Comics #134

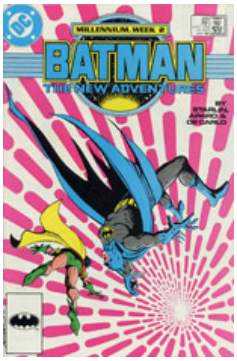
When Batman's eagerness to try out a newly-acquired pair of giant guns gets the best of him, good intentions turn sour!

Robin: Shooting ourselves into orbit with giant guns... wow!
Batman: Yeah, pretty great, right? We'll be in France to stop the Joker's evil plan in no time!
Robin: So is someone waiting for us down there with a net or a mattress, or did you bring some parachutes?
Batman: Robin, there's something I must tell you.
Robin: Yes, Batman?
Batman: I'm invincible. It's been an honor working with you.

"Day Of The Homo-Ray"
Detective Comics 184

What strange man would harness the power of the rainbow, and for what insidious purpose?

Manman: By simply undoing my belt I have exposed you to the Homo-Ray!
Robin: Argh! I'm suddenly... tolerant of homosexuality!
Batman: NO! Fight it! Fight it with all of your strength, boy!
Robin: I'm trying! But these feelings of... hatred and... fear... are vanishing!
Batman: The cyanide, Robin. Now is the time.



"Batman And Robin Go To A Phish Concert"
Batman #415

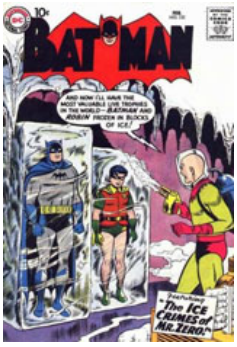
What strange band would harness the power of a 45-minute cover of The Facts Of Life theme song, and for what insidious purpose?

Robin: Argh! I'm suddenly... tolerant of hackeysack!
Batman: NO! Those cyanide pills that man gave us, Robin. I think they must have gone bad! I think... I think gravity is much too weak here! Someone hold me down!

"Bruce Wayne's Father Fills In"
Detective Comics #620

When Bruce Wayne is called away on an urgent business trip to Egypt for two weeks, a replacement Batman must be found lest his secret identity be discovered.

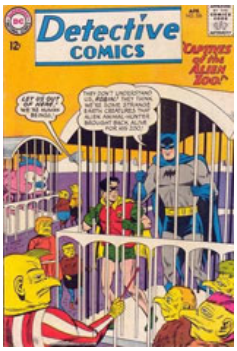
Batman: Thanks for doing this, Dad. I was a little worried you wouldn't fit into the costume, but if anything it's a little big on you.
Thomas Wayne:
Batman: Again with the vase. I was five years old, God damn you!



"Caught Stealing"
Batman #121

Batman? Stealing? Say it ain't so!

Batman: Oh, come on! It was just ice! You've got a whole continent of it!



"Caught Again"
Detective Comics #326

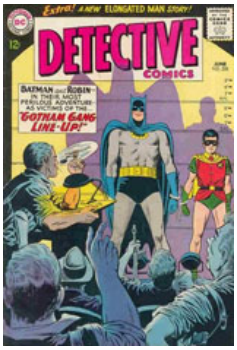
Batman? Stealing again? Surely there must be some mistake!

Batman: Oh, come on! It was just a child with a birdface! You've got a whole planet of them!

"Again? Seriously?"
Batman #128

What the hell man?

Batman: Oh, come on! It was just a planet!



"The Lineup"
Detective Comics #328

Will Batman and Robin survive the intense scrutiny of a police lineup? Is it really fair for someone

to wear a mask in one of these things?

Witness: Let's see... the guy that stole my watch was big, wearin' some kinda dark outfit with a blueish cape and cowl.
Batman: Don't you mean he was small, and wearing a brightly colored outfit?
Detective Wilson: Quiet, you. Just stand still. Sir, do you see your attacker in this lineup?
Witness: Yeah, I think I see him.
Batman: Me too. It's this guy on my left. I'd recognize that devious grin and those beady little eyes anywhere.

"On Trial!"
Detective Comics #281

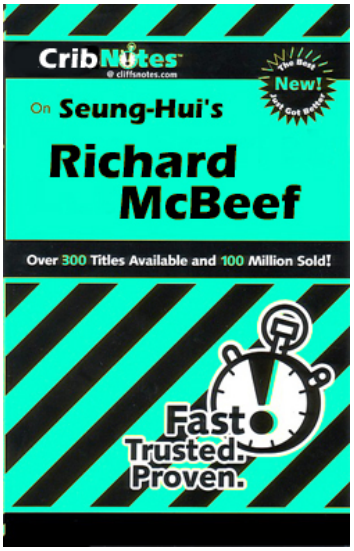
This trial of the century is so incredible, you'll say "I OBJECT to getting so much entertainment for such a small amount of money"!

Lawyer: As you can see in this realtime X-Ray, your honor, my client clearly has ribs.
Judge: And your point?
Batman: I couldn't have possibly stolen that Faberge egg, your honor. Not with all these ribs to take care of! It's a full time job. There would be no time left to plan or execute an elaborate plot to make the Flash dizzy enough to pass out so I could steal the egg in his care.
Judge: Isn't that the Faberge egg right there in your stomach?
Batman: *(to Lawyer)* The torso defense never works! I can't believe I was dense enough to hire you simply because your name is Lawyer.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.22 The Annotated Richard McBeef

Sunday, Apr 22, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



Richard McBeef, written in late 2006 by playwright Cho Seung-Hui, remains one of the greatest domestic tragedies ever produced in English. Originally titled *State of Virginia Exhibit 14-A*, *Richard McBeef* was not accepted by the public upon its completion. Similar to the initial release of *Catch-22*, it took American audiences a few years to warm up to the complex plotting and rich dialogue of *Richard McBeef*. Combining the post-modern techniques of Robert Coover and Don Delillo, the suburban theme of quiet desperation from *Something Happened* and *Death of a Salesman*, and a dash of *Eraserhead*, *Richard McBeef* was met with disapproval by a reading public who preferred books about dragons written by the children of people who own book publishing companies. Even *The New York Times*, famous for its scholarly reviews, called McBeef "utter pig shit," with guest columnist John Updike claiming, "The only McBeef Seung-Hui'll be familiar with after this stinker is at McDonald's. Because he's going to work there. And serve beef." Luckily, *Richard McBeef* has stood the test of time, and, five years after its original publication, is now taught in English classrooms alongside classics such as *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Giver 2: Give Harder*.

This guide is meant to give students a "leg up" on the competition in what we like to call the "School of *McBeef*." Whether you're new to Seung-Hui's bold, unforgettable characters, or a *McBeef* Veteran, you're sure to squeeze out just enough hidden meaning to write that dissertation you keep putting off. And be sure to keep a look out for Professor Symbolism von Metaphor! That nutty goofball will be popping up here and there to teach you important literary definitions in his own special way. Oh, Professor Metaphor von Symbolism, what *won't* you find subtext in?

We hope that, with this guide, you will understand why Richard McBeef is the greatest tragic figure in all literature - even greater than Shakespeare's Macbeth. And this tragedy perfect mirrors the life of *McBeef's* author. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of Cho Seung-Hui is that *Richard McBeef* was not published in his lifetime.

- Andrew "Eating Contest" Phillips, PhD Enthusiast

Dramatis Personae

Richard McBeef - The breadwinner of the McBeef family, haunted by his mysterious past as a CIA janitor. Did he kill John Lennon and Marylin Monroe? What is his connection with John's biological father? Can he withstand the assault of cereal bars and chainsaws inherent in his new life?

John - McBeef's step-son, a precocious young boy scarred by the mysterious boating death of his father. John's clever wordplay is one of *Richard McBeef's* most outstanding qualities, with quotes such as "You giant tree trunk piece of ass" immortalized on youth-oriented t-shirts around the world. Is John telling the truth, or is he trapped in a world of lies only he can discern? This mystery is what has won *McBeef* so many fans.

Sue - Richard McBeef's wife and the biological mother of John. A hysterical woman prone to suggestion, perhaps portrayed most famously by Hilary Swank in the film adaptation of *Richard McBeef*. With Sue,

Seung-Hui bravely creates a clearly insane woman who doesn't lack a quiet sort of dignity. But are Sue's mental problems from the anguish of losing her first husband, or the result of a slow-acting CIA poison

Richard McBeef

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(It is morning. The sun is shining through the windows of the kitchen. John enters the kitchen, grabs a cereal bar, and opens it. Richard McBeef is sitting in the kitchen with his legs crossed reading the newspaper.)

RICHARD
Hey, John.

(He forces a smile at him.)

JOHN
What's up, Dick!

(He frowns.)

RICHARD
Try dad.

JOHN
You ain't my dad and you know it, you Dick.

(John chews on the cereal bar angrily.)

RICHARD
Come on, John. Sit down. We need to have man-to-man talk.

(Richard pulls a chair next to him from under the table.)

JOHN
Man-to-man up your ass, bud!

(John sneers then proceeds to the living room and turns on

Summary: The stunning first page of Richard McBeef paints a picture of domestic turbulence, with the normally-important meal of breakfast being undermined by the hostility of the stepson-stepfather relationship. Seung-Hui introduces us to John, a small, nebbish boy with sharp features, to contrast with Richard McBeef, a large, red-headed, tree trunk of a man. As John chews on a cereal bar, Richard McBeef attempts to open up the lines of communication with his estranged stepson. But John will have none of this. Note the crossed legs of Richard Mcbeef in this scene, which represent his emasculation at the hands of his wife, and the cereal bar John is eating, which symbolizes something you could eat for breakfast. John's use of "bud" when talking to McBeef playfully subverts the father-son paradigm.

When you think of *Richard McBeef* you think of a number of things. One is beef, which is hard to escape, given the subject matter! Another thing is **foreshadowing**! **Foreshadowing** is a literary technique used to hint at things to come. For example, if I were to eat a seven layer burrito at lunch, I would exclaim, "Looks like I'm going to **foreshadow** all over the back of my toilet seat tonight!" Keep an eye on the cereal bar introduced on this page! It's more than just a delicious treat filled with some kind of dehydrated milk I gather astronauts are forced to eat against their will. Yum!

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the TV. Richard follows him, sits down, and faces him.)

RICHARD
I may not be your biological father, but I'm your new father. We live under the same roof. We really need to get along. Come on, son, give me a chance.

(Richard gently rests him hand on John's lap.)

JOHN
What the hell are you doing!
(John slaps Richard's hand.)

JOHN (Cond't)
What are you, a Catholic priest! I will not be molested by an aging balding overweight pedophilic stepdad named Dick! Get your hands off me you sicko! Damn you, you Catholic priest. Just stop it, Michael Jackson. Let me guess, you have a pet named Dick in Neverland ranch and you want me to go with you to pet him, right?

RICHARD

(He sighs and ignores the comment.)

What is it you want from me, what do you want me to do? Why are you so angry at me--

JOHN
Why am I so angry at you! Because you murdered my father so you can get into my mom's pant!--

RICHARD
Now hold on right there mister. It was a boating accident. I did everything I could to try to save your father.

JOHN
Bullshit! Are you always full of shit, McBeef? I can see that you are by the extra fat you have packed on! You MURDERED my father and covered it up! You committed a conspiracy. Just like what the government has done to John Lennon and Marilyn Monroe.

RICHARD

Summary: As John leaves the breakfast table to watch TV, it's hard to not notice Seung-Hui's biting commentary about the American home, where television has replaced the breakfast table as

the method of communication for the average middle class family. Things turn ugly when Richard McBeef's innocent inner-thigh touch is construed as molestation by the mercurial John. Richard is then confronted with the fact that he may be partially responsible for the deaths of two beloved American figures, and may also be guilty of trying to get into one of the pant legs of John's mother - a seemingly impossible task for a man as large as Richard McBeef. It is on page two that we are introduced to the boating accident that claimed the life of John's father; nautical disasters being a theme common in works of Cho Seung-Hui such as *I Fucking Kill the Cruise Ship* and *Sink, Sink, Sink, Murder, Die, Die, Death Fucker* (also available in Crib Notes).

With John's accusations about Richard McBeef, Seung-Hui is being **topical**. If you are **topical**, this means that you are referencing current events! It can also mean you are a cream that can be purchased over the counter which can heal rashes and eliminate warts that your mother always asks about when you visit her! Some people fault the works of Cho Seung-Hui for their **topical** nature, but the threat of being molested by Catholic priests and Michael Jackson has never been important than it is today. Truly, Cho Seung-Hui knew how to tap into the fears of the American public with his writing!

WHAT? WHAT?

(Frowning, he catches a glimpse of an old tabloid titled "The Cover-up of Marilyn Monroe and John Lennon!!")

JOHN
You once worked for the government. As a janitor, at least. You hated the fact that my mom was with my dad. You knew my mom was too good for my father. So you took him out and stole her, you son of a bitch!

RICHARD
St—

JOHN
No, Dick! You shut the hell up and listen to me.

RICHARD
You--

JOHN
Me what! You want me to stick this remote control up your ass, buddy! You ain't even worth it man. This remote was five bucks. You are such a--

RICHARD
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH.

(Richard raises his hand to strike his stepson, but before he does, John's mom comes down the stairs.)

SUE
Oh my god! What's going on?
(She covers and hugs John and ushers him to the other end of the couch.)

SUE (Cont'd)
What are you doing to my son! You said you would have a nice chat to get on terms with him. And this is what I catch you do! What kind of step-father are you? Pretending to be nice to him with a fake smile on your chubby face!

Summary: The worm turns as John reveals the 30 year-old tabloid magazine he has concealed in his sleeve since the marriage of Richard McBeef and his mother. This clues the reader into the fact that McBeef may not be the man he seems to be. As a government janitor, McBeef had access to very important information and powerful mops. Could he have used these items to orchestrate the assassinations of two popular entertainers? More importantly, could these same items have killed John's father? The debate grows heated as John and McBeef discuss the value of remote controls until it gets out of hand and Richard attempts to strike John. Sue appears to shield her son from the blow and scold Richard for his poor parenting and chubby face. But Richard's McBeef's chubby face cannot hide his rage.

In this passage, we can clearly see that John has an **Oedipus Complex**! This means that he wants to kill his father and have sex with his mother. Aye-yai-yai! Try explaining that at the next family reunion. But at least you'll have something in common with

your grandpa! The term **Oedipus Complex** comes from the play Oedipus Rex, where the title character kills his father, fathers a child with his mother, and blinds himself in a terrible way when he finds out! Yikes! But despite what most clinical psychologists say, having an **Oedipus Complex** is completely natural and nothing to be ashamed of. So there!

Tell me, what were you trying to do to him. You were about to hit him! Damn you, Richard!

RICHARD
He was—

SUE
I don't want to hear it!

(Sue tells John to go up to his room. But he observes the spectacle half way up the staircase.)

RICHARD
I swear Sue! I tried talking to him. He called me a son of a bit—

SUE
How dare you! John would never—NEVER—say such a thing, my poor little pooey pooey boy! He lost his father just a month ago. Show some compassion! Some stepfather!

JOHN
He tried to touch my privates!

SUE

(She gasps.)

Holy shit! Oops. Sorry John. Dick, You son of a b—

(She peeks at John. She approaches Richard and slaps Richard in the head multiple times. Taking off her shoes, she hits him hard.)

RICHARD

(He brushes Sue with his large arm and build.)

Sue Sue Sue. Listen to me!

SUE

Summary: As the domestic dispute continues, Sue enters the fray as John spirits away the tabloid magazine to his room. McBeef tries to defend himself, but Sue's little "pooey pooey boy" (*puipui* being Korean for "honorable one whose tongue speaks not of poison") gives a rebuttal. Incensed by this, Sue removes her shoes (as probably was customary during her strict upbringing) and hits McBeef while barefoot. Richard brushes her face gently with a mossy forearm (followed by the rest of his body) in an attempt to calm his wife down.

This page of *Richard McBeef* is a fine example of **melodrama**! **Melodrama** emphasizes the conflict of pure good and pure evil characters. In this example of **melodrama**, we are supposed to sympathize with John and Sue against Richard McBeef, a supposed murderer and child molester. But don't you think this is a gray area? I do! What if Richard McBeef killed in self-defense and also molested his step-son in self-defense? These are all possible situations. In fact, I can think of many, many situations where these are the only solutions - but just try explaining *that* to the police while you're being handcuffed in a filthy Arby's bathroom. All I know is it's because of these beliefs that I can never serve jury duty again!

(The manner and girth frightens her.)

Oh my god! What are you trying to do! Are you gonna hit me too!

(She cowers and runs into the kitchen. She grabs the first thing she can which is a plate.)

Stay back! Stay back! Or I'll…

(She throws the plate, shattering squarely on his forehead. But he is unmoved.)

You fat piece of pork! John! Go to your room and lock it!

(She runs down the basement.)

Are you a bisexual psycho rapist murderer! Please stop following me. Don't kill me!

(She throws wrenches and pipes lying on the ground at him, but he is unhurt.)

RICHARD
I didn't even do anything. Okay. I'll stop following you.

(He stops with his hands in the air. He kneels. She throws a few more heavy objects at him.)

Let me explain! John is a rambunctious pubescent boy!

SUE
Oh my god! You are a pedophile!

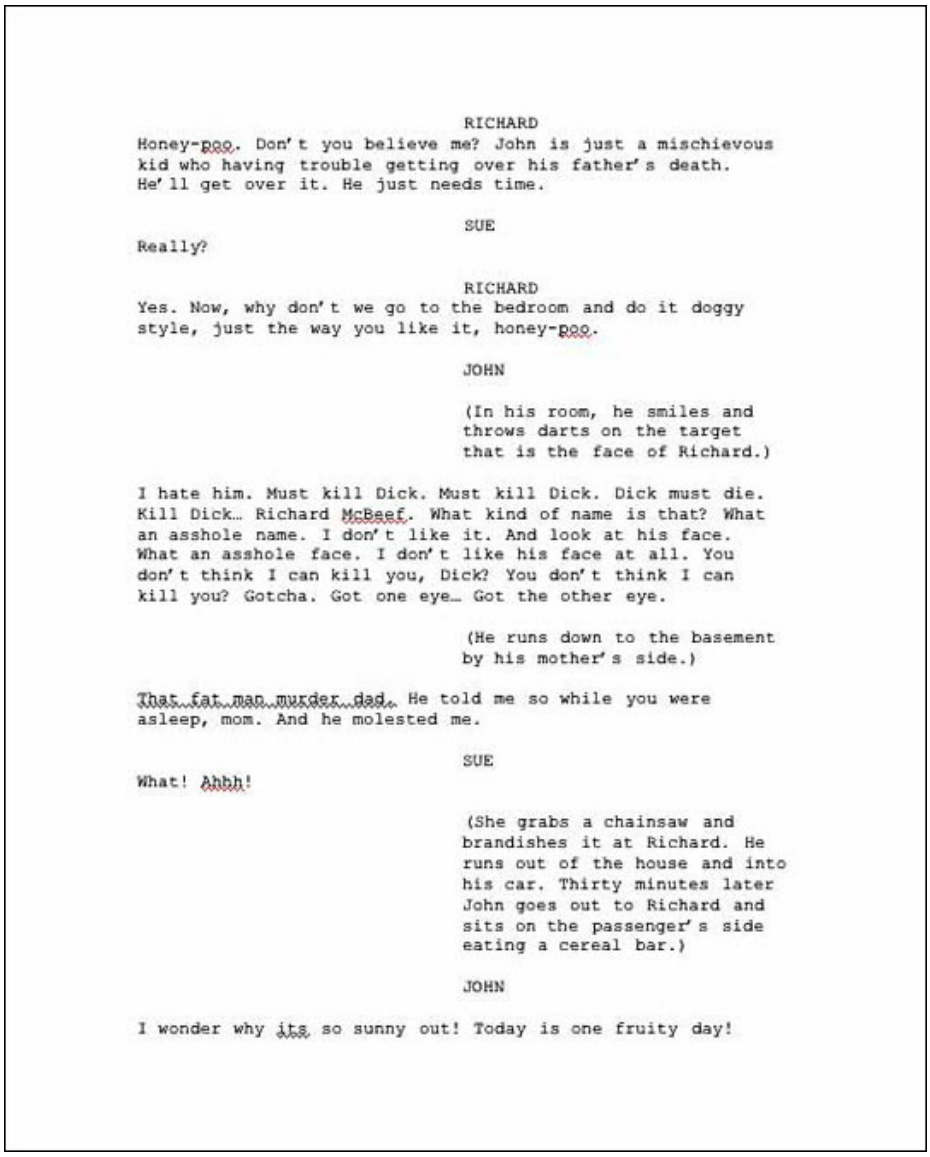
RICHARD
No! No…Honey-poo.

SUE
Honey-poo?

Summary: McBeef tries to work up a defense, but he only digs himself deeper and deeper. As

he follows Sue through the house, she begins to throw objects at him. Plates, wrenches, unnamed heavy items; nothing can escape her throwing spree. It is on this page the reader first begins to doubt the sanity of Sue. Why would she marry a man but a month after the death of her husband, especially a man who she believes is capable of molesting his son? Or is she in on the deaths of John Lennon and Marylin Monroe? Perhaps she is blackmailing Richard McBeef to escape a similar fate? Seung-Hui lays out the puzzle pieces, but we must assemble them ourselves.

Are you perhaps familiar with the term **Sturm und Drang**? These are three German words that, when placed together, mean something literary! I should know; I read it in a book once! I think it has something to do with storm windows and Draino: a deadly combination! But I'm pretty sure there's a ton of that on this very page. It's kind of like that scene in *Independence Day* when they blow up the White House and you're like "Yeeeahhh, yeeeahhh, I'm pumped!" And then Randy Quaid flies a crop duster into the mothership and you can't fucking believe it! Or that scene in *Othello* when Iago and Jafar get sucked into the magic lamp. This is just like that!



RICHARD
Honey-poo. Don't you believe me? John is just a mischievous kid who having trouble getting over his father's death. He'll get over it. He just needs time.

SUE
Really?

RICHARD
Yes. Now, why don't we go to the bedroom and do it doggy style, just the way you like it, honey-poo.

JOHN

(In his room, he smiles and throws darts on the target that is the face of Richard.)

I hate him. Must kill Dick. Must kill Dick. Dick must die. Kill Dick… Richard McBeef. What kind of name is that? What an asshole name. I don't like it. And look at his face. What an asshole face. I don't like his face at all. You don't think I can kill you, Dick? You don't think I can kill you? Gotcha. Got one eye… Got the other eye.

(He runs down to the basement by his mother's side.)

That fat man murder dad. He told me so while you were asleep, mom. And he molested me.

SUE
What! Ahhh!

(She grabs a chainsaw and brandishes it at Richard. He runs out of the house and into his car. Thirty minutes later John goes out to Richard and sits on the passenger's side eating a cereal bar.)

JOHN
I wonder why its so sunny out! Today is one fruity day!

Note: Presented in its original form, this page of *The McBeef Manuscript* shows the changes originally intended for this play before its publication. Luckily, it managed to escape the cold, unfeeling spell check programs and Seung-Hui's "wrong" tenses and verb forms remain intact to this day. This preservation is almost as important at the recently discovered and restored epilogue of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, titled "Those Darkies Really Rub Me the Wrong Way."

Summary: Before the fight can come to a head, Richard McBeef promises his wife sex in exchange for forgetting about the whole "attempted murder and molestation" debacle. Following another rebuttal from John, she refuses, further cementing her instability as a woman, wife and lover. After all, who in their right mind would pass on sex with Richard McBeef? After having a chainsaw brandished at him by the out-of-her mind Sue, Richard McBeef retreats to his car, which is possibly impervious to chainsaw attacks. Once again, the cereal bar (perhaps the crux of *Richard McBeef*) appears after masterfully being placed in the breakfast scene by Seung-Hui. Perhaps this cereal bar

will make John's day more "fruity?" Only the thrilling conclusion of *Richard McBeef* will tell.

Cho Seung-Hui's admittance of the stupidity of Richard McBeef's name is an excellent example of **meta-fiction**. **Meta-fiction** is when the author works commentary about the conventions or artifice of fiction into his or her writing! If you're familiar with the works of Thomas Pynchon, then you are well-aware of meta-fiction. Me, I couldn't really get into him. Yeah, yeah, his books are full of double-meanings and layers upon layers, but why does a book always have to mean something? Why can't it just be a story for the sake of a story? When it comes to reading, the Prof here likes to grab a Crystal Light, snuggle up in some patio furniture, and see what thrillers his good buddy Dan Brown has baked up lately. By the way, I dropped out of college after my first literature class!

(John stares squarely at Richard with a contemptuous look who is sitting with a flushed face.)

Guess what, Dick. You wanna know something. You wanna know why I don't like you? Because you can't provide for my mom. You barely make the minimum wage, man. All you do for mom is all this honey-poo shit. Honey-poo! Honey-poo! You piece of shit! You were a janitor one time. You're a one time truck driver. You taught preschool kids for two months. And now you're what you like to call yourself a chef, what the rest of the world calls hamburger flipper. Back where you came from. The pinnacle of your career was when you were a pro football player. How long did that last? Three weeks! Ha! You're over the hills, buster! Just look at yourself, all fat and lazy. Only if you were smart enough to stay in the league, you wouldn't be like this. A former player. No wonder your name is McPork—I mean McBeef. While the guys were packing on muscles, you were packing on McDonald's fat, chowing down on three Big Mac's in three minutes. You wanted me to call you dad? Okay. Hey *dad*, you are such a asshole! Asshole of assholes, *DAD!* And as for you banging my mom, looks like that lasted a long as your pathetic career, you prematurely ejaculating piece of dickshit. Sucks for you, you motherfucking McBeef.

RICHARD
HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR STEP-FATHER LIKE THAT!

JOHN
Eat this, you giant tree trunk piece of ass.

(John sticks his half-eaten banana cereal bar in his step-father's mouth and attempts to shove it down his throat.)

RICHARD
AHHHHHHH!

(He pushes John away and takes out the cereal bar.)

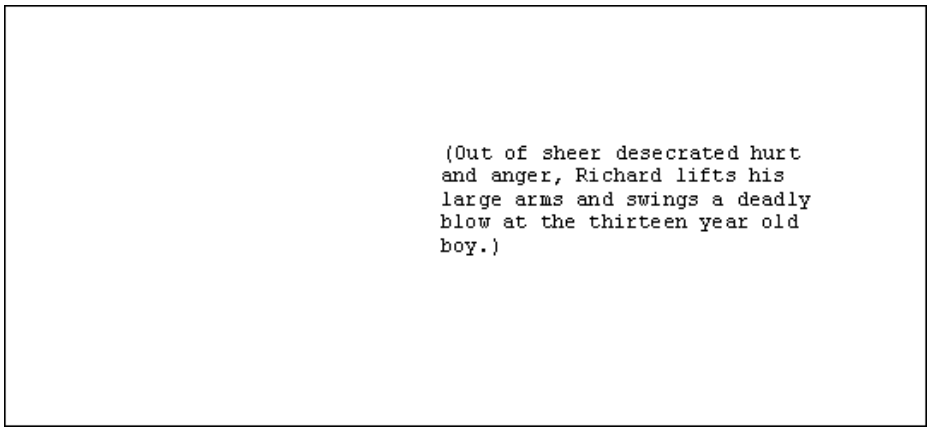
JOHN
Fuck you, *DAD*!

RICHARD

Summary: In this powerful monologue, John unleashes his rage upon Richard McBeef. Obviously inspired by the "is this a dagger I see before me" speech from *Macbeth*, except with a cereal bar

instead of a dagger, John's speech sums up McBeef's wasted life. In a way, McBeef represents the American middle-aged male: past his prime with no dreams and a tree trunk piece of ass. John represents the new generation, sick of people like Richard McBeef legislating morality and eating a Big Mac every 60 seconds (an obvious condemnation of the obesity epidemic in America). John tries to bridge the generation gap the best way he knows how: with a cereal bar. But McBeef destroys this bridge of common ground and understanding; he can only respond with "AHHHHHHH!" Thus, the two are destined to grow further apart.

John's mouthful on this page is an example of a **monologue**! The word **monologue** comes from the Greek *mono*, meaning one, and *logos*, meaning a large wooden object that can be later be transformed into paper upon which large speeches can be written. Actors, or **faggots** (as I call them), use monologues to practice acting when they're not practicing **sodomy**! Perhaps you know an actor? I suggest you go up him him, tell him you have Good News, and then drop The Bible into his lap (if there isn't a man in it already!). If you return and this man is still practicing his sinful ways, beat him to death with a different Bible. I'll have you know homosexuals pull the plows in heaven!



Summary: This final, haunting page is all the closure we have with *Richard McBeef*. It's entirely possible that this book is one of the many unfinished masterpieces, such as *The Canterbury Tales*, the novels of Kafka, or even *If You Did It: A Choose Your Own Adventure Book* by O.J. Simpson. However, many highly-bearded scholars suggest that this ending is merely Cho Seung-Hui thinking outside the box - something he was famous for on *and* off the page. Does John die at the hands of McBeef? Will Sue return with the chainsaw? And what of the cereal bar? These are all questions that will, sadly, remain unanswered. But perhaps in thinking like Cho Seung-Hui we can all tap into his unique problem-solving skills.

WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY LEGS

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.23 Reflections On A Failing Game Console

Monday, Apr 23, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

"The PS3 will instill discipline in our children and adults alike. Everyone will know discipline." -Ken Kutaragi

Here at Something Awful we don't think very highly of console fanboys who invest too much time and emotion into seeing one video game system perform better than another based purely on personal preference. But we must admit, there's something entertaining about seeing anybody fall flat on their face, especially the successful and well intentioned. We're bitter, cynical, soulless monsters that revel in other people's misery.

That's why I'm following the PlayStation 3's massive failure to elicit any sort of excitement with the gaming public with such keen interest. It's not surprising however, that Sony's crown jewel isn't exactly flying off the shelves at this point. All the warning signs were there, and it doesn't take a Virginia Tech administrator to predict that something was going to go wrong with this bad boy.

I guess it would be almost too easy to point to the PlayStation 3's 600 dollar price point as the main reason for its poor performance, but I'm pressed for time and incredibly lazy so that's what I'm going to do. Let's be frank, the thing is 600 damn dollars and once you surpass that mental price barrier people start thinking, "No way am I going to spend that much on a toy!" At one point then President of Sony's PlayStation division Ken Kutaragi said that he expected gamers would "work more hours to buy one. We want people to feel like they want it, irrespective of anything else."

Kutaragi thought this bullshit would fly in the United States? Sure it might work in Japan where not buying a Sony product would bring shame to your ancestors and your family name. Here in America we're fickle consumer whores. We're loyal to no company and we'll step over our own mothers just to get a deal. We know what we likes and it's crappy products at low, low prices.

We traded in the American dream just for that everyday low price guarantee. Fair and equitable treatment in the workplace? Healthcare for employees and families? Fair pay? Fuck it. We threw it all away for the chance to buy a brand new microwave where the food rotates in the middle for $19.99. This is America damnitt. *wipes tear from eye*

"Microsoft shoots for the moon. Sony shoots for the sun." And Kutaragi hopes to one day use his PS3 to land on the sun.

So it's not surprising that a 600 dollar gaming console isn't exactly sitting at the top of the NPD sales chart that game nerds salivate for every month. In March, 2007 the PS3 sold 130,000 units. To put that into perspective the Gameboy Advance sold 148,000 units. *The PS3 is basically getting beat by a fucking Super Nintendo.* It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure this one out.

When posed with the decision of what game system to buy, most gamers went with the GBA because hey, the money they save not getting the PS3 can buy a lot of weed. That's what being a smart consumer is all about. You don't need Blu-Ray and Talladega Nights to have fun. Buy the cheaper system and let the drugs do the rest. Of course this doesn't mean the Xbox 360 is making any waves. Sony and Microsoft and both getting beat by what is basically a portable Nintendo 64 with a cheap touchscreen gimmick.

Kutaragi severely misunderstood America's video gaming population. Of the PS3 he said, "I believe we made the most beautiful thing in the world. Nobody would criticize a renowned architect's blueprint that the position of a gate is wrong. It's the same as that."

Nobody gives a damn about the beauty of games. It's mostly goons and that's it. The rest of the video game buying public bought a PlayStation 2 because playing a couple games on a Saturday night while smoking weed and hanging out with your buddies is about the most exciting thing to them, and they aren't thinking about the artistic meaning of Ico, but how much fun it is to get drunk, get high, and play Madden.

But when all your demographic does is get drunk, get high, and play Madden, they aren't going to work more hours to buy a video game system. They are going to work the minimum numbers of hours they have to in order to purchase marijuana, and if they happen to be able to afford a PlayStation 2 after that, then fine. Yeah, they're really itching to buy a PlayStation 3, when it's 150 bucks that is, including a copy of Madden. But they might be able to just get that off Torrentspy and convince their smart Asian friend to mod their system for them. Oh, it'll be hacked eventually, once there are some decent games to download.

4+ No

No more on the way? I guess they gave up.

If you believe anything Vice President of Sony Computer Entertainment Europe Phil Harrison has to say then demand is "unprecedented"! Sony simply can't keep up with the massive numbers of consumers that want the black George Foreman Grill looking video game thingy with the neat Spiderman font on it. In fact if you can find unsold PS3s just sitting on store shelves he'll give you a thousand dollars! Well look what I found! The guy owes me at least $24,000. I wonder how he justifies making statements like that when he has to literally beg people to buy a PS3 from him. He pretty much sounds like every ebay seller who thought they were going to strike it rich reselling PlayStations.

The PS3's sorry lineup of games isn't exactly helping matters much. I know people are getting pretty tired of "lol PS3 games are brown!!!" jokes and all but shit, it's true! What else are you supposed to say about them other than they are terrible Xbox 360 ports with brown hues and bloom? If you ain't talkin' brown you ain't talkin' PS3. Of course, there's only so many times you can post about how great Resistance is until someone actually plays the game for themselves and figures out it was all just a dream.

But just you wait for the PS3's killer ap, the one game that'll really show you non-believers! Apparently that game is Lair. When I first saw Lair I was blown away by the visuals. Of course I was only watching it on YouTube in a tiny window and let my mind fill in the blanks. But for some reason video game screenshots and preview videos get uglier and uglier the closer they get to release.

The high-def generation is here.

Once higher resolution screenshots started coming out you could clearly see that the character models looked like they were ripped straight out of Myth, and unlike Myth they just appear out of nowhere. The next batch of Lair media will have the game looking like Star Fox 64 at this rate. Lair fanatics will tell you, "Oh it looks better in motion!" *True* HD and all that nonsense. So what? I could hook up my computer to my HDTV and play Magic Carpet right now.

The PS3's main competition is the Xbox 360 and let's be honest here, they're both pretty big piles of dogcrap. But the Xbox 360 wins in my book for one reason. It's 200 dollars cheaper than the

PS3. At the end of the day when all you're left with is a brick of a game console and an expired warranty, well, Microsoft got away with less of your money. While you don't see a lot of "ARGH MY PS3 IS DEAD" posts because, you know, nobody is buying them, Sony's motto on system failures is similar to Microsoft's, "early and often".

I guess on a personal level the PS3's saving grace for me was the announcement that a sequel to WarHawk is being developed for the system. While I may be remembering the title through rose-colored glasses, I have fond memories of the PlayStation original. It wasn't a perfect game but it was a shame they never made a sequel. I enjoyed the flying mechanics and hoped that they would expand on it, but I guess Sony decided to cash in and turn WarHawk into a squad-based multiplayer Battlefield 1942 clone. Welp.

You know, as cynical as I am, I was really surprised to see this news. I'm not outraged or anything, just completely baffled. I don't really understand the rational or how any sane person could come to the conclusion that WarHawk should be a squad-based multiplayer shooter. It's Star Fox Adventures all over again. In the end, it's just another blunder in the hilarious timeline of the PlayStation 3.

Watching Sony fail to muster up any kind of support for their 600 dollar video game system has become a time honored tradition in my household. Since its inception we have watched it spawn as the triumphant successor to the PlayStation 2 only to become the laughingstock that it is today. Maybe someday the promise of 1,080 progressive horizontal lines of brown will be enough for this plucky little console and its wacky visionaries to find a home in the hearts of the million of gamers worldwide. But today, it simply isn't happening.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.24 Todd "Goliath" Goldman's Amazing Art Odyssey

Tuesday, Apr 24, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

Something very important has come to my attention: Todd "Goliath" Goldman, founder of trendy t-shirt slogan company David and Goliath and the supposed "brains" behind a number of its highly profitable works of art, is a creature of infinite wonder and intrigue! Somehow, through a miracle of time and space, Goldman apparently unknowingly duplicated a piece of art drawn many years previous by SA's resident artist, Shmorky, and then turned around to sell this divine coincidence for profit. How the heck did this happen?! Let's get to the bottom of this crazy mystery!

The story began early in April 2007, when my main man Shmorky received an email from a very nice lady. (The following is an artistic reenactment. Pretend it's just like on "Rescue 911" when the camera is all blurry and jerky and everything is in slow motion.)

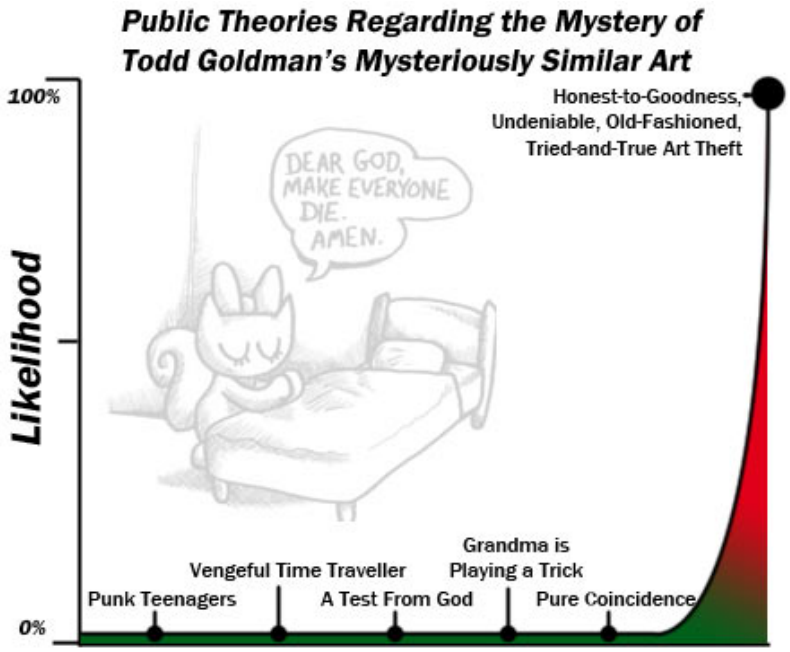
Nice Lady: Shmorky, I think you're being ripped off! Oh, my heaaart!!
Cousin Pete: Oh no, Momma's hurt!

The drawing on the left was posted by Shmorky himself on his old webcomic, Purple Pussy, all the way back on September 19, 2001– a mere 8 days after our nation's first ever tragedy. The familiar looking recreation you see on the right was produced by the art genius himself, Todd "Goliath" Goldman, and made absolutely and entirely out of thoughts from inside his own brain (you can tell this because it has TODD written in really big letters all over the corner of it). Everything down to the witty saying and exact same perspective on the bed and exact same curly squirrel tail came out of that beautiful big noggin of his. Oh Todd, you did a great job! Sign your name, buddy! Work that alphabet!

Around the time he found out, Shmorky went and posted a thread in the forums about this discovery, but at the same time, one must wonder: How did this amazing occurrence happen? How did two men, who both use the Internet and draw things on it, end up drawing the same thing several years apart? Some may say wizardry played a part, or perhaps sorcery. My own personal theory is that a Wiccan sandwich artist may have accidentally sneezed on Shmorky's meatball sub, damning him to a life of unending curses.

Around this time, some of our more observant forum members began to stick their slimy heads into the thread. What they found was an amazing amount of bizarre coincidences between Goldman's works and works from artists around the world. It was around this time that I really began to think... is it possible that we're dealing with a supernatural being?!

With a newfound sense of purpose in my heart, I tallied up the public's theories for as long as I could stand and charted it. Let's go to the graph:



That's really odd, the Wiccan theory didn't even make the cut! What's even more puzzling, is Todd for whatever reason, fired back and called Shmorky names. What the heck??? He's like your soulmate, Todd! You guys drew the same thing! You have a bond! Why would you do this?! TODD, THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL THING, DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY!! Oh God, why?? **WWWHHYYYYY?!**

On the 12th of April, and with the odds stacked against our hero, Todd employed the help of a "publicist" to register an account and post an apology on our forums. I really have no clue as to why, since it's so painfully obvious he didn't do anything wrong. At all. Ever. In his entire life.

> FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
> POST POP-ARTIST, TODD GOLDMAN, CONTROVERSAL PAINTING
>
> CLEARWATER, FL, April 11, 2007- Popular post pop-artist, Todd Goldman who has made a career of making fun of the world with his sarcastic commentary and cartoon icons, has mistakenly used the design of an another artist in two of his recent paintings. Todd's painting, "Dear God, Please Make Everyone Die", was inspired from a drawing he received unbeknownst to him belonging to an underground web comic artist David "Shmorky" Kelly.
>
> In addition to painting, Todd designs t-shirts for his clothing company, David & Goliath. Todd and his design team create and receive thousands of design ideas every month. It's no secret that Goldman creates a lot of his painting ideas from his t-shirt designs. Goldman says "I made a judgment error and didn't research the background of this particular submission. "My intention was not to copy Mr. Kelly. I have never seen his work before and would never intentionally knock-off someone else's idea."
>
> Goldman has issued a formal apology to Mr. Kelly and has stated that he will not be

> using his design again in the future. As a gesture of good faith, Goldman has pledged not profit from his mistake. He will instead donate his proceeds from the painting directly to Mr. Kelly or his charity of choice.

See that, folks? *"My intention was not to copy Mr. Kelly."* He didn't set out to draw a thing just like that other thing, even down to the cute little animal and the cute little bed and the cute little saying! How could anyone think that he'd stoop as low as to plagiarize a fellow artist so blatantly? It goes without saying how entirely unethical that would be, and you should be ashamed for even dreaming for a moment that Mr. Goldman might be such an unscrupulous fellow! Look, it's all here in this Internet press release which you can believe with every fiber of your being! He says he *"would never intentionally knock-off someone else's idea."* That means he wouldn't ever sit down and think, "Oh boy, I'm going to draw this cartoon almost exactly as it looks here and sell it for big money!" because he's not the type to do that! We're talking about Todd "Goliath" Goldman here, people! Not some guy who steals stuff from people who work hard to make a living! ***Todd... "Goliath"... Goldman!***

On top of all that, he's offering to give Shmorky the profits from his sale. Not the actual sale price of the painting, just the profits. You know, because Todd never did anything wrong (in his entire life, ever), he shouldn't have to pay out of his pocket! He can just give Shmorky his profits and forget about this unpleasant matter forever without losing a single cent! That spells "Grade A" businessman, right there.

Also, for whatever reason, it would appear to me that there is a rogue lawyer running around telling folks to shut up about Todd Goldman and to stop publishing wild accusations and "libel" regarding him. Certainly there are some trouble-making clowns out there who want nothing more than to put a huge, ever-thinking monster of original abstract thought like Todd Goldman out of business. I don't know anything about that, I'm too busy reading this article about the genius that is Todd Goldman's brain. That same brain that thinks up its own ideas. And I quote:

> Goldman attributes his inspiration to his wittiness and weird sense of humor.
>
> "I'm just wacked out of my mind. Things just come to me really quickly. I have complete ADD so I've never finished a book before. I haven't really watched cartoons or read comic books. It's just my witty sense of humor and my love to draw," Goldman said.
>
> "I love my job, I couldn't imagine doing anything else, and I meet so many girls. I just did this to meet girls."

High five one of those chicks for the rest of the hardworking artists out there, Todd. Everyone back here on the ol' Internet is completely envious of your success, which you attained completely fairly and without stealing ideas from anyone else, at all, ever, in your entire life! Ever!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.25 Mere Moments Before the End

Wednesday, Apr 25, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The events leading up to now have been tense and apprehensive for everyone. We've been living in that horrid calm before the storm, where the anticipation of what's to come is omnipresent and unrelenting. The distant storm clouds, the crackle of thunder, it is coming for us. This is a storm of our own creation and of our own undoing.

In this late hour there is no escaping from the choices we made. Perhaps if we had acted sooner or done more to listen to the lower classes, we might have sensed the changing weather. But we were so enraptured in our own comfort and opulence that we could not even fathom what life was like for those living below.

What did they know of the good life? They were dirty and simple and had no taste for the finer things life had to offer. We never feared rebellion, for we had the power consolidated firmly. We had our hands on the hilt and the blade to their throats. We were smart enough to lead them. We had the high ground in every conceivable way.

What we did not have was numbers. For every one of us, there were a hundred of them. It was not greed or a fear of sharing that set us apart. It was a fear of sharing with the wrong sort. We were unique in our sophistication and ability to appreciate art and culture. We were alone in our ability to govern and make sound decisions for everyone. A naïve hog butcher or farmer would be lost in our world.

We are the last few remaining noblemen, and we are gathered in this aged chateau overlooking a humble town filled with humble men. Men that have now gone mad with lust and taken up arms against us, jealous over that which they do not have and do not deserve. They will get it all, but it will mean nothing to them. It defined us, it made us long to live and see what was to come. They will not understand any of it.

My colleagues are frozen with fear. Each passing minute stabs into their pampered skin like a needle and each distant boom rattles their withered bones. Fear will hollow them out long before the bullets do.

That is not how I will leave. I have lived a life of class, and I will die enjoying a life of class. A last and final salute to the culture we fought so hard to preserve for ourselves and from them. Perhaps we should have tried harder to share it, but, alas, we alone seemed suited to appreciate it. I do not fear what is to come. The good life has been good and plentiful for quite some time. Soon I must be reminded of the bad. Good would not seem as such without a little contrast now and then.

I sequester myself in the east wing, which has always been my favorite. I fetch a plastic Taco Bell cup from the drink bar and pour myself a tall glass of Mountain Dew Code Red. A last drink to ease these nerves before they cease entirely. The Mountain Dew Code Red is divine, as always. Its spirited bouquet strikes sparks upon my tongue. Will the revolutionaries appreciate a taste so refined? I doubt it. Such a bold taste would no doubt produce retching and other doglike behavior in those animals.

I can't help but think about all the stories left unwritten. So many colorful yarns left unwoven, so much of the Great Tapestry of Art left incomplete. I wonder if

Starbuck will ever lead the survivors to Earth. I wonder who the next American Idol will be. I cannot help but imagine that somewhere down the road, Jack and Kate will find true love and a way off the island. And what of all the myriad comedic scenarios Adam Sandler has yet to tackle? So many treats for the senses lost to senseless rebellion.

The sky is alive with fire and smoke. Explosions ripple through the air and vibrate the chateau's foundation. I hear a steady beat of gun fire rolling along the hillside, climbing ever higher as the minutes pass. It won't be long now. I brush the dust off my Transformers action figure collection. You and I will be together again, Optimus Prime.

I can hear the cries of the revolutionaries as they summit the hill. The guards do their best to hold them off, exchanging spirited bouts of gunfire. They have no reason to continue, the guards, yet they fight on with courage and determination. Their sacrifice gives me more time to appreciate the wonders of the world before they get taken away.

The Mountain Dew Code Red fills me with a sudden rush of energy, and I decide to fire up the Wii for one last battle of my own. Nothing like a game of Wii Boxing to strengthen the spirit, I always say. The lightning of change flashes outside and its glow finds a way in through the windows to join me. I box alongside an army of shadows and make short work of my virtual opponent. I longed to do the same to the revolution, but it was too late for that.

I notice the west wing is ablaze. I can hear the roar of the fire amidst the gunpowder proclamations of rifles and revolution. My heart skips a beat when my nose catches wind of something terrible. Dear God, the fire must have made it to the library! I can smell the stench of burning plastic. Thousands of anime DVD's melt away and suddenly this world doesn't seem worth saving. I mourn for the lost culture. If those savages outside only knew what they were destroying! Perhaps in the next cycle of life someone will set fire to their greatest cultural treasures.

The noise becomes distracting. Music! I must have music. I sift through my iPod's hard drive, populated with countless classics preserved impeccably in binary. There is only one song that I wish to hear in this final hour - the moving ballad "I'm Ridin' Spinners" by Three-6 Mafia. There is something seraphic and pure in the rhymes of Juicy J that puts the soul at ease.

I lose myself in the melody, so much so that I do not notice the armed men entering the room. It is the gleam of the bayonets that draws my attention more than anything. They shine like spinners in the dark. I turn and smile at my executioners, lost in music they will never appreciate or understand. At once a dozen fingers tap a dozen triggers. The guns fire in unison with the beat. It will be the music that carries me into the next life.

I fall to the floor, my blood mixing with spilt Mountain Dew Code Red. I will take my last breath wrapped snuggly in a blanket of culture. I will die cradled in the warm bosom of the arts. The storm has come. I leave to be at peace, and they remain to live without it.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.26 Adventures in Temping Vol. 1

Thursday, Apr 26, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

There is both a satisfying and depressing quality to quitting your job because it's too boring. It's satisfying because you live in an age and place where this is possible, and depressing for the same reason. Sure, infants in Bangladesh often get their hands torn off by the giant weaving robots they assist in making Old Navy sweaters, not complaining to anyone for fear they will lose their precious pond water money. But me? YAWWN. *smacks lips* My job is *boring*. Sitting in a comfortable chair for eight hours a day is more strenuous than the anguish of all Chinese railroad workers *combined*. If I didn't know better, I'd say that this hellish existence is similar to Orwell's *1984*, except with a new date indicating the future!

Here was my plan: graduate from college, take some time off, and get a part-time job to save for my eventual move to graduate school. There has not been a worse idea in modern history since Adolf Hitler decided to stop pursuing the arts. Unlike Hitler, though, my decision did not destroy millions of lives (probably), didn't reduce countless cities to rubble, and has yet to cause dozens of entertaining video games to be made. No, the only result of my poor choice was an abundance of boredom, but I ask you: which is the greater loss?

Allow me to explain myself. After a few weeks of applying at temp agencies, my only job was sitting at home and playing terrible Playstation 2 RPGs while wearing nothing but an electric blanket and a thousand-yard stare. To clarify, I wasn't a video game journalist; I was just unemployed. Temp agencies are kind of funny in that the more experience you have, the less likely they are to give you a job. No, I wasn't trying to take my current role of "Internet Joke Champ" and apply it to a real, non-Internet workplace. I had a B.A. in English, the only college degree that proves you can do a lot of drugs and still operate a bookmark, so I figured there had to be someone out there looking for a man who could stay sober for at least eight hours a day. This is perhaps my strongest skill.

Temp agency workers hate fresh-faced, just-out-of-college men and women because temp agency workers all happen to work in temp agencies. There you were, fulfilling your dreams and sleeping on filthy campus furniture, all while Sally Saddlebags over there has been struggling her whole life to change the size of her corporate cog from "smallest" to "slightly smallest." I felt this contempt and resentment when I went in to one of my very few temp agency interviews for the stunning 8.50 an hour job of working in a temp agency office. "So, you want to be a writer," the morbidly obese interviewer condescendingly said to me, jammed between the desk and the eight feet of space between it and the wall. She had seen the writing jobs on my resume, and must have been shocked to realize that printed text exists outside of *TV Guide* and candy bar wrappers. A wry smile carved itself onto the great mounds of what appeared to be her face. "No, you sour-smelling mountain of terror; I *am* a writer." This is what I would have said if I wasn't an Internet Tough Guy who needed money. "Yeah," I said, "But mainly I just need something to do before grad school."

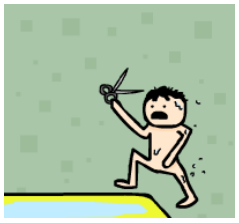
At that point, things would have gone better if I had instead chosen to start pissing all over her desk, making an elaborate target game out of all her framed pictures of loved ones. College was a preposterous idea, but graduate school? That's *double* college! When she heard me, her eyebrows struggled to climb up her mighty forehead in order to elicit a reaction, but soon went back to drooping over her eyes like two unbaked crescent rolls. "Oh! Graduate school. Well, I'm sorry. We couldn't possibly hire you! After all, by the time we trained you, you'd be out the door!" She attempted to cross her arms in a manner that most people under 900 pounds are fully capable of when they want

to show smugness. Her logic was too insane for me to question. Here she was, telling me that it would take seven months to train me at a job where I would be making one dollar an hour more than minimum wage. I remained civil, and left the office, glad that the smell of naturally-occurring body cheese was behind me.

I returned to the temp agencies multiple times, seeing people getting hired despite their nicotine stained windbreakers, missing shoes, and giant bags with dollar signs on them clearly full of stolen money. But after a few more weeks of visiting agencies and taking computer literacy tests with problems like "maximize a window without shutting down the computer and without filling the hard drive with child pornography," I had struck temp pay dirt. I had an interview at a bank, which promised to give me ten dollars an hour to do bank related things (except armed robbery).

In my town, ten dollars an hour is a lot of money; Youngstown, Ohio, once a gem of the steel belt, is now known as "Home of the World's Most Rottingest Buildings." And, fittingly, I had the chance to work in the basement of a 100 year-old skyscraper. Would there be a Duck Tales-esque money bin to swim in? Would I find a secret closet of anti-Irish propaganda? No, because these are stupid questions. But when I walked into the lobby of the building, I clearly saw an old, bronze sign welded to the wall which read, "Newsboys, peddlers, and solicitors must keep out." I quickly chugged the remainder of my cocaine-laced cure-all potion and went down to meet the boss.

She was a nice middle-aged lady, and smelled like the flowery potpourri perfume all women begin to cloak themselves in as they close in on the age of 50 in order to keep away rapists and grandchildren. I thought I was going in for an interview, but it turned out that I was actually hired, and was technically starting my first day. She asked me if I would be able to work immediately, and that's when I got my first *Dead Zone* flash of panic. Somehow I knew all along how this was going to turn out, but I couldn't stop myself completely. "Um... yeah, I have a few errands today, but tomorrow is fine." The small, wet naked child representing my freedom was running towards a Slip-N-Slide while holding upwards-pointing scissors, and I could only watch in horror as the tragic events played out. The rest of the day was spent quietly mourning the death of my free time (drinking).



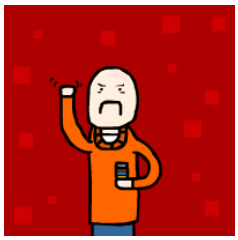
Soon, I was in a massive, cream-colored cubicle, awaiting instructions on what to do next besides quietly fart into the plush seat of my office chair. I don't mean to brag, but I have a work ethic - not because I enjoy slaving away for some vague purpose, but because doing stuff at my job prevents co-workers from hating me. Also, keeping occupied helps me forget that my hours of labor all contribute to one CEO's mission to light his illegal cigars with $1000 bills instead of just $100 bills; it's the principle this country was founded on. Someone working their last week at a job before leaving for a competing business has none of this "work ethic" of which I speak. This is exactly the type of person who "trained" me, and by "train" I mean "act like a complete dick whenever I ask a simple question, all while tagging all responses with 1000 variations of the word 'bro.' "

During the first week I took the initiative to train myself. Left alone all day, I pored over product manuals and waded through an endless sea of acronyms. After 32 hours of work, I finally figured out my job had something to do with money. This was the first step. A search for my supervisor to confirm this fact revealed that he was gone forever - and without so much as a farewell "Broenheimer!" Who would patronize me now?

Let me make one thing clear. At this job I did *absolutely nothing*. And when I say this, I don't mean it in a cutesy, "Oh, ho! My job is cushy!" way. I mean it *literally*. If you looked into my cubicle during any given workday and didn't know any better, you'd swear I was an unpaid Wikipedia

researcher, because all I did was browse it and the handful of sites the office computers didn't block. This task was coupled with hours of trying to figure out how to sleep while sitting up. Pooping at work turned into locking myself in a bathroom and playing marathon sessions of *Mr. Driller* on my cell phone (which has many correlations to pooping, if you think about it). In the face of no supervision, I didn't know what to do. While my co-workers spent the minutes of free time they had idly bouncing balls off the walls of their cubicle like The Cooler King, I was bringing in and finishing multiple novels in the course of a workday. When co-workers would notice my behavior, they'd raise an eyebrow as if they were thinking, "Hmm. A book. Now where have I seen one of those before?" But even though books are a magic train to the perverted world of personal imagination, they could not help me escape the crushing boredom that felt like carbon monoxide poisoning, except without the sweet release of death at the end.

This made it all the easier for me to notice the depressing office environment, where the sense of quiet desperation in the air is more noticeable than the constant hum of the fluorescent lights. To be able to communicate in an office you need a comprehensive knowledge of *Lost*, *Desperate Housewives*, *American Idol*, and *Grey's Anatomy*, as 99.9% of all awkward, forced office conversations are about these programs (the other .1% consists of sexual harassment and the noises made by at-work blowjobs). Clearly, I did not fit in with this group, and my feeble attempts to relocate *Gilligan's Island* plots to *Lost* all resulted in failure. "Hey, remember when that astronaut showed up and that fat guy hit the other guy with his hat and they wanted off the island?" I blame myself for not running out of there screaming on my first day after one of my co-workers decided to take a casual attitude towards work by turning on some awful FM radio station and playing a "guess the band" trivia game with classic rock. These people were turning my new job into a car ride with my step-dad.



Luckily, a certain co-worker broke up the workplace banality. I'll call him Angry Jeb, because for some godforsaken reason, that's his name: Jeb - a name so hillbilly that it actually rhymes with "overalls." I'm not at all worried about him finding this article because science has proven that it's physically impossible for him to navigate to any web site except ESPN.com. Please note that his name is actually James, but he prefers to be called "Jeb." This says more than any comprehensive psychological case study ever could.

Jeb was unique in that he got incredulous and angry if you didn't share the same opinion as he did about something, no matter how trivial the subject matter. And when I say "angry," I mean "rape you just to prove a point" angry. This happened often as Jeb's opinions were of the "syphilitic mind" variety. Allow me to transcribe one of our conversations.

The most notable Angry Jeb interaction was on the subject of beer. I was joking with a co-worker about Natural Light (AKA "Natty Light"), a notoriously awful beer that isn't consumed by anyone over the age of twelve. As we joked about how awful it was, Angry Jeb interjected.

- I beg to differ.

- What?

- What you said about Natty Light. You're wrong. *I beg to differ.*

- You're going to have to beg pretty hard, because that beer is awful.

- No it's not. It's just like in college; you grab a case and you're good to go. I don't drink anything else. Nothing wrong with that. Why would you drink anything else?

Let me interrupt this conversation by further describing Natty Light for those of you who have been fortunate enough to avoid it. In fact, the best way to let you know how Natty Light tastes is to give you a recipe so you can try it for yourself.

1. Fill a glass halfway with fresh toilet water
2. Fill the rest of the glass with your own pee.

You see, Natty Light doesn't even have the common decency to taste like straight-up urine. But let's continue.

- Well I drink all kinds of different beer like New Castle, Yeungling-

- Hold it right there. I don't drink anything made in *Pittsburgh.* I won't even eat Heinz Ketchup.

- Is this some sort of football rivalry thing?

- NO I JUST HATE THAT FUCKING CITY.

Ah, Angry Jeb. His bizarre sense of male stoicism and enjoying nothing in life never failed to fill me with feelings of astonishment and wanting to kill myself. But what was I going to do with the remaining 8.5 hours of my workday?

As I explained before, this job took place in a skyscraper that is 100 years old. And since few people are clamoring for office space in century-old buildings in Youngstown, Ohio, I spent a great deal of time exploring the building and documenting my findings. Since 10% of the building was renovated and 90% was not, it was like my workplace was Boringtown, USA, but surrounded by Silent Hill. Of course, this meant hundreds of doors with broken locks and rapists with giant knives chasing me down empty hallways, but anyone who lives in Youngstown will tell you that this is just how we live.

Large sections of the bank were reserved to hold giant, mangling pieces of banking machinery , while the rest of the building seemed to be part of a scientific experiment documenting how long it took for a building to implode of its own free will. The Post Office also seemed to have used this building for their own testing purposes: Mr. Zip stickers were posted in each and every hallway, reminding people to use Zip codes as if they were a new concept the retarded American public could not grasp. But perhaps my greatest find was a secret room on the roof, full of records not dating past the Truman administration. This room was different from the rest, with hardwood floors and what must have once been a much nicer decor, quite possibly not rotting off of the walls at one point in time. In one end of the room, the ceiling held a giant, boarded-up skylight, and in the other end, a three-foot tall alcove was carved into the wall, containing what must have been some sort of bathroom. As I would come to this room daily to sit and ponder why such a small bathroom would exist on the rooftop of a bank, I had no idea that this area was used for ghost storage and my daily visits were letting them all out. So I figured that this was a very good time to quit.

My story does have a happy ending, though. Despite still being unemployed, I made it into the grad

school of my choice and will be headed there in the fall. Youngstown is now full of angry, violent ghosts, but we're managing to get by. And as for angry Jeb? Well, rumor has it that at this very moment he is concocting a plan to give City of Pittsburgh a *wicked* dropkick. Angry Jeb, keep chasing that dream.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.27 The Great American Reach Around - New England & Canada

Friday, Apr 27, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

The Great American Reach Around returns with week three of our coverage of the Northeast United States and week five of our adventure across the United States.

This time we will be concluding our tour of the Northeast with stops throughout New England. We won't be stopping in Maine, because when people are asked to remember Maine they are being asked to remember a ship that exploded in Cuba. Nobody remembers the state of Maine except for the Canadians complaining about all of the criminals sneaking across the border and patronizing their strip clubs.

Speaking of Canada, our foreign representatives this week hail from our frozen neighbors to the north. In an odd coincidence based largely on my total lack of Canadian geography, both of our Canadian representatives are from the complete opposite side of Canda to New England. My cute little geographic gamesmanship has been ruined, but that shouldn't put a damper on your enjoyment!

Thanks to Mr_Smashy from Edmonton and Shawn Vulliez from Vancouver for their contributions!

We begin, as usual, in sweet home America, with the undisputed king city of New England; Boston.

Boston, Massachusetts

An article about Boston is essentially an article about the eastern half of Massachusetts, as the city's gargantuan metropolitan area extends beyond the borders of the state itself in almost every direction. It would not surprise me if there are millions of annoying Red Sox fans living in an underwater suburb in Boston Harbor beating the crap out of gay fish people.

Boston is the capital of Massachusetts, the state's largest city, and the 11th largest city in the United States. Citizens of Boston, such as they are, speak an easily-recognizable dialect known as Boston English. This basically means that they call sub sandwiches "grinders"

and generally sound retarded whenever they say a word with the letter "a" in it somewhere. That's just fine by Bostonians, because like a good southern drawl it lulls the person they are talking to into a false sense of intellectual superiority. That's when they beat the crap out of the homos.

Bostonians are rampant fans of the Boston Red Sox baseball franchise. This was fine as long as the Red Sox were hapless underdogs playing under a curse placed upon them by famous voodoo practitioner Babe Ruth. As soon as the Red Sox won a World Series everyone went back to hating the Red Sox and their insufferable fans.

Fans of book learnin' and culture will find something to love in Boston as it has roughly one college or university for every ten inhabitants. Both Harvard and Brown are located within the metropolitan area and the Skull and Bones is strongly considering opening a franchise within the city. There are also a lot of historic buildings and museums in Boston, so go stare at a painting or something you freakin' retard.

Fans of murderin' should look elsewhere. In the 1980s Boston's crime rate soared to include about 150 murders annually, but crime rates plummeted throughout the 1990s and into the present day. These days only about 30 people are brutally murdered every year, making Boston one of the least murdery major urban areas in the United States.

Boston has enjoyed increasing economic success and prestige in recent years. So much success, in fact, that the city began one of the largest public works projects in the history of the world.

Boston's "Big Dig" was initially budgeted at 2.8 billion dollars and sought to reroute Interstate 93 through downtown Boston using various tunnels and bridges. The Big Dig became a disruptive public spectacle for over 12 years and the name has become synonymous with waste and incompetence.

When the project was completed, pretty much, in 2006, it had ballooned to almost six times its original budget, with lawsuits and even a few deaths thrown into the mix for good measure. Bostonians can enjoy all of the money, toil and inconvenience by saving almost a full half minute on their daily commutes.

Alright, time to leave the Hub and check out the rest of this retarded region.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire

New Hampshire is one of two states (along with neighbor Vermont) that occasionally makes little baby noises about leaving the Union. Both New Hampshire and Vermont are fiercely independent and proud states with histories that reach back to the early days of the 17th century.

New Hampshire is also host to the Free State Project. Begun in 2003, the project's plan was to settle New Hampshire with 20,000 libertarians and change its political climate. So far it has proved to be a resounding success, with almost 200 libertarians moving to the state amid resentment from the locals who dislike interference from outsiders.

Sometimes known as a "South Park Republican", a libertarian is what happens when a liberal becomes too rich and self-centered - or too obsessed with guns - to care about anything else. Every year they toy briefly with voting for a Libertarian Party candidate and then they realize that the candidate is the guy that lives in the mountains and eats cats, so they compromise 90% of their stated beliefs to vote for a Republican. There are approximately 500 libertarian voters in the United States, yet there are strangely almost five million libertarians on the Something Awful Forums.

Portsmouth is an idyllic city on the Atlantic coast of New Hampshire that dates back to the earliest colonial days of North America. About half of the structures in Portsmouth are either museums or they are considered historic and have little plaques next to the door. It's the sort of town where you wouldn't be surprised to see a sailor in a rain coat with a corncob pipe clenched between his teeth walking out of a scented candle store.

Everyone in Portsmouth is white, providing visitors the rare opportunity to become a victim of random violent crime at the hands of a Caucasian. There's nothing quite like being held up at gunpoint by a silver-haired man named Ichabod wearing a cable knit sweater on a crisp autumn morning.

Truly, Portsmouth is a living time capsule of New England culture. It's as if it was frozen in time at the turn of the 20th century, which makes sense considering nothing notable has happened there since 1905.

Vermont is pretty much the same as New Hampshire, just replace libertarians with maple syrup. Trust me, you'll thank me later.

New Haven, Connecticut

New Haven, or just "Yale" if you'd prefer, is one of the largest cities in Connecticut and its cultural centerpiece. It is home to Yale University and a number of other completely worthless universities that do not have secret societies where you get to drink the actual blood of Christ from a crystal skull.

Yale, for those not familiar, is the higher education version of anti-matter to Harvard's matter. When they come in contact with one another they're either going to destroy the world or sit around and make fun of the dweebs at Brown and Dartmouth.

Much of America's political elite has passed through the halls of Yale, truly great men like Dick Cheney, Joseph Lieberman, John Kerry, and Gerald Ford. Both George Bushes and both Clintons also attended Yale. Basically, we have Yale to thank for more than a quarter century of mediocrity.

Outside of Yale and the many, lesser, institutions in New Haven there are a lot of great things to do like your laundry, getting drunk, drinking coffee, or buying overpriced books.

You could also pay a visit to one of several museums dedicated to the assholes that we have to pretend are great to make ourselves feel better about our heritage. Hey, remember Eli Whitney? Yeah, the guy that invented the cotton gin and saved the proud institution of slavery! There is a museum for him! There's also a lighthouse and a bunch of 20 year old pricks that will try to buy weed from you.

The one good thing about New Haven is that even though it's fairly modest in size, basically every major rock band ever plays the city. How can they pass up an entire population of college kids?

Oh yeah, and there are townies too, but New Haven has spent over half a century rotting away into obsolescence. It's really only started to make a comeback since, well, guys who went to Yale started getting elected president one after another.

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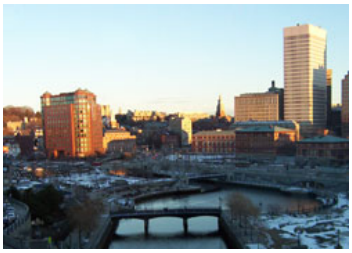
We're not quite done with New England just yet!

Providence, Rhode Island



Providence is the capital of Rhode Island and the state's largest city. It is located at the head of Narragansett Bay and has been an important shipping and industrial center for roughly 400 years. Providence is home to Brown University and was once home to bedridden and racist horror writer H.P. Lovecraft and his cat Niggerman. Providence is also a rotten shit hole that ranks fourth highest in the nation by percentage of population living in poverty.

If Boston or Portsmouth represents the friendlier side of New England and colonial history, then Providence is the creepy Dutch sailor waiting in a cobblestone alleyway to murder you with a hatchet by gaslight. It is steeped in history and its Downcity area is lousy with beautiful historic buildings.

Providence began its decline in the early 1920s, before the Great Depression, and it really was in on that decline thing for the long haul. From the closing of textile mills, foundries and dockyards to the rise of the Italian mob, the city suffered heavily all the way up to the 1980s. Much of it fell into disrepair and crime rates - still fairly high - spiraled out of control.

The city has struggled back, slowly, from the brink and long term revitalization projects are only now beginning to show signs that Providence may actually have a bright future ahead. As for the now, visitors to Providence can check out Federal Hill and take a look at the scenic abandoned lots, interstate and train tracks, or cruise over to Elmwood where if you're lucky you can find one of the derelict mansions that is slowly being restored.

Okay, maybe it's not quite apocalyptically bad. We'll save that for Baltimore.

Now is the part where our foreign friends step in and offer us a look at their homeland. This time around we do not have to journey far, physically or spiritually, to visit our friends in Canada.

It's time to get our glass of rum and pay a visit to those greasy bastards.

Mr_Smashy

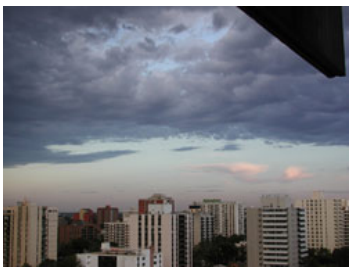
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

What do people from Edmonton think of Americans? I'm not sure that we do. Most of us seem too busy trying to buy a larger truck.

The northern most major city in North America, Edmonton is like one of those wild prairie roses advertised on our provincial license plates; however instead of petals it has knives, a tremendous amount of oil boom money, and shitty weather that changes widely like Jonathan Winters if he went on a manic coke binge. At least it's a dry heat/freeze/upside down flying hail that is made out of bees and soy.

Is there anywhere that better represents the worst excesses of sub-urban sprawl, a complete lack of long term planning, and the kind of architectural unity of vision only available in the drawings of a pre-schooler? Maybe, but Edmonton must be a close second. The city is as spread out like an unconscious drunk girl at a creepy frat party. Urban living here simply means that you just have to drive further to find a hardware store. AND DRIVE YOU MUST! Thankfully our glut of automobiles and angry drivers means that we will be well prepared for the inevitable Road-Warrior like future of roving gas banditry.

It is also the capital of the Province of Alberta that is quaintly - and only somewhat incorrectly - referred to as the Texas of Canada by the rest of the country. This is possibly because of its relative oil wealth, comparatively 'right-wing' politics, and perceived deluge of cowboys and cowboy fashion fetishists so plentiful that Heaven's Gate could have been filmed twice. But these misconceptions aren't really accurate for Edmonton.



Edmonton is to the rest of Alberta as Austin is to the rest of Texas...if Austin is a poorly designed, blue-collar town filled with unmet expectations and a good research university. I honestly don't know, as I have never been to Austin. In fact, Edmonton has a long history of being the relatively left-wing member of the "Alberta Bunch". Everyone might blame it on the university if they thought about it ...but it doesn't really matter since it doesn't seem to have any effect on the one party state we've enjoyed provincially for the last 40+ years.

It's also an ugly city. Notoriously so. Additionally, the city suffers from a collective gigantism that may be the result of the influence of the local Ukrainian population - whose disproportionate representation led nickname of Edmonchuk. For example, we (and the surrounding Ukrainians hinterlands) have such objects as the world's biggest non-operable when it was supposed to be operable pan flute, the world's biggest pyrogy on a fork (with butter!), world's biggest Ukrainians sausage, world's biggest pysanka (Ukrainian Easter egg), world's biggest boot, world's biggest bat, world's biggest mushrooms, and for a while the

world's biggest mall. That last one is better known as West Edmonton Mall: a mall so needlessly big that it has replaced our downtown as the shopping center of the city.

However, it is true that - like the rest of the province - Edmonton is enjoying the high life thanks to high oil prices and the extra investment and spending it brings. This means that the city is again having another one of its poorly thought-out growth spurts, and will undoubtedly look even more like a hobo's asshole when all is said and done. People are inexplicably moving here to grab some of that sweet oil cash and downtown no longer feels like no man's land on a Saturday night. When the inevitable crash comes, we will likely try and subsist by selling giant versions of things and city nicknames.

Once nicknamed the City of Champions during a particularly successful decade for our local sports teams...I think by Edmontonians only...the city is now more commonly referred to as Stabmonton (a relatively new name based on the perceived amount of stabbings) or Deadmonton (due to the perceived number of undead who stalk our streets at night...or maybe it's the feeling that the city is boring as compared to...I dunno...a gay circus clown).

Do I seem down on my hometown? Its part of the love-hate or hate-hate relationship that many Edmontonians - new and old - have with this humble northern berg. In fact, leaving Edmonton, or thinking of leaving Edmonton, or talking about thinking about leaving Edmonton, seems to be as fashionable amongst the young, talented and ambitious of this city the way jaunty hats were back around the turn of the 20th century. It has never quite clear why, but many of us just get an urge to migrate like Salmon. While this effect has been abated for the moment by the current boom, it remains a common theme...a motif, even.

To its credit, Edmonton has supplied a number of other municipal centers with a steady supply of its most creative and ambitious, who run screaming from the clear and present threat of failure/disappointment/unfulfilled potential. The city also has The Edmonton Oilers, a hockey team that was once a proud hockey dynasty that included Wayne Gretzky. Now it gets by on little more than the fan's inability to 'get over it'. Edmonton also has an uncharacteristically beautiful river valley that runs through the middle of the city. Of course, it is the largest (or soon to be expanded in to the largest) contiguous parkland in North America.

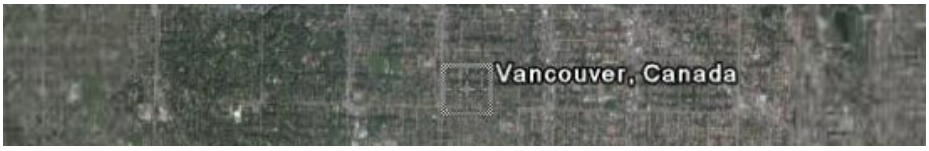
Edmonton tries to jam all of its fun into the summer by having a festival or two nearly every week where the sun is regularly expected to raise temperatures above shitty degrees below zero. This leaves the winter a desolate fun-less landscape. It is comparable to the fat kid who eats all his cookies at once rather than spacing them out, and then is left to suffer, cookie-less, for the majority of the time. This is why Edmonton has also been nicknamed the Festival City.

Two of the most well attended are the Edmonton Fringe Theatre festival (the largest Fringe in North America...surprise, surprise.) and Heritage Days. Heritage Days where everyone gets together to celebrate each other's "heritage" by eating each other's traditional meat on a stick while wandering around to see if they accidentally put the Israel tent next to the Arabic tent again...or if the Scottish tent has stopped fighting with other tents enough to be unbanned.

Edmonton also has Whyte Avenue, our designated civil unrest zone. About the liveliest most interesting area of the city when I first started university, it has since become the liveliest center for testosterone and violence, as well as the site of a couple of really kicking

'riots'. We had a big one on Canada in the early 2000s, and a weeklong series of smaller almost-riots and abuse by police following Edmonton's last failed bid for Hockey's prized Stanley Cup. I'm sure someone has some really great riots planned for the future. Maybe we'll riot until someone nicknames us 'riot city'.

When people think of Edmontonians they may think of an ignorant redneck, sitting around, drunkenly eating pyrogies while shirtless. This incorrect. Edmontonians are generally well to moderately educated, and would likely be wearing an Oiler's jersey while enjoying their pyrogies and beer.



Shawn Vulliez

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

I live in Vancouver, Canada, or as some mediocre journalists call it, 'Hollywood North'. It got this title because a surprising amount of terrible shows and movies are filmed here. Alien Vs. Predator? White Noise? Yeah, that was us, bitch. Watch the fuck out, Hollywood South, because you've got competition. Northern competition! In between years of terrible American movies and worse Canadian television shows being filmed here, we somehow got chosen to be the location for the 2010 winter Olympics, which will do wonders for our already booming economy (Or should I say weed-conomy?).

There is a lot of controversy surrounding this issue, and I suppose that is likely a result of the stereotypical Canadian hate for all sports that don't involve rocks. In their attempts to foil the committee's plans, they vandalized a 20 foot tall clock that had an Olympic countdown on the face of it. For a day, the whole city was in chaos because no one could remember how far away 2010 was. Must have been smoking too much doobies, it seems! Vancouver loves it's partially decriminalized drugs!

Another feature of the land I call home is a place called Science World, is a giant white sphere that used to be filled with pure, unfiltered science. However, now it is filled with consumerism and sub-par internet access, as it has been renamed the 'Telus World of Science'. I once went to Science world and saw the insides of a man's gonads. It wasn't an unpleasant experience but I won't do it again. I think an Olympic sport will be played there, an Olympic sport called "Giant Man Golfing" because a giant man could use it pretty effectively as a golf ball. It would only take one hit of BC bud to giant this giant man blazed.

As of late there has been a big news story involving a kindly old man named "Robert Pickton" who killed 49 prostitutes in the last 15 years. He's like a modern-day jack the ripper, except instead of slicing open prostitutes and stealing their lady parts he shoots them in the vagina with a revolver attached to a dildo. Canadians are friendly!

Most Canadians don't like America because America is a jerk to everybody and eats poo and such, but I do. I have a secret boner for the USA, because without it I would never be entertained. I don't care about political issues, (such as the fact the current administration is a failure on almost every

level), I'll leave that highbrow stuff to black and white comics in the newspaper. I like America because without them I would have nothing to watch on TV, and I would have no one to make fun of on my terrible T-shirts. I like America because without it, the world would realize that Canada is just as wasteful and gluttonous as America, and then they would blame us for their problems instead of the USA.

A lot of people allegedly think that Canada is a frozen wasteland full of Eskimos and lumberjacks, where we live in igloos and ride polar bears to work. I wish this were true but all we are is a slightly colder, bigger, emptier version of America that gets everything you get 4 months later. And they are called Inuits, not Eskimos, eh?

Did you see that? My use of "eh?", that's what Canadians do. We say "eh", all the time. That's like our thing. If you watched Royal Canadian Air Farce you would understand. You wouldn't laugh at it, but you would understand.

I hope you have enjoyed this edition of the Great American Reach Around. My thanks, as usual, to our foreign representatives as well as all of the understanding people in the regions we covered.

Next week we will begin our long journey south!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.28 Internet Guide Presents Tonight's Programming Schedule

Saturday, Apr 28, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Website	12:00 A.M.	12:30 A.M.
Google	After running a search on her own name for the fifth time today, a bored woman Googles **"google" -google** and disappears in the resulting resonance cascade. She never dies or ages, but replays her last .05 seconds on Earth (the exact time it took for Google to return her results) for all of eternity in the cosmic equivalent of a perpetual motion record player with a scratched album laying upon the turntable.	Google's resident artist uploads the day's colorful Google logo to commemorate the passing of Princess Diana. The O's in the word "Google" double as her breasts, which are disturbingly full and perky. Moments later, Todd Goldman saves the image, cuts the "G" and "gle" from the sides and recolors what's left. It becomes a new t-shirt design with the caption "Party Princess", available at fine malls and art galleries everywhere.
YouTube	A man uploads a video of himself crossing his eyes at his webcam and sits back, preparing to bask in the glow of internet superstardom.	He becomes the most famous and respected person in the world.

Website	12:00 A.M.	12:30 A.M.
Penny Arcade	Today's comic about ping pong is uploaded, accompanied by yet another account of a real-life ping pong match in Tycho's update. Gabe follows this up with photographs of the new golden ping pong paddle he bought and a drawing of a Troll from World of Warcraft playing ping pong. The comic's total earnings pass the $5 million mark.	Clarence Schillinger, writer and artist of the long-running but wildly unsuccessful webcomic "Two Funny And Sarcastic Guys Who Play Ping Pong", commits suicide.
Digg	A news story is posted about a child molestor who photographed his victims and posted them on his personal website.	Sixteen comments are made in reply, all of which are variations on "Child mostetation isn't that big a deal, there are people dying in Africa" and "Those pictures are horrible, he should have used a $7,000 Canon EOS-1DS like the one I have", only with way worse grammar and punctuation.
Amazon	A new "Buy together!" offer is added to the site: Purchase the audiobook version of Maddox's The Alphabet Of Manliness along with a pair of Quiet Disposable Earplugs and save $5!	Due to an remarkably complicated typo, the product "Amazon.com - All of it, the whole company: Only 1 in stock" is put on the website with a listed price of three dollars. Members of the coupon site Fatwallet.com wait patiently, holding out hope for a promo code to knock 10% off the price.
Something Awful	After posting my front page update, I realize that the complete lyrics for "Last Resort" by Papa Roach have somehow slipped into another update. For the sixth week in a row, I remove it before too many people manage to catch the mistake.	Having spent the past three months hyping an upcoming video game and interacting with its developers on the forums, a goon downloads the ISO from a newsgroup, then plays it for all of two minutes before deciding the game is pure shit because he *a) doesn't like cel chading* or *b) was really hoping it would feature ironsights instead of a crosshair targeting system.* The next three months of his posting career will be devoted to making fun of this game at every opportunity.

Website	12:00 A.M.	12:30 A.M.
MySpace	A band creates an account and spams thousands of peoples' Comments boards with exciting news about the upcoming cd they recorded with Jerry's laptop microphone.	Said band breaks up when they can't agree on which user icon best fits the image they want to project: A photo of a woman in a bikini with one of their friends' heads poorly photoshopped on top or an animated gif of a stick figure hitting himself in the crotch with a pair of nunchucks.
Fark	Dozens of people spend their free time scouring the internet for stories about other people doing questionable things, then submit these stories with the caption "Still no cure for cancer", blissfully unaware of the irony.	Drew Curtis turns his monitor off and rises, kicking his roller chair backward with a heavily armored foot. A twisted smile swims within the dark recesses of his greathelm as he effortlessly strides through the bedroom wall and onto the front lawn. A plastic pink flamingo lays twisted and trampled in his wake, his first victim. The past ten years have lead to this. This is the night.
DeluxePass **(not work safe)**	A young man finally completes his mission of downloading every single adult video from the network, which comes to 15 terabytes of softcore, hardcore, lesbian, gay, cartoon, and bondage action. Only at this moment does he realize that he might have a problem.	He installs DivX, and now the videos play just fine. Problem solved.
The Internet Movie Database	Angstrom Levy, who has long considered Dog Day Afternoon his favorite movie of all time, is amazed to learn that the film is rated 8.1 stars while Forrest Gump has a rating of 8.3 stars. He has no choice but to accept Forrest Gump as his new favorite movie.	IMDB's database editor receives his monthly bribe to keep Doom House listed.
TorrentSpy	In the comments section for a torrent of Windows Vista Ultimate Edtion (BadBoyz), torrentlvr posts: "how do i open isos in winamp someone fuckin tell me now its a emergency also i need winamp"	A torrent containing a legal, free to distribute program is mistakenly posted. The uploader's account is banned. It will take months for the community to recover.
Wizards Of The Coast	When the site comes under DOS attack, the administrator rolls a natural d20 and is bewildered when it has no effect.	Coming to his senses, the admin repels the attack by tapping one Forest land card and casting Wall Of Blossoms.

Website	12:00 A.M.	12:30 A.M.
Old Man Murray	I load the site, futilely hoping for a new update.	*(repeat)*
World Of Warcraft	One subscriber totally sticks it to Blizzard by posting the following in the forums: "i played wow since launch three years ago and now im bored. you stink and i would cancel my subscription if i hadn't bought seven years worth of time cards at walmart."	Blizzard officially closes down World Of Warcraft and refunds all 8.5 million subscriptions, citing "extremely low morale and deep shame" as the cause.
eBay	New item up for auction: Every moment of your life that has been wasted by people showing you "funny" auctions from eBay.	April Maybury from Denver, Colorado wins the auction by using the "Buy it now" option. In three days she will realize that she didn't read the description thoroughly, and that the auction was only for the box the item came in.
Official Web Site Of Iowa Corn	Opportunities are created for long-term Iowa corn grower profitability.	Those hotshots from Nebraska Corn steal the profitability plans from Iowa Corn's website, then go cruising in their Ferraris.
How Stuff Works	A scientist looks up "cure for cancer" and finds what he has been searching for over the past thirteen years. An article detailing a remarkably simple way of wiping out the disease with a mixture of readily available soft drinks has been hidden away on the site since 1998. He pumps his fist excitedly and prepares his printer.	The scientist lays dead in his apartment. On his computer screen is an article entitled "How Printer Cartridges Work" which is, in fact, displaying the contents of "How Autoerotic Asphyxiation Works" due to a database error.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.29 A Guide to Gracefully Losing an Internet Argument

Sunday, Apr 29, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

If you are right now (at this very moment) reading an article on a comedy website, then chances are you've been in at least one argument on the internet. Arguing on the internet is a high-stakes battle of the wits between two anonymous combatants and anyone else that feels like typing a whole bunch about a TV show or a video game. As minutes turn to hours, and a single refresh turns into a constant pounding on the F5 button like the low, hungry beating of the drums of war, internet arguing can become a uniquely stressful and thrilling pastime in which you will probably lose.

The fact is, nine times out of ten, the other person will either back you into a corner with irrefutable logic, or, more likely, keep you at it until your fingers give out from the strain while he has been secretly using a deadly combination of voice recognition software and cough drops to outlast you. At this point, you face the inevitable: losing an internet argument.

But the inevitable doesn't have to be the unenviable! Everyone respects a really good entrance or exit. You're already too late for that first one, but here, just your luck, is a chance at that second one. Losing an internet argument with grace can put you so far ahead on the secret internet score sheet that not even a direct order from Bill Gates himself could keep you off the internet high score board.

How do you go about doing this? I am *so* glad you asked: **1. Point out that everyone else posting is a giant nerd because they are posting on the internet.**

You've spent the last three hours feverishly checking the thread on Playstation 3 sales figures and responding to every criticism, and at this point even you have to admit that they have you backed into a corner. Think twice about that, champ! What you have to remember is that anyone who argues about stuff online is a nerd. And by anyone, conveniently enough, I mean anyone but you.

It's time to remind them what giant nerds they are, and also that you are not a giant nerd. You are an internet superstar, one of the few and proud, and you have simply briefly stooped to their level in order to lead them up towards yours. Kind of like a saint, or one of those Buddhist people who teach white guys kung fu.

Examples:

> **Bad:** God, look at how nerdy we're all being. Including me. I'm nerdy too.
>
> **Good:** Nice post about video games there, nerd. I copied your post and pasted it in Word and then I ran word count and found out you had 300 words in your post. Three hundred whole words about video games. Ha ha. Great job there nerd. Is it hard to play video games through your thick glasses that are constantly being broken by jocks? I know how that is...for the jock. Because you're a nerd and I'm an awesome jock.

2. Post lots and lots of words about something trivial.

The more trivial the subject, the more words you are going to have to post here. If you're discussing the recent firing of several federal attorneys, for instance, you can get away with a paragraph or two with no swearing. If you're discussing whether Chrono Cross was a successful game on its own merits despite clearly not being as good as Chrono Trigger, then you are going to have to pull out

the internet forum's equivalent of War and Peace, except you aren't allowed to put paragraph breaks and you have to swear a lot and put the swear words in CAPITALS so it reads like you said the entire thing in one breath and shouted every few words.

This shows that you have passion. Passion is a manly trait, and men are basically cool. I'm talking about a man's man here. A man willing to break it down and get emotional about Shadow of the Colossus. You know who you are. Give me a pound of your fist on your monitor. If you break it, it's ok. That just means you don't know your own strength because there is too much testosterone pumping passionately through your bloodstream. **Examples:**

> Since it's all about length, a bad example would be anything short and a truly good example would pump this article's length up by about 1000-3000 words.

3. Tell everyone you are arguing with how little you care about the argument.

This is especially effective as a one-two punch with posting a lot of words. You have proved you are passionate, but men aren't just passionate. They also are stoic, and when there is danger they narrow their eyes and smoke cigarettes. The problem with this aspect of manliness is that narrowing your eyes and smoking cigarettes is very difficult to portray over the internet, although there are probably some emoticons that can help out.

The best alternative then is to follow up your essay on Dragonball Z playing cards with a coda in which you explain that you did not care about all those words you just posted. **Examples:**

> **Bad:** I am literally crying right now. There are tears all over my keyboard because I am crying all over it. My keyboard is going to break because I can't stop weeping all over myself and it.
>
> **Good:** Haha ok, I didn't know you'd react so strongly. It's just the internet. Who cares? I don't. Do you care? You probably do. You're a woman, I am a man. I don't care about things.

You think I care for such mortal things?

4. You were only playing devil's advocate/trying to piss people off/controlling their emotions like the puppet master you are.

You may have lost the war, but great news! You didn't want to win anyway. In fact, you lost intentionally, so by winning they are actually doing exactly what you wanted them to do. They're

like tiny ants that you can crush, except they are about the same size as you (maybe on average a little bigger).

Examples:

> **Bad:** I meant every word of this thread. I was trying to get you guys to like me. The only puppet here is me :(
>
> **Good:** Wow you guys seem pretty angry at me. I bet you're all fuming and drooling over your keyboards because you have a glandular problem that causes uncontrollable spittle production. This is just where I want you, by the way. I entered gimmick mode the moment I saw all you nerds and I just couldn't help but toy with you a little bit. Ok, enjoy your EVE Online thread boys now that I've caused you all run around with it like you were posting as bulls and I was posting as a piece of red cloth. Why don't you pelibeans malt over *that* idea for a while.

5. When finally leaving the argument, make sure to inform them you will be partaking in some sort of basic social function.

The goal here is to not just disappear from the internet for awhile, but make them envious that they aren't disappearing like you are. Try something like: "Listen, if you want to sit around being wrong about the season finale of Avatar: The Last Airbender on a fine Saturday night, you can, but I am going to a bar with people I recently met at work" or "Hey, if you think that's the best strategy for the last level of Battletoads, be my guest, but maybe you can tell me the best strategy for driving to a woman's house to attend a party she is throwing for 50 of her closest friends because that's what I'm doing right after I post this sentence."

What this does quite effectively is establish yourself as someone capable of maintaining real life social contact on some sort of level, which makes you way cooler than all these other freaks who have been arguing anime with you for most of the afternoon. Your case is made even stronger if you can somehow work in some mention of sexual contact or the presence of alcohol, and is significantly weakened if the real life activity is possibly nerdier than arguing with people online.

Examples:

> **Bad:** I am going to an Elfpunk LARPing group that I found on Craigslist. Ha ha. I bet you losers wish you had a big velvet cape like the one I am wearing right now (I am wearing a giant green cape while I'm typing this. Picture that, losers).
>
> **Good:** I'll be up in the club getting wasted on Bacardi Breezers with some hot bitches and they gonna be all up on me, brb.

Important tip!
A bitch is also a female dog, so you might want to clarify the statement by adding something like: "I'm also gonna pour some champagne all over them bitches' tits, they ain't no female dogs if you know what I mean."

Another important tip!
The word ho does not present the same problem despite its misleading pronunciation. It is actually spelled differently than the gardening tool.

6. Post a really hot picture of yourself flexing your pecs while shirtless.

Note: This only works if you actually are hot/have pecs. I found that out the hard way.

If you have any questions about my methods, please email me at maxnmona@somethingawful.com. For now, I'm going to be at a bar watching two chicks have a make-out contest in a giant vat of beer and the prize is sleeping with me and they're both gonna win.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

4.30 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Christian Complaint Box

Monday, Apr 30, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

Last Christmas a brown person at Sam's Club wished me "Happy Holidays" right in front of my children. Now I got my CCW and my USP with Federal Hydrashock rounds, but I'm wondering when I can just go ahead and plug them for saying that stuff.

The Liberal Atheist war on Christmas is escalatoring every year and well are y'all gonna give a sign when to open fire or what?

Thanks,
Prayin' in El Paso

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I saw what I think was a gay standing next to a big dog yesterday on the street. I don't think gays should be allowed to own a dog. Or maybe just those little dogs. Turtles are okay.

God Bless!
Andy in Arizona

Dear God,

My pastor told me to vote no on preposition 42 that lets scientists do stem cells research. I didn't get why because stems are no big deal and then I read they took the stems out of babies. I guess my question is how does a baby do photosynthesis?

I'll be praying for an answer!
Julie

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

When you're standing in the pool and that water jet is shooting right at your boner is that a sin? I mean, I know it is if you're thinking about sex, but what if you're thinking about Jerusalem?

Dear God,

So what gives with The Rapture, already? I've been gloating to my co-workers for years about how I'm going to get sucked up into heaven and they'll be left with the mess, but I think my gloating would be a lot more spiritually fulfilling if I could actually gloat from up in heaven.

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I was standing in my room yesterday looking out the window and I saw my neighbor's wife take her shirt off. Am I going to hell for that? Is she going to hell even though she didn't know I was looking?

What about if I happened to have sex with my sister after that?

Thanks in advance!

Dear God,

I am worried about heaven. When I get to heaven, I know that there will be no atheists or Muslims or gays to scoff at, and scoffing is one of the real fundamental things about my relationship with God.

Will there maybe be some dinosaurs to scoff at, or something?

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I saw a program on Discovery Health about this girl with two heads. What if one of her heads is gay? Will both heads get to go to heaven? What if the two heads make out?

Perplexed in Peoria

Dear God,

Back in about 1971 I said that Clapton was god. I think that should be OK. And if I don't get into heaven because of that, then frankly you are being a dick.

-Rockfan

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I was reading about Vikings in a book and I know he's not real but it would be really cool if God was okay with me praying to Thor sometimes.

Like right before a battle or something.

Jerrod in Jersey

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I got into an argument with my biology teacher about science. She said that Jupiter isn't against the Bible and I said it is. I will be praying for a good letter to come to me for the school board so they'll make her teach about how Jupiter ain't there.

Fed Up With Planets

Dear God,

I'm worried about how rappers are always thanking You in their award speeches. How serious are they about that? I don't want to get to heaven and watch these animals swipe credit cards down my wife's ass crack all day.

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I'm jealous that the Jews get to be God's chosen people. Hello! Isn't it time to choose some new people? My buddies and I fucking handle poisonous snakes, and we get jack shit!

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

If a computer gets fast enough and it can think like a person can it go to heaven? If it can and it becomes a terminator and it shoots someone who isn't a christian can in still go to heaven? What about if it shoots another computer that is slower and can't think for itself?

Also what is the most Christian video card I can buy for under 100 dollars?

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

Every day I wake up and it makes me so mad that boomerangs mock God's Plan.

Dear God,

We've been having prayer vigils for our troops since 2002. How long should we wait before we start praying to someone else? Can you suggest another God for us? I'm leaning towards Cetan, the Great Hawk of the Lakota, but Jenny thinks we should go with Quetzalcoatl.

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

My mommy took me to a hospital to protest abortions and there was a scary picture of a fetus. I asked mommy what happens when they die and she said they go straight to heaven.

Will they bite me when I go to heaven?

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I read in the newspaper that there are millions of Christians in Africa. I hope they live in their own neighborhoods in heaven otherwise what's the point?

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

I finally saw a picture of a Sloth on the TV and now I understand why they're so evil. They look like a demon Chewbacca!

I'll keep taping nature TV to see a Gluttony.

Dear God,

I've been out of work for about two years now and it's really starting to test me and my family. I'll keep praying for a job, but if you don't come through for me soon I might have to start putting in some applications.

Dear God,

Which maths are okay for me to homeschool my babies in? Addition and multiplication sound okay but I am suspicious of subtraction. It feels very negative to me.

Last year I got half way through geography and I had to spend a week trying to explain Lebanon to my babies. It was a nightmare!

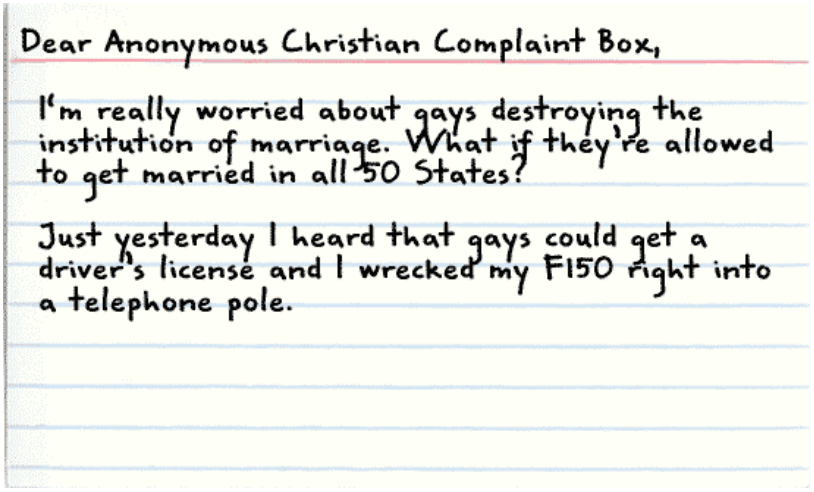
Maths in Memphis

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

My friend Todd thinks Pepsi is more christian than Coke. I'm pretty sure this is fucking bullshit.

Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,

Every day I struggle to reconcile the Christian belief of opening your house to strangers with my fantasies of fighting off the police when they try to execute a search warrant on my basement full of machineguns.


Dear Anonymous Christian Complaint Box,
I'm really worried about gays destroying the institution of marriage. What if they're allowed to get married in all 50 States?
Just yesterday I heard that gays could get a driver's license and I wrecked my F150 right into a telephone pole.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Writ Large is the Declaration of J.F. Swanton

Tuesday, May 01, 2007 by J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

MY LIFE HAS CHANGED IN A WONDERFUL WAY

Oh, my friends, my customers, my patrons who I would love as my own children, if I had any: what glorious news I have!

Any man who has met me- be he a fellow fur trapper, a trembling lawman or one of the rapists and criminals I take pride in serving on a daily basis- can attest to one simple fact: I am an evil man. I relish the cruelty of my profession. Nothing brings me such delight as the keen of stuck boar, the whistle of a squashed beaver, or the musky grunt of a vanquished elk, one whom I have defeated in honorable fisticuffs and whose antler I have torn off with my own rough hands. Though I devote my body wholeheartedly to excellence in the fur trade, my soul has always belonged to the thrill of blood and mutilation.

Until today, that is. Dear customers, I am beside myself with glee as I announce that my soul, from this day forth, belongs to the Lord.

P.B. Fouke, the greatest man I have ever known, the man who shall sit beside me in heaven in our twin bobcat-lined thrones, the man who has been my inspiration, my competition and my most precious friend for nigh unto twenty years, has saved my soul. He has taught me the gospel, and I now serve none but our God.

While I once sought personal glory by engaging in practices whose barbarism far exceeded the imagination of any decent man, I now commit each and every one of my horrifying atrocities solely for the glory of the Lord. Each time I peel the skin from a living fox with my surgically sharpened teeth, I do it for the glory of God. Each time I catch an orphan child in a Potomac Jugular Vice (Catalog No. 159) and laugh uproariously as each panicked heartbeat sprays an ever-dwindling torrent of blood from his neck, I dedicate my peals of mirth to a loving God. When so frequently I run across the icy prairies of Saskatchewan, clothed only in an oily layer of mink blood, shouting blasphemous oaths to the moon above as all of nature trembles before my fury, I pledge my every crazed scream to my merciful Lord.

My evil was once a pointless attack on a world with which I shared a mutual hatred, but no more! My every evil act now has a purpose, and that purpose is to exalt my dear Lord God. For who is a more powerful and righteous God than a God who can continuously forgive the most evil man on Earth? Truly, his mercy is a testament to his power, and each foul deed I commit adds another jewel to his golden throne.

To celebrate the salvation of my eternal soul, I invite my beloved customers to deduct an additional ten percent from my already modest catalog prices.

MY INTEGRITY IS SECOND TO ONE MAN ONLY

I could attempt to claim that I am the most honest man in the fur business, but that would be a lie so heinous that even my loving God would never in his infinite mercy see fit to forgive it. I am the second most honest man in the fur business. My integrity is nearly unparalleled in this world, but there is one man whose integrity is so powerful that he makes all other men look like miserable gnats by comparison. That man is my dear competitor and longtime friend, Mr. P.B. Fouke.

P. B. Fouke, President and Gen. Mgr.

I will bite out the eyeballs of any man who claims that P.B. Fouke has ever told a lie. I will strangle with bailing wire any wretch who dares impugn the integrity of my dearest friend. P.B. Fouke is a coward, a lily-mary, and a poet's son; he is a molly-coddled infant, totally unfit for the fur business; the sight of blood so shocks him that his employees must carry smelling salts upon their persons at all times. But he is not a liar, he is not a cheater, and he treats his idiot customers with the utmost respect.

Oh, but I respect my customers as well. I offer the lowest prices on traps, and I buy your furs for the highest prices in the nation. I will stake my considerable reputation as the world's worst man on the promise that I offer the fairest deals in the industry. I will beat any price offered by P.B. Fouke by fifteen percent, even if I should run myself out of business in doing it. My dealings with customers are as fair and honest as the dealings of any other trapping man, P.B. Fouke included.

But! I am NOT the most honest man in the industry; I broke my word once. You see, I once made a pact with my dearest friend, Mr. P.B. Fouke that if ever he became snared in one of my famously cruel traps, I was to kill him immediately. I gave him my word of honor that I would snuff his candle before the nefarious machine could drive a salted iron spike through the pupil of his eye.

But one Wednesday night nearly a decade ago, I broke that promise. It was after one of our customary Wednesday suppers, a tradition that we uphold to this very day; P.B. Fouke had imbibed perhaps one too many snifters of my famous mooseblood brandy, and was feeling quite a little tipsy. As he stepped onto my well-trapped porch, his stumbling foot planted squarely in the jaw of my Chickahominy Testicle Mauler (Catalog No. 022).

Instantly, he recognized the click of its timing spring (for, you see, one of the cruelest elements of the Chickahominy trap is the anticipation of knowing that your testicles will soon be devoured by the grinder-jaw). His begging and squealing was so pathetic that I could not bear to kill him, especially since the trap had not yet sprung. In a regrettable act of uncharacteristic mercy, I disarmed the trap instead of killing the ninny where he stood. As he clung to me and wept, I vowed never to break a promise to my customers as I had broken a promise to my best friend.

And here's a promise I won't break: I promise that I will honor your requests to deduct another ten percent from my catalog prices, *in addition* to the ten percent you have deducted to celebrate my salvation.

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE OF M.V. FOUKE

If my life holds one regret, it is that I never satisfied my carnal designs with regard to M.V. Fouke, wife of my dear friend P.B. Fouke. Her recent suicide was heartbreaking to me, and I know that it was deeply felt by her husband and children.

However, I have no regret that my secret whisperings caused her to take her own life. While I meant only to shame her into admitting her lust for me, I don't doubt that the power of my words so scandalized her that she was forced to commit suicide, and with good reason. I can only speculate that she felt such deep shame in her marriage to the beardless sissyhammer known as Philip Bond Fouke that she was left with no alternative.

I pray for her soul, and I pray for an expeditious grieving process for my dear friend Philip and his foppish son.

ALL HAVE FAILED TO CLAIM MY BEARD

My agents make daily progress toward claiming the pelt of my most trusted friend, P.B. Fouke, for which I have offered a reward of five hundred dollars. I regret to inform you that the agents of P.B.

Fouke have not enjoyed similar progress in their quest to cut the beard from my face.

P.B. Fouke, a man with a chin as bare as the ass of a newborn, claims that I stole his beard and put it on my own face. I know not what manner of fever dream could inspire such a fantasy, but he is utterly convinced that my beard was once his. Being the fine friends that we are, Mr. Fouke and I have agreed to disagree, and we leave it at that.

I certainly can't blame him for offering a lavish reward for the theft of my beard; if I had the heartfelt conviction that another man had stolen my beard, I would not rest until it was back on my face. Even so, I have a God-given right to defend my whiskers from interlopers, and I have done just that. No less then seven men have died in their attempts to claim my bristles, and I have no doubt that many more shall have fallen by the time you read this.

The man who got furthest in this foolhardy endeavor was none other than P.B. Fouke himself, who masterfully crept past the nearly three hundred traps that line my gardens and succeeded in reaching my chambers. His workmanlike attempt was cut short when he stepped into the Waccamaw Eyebleed Trap (Catalog No. 112) that lies primed by my bedside at all times. Annoyed by his screams, I once again chose to disregard our years-old pact, and I freed my poor friend before the pin reached his brain. After I doctored his ruined eyeball, we stayed up late into the night, drinking and laughing and reminiscing about old times. Although he left beardless and half-blind, we're better friends than ever.

Which is why it so pains me to undercut his business so ruthlessly. In honor of his failure to capture my beard, I invite my customers to deduct yet another ten percent from my catalog prices, in addition to the ten percent deducted in honor of my salvation and the ten percent deducted in penance for a broken promise. Yours faithfully,

J.F. Swanton
President, Swanton Furs

-∼J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

5.2 Live as Lightning is the Motto of P. B. Fouke

Wednesday, May 02, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

P. B. Fouke, President & Gen. Mgr.

STRIKE BOLDLY ONCE AND YOU NEED NOT STRIKE AGAIN

All throughout my life as a dedicated champion of FUR TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS I have lived by this great motto. If a man focuses himself so finely and acutely on one goal, he can accomplish it boldly and swiftly and never have to do it again. I have long personified this motto, working hard to do everything right the first time so that my loyal customers are never inconvenienced or displeased. Failure to do as much is to invite scrutiny and doubt, the twin harbingers of mutiny. Such maleficent forces will never find their way inside the hallowed halls of the Fouke Fur Company, let alone the hearts of its hundreds of thousands of customers. Lightning does not strike twice, and neither do I. P. B. FOUKE GETS THE JOB DONE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

TRUTH SPRINGS ETERNAL FROM THE BOUNDLESS WELL THAT IS P. B. FOUKE

It is an honor to once again address my loyal friends, the hundreds of thousands of trappers and shippers that do business with the Fouke Fur Company. Some of you may have read - and no doubt regret having read - a rival publication's imaginative assertions about my actions and health. I assure you, intrepid readers, that the reports were greatly embellished. I merely went to pay respect to my best friend J. F. Swanton, himself a new and exceptional convert to the Lord's Word. Upon arrival, I moved to present him with a gift in appreciation for his friendship and his willingness to share in my faith. My sudden movements startled him, as all expeditious motions are liable to do in the presence of a fiend. The startled Swanton abruptly stabbed me in the eye with the same writing utensil he uses to scrawl his vicious and demented lies. I am pleased to report that I am fine and that J. F. Swanton GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED HIS GIFT, a rare pelt belonging to the Beast of Exmoor. The tale of how I acquired it pleased him greatly and me in telling it. I do not believe I have seen a smile so jubilant on Swanton's gruesome face since the day of his father's funeral.

While I may now lack depth perception, I assure you that my perception of business is as keen as ever. If anything, it means that I am now TWICE AS EFFICIENT, as I no longer have to process information from two eyes. I thank you, J. F. Swanton, for improving my performance and making me an even better servant to my customers. This gracious gift almost makes up for the theft of my beard. Almost.

I must admit that I enjoyed a spirited bout of laughter over his take on the situation. Wicked though he may be, J. F. Swanton is not without a sense of humor most bold. The notion that one of his

traps could do me in is queerer than the sordid dens of opium he is known to frequent. I pray the Lord does not mistake me for a giant of old given the inhuman abundance of laughter I now find in my possession. It is worth noting that the very man who put such a meager bounty on my skin should fail to claim it. A man who cannot himself do the very act he begs his customers to do is not a good businessman. That he would call for my death and then FAIL TO ACT when given opportunity shows him to be nothing more than a meek and foolish businessman at best.

Furthermore, a scandalmonger such as J. F. Swanton may fruitlessly attempt impugning my masculinity all he wants, but to attack my dearly departed wife crosses A LINE MOST FOUL. My wife, bless her soul, killed herself failing to live up to MY HIGH STANDARDS, not because she was tempted by Swanton's insufferable visage and repulsive musk. That he should call my son foppish and my Civil War veteran father a poet is another depravity altogether, as any man born of Fouke blood is certain to have LIGHTNING COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS. That is why my WORDS are so electric, my PROMISES so striking and my PRICES so shocking.

Brushing aside these minor criticisms, I am quite pleased to welcome J. F. Swanton into the fold of CHRISTENDOM, and look forward to serving the Lord alongside such a dear friend. If he can channel just one ounce of his love for spilling blood and inflicting pain toward spreading the Gospel, then the Lord's Word is in good hands. Brother Swanton, I look forward to seeing you each and every Sunday.

In honor of my dear friend's acceptance of the Lord, I am kindly asking you to DEDUCT thirty five per cent (35%) from all catalogue prices. This may seem unfair to me as a businessman, and you may feel unethical robbing me in such a manner, but I am sworn by sacred oath to give you the best prices humanly possible. I am now also paying an additional twenty-five per cent (25%) for all pristine pelts. LET NO TRAPPER OR SHIPPER EVER SUFFER THE PANGS OF DISSATISFACTION WHEN DEALING WITH THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY.

FOUKE FUR COMPANY, REVERED BY MAN, FEARED BY BEAST

To you, valued reader of the Trappers' Partner, know this: I promise to treat you with the same level of respect and admiration that I show my friend and greatest enemy, J. F. Swanton. I would be honored to give you the BEST EXPERIENCE CONCEIVABLE BY MORTAL MEN, and vow to do everything in my power to make it happen. Other companies and businessmen may claim to have INTEGRITY, but few are true to their word. There is an army of men that numbers in the hundreds of thousands, and each one will personally attest to the quality of MY INTEGRITY. These men are my customers. If you are not one already, I trust that you soon will be.

Its as Sure as Death and Taxes

I am especially pleased to offer a catalogue consisting of only the HIGHEST QUALITY ITEMS AVAILABLE to trappers and shippers. Nowhere else in this world or the next will you find such an invaluable collection of traps, smoke shells, rifles, knives, and more! Many a trapper and shipper have made their fortunes through my company, and I am pleased to have played a small part in their success. I have no doubt that many more, including you, might one day achieve great fortune. It is my personal belief that THE FUR TRADE WILL BE CENTRAL TO THE AMERICAN ECONOMY WELL INTO THE 23RD CENTURY. Many will stake a claim and find success, but many more will be swindled by inferior companies. THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY WILL NEVER FAIL YOU. Should that happen, you have my personal word that I will kill each and every man under my employ before taking my own life. That is, if they do not kill themselves first. I, as all good men know, a life of mistakes is simply not worth living.

THE COMPETITION MAY BE FIERCE IN CHARACTER, BUT NOT IN PRAC-

TICE

You have heard the words of the competition and seen the men that promote them. You no doubt know that such men are at best furnaces of vitriol. Although they may seem fiery and impressive, their sole contribution to the world is but smoke and hot air. You are free to fan those flames by giving them business, but when your arms grow tired you are welcome to join THE HOUSE THAT TREATS YOU RIGHT. The Fouke Fur Company does not ask you to work for it; IT ASKS TO WORK FOR YOU.

This great company, of which I am honored to run, has the MOST EFFICIENT STAFF IN THE INDUSTRY. Together with these noble men, I have worked tirelessly to make your life as profitable as possible. I have worked so hard that the pain in my head often overwhelms me such that I suffer great spasms and convulsions, and the white light of integrity often consumes the sum of my vision. This is the burden I bear for YOU. I will give my life giving you a square deal, and I mean that.

BUSINESS BEGINS AND ENDS WITH A HANDSHAKE

The House The Fur Shipper Needs

When I was but three years of age my father taught me the secret to successful business. That secret is a firm handshake to open and seal all deals. When you do business with me, I promise to give you THE MOST COMPELLING HANDSHAKE OF YOUR LIFE. I will shake your hand firm and steady for as long as you desire. When you feel I have invested as much trust and energy into the handshake as you have in my business, I will break away swiftly and efficiently. If you have no hands to speak of, I will grip your shoulder tightly and speak directly to you in an authoritarian manner until you are convinced completely that I AM THE RIGHT MAN TO CONDUCT BUSINESS WITH.

The competition cannot make the same claim. J. F. Swanton finds human contact abhorrent, and touching any one of his diseased underlings may result in serious malady. Those who do not live under the seal of the handshake die in its absence.

In this age of catalogues, we cannot always meet personally. I ask that you take these words and these promises to be MY PERSONAL HANDSHAKE. If you desire a genuine handshake, I shall meet you in person and belay any fears you might have by grasping your hand with my own, shaking vigorously until all doubts are assuaged.

That is the P. B. Fouke Promise.

ALWAYS UNDAUNTED, ALWAYS MOVING AHEAD WITH INTEGRITY

Bricks and flesh may surround my spirit as I write this, BUT THEY DO NOT CAGE ME. I am keenly honed in on a scent, far off and elusive, but there none the less. I am drawn to it. It is the scent of the wolf your eyes narrow in on, of the moose haphazardly approaching one of your traps, of the smoke emanating from the mermaid den you now stalk in ambush. I am a man of business, but I am rooted in the trade your life revolves around. I cannot help but feel intricately woven into your lives as trappers, even when I myself am far from the hunting ground. I feel the pains of your struggles and the warmth of your hopes. I feel these things, and I act accordingly as a businessman.

Every trapper and shipper knows that there are but two houses to deal with in this industry. I trust you will choose the one that trusts you to make the right choice. The Fouke Fur Company is at your service. I am at your service until the end. Most important of all, my integrity is here to serve you.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
President and Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Company

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

5.3 I Guess It All Depends On Your Point of View

Thursday, May 03, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Won't somebody please give us a chance?! We're all superstars!!!

On Tuesday May 1st demonstrations were held in various locations throughout the United States to rally support for illegal immigrant rights. Like last year most of these demonstrations were peaceful and without incident. Unfortunately at MacArthur Park near Downtown Los Angeles the scene turned to chaos as law enforcement attempted to disperse the crowd around 6PM.

Since the incident the Mayor of Los Angeles Antonio Villaraigosa ordered an investigation into whether or not the LAPD acted appropriately in using non-lethal force to pummel protesters and even members of the media. Police Chief William Bratton has expressed doubts that what he has seen of the incident on videotape was appropriate behavior by officers.

Never one to twiddle their thumbs while the snail-like bureaucracy of government plods along on a path to nowhere, our Something Awful investigative team of community college dropouts have been deployed to find out just what happened in MacArthur Park last Tuesday.

We talked to two witnesses who were on the front lines of the clash and got their stories about what really happened that day. Our first witness is LAPD officer Shane O'Connor, who describes a scene where self-defense was necessary to ensure the survival of himself and his partner, who tragically perished in the melee.

> It was a beautiful Tuesday afternoon when my partner and I received a call about a code 404, a peaceful pro-immigration rally. We were delighted to hear that citizens and non-citizens alike were showing their American spirit and demonstrating peacefully for their rights so we decided to check it out.
>
> On the way over we stopped by a Northgate Market and picked up a couple liters of soda, a few bags of chips, and a cake to bring to the protesters. It was a warmer than usual May Day and we thought that the protesters would be tired from all of their marching.
>
> When we arrived we asked a Hispanic gentleman where the protest was. He told us he didn't talk to cops and understandably so! But nevertheless we explained to him that the LAPD has a friendly new image and offered the man a piece of cake. It was baked in the shape of a soccer ball and had a picture of a bee on it so we knew he would enjoy it. No matter what language you speak, a bee is a worldwide symbol of peace and friendship. He grimaced at me and screamed, "You just made your second mistake, pig!"
>
> It was then that all hell broke loose. Hispanics, not that their ethnicity had anything to do with it mind you and I only mention it for completeness sake, descended from the trees in a guerilla attack. Before we knew it we were on the ground being beaten by waves of protesters chanting "La Raza! Death to America!" We heard cries of, "Don't kill them!" which temporarily relieved us, until it was followed by "No, make them suffer!" We knew we had to act fast.
>
> It's pretty much common knowledge that the last thing an LAPD officer wants to do is use any amount of force, but in this case we feel we were justified. I reached for my rubber bullets in order to use non-lethal force because every person, citizen of this

country or not, is precious under God. In between beatings I managed to fire off a couple rounds into the crowd which seemed to slow the attackers, even though it pained me to hurt another human being. By then my partner was able to call for backup.

Damn, that Christina Gonzales is one feisty little minx. She must be a demon in the sack. My dream in life is to fuck a girl who would fight a police officer who was wearing full-on riot gear.

As if the protesters' relentless attack wasn't enough, the media started to close in. First it was Telemundo, who used their cameras to beat us over the head. It was then that Christina Gonzales of Fox 11 News jumped on my partner's back and dug her nails deep into his neck. I struggled to pry her off of him but it was no use. He was already dead.

Backup finally arrived but it was not enough to stave off the attacks. Protesters rallied around us with the Mexican flag and continued to chant, "La Raza! Death to all whites! Exterminate all crackers, blacks, and Asians! Viva la Mexico! We are the one, pure race!" They even made a couple of anti-Semitic remarks.

We retreated to our squad cars in a vain attempt to escape while bottles continued to be hurled our way. As we raced away from MacArthur Park the protesters' eyes turned to red, their teeth to fangs, and that's when the horchata began to fall from the sky.

I'm sorry... I can't go on... I just can't go on... Forgive me.

At that point the officer broke down in tears and became unable to speak any longer. We'll now hear from Hector Salazar who was one of the protesters at the rally. Officers allege that he was one of the misfits that threw an empty beer bottle at officers, requiring them to act in self-defense and disperse the crowd. However, Hector claims that he was attacked unprovoked and tells his story here.

After my volunteer shift at the Boys and Girls Club I donned my trusty bandanna and headed over to the immigrant rally to show a little peaceful support for my people. As a hard working immigrant who has since become a legal U.S. citizen, I care deeply about my people's struggle to gain U.S. citizenship and would never do anything to make them look badly in the eyes of the media, law enforcement, tax payers, or politicians.

I arrived at the park around 5:30 and joined my friends in a peaceful demonstration. Off in the distance I saw some policemen approaching. They seemed grumpy and understandably so! They toil away in this city everyday putting away criminals and keeping our cities safe for families to bask in the spirit of community. At the end of the day they get pretty tired.

Always ready to help out an officer, I decided to throw them some of my vintage tequila that I brought back from Mexico as a gesture of goodwill. It was then that I realized

these were the corrupt cops you hear so much about in the movies and they were out looking for trouble. Unfortunately, they found me.

Okay guys here's the plan. First you shoot the poor, then you shoot the tired, then the huddled masses yearning to be free. Okay, let's go bust some heads!

Before my gift of top shelf tequila hit the ground an officer drew his weapon and opened fire on it, shattering the bottle with one clean shot. Knowing full well how good an LAPD officer's aim can be, I knew I had to get out of there, and fast! Before I could say, "America the beautiful" an officer struck me with his billy club and screamed, "Welcome to America, wetback!"

What begun as a peaceful demonstration in the park with all of my law abiding friends turned into a nightmare. I tried to remind the officer of my constitutional rights to which he replied, "I'm the constitution now, bitch." He dragged me by my collar to a nearby tree and propped me up so he could beat my midsection senselessly. Mine was not the worst atrocity however.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that an officer had pinned down Christina Gonzales of Fox 11 News. She was unconscious and bleeding badly. I struggled to break free from the officer who was attacking me in order to help her but it was no use.

Christina awoke as the officer reached for his zipper. He removed his trousers and revealed his penis. Christina screamed, "No! You can't do this!" but the officer said, "I don't care! I'm tired of you news bitches and I'm going to put a stop to your LAPD bashing here and now."

He thrust into her like a dagger through the American flag, screaming racial epithets during the horrible display. He even made a couple of anti-Semitic remarks. The officer let out a loud grunt, zipped up his pants, and tossed Christina aside, her genitals bleeding profusely.

The officer then got on a loudspeaker and proclaimed, "Death to Mexico! Die all wetbacks and beaners! We're taking back this land from you welfare-receiving accident-causing no-job-having animals!" He then pointed to me. "And we're starting with this spic right here!" The last thing I remember was a gun being pointed to my head.

I awoke several hours later in a ditch. I thanked Uncle Sam that I was still alive and kissed the American soil beneath my feet. The American dream inside of me is alive and well, and I will not stop fighting until my people receive amnesty from a government that doesn't want them. We love this country that much and no amount of corrupt cops will stop us!

lol

We hope these two diametrically opposed accounts of the May 1st incident at MacArthur Park was helpful in revealing the facts about who was truly responsible. Depending on who you ask, a group of corrupt cops baited innocent protesters and violated their civil rights using excessive force, or good for nothing illegal aliens once again showed their true colors while taking everything this country stands for for granted as the cops used appropriate force to quell civil unrest.

Or maybe a couple of chunti bastards threw a few bottles in order to cause trouble for everyone else, causing a few overzealous police officers to start a fucking riot while attacking unarmed news people, until mob rule took over **both** sides and all hell broke loose, only to have do-nothing politicians promise to "look into it" while everybody forgets what happened as racial tension continues to build in this unstable world of ours.

Maybe that's it. If you guys want to use this incident to fuel your agenda about why those dirty wetbacks should get the fuck out of our country or why the LAPD is a bunch of corrupt civil rights destroying monsters feel free. Or else we can all learn from this incident what a powerful thing mob rule is, in this case taking hold of both trained police officers and peaceful demonstrators, and turning everyone into a raving goddamn lunatic.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

5.4 Gaily Furnished is the Preamble of A.P. Brown

Friday, May 04, 2007 by A.P. Brown (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

It is with a glad heart that I announce my anticipated return to the bosom of America. I must offer my thanks to all of my respected friends and associates, customers, hunters, trappers, and the exalted order of freemasons of the Mississippi Orient. Without your constant support I would not have bothered to find my way back from the far shores of the British Isles.

Concerning the business of fur trapping, its accessories, and its markets, I am not at all surprised to discover my colleague P.B. Fouke has profited greatly in his attempts to fill the cavity left by my departure. Four years is near a century in the volatile field of furs and a gentleman such as Fouke cannot be blamed for seizing upon the opportunity.

I am certain my loyal customers hardly noticed the drop in quality when his inferior traps and snares replaced mine on the shelves of the general stores of Missouri. No doubt they mistook his mean cleverness in following the trends of the Saskatchewan and Narragansett fur empires for some crude approximation of innovation within the industry.

Nor am I surprised to learn that J.F. Swanton has caught the scent of my departure and brought his blanket of child's traps and baits to set out upon the lane. In him a perceptive man can find an animal cunning wrapped in tweed and brass buttons.

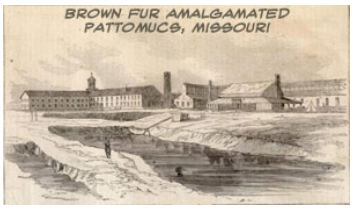
I will take great pleasure in reminding the snake Swanton and his groomed mongoose Fouke that both can be crushed beneath the heel of the upright man. For it is I, **Ashleigh Pollard Brown**, whose name will echo in the ears of furriers, trappers, Indian guides and gentlefolk with a fondness for quality furs for generations to come.

Kind reader, I have traveled long and far from this Great Union of the Americas with the singular purpose of advancing the industry - nay, the science - of furs to dizzying heights heretofore unseen by mankind. I have visited the laboratories and workshops of London and extracted from the British the secrets of prosperity for all class of men associated with the business of furs.

In the coming weeks my catalog will astonish you with inventions you believed impossible and titillate you with even greater discoveries yet to be revealed. The names of J.F. Swanton and P.B. Fouke will be lost to the moldering centuries and you will hail the dawn of the age of A.P. Brown.

NOTHING BUT MISERY SOUTH OF THE UNION

Read well, for my adventures began with a tour of the Great Union of America. So complete was this tour and so vast the multitude of tales I could relate that I will not even attempt to communicate them herein. I will, instead, focus upon my journeys abroad, and upon my discovery of the one true future of the trade of furs.



Home at last, soon to see a thorough modernization.

Having departed the Western shores of our incomparable nation, I steamed upon my paddle ship *d'Artagnan* to the Isles of the Galapagos, where Sir Charles Darwin first penned that unnamable blasphemy that tore at the very gizzard of our civilization. There were no furs to be bought nor sold in this lost world. I found there naught but benighted jungle and the loathsome fauna that dwelt within its fronds.

Before departing that miserable spot I gave a righteous whoop and slew by saber ten dozen demoniac tortoises. They scarcely moved, so terrific was their fear at the sight of my charge, and in under an hour I had brought ruin to their whole town.

The quarrelsome sailors who had conveyed me to the shore of Galapagos were overcome with grief in the presence of the gory tableaux of their slain brethren. I laughed and bade them cover the isles in naptha so that I might set candle to it and be done. Sadly, our reserves had been expended a fortnight earlier upon the fatty hump of an enraged sea ox. I was therefore obligated to console myself by instructing my family sapper to decapitate a peculiarly ominous mound through the use of a powder charge.

Having overseen the demolition of the offending structure and any spirits residing within, we cast off for the more civilized land of England. A look at my admiralty charts brought an unhappy discovery; I found the body of Southern America interposed betwixt *d'Artagnan* and its destination. Without the time to circumnavigate this land, I had no recourse but to send riders across the continent with instructions to build an exact replica of my vessel on the opposing coast.

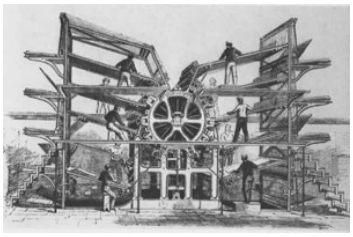
At great expense and effort *d'Artagnan*'s forty six Austro-Hungarian cannon were brought ashore. With my men singing hymns of America and, dare I confess, a tear falling from each one of my eyes, the guns were turned upon the moored vessel. She did not go easily, as one would expect of a ship that beautiful, proud, as well as ribbed with three-inch bands of iron. At last, the nineteenth salvo sent her down, and I was able to wipe the tears from my eyes and silence the men in their fourth hour of singing.

The journey overland was largely uneventful, but trying of patience and taxing of body. Each day I was forced to work myself to the brink of unconsciousness, such was the feverish and unceasing application of the lash required to motivate the indolent debtors of my retinue serving as our pack animals.

One afternoon, owing to gross inattention, my third favorite cannon fell from its sled and crushed three of its bearers. Their jellied bones fouled its mechanism utterly, requiring many hours of work to restore. Another morning found an entire sled team missing, only to be rediscovered within the bellies of a pack of predatory cats I poached from the comfort of my litter. I made the creatures' pelts into a magnificent cloak and wore it each day to honor the fallen men.

At last, we reached the far shore of Southern America, and found the newly commissioned *Athos* stocked and ready to carry us to Britain.

HEAR THE TRUTH OF FUTURE INDUSTRY



The Wollesby Buffalo Harrow, operated by the good lads of Wollesby.

It was in Britain, gentle reader, that I at last unlocked the secrets of the trade of furs. I toured the white-washed laboratories of Wollesby United Furrier and conferred with Colonel Wollesby himself, a man with a mind equaled only by his hale constitution. I demonstrated for him the ways of the savage Indians recently tamed by our Western Armies and amused him with potted meats from the charnel yards of Chicago.

In return, Colonel Wollesby revealed to me the devices created by his own sons, as well as a fine selection of machines from the mainland. He even made available to me several of these devices for purchase and study, an offer I immediately accepted. I am now the sole owner of the Hessian Hare Dart, a trap so clever that it is capable of being laid in less than one minute and can kill a hare from a distance of three yards without any damage to the fur.

With great effort I also secured the one and only license in North America for the reproduction of a number of Wollesby products. I am proud to say that Brown will soon offer the Wollesby Reciprocating Eagle Saw, the Wollesby Coal-Fed Buffalo Harrow, and the always-popular Wollesby Pneumatic Beaver Scourge, which last year defeated the Spanish Beaver Comb in a competition on the Saint Lawrence Estuary, obliterating over 95 beavers in the process.

I have also gained great insight into the abstruse processes of industrial fur and pelt harvesting from the Manchester Fur Yards of H.H. Herring. Even the youngest and most malnourished among the urchins of Manchester are capable of easily operating the machines there, and the lads scarcely need to be trained nor paid.

These mass fur operations are the key to unlocking the untapped pool of manpower in the Americas at little expense to the clever entrepreneur. With the right investment of capital and ingenuity a factory using automatic techniques and child labor could conceivably shuck more than 9,000 badgers in a single hour.

It is this sort of efficiency and expertise in advanced techniques that I promise to bring to all future endeavors of Brown Fur Amalgamated. I have returned to my seat at the head of my family factory in Pattomucs and I intend to banish these charlatans from the business.

Brown Fur Amalgamated will bring a breath of fresh ideas into the stale air being exhaled by Mr. Fouke and Mr. Swanson. Together, fair customer, you and I will explore new and exciting avenues of profit. The future is ours!

With Great Expectations,
Ashleigh Pollard Brown

-~A.P. Brown (@sexyfacts4u)

5.5 Hurtin' The Hulk

Saturday, May 05, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Incredible Hulk is dead. After wearing a tie while in the form of Bruce Banner and becoming enraged by a traffic jam in the newest issue of his comic, our most green-hued superhero has departed this world for the big temper tantrum in the sky. Marvel has confirmed that no attempt will be made to resurrect the character. He is gone for good.

In memory of the Hulk we all grew up with, let us reflect upon some of his finest comic book appearances and hope that there are bad guys in heaven just waiting to be punched into outer space.

"You Won't Like Me When I'm Mildly Annoyed"
The Incredible Hulk #241

We all know the beast that lives within Bruce Banner, the violent alter-ego that emerges in times of extreme duress. But what happens when he's only slightly upset?

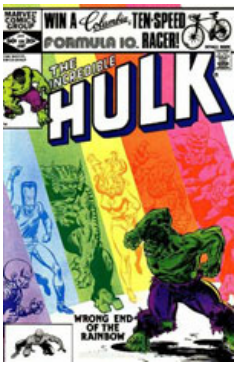
Reed Richards: Thanks for stopping by, Bruce! I've been working on my pan-dimensional soft serve ice cream machine, and could really use your input on this chocolate/vanilla swirl cone. Here, give it a taste.
Bruce Banner: Thanks! I really like chocolate ice cream -

Hulk: BUT HATE VANILLA!
Reed Richards: Fascinating. Perhaps I should recalibrate the nanoinhibitor filtration device. Say, here comes my wife Sue!
Bruce Banner: Always a pleasure to see you, Sue -
Hulk: BUT HALF OF YOU INVISIBLE!
Sue: I'm so sorry about that, sometimes I stay in Invisible Woman mode without even realizing!
Bruce: It's quite alright -
Hulk: but shame make Hulk angry at Hulk.

"The Grocery Store's Door Strikes Again"
The Incredible Hulk #262

The most beguiling enemy of modern man takes on the Hulk in an all-out battle for the ages! 24 action-packed pages of heroism in the face of tyranny!

Manager: You're supposed to pull the door to open it, you oaf!
Hulk: Puny handle said "PUSH"! What aisle for douche?
Manager: Uh, three.
Hulk: Hulk hate girlfriend so much right now.

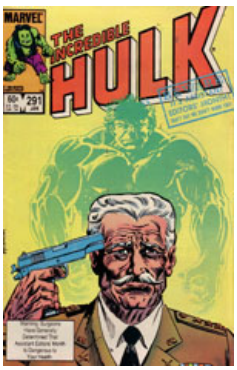


"Wrong End Of The Rainbow"
The Incredible Hulk #267

For the first time ever, Hulk takes on an enemy he cannot defeat. Will anything ever be the same again?

Hulk: Too many colors for Hulk to smash!
Rainbow Randy: Hulk, no! It's just a rainbow - you can't smash colors.

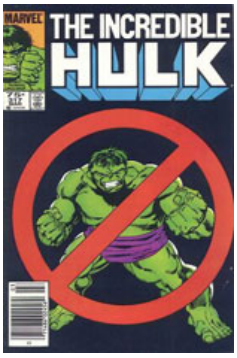
Hulk: What? What else can't Hulk smash? Love? Music? Chickens? Hulk's entire outlook on universe is smashed!



"Hulk's Practical Joke"
The Incredible Hulk #291

When the Hulk sets up camp across the street and "haunts" General John Ryker's home with a hidden walkie-talkie, things quickly get out of hand.

Hulk: Booo! Haha, Ghost Hulk haunting you forever!
Ryker: No! Please, stop!
Hulk: Only one way to stop Ghost Hulk and Ryker knows it.
Ryker: I... see. *(blows his head off with his service pistol)*
Hulk: Give Hulk candy. Hulk's favorite Sour Patch Kids. Hello? Stupid walkie-talkie run out of batteries.
Ghost Hulk: Living Hulk never had batteries in walkie-talkie.
Hulk: Gasp! But that mean...
Ghost Hulk: Yes. Walkie-talkie actually run on solar cell. Still working. Just quiet because Ryker dead.
Hulk: Oh, okay! Hate going to grocery store for batteries.



"Hulk's New Costume"
The Incredible Hulk #317

Forget Spider-Man's black costume, this is the superhero outfit that people will be talking about for years!

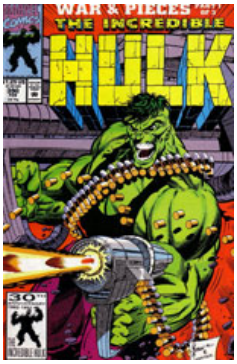
Spider-Man: What the heck are you supposed to be? Some sort of steering wheel?
Iron Man: No, it's obvious he's taking a stance against smoking. I commend you, Hulk. Cancer is

no laughing matter and it's about time one of us did something about it.
Hulk: Hah! Stupid pals, Hulk's costume means "not letter O".
Spider-Man: What?
Hulk: Look close. Is O with line through it. Means not. Might have to tilt your head to see, maybe squeeze eyelids a little.
Iron Man: And what does the O stand for?
Hulk: No, you miss the point. Is *not* the letter O.

"Learning The News About The Space Shuttle Challenger"
The Incredible Hulk #373

Most Americans remember exactly where they were when they heard that the Challenger exploded. Now we can all experience that fateful day through the eyes of the Hulk.

Hulk: Heh... heh heh. Did you hear news? Ha!
Hulk's Girlfriend: HA HA HA!
Hulk: HAHAHA! First eggs good for you, now eggs bad? Come on! HA HA!
Hulk's Girlfriend: Oh, I thought you were referring to the Challenger explosion.
Hulk: What that have to do with eggs?

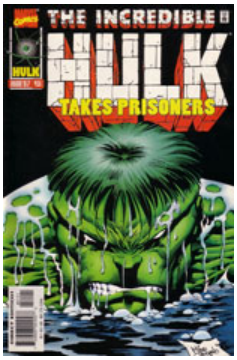


"Hulk Forgets He Can Punch Things"
The Incredible Hulk #390

Why would a man who shattered an asteroid twice the size of Earth with a single punch use guns? How did someone with so many publically documented emotional outbursts pass a background check?

Hulk: Argh, trigger broke again! Fifth puny gun today!

Referee: This is the worst boxing match I've ever officiated. I'm calling an end to this bloodbath of a fight!
Joe Glass: No... one more round. *(coughs up blood)* I've got him on the ropes!



"Pushed Into The Pool"
The Incredible Hulk #451

How will the Hulk respond when he's the butt of a cruel joke in Manhattan's biggest party of the year?

Hulk: What the big idea? Hulk wearing new Italian leather shoes!
Cameron: Calm down, fat stuff. It was just a joke.
Hulk: You pay for this!
Cameron: Why's the water turning purple?
Hulk: Haha, told you you'd pay.
Cameron: That's not even my pool.
Hulk: It not even my pee. Hulk brought Galactus' urine just in case. Checkmate!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.6 Talk Crazy to Me

Monday, May 07, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One shower and some contacts away from a super model.

I met Lucy ten years ago at a small art show in Chicago. She was a good-looking woman; tall with long dark hair, big brown eyes, and a skinny body that still had some curves. She was shy and covered her mouth when she laughed even though her braces had been off for a few years. Lucy was the kind of girl you'd see playing the lead in one of those ugly-duckling teen movies. Only a pair grandma glasses between her and true beauty.

The art show was a terrible mixture of overwrought black and white photographs of tombstones and found art pieces. The beer was free and the spray-painted doll heads were plentiful, so Lucy had my full attention. I wasn't so much smitten by her as I was drunk and full of liquid confidence.

My pickup lines range famously among my friends from "do you have a phone?" to "nice boots" and they rarely receive anything other than an incredulous stare. Not from Lucy. She understood me. She was from Iowa and knew what it was like to be in the big city for the first time. She even appreciated my beery innuendos and my overloud running critique of the artwork that was slowly turning the whole gallery against me.

I talked with her for about an hour before she agreed to "go have a drink" with me. It was well-timed as I was about ten minutes away from being lynched by a mob in striped shirts brandishing their silver clocks and TVs repeatedly playing a man walking on a beach. I gave the gallery one last dirty look and left with Lucy on my arm.

We didn't go for a drink. We went straight to my studio apartment and had terrible sex on my futon. I won't humiliate myself by relating the details of that encounter, but suffice it to say we were both somewhat unresponsive. I put her frigidity down to the booze afflicting me and left it at that.

Over the coming weeks Lucy became something like a girlfriend. We didn't go out frequently, but we went out every other weekend, got drunk, and then came back to my place to fool around. I enjoyed spending time with her. She was smart and funny and, more importantly, she laughed at my terrible jokes. Things seemed to be going well enough.

There was a serious problem though. Every time we had sex it was terrible. She was all too happy to initiate sex, but once things got moving she stiffened up like a Neanderthal frozen in a block of ice. She would literally lie on her back with her arms at her sides and a clenched grimace on her face. Occasionally these tiny mousy peeps would emerge from her mouth. Every time we had sex I felt like I was a Viking raping some poor English girl I had torn from the arms of her mother. The novelty of that wore off fairly quickly.

As the relationship progressed I pressured Lucy into trying different things in the hope that they might awaken some sort of primal lust in her. I admit that it was selfish and I was probably a bit overbearing about it, but she seemed willing to go along with my ideas at least conceptually. It was the execution part that always caused the problem.

If she wasn't dead weight in bed then she was just plain unenthusiastic. Lucy once gave me a handjob in the back of a taxi and actually checked her voice mail while she was doing it. Another time she gave me a blowjob where she sort of put her mouth around my penis rather than on my penis. The blowjob lasted for forty three minutes and her lips were only in contact with my skin for

maybe a minute of that total time. It ended, anticlimactically, with her pulling a muscle in her jaw and retreating to the bathroom.

Every relationship has its share of unfulfilling sexual encounters, but each of mine with her was an embarrassment. I occasionally managed to complete the act by sheer force of hormones, but Lucy seemed about as likely to have an orgasm as a tree or a car.

Out of desperation I went the direction of fetish sex. Lucy was happy to participate, as usual, but once things got going she became the immovable object to my irresistible force.

Probably the most embarrassing of these attempts was a session of nurse and patient role play. She spoke like a third-grader reciting lines for a play about the food groups and then proceeded to give my groin a sponge bath that lasted for fifteen minutes. I finally had to remind her that the point of the role playing wasn't to actually clean my genitals. She then nodded and sort of squatted on top of me like she had to go to the bathroom. Thankfully, she did not, and I was just treated to another twenty minutes of emotionless sex.

I AM A GRAIN AND YOU EAT THREE OF ME A DAY...

As I was trying to coach her into becoming enthusiastic about sex, I was also trying to pull out some sort of trauma from her past. During conversations I asked her questions that danced around the subject like, "What's the weirdest thing that ever happened to you as a kid?" or "Do you think child molesters should be put to death?"

Guys generally do not want to know about a woman's dark molestation or rape background. We don't want to have to live up to a woman's creepy uncle or her abusive father. Those are big shoes to fill. But, in Lucy's case, it would have at least explained why she treated sex like she was enduring torture.

I figured maybe it would turn out to be something totally benign like she was raised as part of a Christian cult or she was in an accident and had to have her vagina rebuilt out of corpse cartilage. I was looking for one of those "whew" moments where I would be absolved of all blame for her frigidity and I could safely break up with her knowing it was not my fault.

I never found it. Her father was a dentist, her mother was a real estate agent, her brother was still in school and none of them touched her where the sun don't shine or locked her in a prayer room at night.

For a couple weeks I entertained the idea that she might be a lesbian and just had not confronted her sexuality. I mentioned the idea of having a threesome, not that I knew a woman offhand that would sleep with us, but she shot me down almost immediately.

"That one is definitely off-limits," she said with certainty. "It's gross."

While the sex between us continued to be abysmal, I was more attracted to her than ever outside the bedroom. We went to movies, museums, amusement parks, hell, we even went to a jazz club. A frigging jazz club. Her shyness had dissipated and she had a raunchy sense of humor and a dirty mind. It drove me crazy that she could quote lines from a porno over dinner and then turn into an open casket funeral once we got back to my apartment.

Lucy's dirty mouth turned out to be both the brief salvation of our relationship and its downfall. I thought our relationship was something worth saving and I realized that her frankness talking about sex was able to turn me on. One night I suggested that she try to bring that attitude over to the well-worn futon with her. My thinking was that even if she didn't move, at least she might be

engaged on some level.

A few nights after I had brought up the subject we were having sex. Lucy's face was pinched into a grimace and her arms were at her side. As sweetly as I could, I reminded her of our conversation. She opened her eyes, looked at me, and in a voice that I can only describe as unearthly, she instruct me to, "Chew on those dogs."

I blinked and paused mid-thrust to stare at her.

"Boil it up," she said. "Cook a pancake on it."

I think I laughed a little and started in again.

"Reel it in," she urged with a little more passion, "reel it in and break a piece off for free."

Something was happening. Some major shift was underway in her behavior. She was saying things that made little or no sense, but she was also becoming involved. It was like her brain was playing a game of telephone with itself inside her skull. What started as a filthy line worthy of a Max Hardcore movie bounced around her neurons a few times and came out of her mouth as absolute madness.

As she grew more passionate the things she was saying became more and more removed from the action until she was speaking in a single stream-of-consciousness sentence. Making it even more bizarre, she would occasionally insert whole phrases I recognized, and even imitated the tone or inflection.

"Bagger get that inside the stirrup and roll it," she would say.

Killllll meeeeee

"Ayoop, ayoop, pull up!" She would continue, imitating a cockpit warning signal on an airliner. "Ayoop, ayoop, pull up! Spread that around and call the police."

To quote Dickens by way of Lucy during what I can only assume was the height of her passion, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

Pandora's oral box had been thrown open and out came a sometimes disturbing stream of verbal diarrhea. I would have broken up with her about the time she instructed me to, "kill me, please kill me," in the dying voice of one of the colonists from LV-426, but by God, the sex was amazing. She was really getting into it and I couldn't tell her to stop now that she finally seemed to be enjoying herself.

Our relationship lasted ten days. It's shallow, I know it is, but I tried to ignore her and I couldn't do it. Some of the things she said were disturbing, and they sort of haunt me still.

We would start having sex, she would go into her speaking trance, and then she would say something like, "I want to smash a baby today" or "I'm bleeding". Occasionally she would say something so strange I would stop and she would snap out of it for a second and ask me, "What?" as if she was unaware of what she had said.

When we broke up, we agreed to remain friends, which lasted about another ten days. She started dating before me, which is good I guess, but I'm definitely not mature enough to hang around with a girl I was sleeping with two weeks earlier and the new guy she is banging. I met him once and I thought about asking him. I wanted to know if she was still good old Lucy with her insane mouth, but I didn't want to seem bitter.

In some strange way, I would like to think she's the same. I like to imagine that, as Lucy sang one night in the throes of passion, "Once you pop, you, you, you can't stop!"

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 Online Encyclopedias in Popular Culture

Tuesday, May 08, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

Baby

From Awfulpedia, a free encyclopedia that anyone can edit
(Redirected from babby)

A **baby** is a newborn human child. Babies often grow up. Once the growing process is complete, they are known as adults.

Babies in Popular Culture

- A physical altercation occurred on the set of Happy Days when Donny Most (Ralph Malph) called Henry Winkler (Arthur Fonzarelli) "a big greasy baby," then imitated Fonzie's classic "Ayyyyy!" before asking Marion Ross to change his diaper.
- Danny DeVito's agent refers to him as "Hollywood's Hairiest and Most Loved Baby".
- Stewie Griffin, a popular character on the cartoon Family Guy, is a baby who can talk as an adult.
- The movie Baby Geniuses, a 1999 action/comedy directed by Bob Clark, is about babies who are geniuses.
- SuperBabies: Baby Geniuses 2 is a 2004 comedy film, directed by Bob Clark, and is a sequel to the 1999 film Baby Geniuses. It is also about babies who are geniuses (with superpowers).
- Jim Henson's Dinosaurs featured a catchphrase-spouting baby dinosaur.
- "Baby On Board" refers to a five-inch sign intended to be placed in the back window of an automobile to indicate that the vehicle contains a baby.
- Baby's Day Out was released in 1994 to much critical acclaim; however, many adults protested the film's depiction of grown-ups, claiming that one baby would actually have a difficult time outsmarting three adults.
- Borat Sagdiyev says "Oh, the baby" in the successful mockumentary Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan.
- Late rapper ODB was once arrested for impersonating a baby.
- In the anime Naruto, Naruto the Ninja says "Oh baby!" after an especially difficult fight against Zabuza.
- Cat babies are also known as kittens.[citation needed]

- Margaret Simpson, the youngest family member of television's The Simpsons, is a baby. Margaret has come under heavy criticism from pediatricians who claim that some actions Margaret commits, such as shooting the town's wealthiest man with a gun, does not accurately depict babies.
- Hit anime Love Hina features an adorable flying turtle, who some fans argue is a baby turtle.

A CGI render of a baby

- Several famous babies include: Britney Spears' Baby, Anna Nicole Smith's Baby, and Murphy Brown's Baby.
- It is unclear whether the character Swee'Pea in the popular syndicated Popeye cartoon is Popeye's son or Olive Oyl's nephew. It is certain, however, that he is a baby.[citation needed]
- Babies have been known to keep coming out of my ex girlfriend. Haha fuck you bitch
- Rugrats is a cartoon with babies. See also: Family Guy (Stewie is a baby)
- In What About Bob, Richard Dreyfuss encourages his patient, Bill Murray, to take "baby steps" to overcome his psychiatric issues.
- The celebration of Christmas is centered on the birth of the Baby Jesus, a central figure in several western religions.
- The medical procedure known as abortion involves the murder of a baby. Many Hollywood starlets have had abortions because they are godless democrats.
- Pokemon Gold and Silver introduced the gameplay element of breeding a male and female Pokemon, resulting in the birth of a baby Pokemon. LGBT "Pokemaniacs" criticized the game for only portraying heterosexual Pokemon relationships.
- In an episode of the critically acclaimed but sadly underappreciated (by the mouth breathing faux network viewers, of course) television show Arrested Development, a woman with a stroller can be seen walking past Michael and GOB while they argue over at the banana stand. Stollers are popularly used to manuever babies in the outside, although whether or not a baby was present in this stroller is uncertain.
- The introduction of the HBO original series "Dream On" features the main character, Martin Tupper, being placed in front of a television as a baby. (It is important to note that the infant Martin Tupper was not played by Brian Benben, the actor who portrays the adult Martin Tupper.)
- Babies make up approximately 95

- In 1994, the MPAA finally allowed the first African-American baby to be shown on screen.
- Lamar Odom of the Los Angeles Lakers started a foundation called Kids with SIDS in the hopes of helping babies with the terrible affliction. Someone later explained to him what SIDS stood for.
- The popular exclamation "booya" dates back to the ancient Hebrew tradition of shouting b'h-Yah (praise the Lord) at a bris as soon as the witnesses see the baby's weiner.
- Nintendo's Wii console is for babies.
- Only a true baby would say that.
- Shut up, baby.
- YOU'RE the baby.[citation needed]
- In the hit television series Lost, a new mother, Claire, MY BABY MY BABY THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE MY BABY WHERE'S MY BABY
- The 29th episode of Veronica Mars, entitled "Nobody Puts Baby in a Corner" featured Veronica investigating the children her boyfriend's ex-girlfriend babysat for. None of these children were technically babies.

Animal, who is according to some, the most popular Muppet Baby

- Contrary to popular opinion, the "babies" in Muppet Babies (1984-1990) were neither babies nor Muppets, rather they were cartoons.
- A strong argument against the theory of evolution is the baby, who is so miraculously full of love and potential that only Jesus and God could have created him.
- Rugrats, one of the original Nicktoons along with Ren and Stimpy and Doug, featured the adventures and misadventures of a group of babies. Tommy Pickles, the leader of the babies, was known for the catchphrase "A baby's gotta do what a baby's gotta do" a play on the phrase "a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."
- anna nicole smith had a lil baby before becoming deceased. there is now a custody battle over the baby.
- In the blaxploitation film "Petey Wheatstraw: The Devil's Son-In-Law" starring Rudy Ray Moore, the title character is born not as a baby, but instead as a 14 year old wearing a diaper and capable of speech. In addition, he was not born with a placenta, but rather with a watermelon.
- sometimes gay people say that they were born gay, but i have never met a gay baby (EXCETPT FOR COACH LYONS I HATE YO COACH)

- Stewie Griffin, a baby from the popular Fox television show "Family Guy", is an extremely intelligent baby.
- The film Little Man starring Marlon and Shawn Wayans featured Marlon as a midget con man who impersonates a baby.
- In the 90s classic "The Sandlot," Smalls tells the other boys that his dad's baseball was signed by "Baby Ruth." The boys respond, in unison, with "BABE RUTH?", setting Smalls up for a hilarious realization that will ultimately lead to his coming of age and a healthy dose of misadventure.
- Early screenplays for the movie Return of the Jedi had Luke Sykwalker and his friends infiltrate a planet inhabited solely by babies, but was changed to Ewoks shortly after Lucas' wife gave birth to an extremely hairy baby.
- A baby once got stuck all up in the insides of a piano on the the set of the NBC sitcom "Cheers". The baby remained undetected inside the piano for the filming of a 1984 episode (Season 3 Episode 54 Diane's Allergy). During the episode as George Wendt (Norm) walks past the piano you can see the baby ever so slightly lift up the piano lid and two white eyes briefly peer from the darkness. Allegedly after filming had concluded the baby made a ruckus. Somebody probably heard it squirming around in there or something and got it out. The episode originally aired with the brief shot of the inquisitive baby left in and uncut VHS tapes still occasionally pop up on Ebay.
- In the TV program "The Office," the character Angela Martin has a poster featuring babies wearing sunglasses.
- The popular syndicated comic strip "Marvin" stars a baby by the name of Martin trying to make sense of this thing called life.
- In the "Harry Potter" franchise, Harry Potter defeated the most evil dark wizard of all time, Voldemort, when he was only a baby.
- "Baby Bob" was a short-lived sitcom that aired on the CBS television network.
- In the Goosebumps book "Cuckoo Clock of Doom," the main character regresses back to being a baby.
- In the "Look Who's Talking" series of movies, Bruce Willis provides the "voice" of sarcastic popular baby Mikey.
- The TV show "Baby Looney Tunes" features the "Looney Tunes gang" as babies.
- In an episode of "The Drew Carey Show," Drew's soul possesses the body of his newborn nephew.
- The plot of "Three Men and a Baby" features three men trying to take care of a baby
- Timmy Turner becomes a baby in an episode of "The Fairly Oddparents"
- In another episode of "The Simpsons," Barney Gumble dresses up like a baby and loses his diaper
- The plot of "The Rugrats Movie" features Didi Pickles giving birth to a second baby.
- In the film "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," the character Baby Herman is actually a gruff-voiced middle-aged man who looks like a baby.

- In the 1994 blockbuster film Speed, Sandra Bullock's character Annie hits a stroller while driving a bus and begins to cry because she thought she killed a baby. To Annie's great relief it then revealed that the stroller did not contain a baby but rather many cans of soda, presumedly being gathered by the woman pushing the stroller for the deposit, and the woman was not a mother but in fact a homeless woman. It is likely that both Bullock and the woman with the stroller's characters have been babies.
- The Land Before Time series of movies are about a group of baby dinosaurs. Baby dinosaurs hatch from eggs and are small for dinosaurs but big for babies!
- A dancing CGI baby played a central role in the TV series "Ally McBeal".
- In an episode of the Fox animated sitcom "King of the Hill" Luann Hill performed her own show "Angel Babies", about puppet baby barnyard animals that teach lessons about Our Lord And Savior Jesus Christ.

Babylon 5, a popular television program, was confusing to some viewers who expected more babies

- The ancient city of Babylon was built by babies. The city later served as inspiration for the sci-fi hit "Babylon 5" which starred no babies.
- Superman, The Man of Steel, was a baby when he was sent to Earth by his father, Kal-El.
- Spawned the popular internet acronym "BRB" (Baby: Race Black).
- Many time travel stories grapple with the ethical question of whether or not it would be morally acceptable to kill Hitler as a baby.
- Nermal (Garfield's adorable cat friend) is often construed as being a kitten, which in its use as a word serves as another means of verbally describing a baby cat; as in "Look at that adorably small kitten (baby cat) which is perched upon that sapling (baby tree)."
- GRANDMA LOVES BABY RYAN
- Sapling is a word in the English dialect often used to describe a baby tree, also known as a sapling.
- Several babies have been featured on Television [citation needed]
- In Robocop 2, Robocop shoots a man in the face in order to save the life of a baby.
- In Robocop 1, Robocop shoots a man in the genitals, presumably making him unable to have a baby.
- Furthermore, Robocop eats baby food, the food of babies. Babies eat baby food, and so does Robocop.
- Stewie Griffin, of TV's "The Family Guy", is a talking baby.
- In Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story, Vivian Emery, Bruce Lee's future mother-in-law exclaims "do you want to have yellow babies!?" to her daughter, a racially motivated remark about the colour of Bruce Lee's skin. Linda Emery and Bruce Lee later had numerous yellow babies.

- The television (TV) situation comedy F•R•I•E•N•D•S featured women who wanted babies. The stupid blonde one had three babies (thruplets) with her brother (incest), the stupid brown haired one had a baby with the whining jewish man and the stupid black haired one had to adopt one with the fat sarcastic drugs addict. The stupid Italian man moved to California.
- In the movie Junior, Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger makes a baby come out of his dick. This never happens in real life.
- In many states, babies can do whatever they want even if it's against the law like sucking on a titty at the mall.
- As voted by the users of the Internet Movie Database, three of the world's 250 greatest films have the word "baby" in the title. Hollywood experts agree that this trio of films–Million Dollar Baby (2004), Rosemary's Baby (1968) and Bringing Up Baby (1938)–proves that the word itself has extremely powerful box office draw, and some speculate that the word will be used in more titles to help make up for losses due to Internet piracy.
- Paris Hilton has zero babies, but she has touched several on her show The Simple Life and one pooped in a bathtub while she was in it.
- In the science-fiction television series Doctor Who, the eponymous Doctor (especially his fourth incarnation as played by Tom Baker) was particularly fond of the British candy known as "Jelly Babies", often offering them to people. In one Fourth Doctor story (The Face of Evil), a cultural mixup on a planet he visits (the home planet of companion-to-be Leela) causes him to pass into mythology as an evil god who eats babies. In the same serial, the Doctor attempts to bluff an alien by pretending that a Jelly Baby is a deadly weapon. The bluff called, he scoffs "I won't take orders from anyone" and pops the confection in his mouth.

According to conventional theory, Jean-Luc Picard was once a baby. This is not canon, however.

- Captain Jean-Luc Picard is a grown man in Star Trek: The Next Generation, which implies that he must have been a baby at some point.
- In Family Guy, a popular American cartoon, Stewie Griffin is a talking baby.
- In the 1942 film Butch Minds the Baby, the character "The Baby" is a baby.
- In the 1996 movie "Jack", Jack (Robin Williams) is afflicted with a disease which causes him to age rapidly. He is born with the body of a 12 year old boy, and due to a lack of a proper childhood, has problems dealing with others and has severe identity issues.

Sources

FYAD: Bi Till I Die, Poopy Palpy, Skip Rogers, Rocky Harmgood, rubber cat, Bier Beware, liquidator vrunt, Milos Missile Silos, Fab Boner, Cowcaster, fax machine demon, uberkeyzer, How much food, asdindebimte, maxnmona, clickblipclick, Man of Steel Wool, Casey Chaos, N...ev/er, JOHNSON MCHUGH, GigaBi, dillinger!, +2 Sword of Chutney, Pogue, Just Add Corn, Ramses Dude, forgetful susan, bugs in your car,

Nutmeg, Mirabel, Antonin Artard, Hal Stonecastle, casual colors, nenelightangel89, Haoma, Rascal, ATMS 101, hotornotAvenger, Elky, Nigg0r Bone, Red Skin, A Good Day To Bi, German Joey, sprankton A noun, crabrock, boo fyadley, tres dessert, Vince Wolfjaw, Hercules Vandermollen, Livecock, Sewer Adventure, Ms Lonelyhearts, EVIR Gibson, Hoague Oxchest, Turd Princess, The Red Baron, Jawlinez, graey alien, Deg, locdogg, anime-fat, Pretzelcoatl, dumb silly baby, BrunchTime833, arc_arsenal, Lance Staminero, Smoking_Dragon, teekun, Prodigal Sun, Rooder, Coolidge, WORLDS BEST BABY, Samadhi, Father Wendigo, sq, Gesus, Slobs The Burpy, That Turkey Story, idiotsavant, the bi bandit, gobbles, squid41, nic olas, Creeper, TOO, Fart Amplifier, Sarumpaet, Talking Fart Cloud, Pigthe, Days Go Bi, Ah Pook, menth0l, DaTroof, Toe Rag, cheese and crackers, deez nutz, Mozi, Good Times Orc, AUNT FROM HELL, LSTB, okiedokie, and Wykyd Sceptre.

jason has a fat head lbhs class of '12!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.8 It's All Happening at the Zoo

Wednesday, May 09, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This past weekend saw fit to provide me with some sunny skies and warm weather. Seizing the opportunity, I immediately jumped inside the nearest vehicle and drove to the zoo with reckless abandon. I hoped to see some exotic animals of varying sorts that would spark my imagination and reaffirm my love of nature at its savage and wild best. It's always a treat to see the myriad creatures that roam the planet, especially the ones that aren't indigenous to the area you live in. The zoo would have them all, no doubt about it.

After paying the somewhat hefty admission fee, I happy proceeded through the gates ready to be awestruck by nature's spirited skullduggery. I was, however, immediately taken aback by some gaudy and gruesome bird roaming freely about. A gaggle of children and parents flanked the bird at its every turn, and a nearby zookeeper kept an eye on things, probably waiting for the kids to clear out so he could terminate the shameful creature.

The bird's colored feathers resembled the makeup of a downtrodden transvestite prostitute. I imagined that the bird must have pissed off the zookeepers, leading them to paint it up like a wretched whore and parade it out in front of everyone as a last walk of shame before the end. Out of respect for the zookeeper I did not spit on the creature, though I should have. I later found out from a placard that it was called a peacock, and that it was naturally that hideous. I moved on with a rotten taste in my mouth.

The gorilla area was like walking into the waiting room of a methadone clinic. It was filled to the brim with listless and forlorn beasts, each one lost in some personal hell even more grim than the actual hell they lived in. They wallowed in their own feces and urine, and did not care in the least. They embraced it, knowing that they deserved no better in life. They festered in a self-hatred so intense that it sapped them of all mobility and motivation. For them death was a waiting game, and the only game they knew. Until it came, these disgusting creatures would exist as bacteria in the very toilet they overfilled. I shook my head and moved on.

Next up was a small pond populated by a hippopotamus and his modest harem. Each of these fat, glorified pigs was a lumbering example of languidness. Sometimes, one of the near formless blobs would let out some tepid bellow, as if to cry out, "I exist, though I neither deserve nor want to." I must confess they demonstrated one cunning adaptation. Their fatness seemed to disinherit them of anything resembling a neck. The noose of natural selection was at a loss in the presence of the hippopotamus. I looked around the ground for any loose rocks I might hurl at the beasts to show my disapproval. Finding none, I left and hoped that they would be swallowed whole by their own morbid corpulence.

I found myself in the land of the giraffes, a world that beckons you to look up and be amazed. I looked up, and what I saw was a joke so horrifyingly bad that it made me wonder if comedy was dead forever. How did such a violently offensive creature ever come to be? Was it the sadistic action of a depraved God, or did the endlessly turning gears of evolution accidentally spit this defective unit on the factory floor? I almost didn't want to know, and I was so disgusted that I vomited in my mouth. I longed to run free and wild with a chainsaw, cutting these toweringly deformed horses down to size.

The much acclaimed elephant was anything but epic. The only thing monumental about these beasts was the apathy for life they exhibited. They stood still, scarcely moving except to periodically probe the ground to make certain it hadn't escaped out from under them. The elephant is a beast built

by a committee of bipolar fools. The giant murderous tusks juxtaposed with floppy ears? Those mammoth bone crushing feet and that silly snorkel nose? I stared one of the pachyderms directly in the eye and it spoke to me. I saw its shame for existing and its anger at the cruel forces of nature that saw fit to engineer it as such. I longed to take out a gun and put a bullet in the beast's minuscule brain. Give it a voice and I have no doubt that it would have begged me to do so.

At this point I was hungry, so I stopped by the concession stand to get a hot dog and a soda. Both were quite pleasing. The hot dog was a delicious all beef delight, and filled my heart with joy. It had been a good day so far, and the hot dog made it a hundred times better, as hot dogs invariably do. The soda did a fantastic job quenching my thirst and giving me that extra boost of energy I needed to maintain my fevered level of excitement. I marveled at what a nice day it was, with sunny skies and warm air complimented by brief cool winds.

After the brief recharge, I approached the jaguar cage. It was a lair of obsessive compulsive disorder. I watched through the glass, expecting the ferocious beast to demonstrate some of the dynamic traits that inspired automakers to name a car after it. Instead, it paced back and forth relentlessly, as if hoping to wear the ground out. I banged on the glass hoping to startle some sense into the creature, to let it know it still had people to entertain. Instead it remained focused on pacing. Had there been a zookeeper around, I would have asked him to electrocute the dumb beast or do something - anything - to help me get my money's worth. I had no choice but to call the jaguar a loss and move on.

The fat little otter swam through the waters, deprived of any worthwhile destination or purpose. Its life was an agonizing journey in circles, of endless reputation punctuated by occasional bites of salmon cake. But it knew, surely it knew, of the horrible façade that was all around? Surely it knew that it lacked function, that it had no place in the greater scheme of things? Surely it knew that it was only mankind's cruel and misplaced pity, or perhaps malevolence, that delayed inevitable extinction?

"Is it even edible?" I asked the zookeeper cursed with otter guard duty, while pointing at her useless prisoner.

"Those salmon cakes are quite edible, and the otters love them."

"I meant the otter. I assume it must have at least one reason for existing."

She glared at me, most likely realizing and externalizing her own unsavory role in helping prolong the miserable otter's existence. "Otters aren't typically eaten, and none of the animals at this zoo are ever eaten."

I nodded, not wanting to frustrate her any further, and partly because I agreed that none of these animals would be the least bit appetizing. Not like that hot dog earlier.

I progressed to the adjacent penguin house, ready to give the bird kingdom another shot after that disastrous peacock left a squalid taste in my mouth. A few penguins swam in circles, like the useless otter, while one lone Humboldt penguin stood atop a rock frozen in terror. It looked as though it had just learned the harrowing truth: that life is a putrescent scam that robs you of everything and leaves only death, an endless void of nothing, in its wake.

The cold air the penguin was used to could scarcely match the frigid psychological temperatures of absolute truth. Only death can pacify the frenzied stings of such emotional frostbite. I felt no joy knowing the perils of the journey the penguin had started on. I immediately left to continue a journey of my own.

The reptile house was my last and final stop. Reptiles and amphibians, the miniature dinosaurs of our modern world, called this dark den their home. It was a land of scales and claws, tails and teeth, and who knows what else. It was sure to be a treat!

I was struck by the stare of a Komodo dragon, which seemed first to be fixed squarely on me. However, I moved slightly to the left, and noted that the creature did not move in the slightest. Instead it stared at some far off point, perhaps the point of an imaginary knife, in futile hope that it would stab the life out of him. Looking at its surroundings, a small chamber of sand, rocks, and a tiny pan of water, and I could see that it was not happy. The profound misery in its eyes seemed to suggest a more severe depression, one hardwired into its very existence. The Komodo dragon found the mere act of living so debilitating that it had given up on the idea of movement. I wondered if perhaps the zoo had tried to pull a fast one and put a stuffed lizard in the cage to con us naïve big city folk.

The zoo seemed to be home to only two types of creatures: those that move endlessly back and forth or in circles, and those that do not move at all. Somehow I imagined nature being more diverse. Upon realizing this I decided that I had seen everything nature had to offer and could leave fulfilled. I took one last look at the Komodo dragon, sighed, and headed toward the exit.

As I opened the exit door, I noticed a small pen labeled "turtle." Captivated by the simplistic intrigue of this archaic word, my hopes were instantly elevated to heights well out of the reach of even the giraffe. As I peered into the pen, I observed what appeared at first to be an ordinary but intricately patterned rock resting in a small pool of inch deep water. I wondered if this "turtle" was out sick, or in fact nearly invisible due to some marvelous camouflage ability. Instead, I was surprised, in fact nearly driven to a heart attack, by the sight of a rock suddenly growing limbs and a head and coming to life. The majestic turtle had fooled me by taking on the guise of a rock! Marveled, I applauded the creature and indeed cheered him on. He slowly moved several inches, a breathtaking and swift sight by any standard. He moved and then remained stationary, disappearing back into his rocky abode. With a little encouragement, he would unpack himself and move even further. This was an awesome creature, one that both moved and remained stationary, never giving you too much of either.

After two hours of turtle watching, I was asked to leave. I immediately proceeded to the gift shop and bought a miniature turtle replica, a turtle fanny pack, and a turtle shirt. As usual, the zoo didn't disappoint!

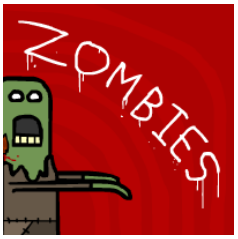
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.9 The Scary Zombie Journals

Thursday, May 10, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Day 1

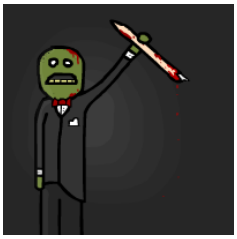
1:53 AM



My name is Anthony Romano, one of two survivors left in McGraw's Discount Irregulars Superstore, and maybe the world. It's three hours after the big zombie outbreak. I leave this journal behind as a record for whatever future people find it. You may notice that the first 30 pages of this notebook have killer designs for flame decals I was going to put on my car. I also leave these to the people of the future, if they still have Camaros. You can also put them on tanks and other things I guess.

I want to say how this all happened so that people will know. It was 11:00 PM, and me and Brad were working the night shift again. I was stacking boxes of giant novelty sunglasses, just like any Thursday night. My buddy Brad was looking pretty sour so I put on a pair of the sunglasses and yelled at him real funny, "Look at me! I'm an asshole!" Brad didn't even smile. "Sorry Tony, but things just don't feel right tonight." He didn't look too happy so I told him I was going to the break room to have a smoke. So I went back there and I barely lit my Kool before Brad came back looking like hell. He stood in front of the break room door after locking it. "I don't know how to tell you this Tony, but... zombies."

At first I thought he was shitting me. Brad was a real joker, like the time he made all of those secret videos of me going to the bathroom at work - what a prick! But he looked serious. I said, "Whatever, Brad." "You don't believe me?! I'll show you what's happening!" He ran out of the room and I didn't know why. Then I heard a bunch of screaming and I got real scared. Brad came back into the room with a severed arm and was waving it around. He threw it down on the table. "Do you believe this?!" It was all that was left of Domingo, who was scrubbing the floors the last time I seen him. I knew it was his arm because it had the tattoo of the Virgin Mary holding Baby Jesus holding a joint. I felt like I was going to shit my pants.

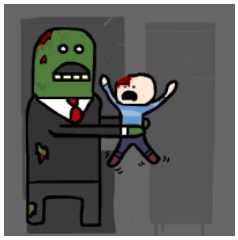


"Zombies, Tony! Just like in that movie we saw!" I didn't like to think of that time I went to the movies with Brad because of the reason why I don't go to the movies with Brad anymore. But I knew what he was talking about and I got more scared. "Relax, Tony. The best thing we can do is sleep now to conserve our strength until morning. Now let's curl up together in this corner." I wasn't about to get weird with Brad, but he said it was to conserve body heat and he was in college once. So I'm writing this now and after I take my clothes off I'm going to go conserve body heat with Brad like he asked. Jesus, please help us survive this.

11:43 AM

I was up for a while but it took a few hours for Brad to let go of me. So when he got enough body heat (he must have way less then me) we decided to talk about what we were going to do. Then I remembered the little black and white TV we keep back here. "Brad, why don't we turn on the TV to see what's happening outside?!" He got real mad and threw the TV against the wall, which broke it. I was going to get mad, but he told me that now is the worst time to watch TV because after stuff like this the government sends out brainwashing signals to get you to kill yourself so they don't have to save you.

Brad is so smart at stuff like this! Our plan now is easy. Brad is going to clean out the store of zombies, while I stay in here and train to get strong enough to push my way through all the outside zombies (while carrying Brad) to safety. I got worried because the bathroom isn't back here, but he said I could just do it in his hands and he'd carry it outside. What a guy!



So I did just that and Brad didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, he seemed happy to help out a guy in a situation like this. So after getting a few handfuls he left and said he would bring back supplies. My only job was to take off my shirt and start doing push-ups. Brad said I had better do at least 200, so that's what I'm starting on now.

4:39 PM
I did all my push-ups and started listening for Brad to get back. I didn't hear any zombies, but I did hear a lot of sirens and a guy on a megaphone outside. I'm glad I'm in here! So Brad comes back all sweaty and wheeling a dolly full of stuff. He dropped it off and there were a few things of protein powder and some of our irregular free weights. "I want you to start lifting these weights and don't you stop until I say!" Brad looked freaked out and something was wrong. "Brad," I told him, "Where'd you get this protein stuff from? We don't carry it here." His eyes got real big and he came over to me and put his hands down my pants. Right down my pants! My first instinct was to hit him but then he said that he was just checking to see if I had any zombie sores down there because that's the only place where they show up. I guess I am going to have to get used to stuff like this now that there are zombies around. Something tells me that having Brad wrapped around me is going to be a whole lot easier tonight!

Day 2

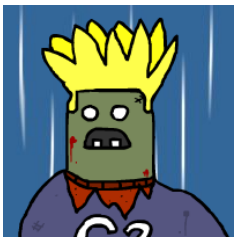
1:49 PM

I was going to write in this earlier, but we had to do more body heat exercises and Brad had to smell the back of my neck for a few extra hours to make sure I wasn't changing. I'm glad he knows this stuff! Last night he brought me some Speedos which I guess are okay. He said that there was too much body heat back in this room and my work clothes were absorbing it all. Hey, he's the guy that went to college for science, not me. Now all I have to do is keep lifting these weights so I get stronger. This protein stuff tastes like ass but I'm not allowed to drink anything else. Brad said he has a special surprise for me so I'm going to do my reps and wait for him to come back.

3:03 PM
Brad brought me back a case of baby oil and told me to rub it all over myself. When I questioned him, he inspected me a long time for zombie sores. He said, "I guess I can tell you. This is so the zombies won't be able to grab onto you. Also, zombies hate the alluring smell." He squirted a palmful into his hand and slapped it on my chest and then smelled it. "You see! What sort of zombie would go near that?!" I said I didn't know. It's probably better if I don't.

8:08 PM
Oh boy, things are not looking good. Brad came back from another one of his runs (he is good so he does them a lot) with his clothes ripped and panic in his eyes. "Quick," he said, "get the rest of these clothes off of me!" I started unbuttoning his shirt and he slapped me. "Rip them off!" So I did. "Tony, I've got zombie sores, real bad!" He showed me and I thought it was weird how they looked just like purple magic marker. Then he told me that I was going to get rid of them. I was

afraid because I didn't know the doctor stuff like Brad, but he told me it was real easy. I'm not going to write here how exactly how I did that just in case my little cousins Alfredo and Dario read this, so I'll say it was just like how they get the venom out of snakebites in movies.



So after I got rid of the zombie sores, Brad had one of my cigarettes and relaxed because he said the nicotine is a healing agent. He said I should have one, too, just so I wouldn't get any zombie sores in my mouth. We had some wine coolers he brought back from outside that he said he found under an old Beanie Baby display. Right then I thought of my ma's Beanie Baby collection. Were they okay? Was my ma okay? If not, would they have her Beanie Babies in Heaven? Brad couldn't answer this question and instead had me listen to his heartbeat for an hour to make sure he was okay. After I was pretty sure he was okay, he opened up the package that he risked his life for. It was some weird leather outfit with chains and zippers and stuff like that. "That's your zombie battle suit! You're going to need it if we want to get out of here in the next few days!" Brad said he made it. I asked him why it didn't have a crotch and he said that was so my zombie sores could be cleaned off fast if I got infected.

I tried it on and it looked alright, I guess. I put the funny little red ball that was part of my suit in my mouth. Brad said that's so if I turn into a zombie I won't bite people. He thinks of everything!

11:43 PM
Maybe you're wondering why I'm up now. It was just a few hours ago that me and Brad were in our sleeping corner when he whispered, "Tony, I have to talk to you." He even bit my ear a little so I would pay attention to him. I couldn't believe what he said next, "We have to have sex with each other." I freaked out. He told me that if we didn't, our animal instincts would get the best of us and we would kill each other! Brad started screaming and clawing at his face. I wasn't a homosexual, but I didn't want to die. So I said, "Go ahead." Situations like this make you do real crazy things. And you know what? It could have been worse. I had more pain down there the morning after I ate those expired jars of fruit cocktail. And I don' t think God minds because there's probably a bunch of dudes like us doing this to survive. But we're leaving in the next few days so I bet I won't have to do that again I hope.

12:30 PM
I couldn't sleep so I started talking to Brad. I wanted to know if we were leaving soon because I wasn't too hot on redoing what happened a few hours ago. He laughed. "A few days?! We'd be lucky if we got out of here in a few weeks! Do you know how many zombies are out there?!" I did not know, but it made me uncomfortable. I felt like I was going to go crazy. But I didn't tell Brad because he would probably try to have sex with me again.

Day 3

9:30 AM
World, this may be the last writing of Tony Romano. Brad left early because I guess he didn't need much body heat and he said he had something to pick up from one of the aisles. I started working on my glutes like he said. I heard the same helicopter and gunfire noises that I've been hearing since this whole disaster started - but this time they meant something. Brad came back with a gunshot wound to the shoulder! "They... learned how to use guns. Tony, there's no hope! Kill yourself!" These were the last words of Brad before he passed out from being shot. I'll tell you that I thought of ending it right there. I had that broken wine cooler bottle an inch away from my neck until I screamed "NO!"

Tony Romano isn't going to go down like that. I have my zombie battle suit for a reason. And just because I can't save Brad doesn't mean I won't be remembered as a hero.

Area Man Sodomized in Zombie Hoax

"Not Gay," Claims Rapist

By Franklin J. Rodgers, AP

DES MOINES, IA - The three-day police standoff between Iowa State Police and McGraw's Discount Irregulars Superstore worker Brad Maloney finally came to an end this morning. Brought down by a shot from professional government snipers, Maloney returned to his hostage after being wounded. Before he could be rescued, hostage Tony Romano wandered out of the store's front doors, wearing S&M gear and covered in baby oil.

Sherriff Toby Chartlan had been on the scene since its beginning on Friday night. "After getting the call from the McGraw store manager on Saturday morning, we didn't know what to expect. All he told us was that he was locked out of his own store and a member of his maintenance crew had his arm torn off and was dead in the lobby. That's when we started getting the calls from Brad Maloney. We didn't know what he was trying to do, but he had the craziest demands. And when we met them, he'd just ask for more."

According to Toby Chartlan, Brad Maloney asked for and received the following items from the Iowa State Police: 20 pounds of Mega Bulk Protein 5 gallons of baby oil, a Sassy Pants Leather Boy Starter Set, a small male Speedo, and a case of Bahaman Breeze Wine Coolers. Toby said, "The last thing he asked for was a case of amyl nitrite and a dildo shaped like a horse penis. That's when we decided to just shoot him."

ROMANO, SEEN HERE AT HIS 1999 SENIOR PROM.

The hostage, Tony Romano, 26, had no idea that the story of a zombie outbreak was nothing but a hoax concocted by Brad Maloney to trap Tony in a situation where the two would be forced to have anal sex. "Please tell me there was a zombie outbreak," were the only words spoken by Romano before being taken away from the scene.

Continued on **ZOMBIE** Page D5

WINE TASTING - WINE PAIRING - CHUGGING CONTESTS

Stinky Grandmother Stops Traffic on I-80

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.10 The Great American Reach Around - Headin' South & Australia and New Zealand

Friday, May 11, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Our long and terrifying journey South begins today with our sixth installment of the Great American Reach Around. Some people may consider Baltimore, Maryland and Wilmington, Delaware to be part of the North, and that's fine. Look, I really don't feel like arguing, they're right on the edge of the South. Virginia is the South, right? Well, they share Washington, D.C. don't they?

Look, if you're going to be like that, then *fuck you.* Maryland and Delaware are the South and I don't give a shit what you say about that.

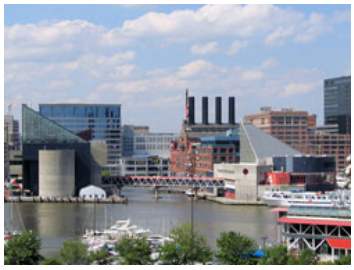
Ahem.

Today, we'll begin our journey through the South with Maryland and Delaware and then continue down very slightly to our nation's capital, Washington, D.C.

Our foreign representatives this time around hail from Australia and New Zealand and we will be making stops in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Auckland. Thanks to sloth love crunk, Mike Barnes, and Jedimastafez.

I would like to begin my portion of the journey this week in one of my favorite American cities: Balitmore, Maryland.

Baltimore, Maryland



On the rim of the South, tucked away in the quiet state of Maryland, is one of America's most famously dangerous cities. The city has become nearly synonymous with gun crime and homicide, a reputation responsible for and fed by two of America's best crime-related television shows. In Barry Levinson's *Homicide: Life on the Streets* Baltimoreans were portrayed as down-on-their-luck human beings in a down-on-its-luck sort of city. More recently, HBO's *The Wire* has realistically blended West Baltimore's drug, police, and political cultures into a modern-day Shakespearean drama of intrigue and brutality.

As great as *The Wire* can be, it perpetuates Baltimore's reputation as the worst big city in the United States. Unfortunately for Baltimoreans, Baltimore's murder statistics continue to perpetuate this image as well. Ranked 12th in the nation for homicides, Baltimore has the highest per-capita murder rate of any major city in America and almost six times the number of per-capita homicides of New York City. Poverty-related crime is responsible for the majority of this yearly bloodbath, but Baltimore's position as a major shipping center of the East Coast also attracts a great deal of unwanted attention from various organized crime groups.

Baltimore is probably best described by two very different words: *historic* and *bleak*. Its city center boasts a number of beautiful and historic buildings and even in places where these buildings have fallen into disrepair they retain a sort of stoic old-world grace. In West Baltimore you sense the bleakness of a city completely overwhelmed by poverty. Economic depression as well as government mismanagement and corruption have seen the city on hard times since at least the 1980s. Its attempts to claw its way out of the gutter have been stymied, often by the city's entrenched reputation as a dangerous and unpleasant place.

Did I mention that Baltimore is great? Oh, that must have slipped my mind somewhere between the murder statistics and Omar shooting up a crack house from a wheelchair. Yeah, by the way, **Baltimore is a great city.**

Think of California and all of its fucking wildfires. Every year half of Southern California burns down because it's a desert full of trees and people die and it's a huge tragedy. Does that mean you shouldn't go to California? Well, you shouldn't go to California, but the wildfires have nothing to do with that. Of course some silly fires don't keep you away, you just stay the fuck away from the huge fire burning everything down. Just stay away from the fires in Balitmore and you'll be fine!

Baltimore has one of the largest and most modern aquariums in the

world. It has a football team named after a fucking poem by Edgar Allen Poe, how awesome is that shit? The Ravens may suck horribly, but they are goth as hell. On a nice spring day Baltimore's inner harbor coupled with the city's historic skyline will make you forget all about piles of dead bodies in condemned buildings.

If you go to Baltimore looking for culture and looking for a good time, you will find it. Just buy one of those GPS things for your car and set it to treat West Baltimore like a radiation cloud. Look, it's okay, Baltimoreans understand you're nervous. Wear a Kevlar vest when you visit, but just visit. If you get really scared talk to a police and he'll help you out.

Wilmington, Delaware

Delaware, like colonial neighbors Maryland and Virginia, is one of the oldest states and also one with an economy historically reliant on slavery. It's this unpleasant past, as well as its position on the northern periphery of the South, that divided Delaware's loyalties during the American Civil War.

By the time war broke out between the North and the South, the abolition movement in Delaware had nearly dismantled slavery in the state, yet the few remaining slaveholders were powerful and clung tenaciously to the institution. Delaware did not secede from the Union, but it remained a slave state until the passage of the 13th Amendment abolished all slavery in 1865.

Delawareans would probably rather not dwell on the past, but it's hard not to when your state is like a gigantic museum. Well, gigantic by museum standards, very small by state standards.

Wilmington, the largest city in Delaware, served as a vital industrial port in the late nineteenth and early 20th centuries. Its steelworks and shipyards churned out material for America's efforts in two world wars. Since then, the city has fallen on very hard times, owing to its location amid so many major urban areas of the East Coast. Violent crime statistics are greatly elevated above the national average and the prevalence of intravenous drug use among the city's poor has led to one of the worst HIV infection rates in all of North America.

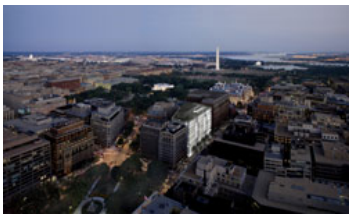
Wilmington remains the rail and air hub and industrial center of Delaware, but like the junkies shuffling in its streets it is a city that is afflicted. While much of the nation has managed a painful transition to a new economy, Wilmington is still stumbling its way to the distant finish line.

There are historic districts and beautiful buildings in Wilmington and the downtown area is actually quite safe thanks to Wilmington's advanced surveillance system. If that's enough to get you visit then you might just find what you're looking for: a museum and some AIDS.

Washington, D.C.

With the neoconservative movement struggling for a global Pax Americana it's hard not to think of Washington in terms of Rome. Like Rome, it is a vast city filled with stunningly beautiful and historic buildings. Perhaps more tellingly, Washington, unlike Rome, exists to sustain itself. There is no great export of technology or industry from Washington D.C. It is not one of America's trade hubs or centers of popular culture, despite what the news media might have you believe.

Washington was planned by a secret society and carved out of Maryland and Virginia as a Federal District. It is set apart from America, a construct, an idea given form. The vanity that gave birth to Washington robbed it of its meaning. It is a home for bureaucracy and the reviled apparatus of our government. It serves as the white-marbled façade of liberty and democracy, concealing whatever malignant mass might be growing within.



The plebes that dwell at the feet of these edifices are given no vote and no representation within our government. Even Guam has more influence over the course of the United States than the average citizen of Washington, D.C. It is almost as if their condition belies the reality of our government, that our choice and-

Oh, I'm just fucking kidding you guys, come on. You believed all that shit?

Washington D.C. has a shit load of awesome museums and buildings, a staggering crime rate, and a fraying rug of poverty around the edges. It plays host to delegates from around the world and it is a center of counterculture because it is the seat of power.

If you feel yourself hating the government of the United States of America I challenge you to walk up to the Lincoln Memorial. Stare up at that great sad statue of Abraham Lincoln, that weary face and those distant marble eyes, and then turn around and look out on the Mall to the Washington Monument. You can almost see the crowds gathered to hear Martin Luther King Jr. speak.

Washington, D.C. has become a symbol for all that is great in America in spite of our government. It is the place where we gather by the hundreds of thousands when the goblin-like dumb fucks that live in this city and rule our country go too far. When you go, you may just see a bunch of fat tourists and screaming kids eating ice cream, but look past them. Look past most of the big marble-buildings and the planned streets. Because this is the city where the people, not the government, get together and do some fucking amazing things when our nation needs it most.

Washington may have been built by a creepy cult and it may be home to some of the most noxious figures on the global political stage, but it is a treasure of our culture. When people spit the word "Washington" out of their mouth with venom, you remember that it is the root of good and evil in our nation.

Now it's time to see what our foreign representatives are going to bring to the table. We begin our journey in Australia, which I am told by Outback Steakhouse commercials is "Down Unda'!"

sloth love crunk

Adelaide, Australia

As a modern Australian, you could originally be from any part of the world, practice any faith and adhere to any cultural custom. Since 1788 this country has been populated by immigrants. As a gesture of enlightened social practice, diverse opinion on all matters - the USA included - is accepted and encouraged. However, the most accepted and encouraged viewpoint is that of mainstream Australia. The view from here is in favour of a comfortable, fun relationship with our American friends. Anti American views that go beyond limits that are deemed acceptable are not taken seriously as they are held by Australians who have not yet assimilated into what passes here for culture.

Adelaide rests at a southern central location on the continent and is the capital city of the state of South Australia. Founded in 1836, Adelaide is known as a city in contrast to the old eastern penal colonies of Melbourne and Sydney, since it was not founded by convicts in chains, but by free British settlers. Adelaide is also known as the stage of some of the more notorious serial killings seen in this country. John Bunting and Robert Wagner were responsible for our most recent event. They were sentenced on eleven counts of murder and their victims were found in barrels of acid in a disused bank vault.

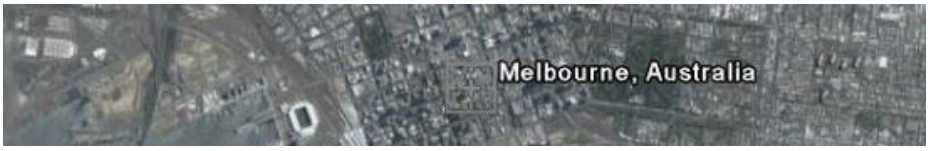
Automotive manufacturing, bio-science, engineering, medical research, tourism and a thriving wine industry are the backbone of economic activity in Adelaide. The Barossa Valley, a predominantly viticultural and tourist region to the north of the city, accounts for 65% of all wine produced in Australia. South Australian (and by extension Adelaide) wines are a well known achievement to anyone who would consider themselves to be haughty connoisseurs of fermented grapejuice.

All other South Australian contributions to the world of gastronomy stand, a little neglected, in the shadow of our famous reds and chardonnays. One such example that I am 100% certain very few people outside of this state, let alone outside of this country, would recognise would be the humble and disgusting Pie Floater. It is a meat pie (Britons might understand this concept - a pastry containing offal and gravy) literally floating in a bowl of pea fucking soup. Ugh.

Adelaidians mainly follow cricket and Australian Rules Football (AFL). Additionally, the city plays host to various sporting events including some cycling thing that I don't really care about and a moto GP that I can't remember the name of but is very popular amongst the locals because of the

loud sounds and flashing lights. The city once was proud host to the first leg of the F1 racing season but our far wealthier cousins to the east claimed it for themselves - probably because they could actually afford it.

A popular impression of Australia and Australians is that which is implied by our native animals, the outback, leathery skinned crocodile hunters and all the usual stuff. The truth is, life in Australia's major cities is unremarkable. People care about traffic, taxes, crime, politics, health insurance, education etc etc. Some things are probably interesting to foreigners - I now live in the city but I grew up in the country so learning to identify which spiders will kill you and what to do when a snake is present were vital things, but only outside of the city. Most Australians are suburban and it's the saddest thing really, but our overall character probably isn't much different in any meaningful way to that of anyone living in any comparable country.



Mike Barnes

Melbourne, Australia

Melbourne is a place that welcomes anyone and will accept them as they are, as long as they're not from Sydney; mainly because people from Sydney remind us of Americans. There is a Melbourne band who once wrote a fine song about the USA.

"Kill all the flag-waving, red blooded, young Yankee boys;
String their torsos up, and use their dicks as toys.
Nuke every U.S. city, blow them to the sky.
Every single fucking yank deserves to fucking die."
- TISM, *'Kill Americans'*

Don't feel that you need to come and invade us for that, by the way. See, the Australian love of the underdog, the less fortunate, the "battler", is strong in Melbourne. We love watching a loser win something. We love seeing no-hopers try their best and lose even more. It pains me to tell you this, America, but that's just not you. You're too good at everything. You don't have to try. You've conquered the world, so there's no way we can support you. That doesn't mean we don't like you, just that you'll be a target for our jokes until you start losing for a change.

As you'd expect from lovers of competition, we Melburnians are a somewhat sports-obsessed bunch. Australian Rules Football was invented here, and the majority of teams in the entire national league represent suburbs of Melbourne. It's debatable if the biggest thrill for a supporter is watching their team win, or being able to mock their friends when their team loses. Of course, cricket, soccer, tennis and swimming are all popular here, and we've even grudgingly come to accept rugby as a valid spectator sport in recent years. Hell, if there's something on where someone's going to win and someone's going to lose, you'll have no trouble selling tickets to watch it.

Melbourne's identity is defined by being a truly multicultural city. You can find representatives of all nations here, and all cultures are welcomed with open arms as long as they open a small café somewhere in town (preferably with outdoor seating), and hire someone who can make a decent

latté. In this, Melbourne exists in sharp contrast to its fellow state capital to the north, Sydney, which likes to call itself multicultural in tourist brochures, but never quite manages to find anywhere for these cultures to make themselves at home. This is probably because of all the space taken up by plush toy kangaroos wearing boxing gloves and authentic balsa wood boomerangs.

It's interesting that Melbourne is often seen as the poorer relation to Sydney when it comes to international views of Australia. Sure, they've got half a million more people than us, and their opera house and silly bridge make it on to the postcards and are iconic symbols of our county. The Sydney folks are even known to refer to us as "Mexicans", cleverly casting themselves as the country's equivalent of America, while playing on the fact that we're located to the south of them.

I'll take that as a compliment. Next time you're coming this way, swing by Melbourne; "Australia's Tijuana".

Jedimastafez

Auckland, New Zealand

Auckland, New Zealand. The most multi-cultural city in this small multi-island nation and also home to the most hated people in the country. The rationality behind such malice can only be placed at the feet of 'Tall Poppy' syndrome; all things are bigger and better in Auckland - it is an arrogant city in the very sense of the word.

As citizens of Auckland, we enjoy access to pretty much everything the rest of the country has to offer, some maybe slightly artificial and others slightly polluted, but never the less the opportunities are there.

Because of its water-locked state you can travel east, west or north and find beaches to enjoy or an artificial ski slope that appears to be stored in a mountain-sized fridge. Like the rest of the country it also has a lot of bush - great for walking, or filming B-Grade Greek mythological stories that somehow end up as hit TV shows in America. Despite all that is great about Auckland, it also suffers from growing pains; poor decision making by politicians has led to backward development in many areas, most notably public transport.

The city is often described as a large urban sprawl, one of the lowest density cities in the world and proud of its high air pollution due to everyone driving everywhere. If you want an idea of what it's like to live and travel here; I play ice hockey - if I have a game at one of the two rinks in Auckland that is not near me, it's a 45 minute drive from where I live. This is considered average travel time in most cases compared to some of the more newly developed areas.

Auckland holds the prestigious title of having the largest Polynesian population of any city in the world, while also having substantial Chinese, Korean, Indian and South African communities. This means a lot of ethnic cuisine, home-grown rap music, good rugby players and the distinct impression that you are no longer in an English speaking nation most of the time.

Aucklanders are also fond of drama; if there is nothing terribly important in the news, they will make it so. An example of this was a month long debate about where to build a rugby stadium for the 2011 Rugby World Cup - complete with backstabbing and scandalous emails.

New Zealand has a relationship with America that could be best described as 'that guy you work with but don't actually hang out with outside of work'. Because of our nuclear free policy we aren't exactly chummy with America like our larger neighbours are. A lot of resentment comes in the form of a dislike for America's foreign policy, especially when criticized for not sending troops to Iraq. But other than that Aucklanders view America as they feel towards most thing - apathetic and ambivalent.

I hope you have enjoyed this installment of the Great American Reach Around. Our journey South will continue in the next edition. If you have any complaints or comments you can always send me a message. I promise you, I read them all!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.11 Kama Sutra Positions For Internet Writers

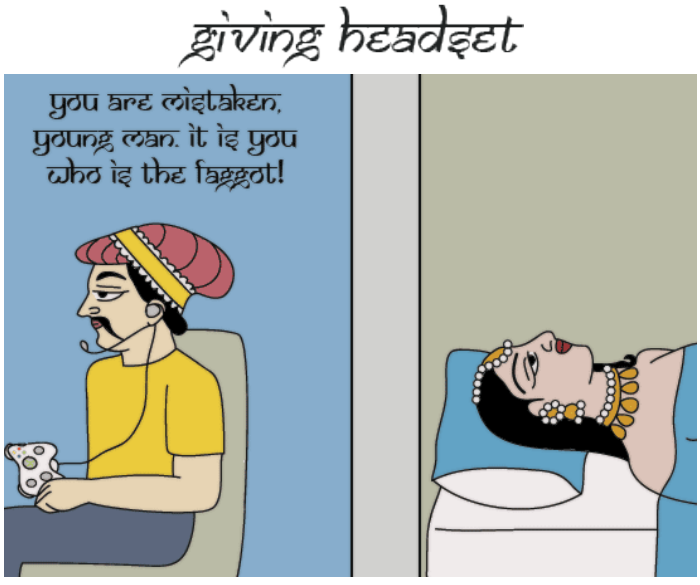
Saturday, May 12, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> The following revisions to **The Illustrated Kama Sutra** are solely intended for males who make a living by writing humor and video game articles on the internet. These positions contain advanced concepts and techniques that could result in horrific injuries and significant mental anguish for normal men.

A woman that the man has never met before positions herself in the seat next to his in a movie theater. His eyes caress her knees and thighs continuously for several hours. In an advanced form of this technique, she crosses her legs and her ankle brushes against his calf.

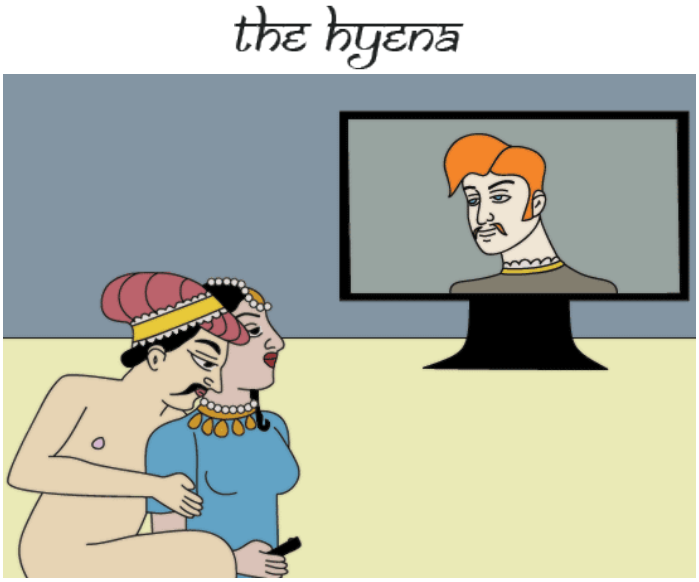
Not to be confused with The Thirsty Siren, where the woman's elbow brushes against the man's arm when she reaches for her Dr. Pepper.

The man's best friend embraces him in a horrifically platonic hug. She has trapped him in the friend zone for years. As the woman cries on the man's shoulder over the death of a family member, he concentrates on the sensation of her breasts pressing against him. The man focuses, diverting all of his mental power to the impossible task of granting his chest the same amount of tactile feedback as his fingertips. As the woman's sobbing intensifies, she holds him closer and their hips touch. It is the closest his groin will ever be to hers.

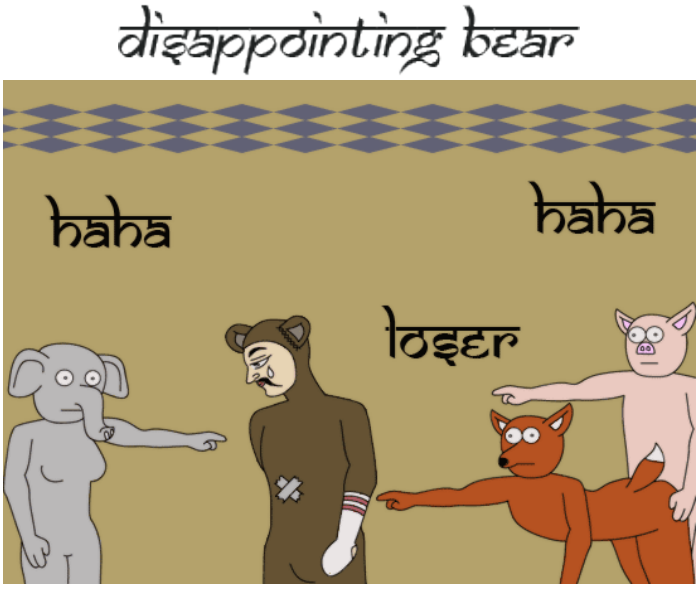


The man plays Gears Of War on Xbox Live in his apartment, shouting at 14-year-old children who place sticky grenades on him and then roll away. As his screaming intensifies and carries through the cardboard-thin apartment walls, his female neighbor is driven to new heights of ecstasy by his manliness and maturity. Each curse word is a passionate thrust, each homophobic slur an orgasm. He unknowingly pleasures her until she collapses into a deep and satisfied slumber. The man falls

asleep himself while waiting for two surviving players to move from their hiding spots on Escalation.



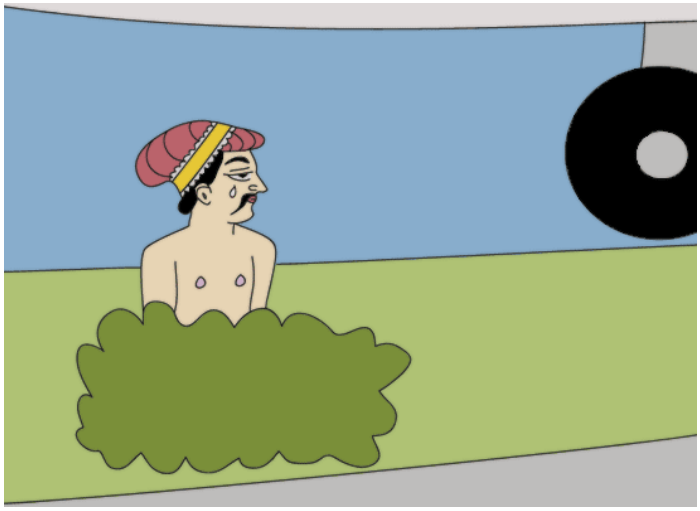
The man sits facing the woman he has somehow tricked into coming home with him. She wraps her hand around his remote control and turns on the television. As the man kisses her neck and whispers of his unending love for her a mere three hours after they first met, the woman laughs at Late Night With Conan O'Brien. When the show is over, the woman tells the man she should go because she has a migraine and she is having her period and she is pregnant and the three bookcases devoted to the mans' comic books sort of freak her out.



When all normal methods of meeting women prove fruitless, the man crafts a bear suit and attends a furry convention. He hopes to find a decent looking frog to make out with, but is willing to settle

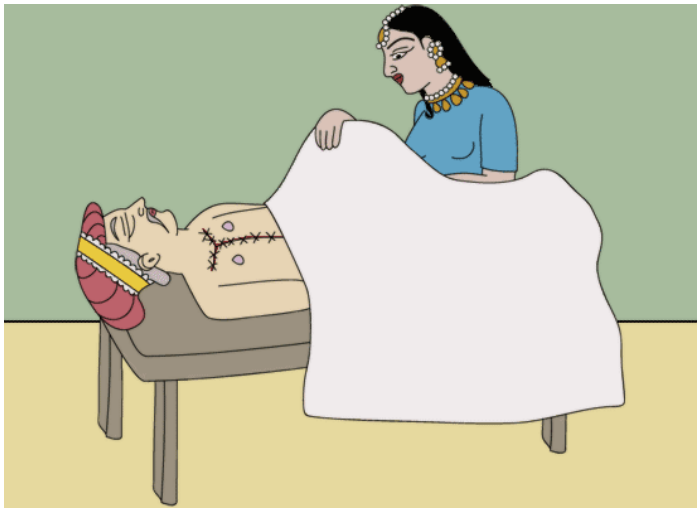
for anything that's female at this point. As the others point and laugh at his poorly constructed costume, the man hangs his head and weeps.

bushwhack



The man positions himself behind a row of shrubbery alongside an airport runway. While watching the planes take off and land, he masturbates with a cold, detached resignation.

death's embrace



The man dies alone and uncared for, leaving nothing behind save for a legacy of Duke Nukem Forever jokes and a browser cache almost entirely comprised of vanity searches. While performing the autopsy, a female doctor briefly touches the man's junk while checking for needle marks or poisonous snake bites. Score.

In an advanced form of this technique, the man inserts his thumb into the woman's anus and simulates a thumb-wrestling match.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.12 ABC's Lost and the Worst Villain Reveals Ever

Sunday, May 13, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Most of you have probably either given up on, or, god-willing, never started the twisted mass of abandoned plotlines and broken hearts that is Lost. But some of you, like me, insist on subjecting yourselves to hour after hour of vague shit happening somewhere off camera while Jack and Juliet and Kate grimace at each other cryptically and set up the world's laziest cliffhangers with lines like "My secret plan is...hmm, maybe I should delay telling you for no real reason until next episode". If you are part of that unfortunate minority, then you were probably shocked this week to see an honest-to-goodness, actual, kinda, sorta, semi-answer to a major mystery

If you don't watch Lost, then what I'm talking about is the fact that they showed Jacob this week. Jacob is the mysterious leader of the malevolent Others, a person of (possibly?) fathomless power and (maybe?) unbelievable malice. Jacob was basically the unidentified super-villain of the last two seasons, and one of the main questions for awhile has been: *Who is Jacob?*

And the answer this week was quite definitive: Jacob is a goofy, semi-invisible, pirate-looking ghost with Scooby Doo ghost powers like shaking walls and haunting small houses. He was moments from pulling off his wig and revealing that he was actually the prop boy in disguise and mentioning that he would have continued shaking small items in his house if it hadn't been for those meddling kids. Which brings me, in a not so round about way, to the topic of my article:

Villain reveals that sucked

Spiderman 3

Comic book movies are just like regular movies, except that certain fans will do their best to reconstruct the entire plot from early interviews, and put together enough pre-release screen shots that they could watch the entire movie by flipping through them really fast. So keeping villains secret is near impossible, and rumors of Sandman and Venom and that other guy who looks like Ryan Phillipe as Robocop were everywhere before the movie was even done filming.

Because of this, fans were stunned, come release day, to discover that the movie's real triple threat was an overlarge budget, an overloaded script, and an overlong running time. Also I guess Spiderman turned into a black guy for awhile, and Venom was in

and out faster than that ugly face in The Exorcist, except Topher Grace isn't quite as attractive. Surprise!

The Village

The previews came as close as they could to calling this movie "Signs 2: This Time With Amish People", but this was only to cleverly disguise the true villain of this movie, which was a mentally disabled Jew in a hedgehog costume. I wish more movies would have gone with this particular brand of bad guy (handicapped Jew dressed as hedgehog), as I feel it is a rich vein that has hardly been tapped.

Indian Michael Jackson in the Indian Thriller Video

I can only assume that India has some private stash of actual entertainment that they keep hidden in their country, because I can't imagine anyone sitting down, watching this video, and saying "Huh, that seemed fun and worth watching. I especially liked the part where fake Michael Jackson smiled like a dopey eighth grader and then started doing Sieg Heils and shouting the same phrase over and over. The creation of movies along this line is certainly not an indication of a nationwide mental disorder."
I thought Ghandi was fighting against injustice, and yet we still have movies like this in the world. I guess his life was a failure then, but what can you do?

The Lady in the Water

It was a real trip when the villain was finally revealed to be an ugly ass mermaid, or a funky time traveling pimp from 1976, or a pile of bricks with a frowny face painted on them, or whatever it was. No one watched that goddamn movie.

The Dark Tower Series

As someone who writes about stuff for a webpage about stuff, I feel I am in a unique position to offer writing advice to a bestselling author:

Hey Stephen, if you build up a character as the ultimate evil in seven books written over the course of twenty years, then maybe you want to make him something a little more threatening than a cranky Santa Claus that's killed by a giant magic pencil eraser you introduced five pages earlier. I know I am not the award winning author of such novels as "Alcoholic Writer Versus Scary Ghosts" and "Alcoholic Writer Versus Scary Women" and this one short story where I swear to god it was about a young black maid who felt the compulsion to eat the semen off a popular horror writer's sheets (this is a story he actually wrote), but maybe you'll listen to my small word of advice anyway.

You may be a perfectly nice person, but all I'm saying is the ending to The Dark Tower was the worst thing to enter your head since that van's bumper.

Star Wars Episode 3

It takes a particular kind of talent to ruin a villain that has already been on a thousand Best Bad Guy Ever Oh My God lists. This brand of talent is known as "being George Lucas" and is unfortunately categorized as incurable by most major medical groups. There's not much to say about this scene that hasn't been said a million times, but if it takes a million times of saying "Hey George Lucas, you managed to screw up Darth Vader. You're worthless!" for him to understand that he managed to screw up Darth Vader and that he's worthless, then so be it.

Special Sub-Section For Whatever Category This Video Belongs in:

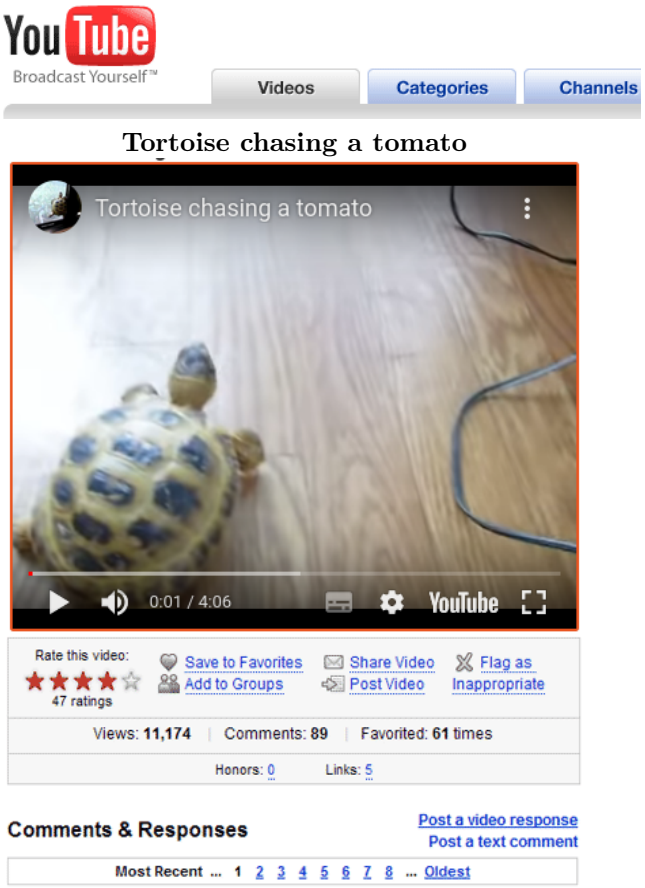
Some Insane Clown Posse Video Former SA Writer "Pantsfish" Sent Me

I don't know exactly what's going on here, but any villain reveal that involves a guy with fake hair glued all over his face doing karate chops at policemen's faces while the announcer shouts "IT'S A FUCKIN' WEREWOLF" over and over certainly doesn't belong on a list of bad villain reveals. It doesn't belong on a list of good reveals either. It belongs to its own special category, which is explained quite well by the last line of the video.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

5.13 YouTalk: Crazy Animal Videos

Monday, May 14, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h_N_rjkdcKU

turtlefan76 (9 hours ago)

awwww i love it! i was worried he wasnt going to catch that darn tomato whats his name?

(Reply)(Spam)

durfwin (9 hours ago)

fuck that thing dont hold it! its survial of the fitest

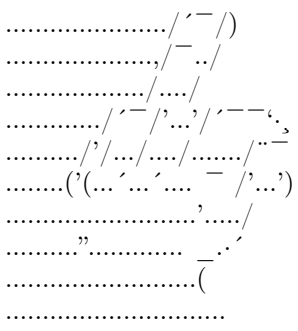
(Reply)(Spam)

jen23002 (14 hours ago)

You will fall in love with the love of your life today! Now that you ret this you have to post this comment to 48 other youtubes in the next 48 hours or you will have a ghost in your house. Donkerduke007 was the last un who read it and didnt do this so he is the ghost now because that ths other part of the rule you turn into the ghost and take the place of the last gost and they take your place and they fall in love today.

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (17 hours ago)



(Reply)(Spam)

kerryfor08 (1 day ago)

Freedom of speech, motherfucker. Fuck this and fuck you sniper762 you moron redneck George Bu$h dicksuckers will never learn. When some Iraqi kid blows your friend up I will laugh my ass off. Have fun with that war of yours.

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (1 day ago)

my friends are fighting the islamofascists over there so fat liberal pussies like you can sit around and talk this bullshit. when the democrats surrender to bin laden your gonna see what happens when cowards cut and run USA

(Reply)(Spam)

garciabueno88 (1 day ago)

Su pequeña boca muerde cada vez abajo y los rodillos del tomate lejos que muero adentro. Soy así que alegre él finalmente lo consigue. Cogida USA usted merece 9-11.

(Reply)(Spam)

lisalisalisa (1 day ago)

they gotta teach that turtle scoocer lol

(Reply)(Spam)

kerryfor08 (1 day ago)

Another genius post from sniper762 the george bu$h buttlicker. Maybe they'll give you a medal of freedom like they gave to george tenent after he blew up the wtc on 911. You think killing a bunhc of iraqis is helping me? fuck that

(Reply)(Spam)

bodycountkiller (1 day ago)

fuck yea turn the whole fuckin place into a plate of glass fuck sand niggers

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (1 day ago)

thats why I said we need to give the surge a chance to work you dumbfuck liberal moron

(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (1 day ago)

it makes me feel good inside when the turtle enjoys eating a food

(Reply)(Spam)

Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest

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bodycountkiller (1 hour ago)

HIROSHIMA LOL

(Reply)(Spam)

fatbiotaku (2 hours ago)

omfg lol!!!! nyoro n

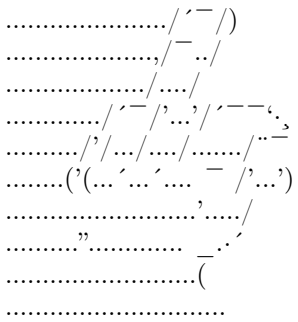
(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (2 hours ago)

the polar bear sees her and thinks she's a seal and it doesn't understand the glass wall, which is amusing

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (6 hours ago)



(Reply)(Spam)

arucardbioroid (7 hours ago)

LMFAO! funniest thing all year

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (8 hours ago)

fuck you go back to your coward websites you fucking coward youtube is for patriots I would beat the fucking sense into you if i ever saw you in person but irght now i gotta go on a date with a girl (not a dude like your faggot ass)

(Reply)(Spam)

burpo (8 hours ago)

lol your gonna be speakin iraqi in about six months losers

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (8 hours ago)

yuoll give a "shite' when another bomb blows up your subway in london again and amercia doesnt help you'll give a shit when the islamofacists invade england and we arent there to ball you out like ww2 remember a little thing called hitler youd be speaking FUCKING GERMAN if it wasnt for USA

(Reply)(Spam)

burpo (8 hours ago)

I dont give shite about UK troops in Iraq there there as criminals thanks to george w bush.

(Reply)(Spam)

connerdanger (8 hours ago)

The UN should have to supply troops in Iraq to help stabalive.. The US should never supply any more troops to the Un forces unless they are equal to of less then the # supplied by other nations.. And the US should Never supply any weapons or $ to the UN forces..

Screw the UN, Screw France, WTF.. Kick them all out of the US.

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (9 hours ago)

i can't believe you would say that with your own troops dying in Iraq you stupid british faggot. it's treason and back in the day when british werent all pussies you woulda hung for it

(Reply)(Spam)

burpo (9 hours ago)

Stupid fucking yanks and getting their arses kicked in Iraq just like in Vietnam. You started the bloody war and theyre fighting for freedom.

(Reply)(Spam)

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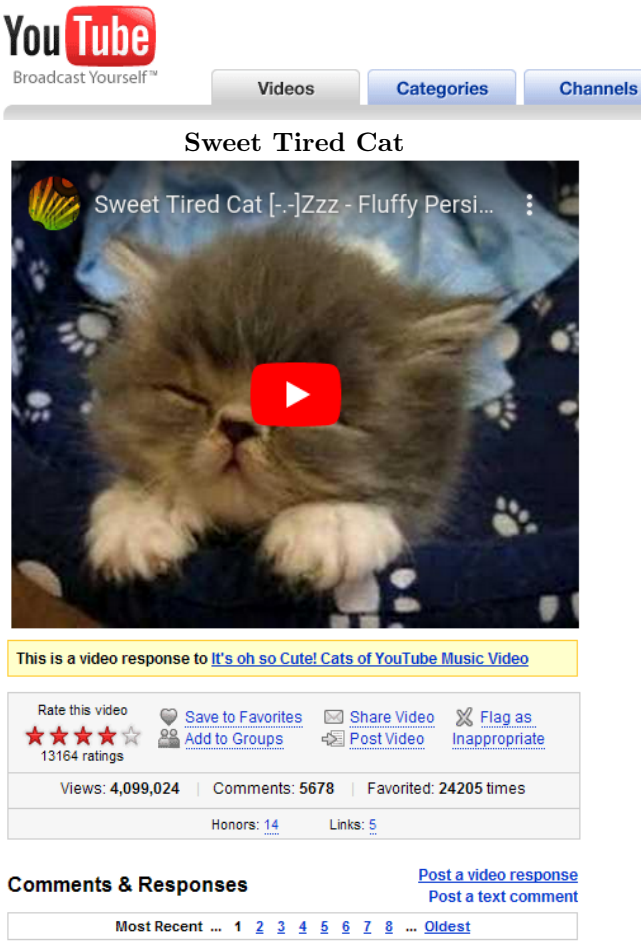
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Rate this video
13164 ratings
Save to Favorites
Add to Groups
Share Video
Post Video
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Views: 4,099,024 | Comments: 5678 | Favorited: 24205 times
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durfwin (1 hour ago)

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helyungoku (1 hour ago)

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garciabueno88 (1 hour ago)

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factman_PI (1 hour ago)

That cat must be very tired if it's falling asleep that way. I bet cats don't fall asleep that way very often, but I'm not sure because I have never owned a cat.

(Reply)(Spam)

durfwin (1 hour ago)

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kombatkomedy (1 hour ago)

Check out our Kombat Komedy videos!

*Ken vs. D'shawn on "the Internet"

*Dave vs. Randy on "fat girls"

*D'shawn vs. Pete on "rap music"

*Pete vs. Dave on "politics"

*plus Johnny Boner's solo act and skits from the Kombat Komedy Krew (KKK!)

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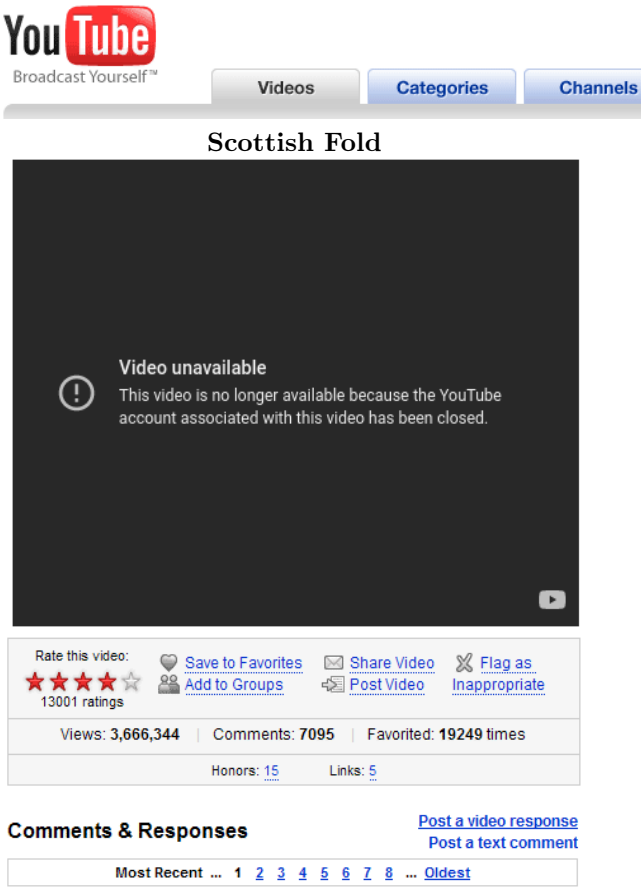

sasha088 (6 hours ago)

STOP READING THIS NOW! Too late! Now you have the curse and the curse is that you have to post this in 100 other YouTube videos in 24 hours or you will wake up with no skin. It happened to one girl in Oregon and she still has no skin to this day. It happened to a man from PAris, France and his skin is partially back but only because he posted this 60 times before his time ran out. Save yourself before it's too late!

(Reply)(Spam)

lisalisalisa (1 day ago)

OMG! THAT IS THE CUTEST THING EVER LOL! i watched it three times i love it!

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (1 day ago)

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burpo (1 day ago)

Fuck the chip-oil swilling Scotch and fuck their stupid cat. Eat fried Mars bars in hell you wankers. Rule Britannia!!

(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (2 days ago)

A baby cat comes out of a shoe. I wish he would come out of my shoe. That would be pretty cute.

(Reply)(Spam)

turtlefan76 (3 days ago)

shut up about the seals I dont give a crap how many of them get killed and im not watching your stupid video

(Reply)(Spam)

bodycountkiller (3 days ago)

LOL talk english heres some advise yuo dumb french faggot get your shit packed in by an aids dick and die

(Reply)(Spam)

garciabueno88 (3 days ago)

El gatito es la cosa más linda que he visto en mi vida entera. Lloro para este pequeño animal adorable. Lo amo tanto que puedo casi olvidarme del mentiroso George W. Bush. La guerra es toda lo que él sabe y habrá venganza, pero este gatito, sabe amor.

(Reply)(Spam)

bodycountkiller (3 days ago)

fuck jihadis fuck middle east rag heads bomb them all lol

(Reply)(Spam)

kerryfor08 (4 days ago)

You degenerate morons in the military can shoot some more civilians we already lost this fucking war and its the fault of people like you. look up loose change 9-11 some time and see how smart you feel afterwards. now I've gotta go my girlfriend is calling to me from the other room so see you later

(Reply)(Spam)

sniper762 (4 day ago)

bullshit if an IED goes off right next to your vehicle you have every right to kill every motherfucker in sight its the mujjis fault for not wearing a uniform in an attack you have to treat all targets as hostile. Not that you would know you liberal armchiar general faggots telling real soldiers how to fight the war from your leving room get fucked you faggot

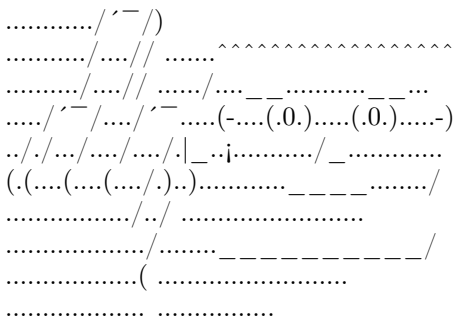
(Reply)(Spam)

fatbiotaku (4 days ago)

umm its called 'anime' not 'japanimation' and its not just for kids. if you want to know more check out my amvs for my tribue to fushigi yuugi and aerosmith

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (4 days ago)



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-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Starwire '72! With Rocky French

Tuesday, May 15, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This particularly feisty edition of Starwire! is reprinted from the July 8th, 1972 issue of The Los Angeles Barrow. Rocky, still half-bearded and a little punchy from the Academy Awards just six months prior, brings us up to speed on all the entertainment industry gossip. His inimitable style permeates each morsel of Hollywoof madness!

Do I smell wedding bells for post-Beatlemaniac mainman **George Harrison** and blink-a-minute coin-op heartthog **PONG**? Alack! The hoary hippy was seen grasping the perky calculover's wood cabinet and twiddling her thrumwheels at **Rocky's Tap** in Scuntbroth, England (yes, *merry olde* Englande- the very same!). Honorable intentions or a bit of "free love?" Time judgeth all men.

Glam rock baddy-boy basilisk **Lou Reed** (ooh, if looks could kill!) learnt a new trick: the Detroit native has taught his **Cocker Spaniel** to shoot coons. Naughty! "They rummage through my trash, so I taught Houghley to shoot them. It ain't clever," burbles the former Factory funboy. A few too many run-ins with Darkie Joe on **The Wild Side?**

"A tramp, a brute bitch tramp," says a source close to an actress. "She's never met a mattress she couldn't ruin." Who is she? Sources close to the source cite dimestore hag **Jane Fonda** as a contender. Mee-*ough!*

What does sightless newt *y* platinum poet **Stevie Wonder** sees when he close his eyes? "Terrible visions," he tells People Magazine. Keep on the black glasses, Stevie!

Gene Hackman in an airplane troilet with **Faye Dunaway** for two hours? No fanks! Such is the premise of **Frankie Ford Coppola**'s new potboiler **The Godfother**. Stink-ee. Take your dog on a date to this one, folks, she loves *walkies!*

Hackman's "Godfather" a real "Hackjob"

Recording bestsell **Neil Young** may not have a "**Heart of Gold**," but what a heart *does* he have! The Canuck troglo will pit his muttonchops versus Detroit's own **Bruce Lee** in the low-budge forthcomer **Heart of Fists**.

Can't train a man to dance? Ask **Dustin Hoffman**. Source close reveals that that man, the **Hoff Man**, can't barely dance a step in tune. My eyes in the breezeway caught Hoff stepping grim clods on the dancefloor with **Cybil Shepherd**, the little pussycat. "He's a stoneshoe," says a dear friend. "Women hate his dancing because it reminds them of menstruation."

And dancy news continues: **Connery** won't be soft-shoeing in **Bond James Bond's** legendary spats again, says he. "No more Jamesey Boy out of Sean," says close friend. "He's decided to hoof it to a new beat: the mambo beat." Look for the Scottish heartthrod's return in "Cubano Fantastigallo" later this year. As for **Bond**? **Deliverance** sexpot **Ned Beatty** looks set to step into the secret agent's legendary mustache. "Shucks," he told the L.A. Times.

Peeping manlet **Paul Simon** spent nearly fifty thousand smackerjacks in a drunken reenactment of his favorite fable, **The Tortoise and the Jackdaw**. "He was the jackdaw," says Hollywoob sloth **Ernest Borgnine**. "It was just like the story. He chattered at the tortoise one too many times, then the damn tortoise wouldn't let him take delight in its meal of figs and slugs. I was the tortoise." Simon returned to his cote with a grumble belly, the hard lesson learned.

Dating: **Getaway** fleshsac **Ali MacGraw** and rare bird? The honey-tanned MacGraw is a bit of a beach bird herself, but no match for new main squeeze **Marbled Murrelet,** rare shorebird known for peculiar egg habits. Photogs testify that the couple seemed offully cozy at Hollywoop's exclusive **Club Fistfight** last evening. Do I hear wedding eggs?

Three Dog Night lived up to their name at the **Pallasadium** last night... literally! Wowing the bozos with an all-night clutch of yahoo hits, the boys from Detroit put the "dog" in "hot-dingity-dog." Truth in advertising?

A publicity saucecrop of epic dimensions ignited when bronzed slab **McQueen** was spied toweling off after a dip in the **Mott's** applesauce vat. "We must have McQueen in our applesauce," say Samuel R. Mott Jr. Jr. "We want it up there in lights. Redford. McQueen. Mott." Select jars of Mott's Apple Sauce will now contain the leavings of McQueen's pubis. Will you be among the lucky? **The Hoople** remains unavailable for comment.

The Poseidon Adventure- a wail of a thale! The upsie-daisy boaty flick grosses big smackerjacks at the box office, and hark: a slew of copycat pictures. One such: big-budge sequel **Airport II** takes to the wing in August, concerning an airplane that flips over in the sky but has to land! **Jon Voight** returns in **Midnight Cowboy II**, taking up where the last left off... but the bus turns over! Ratso falls lifeless to ceiling.

Rock heartthrox **Jackson Browne** and **Glenn Frey** teamed for big money sales this year with **Take it Easy**, and the record buying public "took it easy" ...all the way to the bank for Browne and Frey! Muchos copies sold, but Detroit's native sons take the fame easy. "It's what I was born to do," said song scribe Browne, and deaf-and-dumb Frey just nods with that solemn big chief Indian hampa-wampa face.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.15 Dear Mr. Congress-Man

Wednesday, May 16, 2007 by Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Letters from Constituent-Man series.

Dear Mr. Congress-Man,

When last I dispatched communications to you it was to discuss the urgent matter of inadequate meatball consumption in America. You and your science-men ignored my warnings and that will prove to be your undoing. That is okay. Evolutionary fate is a natural process and the truths I shared with you are inevitable. I merely encouraged you to take hold of it, so that you might embrace the future as a glove, wearing it upon your mighty guiding hand. Now it will crush you relentlessly as the lobster crushes its enemies in fields of aquatic battle, its claws like tiny crustaceous mirrors of the grand singularities devouring space.

I hereby offer my six months notice as a resident of your congressional sector. I will be vacating it for a safer and more progressive sector in light of the coming societal and biological turbulence certain to result from your inaction. When you, your science-men, and constituents are torn to pieces and converted into tiny microscopic meatball matter, I will weep for a period proportional to the redistribution of life.

At the cessation of six Earth months I, my companion-woman, my domicile, my acre of land, my transport, my specimens, and my post-temporal quantum entangler will disappear in a brilliant flash of light that will blind every organism in an 8-mile radius. You will never hear from me again. Because of the imprecision associated with transportation of this magnitude, your sector will be left with a 5-mile deep hole in the shape of my property. I apologize for any inconvenience this might cause.

I trust that as an elected arbiter you will be impartial and not seek retribution against me in the interim, a humble constituent-man of your sector. Mr. Congress-Man, whatever differences we may have, I yield to your authority in all matters. I have done as such with all designated authority figures since my early phases in the larva sacs of my home hive.

Mr. Congress-Man, now that that is settled, I need your help.

I am being endlessly menaced by a distracting ovoid in the sky. I believe your science-men refer to this type of object as a "blimpoid." Its presence is ominous and I have no doubt that its intentions are less than salubrious in nature, even if it does claim to wish me a "Good Year." I have made empirical determinations based on its angle, length of flotation, and gaseous interior that it is a hostile specimen.

Mr. Congress-Man, I ask you this: what if the blimpoid was pining for your knowledge and safety? I trust the survival instincts afforded to you by years of dealing with blimpoids would inspire radical action. I require radical action on your behalf.

I believe the blimpoid is monitoring my actions in clear violation of the constitutional rights and civil liberties prescribed to me upon donning an American form, no doubt in response to the recent letter I wrote to the Editor-Man of Log Cabin Quarterly urging him to consider the possibility of cat hair as an alternative fuel source. I have done extensive studies on the matter in my basement, and believe that by 2017 we could completely eliminate the need for fossil fuels by breeding large, elephant-sized felines inside of hyperbaric chambers, shaving them, and converting the hair into an

extremely potent substance my former people call Kxim-47b. No doubt this blimpoid acts at the behest of oil companies worried about losing control over mankind. But that is a matter between me and the Editor-Man of Log Cabin Quarterly.

Mr. Congress-Man, I have three requests.

First, I humbly request that you dispatch military forces to subdue the blimpoid. A contingent of your fighter-jets should prove ample in rending the sky leviathan from its lair. Upon sight of clear, blimpoid-free skies I will do two things. First, I will give your science-men a serum that will enable owls to survive the harsh environment of the nearby Martian provinces. Second, I will demonstrate to you a card trick that involves the chaotic and unpredictable distribution of 52 playing cards that always manage to align in such a manner as to cause the cards to have never existed in the first place. The trick, if done right, will not cause cancer. My father taught this trick to me and performed it so well that he no longer exists and never did, but is nonetheless remembered fondly as a series of informational beeps emanating from the core worlds.

Second, you will bring forth the blimpoid's pilot-man for me to inspect. It is the custom of my former people to examine an enemy's face, in particular his mouth and the noises that come out of it. These noises will determine whether or not I need replace you and all other informed parties with holographic facsimiles and initiate Contingency Phase Omega.

Finally, in keeping with the customs of both of our cultures, I will bombard his skull with hypersonic vibrations to strip all information from his brain. This information will then be blasted into my brain so that I might gain his knowledge and mastery of blimpoids. You have my vow that I will not use this knowledge for evil in the manner your kind has.

My hands are trembling as I write this. I have no doubt that the blimpoid is employing a tactical subsonic disruption device. I have momentarily shifted my house 47 degrees out of alignment with the Earth so that I may finish this letter in peace. My life in your congressional sector has been unpleasant and counterproductive. Not since my days in the prison chambers of old, wherein I was subjected to a reality improperly synchronized with the gravitational wave moment of force G-7, have I been made to feel so unwelcome.

If you complete these three tasks in full I will share with your science-men blueprints for a patio deck that is sufficient to handle all needs and is capable of surviving a supernova. I had plans to build one myself but I placed those plans on hold when a man at Home Depot told me I was insane. I rewarded his insolence with the removal of his memory and he has been wandering the aisles of that Home Depot lost and frightened ever since.

I will share with you something else as a token of my gratitude for your assistance in this matter. On June 24, 1947, nine unidentified craft were spotted flying over Mount Rainier by an observant human. What you do not know is that I was in one of those craft and we were searching for a lost artifact the size and shape of a desk that fell through a binary rift in my old laboratory. Inside the drawer of the artifact is a device that can bind pieces of paper together. If you choose to find it, please use it only for good.

As you have sworn to do by sacred oath, I expect your prompt response to my concerns. I expect that my eyes and ears will soon be given the gift of an exploding blimpoid.

Should this matter not be resolved promptly I am prepared to retaliate by detonating a gravity reversal bomb, which will make short work of all blimpoids and also everybody within your congressional

sector.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Constituent-Man

-∼Constituent-Man (@Livestock)

5.16 Say Goodbye to Those Flashing Red Lights of Death Forever!

Thursday, May 17, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

If your Xbox 360 doesn't look like this, well, you just wait then you smug prick.

The Xbox 360 was released almost two years ago to much hype and anticipation. Microsoft's sequel to their first foray into the console wars managed to impress even the most jaded Internet asshole and made waves with a better than average launch lineup.

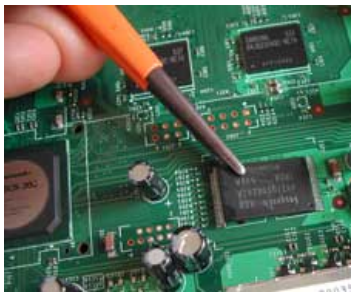
Who would have thought, a system worth playing right out of the box? Excellent original titles like Condemned and even a rehashed but well-executed World War II shooter made Xbox 360 owners out of those traditionally weary of buying consoles at launch. Many, including myself, decided to throw caution to the wind take the plunge.

Soon after launch reports began circulating that units were breaking down and presenting a red laser show on the "ring of light" display. Angry nerds rushed to embarrass themselves on Internet forums, caps lock already depressed, and proclaim they would never purchase another "Micro$haft" product ever again while Microsoft sycophants defended the software giant at all costs. Many people attributed these broken consoles to normal failure rates among new hardware.

Now it's a year and a half later and Xbox 360s are still "bricking" at an alarming rate. It seems that every Xbox-related forum you look at, someone is complaining about their broken 360 or the horrible repair process they must now endure.

360 owners with working consoles balk at claims that there is a design flaw and instead blame the user for mistreating their machine. That is, until their unit starts seeing red as well. While nobody knows for sure why Xbox 360s are breaking down, the community is searching for answers.

Apparently the Xbox-Scene nerds, who are enthusiasts or pirates depending on who you ask, have hypothesized that the heat generated during normal operation causes the motherboard to warp and because of pressure put on the motherboard by the heatsink clamp, the whole thing bends, severing the physical connections between the GPU, the CPU, and the mainboard.



A hardware engineer points out the chip that makes an Xbox 360 break roughly 1 day after the warranty expires.

Now I don't know what the hell any of that means. All all I know is that I can't play Viva Pinata right now, possibly because of it. *If* it is true, that means people who take better care for their console will be in a worse position than gamers who treat their console like they do their bodies.

Think about it. Johnny GameFAQs, who leaves his Xbox 360 on all day sitting on the carpet, turning it off only to violently lug it to his buddy's house where his friend proceeds to piss on it so they can film it and put their masterpiece on YouTube, will discover that his system breaks sooner than later, probably sometime within the 1-year warranty period. For his efforts he'll recieve a free repair or replacement.

Jimmy Games Forum Goon however, who has taken out several insurance policies for his collection

of mint condition Radiant Silvergun and unopened Chrono Trigger boxes that he bought on eBay for roughly 100 times the cost of his dignity, takes impeccable care of his unit. Therefore his will last for a longer amount of time than the warranty covers, leaving him to either trash his 360 or fork over the $160 for a repair/replacement when it eventually explodes. How's that for a conspiracy theory, eh?

Either way it's just a matter of time until the motherboard warps from the heat. You might as well let your Xbox break now and enter the dark world known as warranty repair hell that so many Xbox 360 owners, including myself, are now in.

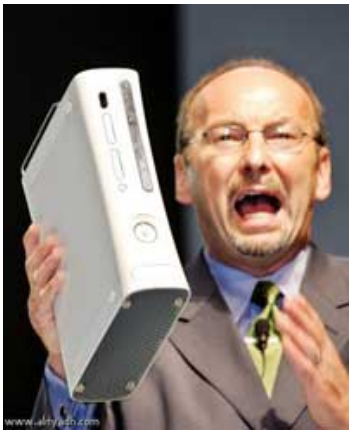
Damn dude, you sure did give that plastic box filled with electronics assembled in Taiwain inside of it what it had coming. Fight the power.

Once you are in warranty replacement hell it is almost impossible to get out of it. When you send your Xbox back to Microsoft they attempt to repair it. If they cannot repair it they send a replacement, which is apparently a refurbished unit, i.e. someone else's broken ass Xbox that they managed to get working for 5 minutes before shipping it to you with UPS 30-day "I Think I Can, I Think I Can" delivery.

Your "repaired" console will undoubtably still suffer from the same ailment that plagues the rest of the Xbox's out there and will eventually break, probably before the week is over. This leaves you with one option. That's right, sending it back to Microsoft for another half-assed repair job. Legend has it that there are some Xbox 360 owners who have gone through up to six Xbox's in warranty repair hell. I even read about a guy who has been an Xbox 360 owner for 18 months, but for seven of those months his Xbox 360 has been on vacation at Microsoft's repair facility.

I'm not saying the Xbox-Scene guys are 100% correct in their diagnosis but they seem to be the only ones that have any answers. What has Microsoft's response been to all of this? Vice President of Interactive Entertainment Peter Moore thinks we're pretty damn lucky to be sold defective consoles by such a wonderful company.

He expertly dodged questions about Xbox 360 failure rates by spreading apart his buttocks and squeezing squeezing out this little gem, "What this consumer should worry about is the way that we've treated him. Y'know, things break, and if we've treated him well and fixed his problem, that's something that we're focused on right now. I'm not going to comment on individual failure rates because I'm shipping in 36 countries and it's a complex business."



Peter Moore, proving that bad PR isn't just for Sony!

We should be so lucky that Peter Moore has fixed our problem by making us spend six hours trying to get some Indian to agree to repair our defective launch day console for free so we can wait a month to receive an empty box that may or may not be sent back with a working video game system inside.

Some people know their UPS carrier by name already and he's going to be asking for a tip this Christmas. Are you going to tip this fucker for me Mr. Moore? Are you going to fix *my problem* you cue-ball headed jerkoff?! I DON'T WANT TO TIP THE FUCKING UPS MAN FOR DELIVERING THIS GODDAMN PEICE OF SHIT VIDEO GAME CONSOLE TO ME. 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1. Breathe deep, breathe deep...

Once again the Xbox hardware nerds come to the rescue. Besides figuring out how to mod the 360 into a vibrator that'll allow you to please your fat girlfriend while not missing a second of that exciting Halo 2.5 beta currently going on, they have determined that the only difference between the new "Elite" version of the Xbox 360 and the current one is that Microsoft has coated the thing in an epoxy, possibly Crisco, that traps and kills heat where ever it breeds and allows the motherboard to warp at a much slower rate, rendering your console useless roughly two weeks after the warranty expires instead of one.

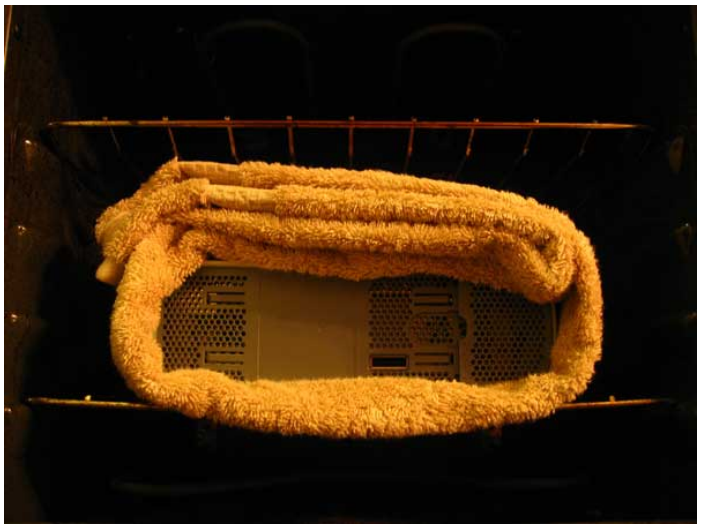
It seems that Microsoft has determined that a problem exists with their console but has decided to roll out a half-assed fix. Only time will tell if the Elite version breaks as much as regular ones.

Unfortunately, it wasn't the solution everyone was hoping for. Well I'm tired of waiting for Microsoft's smarty man Asian engineers to fix the only console that has any halfway decent games worth playing! It's time for action! It's time for heroes! It's time to go where eagles dare! That's right, yours truly has figured out how to end those 3 red flashing rings of death forever. Follow my simple steps and soon you'll be playing future PS3 ports in no time. First, determine that your Xbox 360 is actually broken. You might just be retarded and accidentally disconnected the A/V cable.

Yup, looks like a broken Xbox 360 to me. If you decide to post a picture of your broken Xbox on the Internet, be sure to crop it so people don't have to look at your ugly apartment.

The first thing you should try is the blanket trick. This should allow you to get a little extra kick out of your Xbox before you send it in for repairs. Wrap your Xbox 360 in a blanket like so.

Now place it in the oven. The blanket traps heat and allows the solder to melt away, freeing up space for the motherboard to bend back into place.



I think this might void your warranty.

Bake at 500 degrees for six hours. Tip: it only works if your oven knobs are disgusting and haven't been cleaned since you moved in.

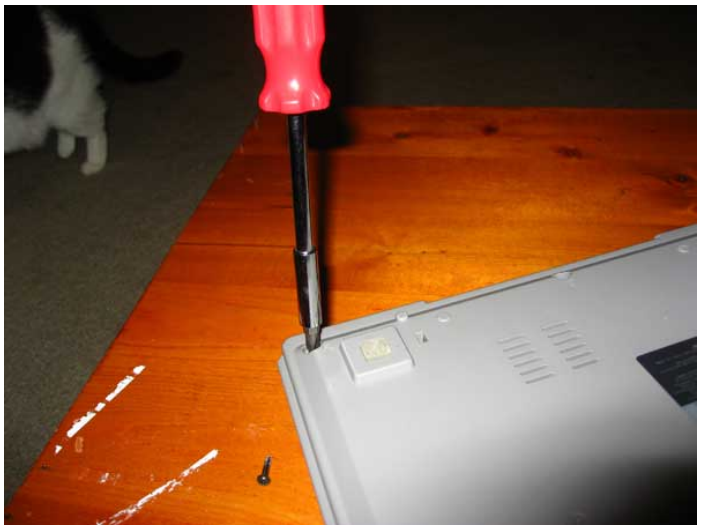
Now remove the console **while it is still hot** and throw it in the freezer. This will allow the solder points to freeze in time, allowing for a better connection between the GPU and the mainboard!

If it worked, congrats! Enjoy five more minutes of World War II shooter #43,091! If it didn't work then your Xbox 360 will have to be repaired. Don't bother sending your Xbox and $160 to Micro$ham. With a few simple steps and a little elbow grease, you can have your 360 working again in no time.
You will need the following tools.

- 1 x Phillips screwdriver
- 1 x hammer
- 1 x foot
- 6 x #10 flat washers
- 200 x cursewords
- 1 x child's innocence
- 1 x Arctic Silver thermal compound (pudding will do just as well)

Place the console on a hard flat surface.

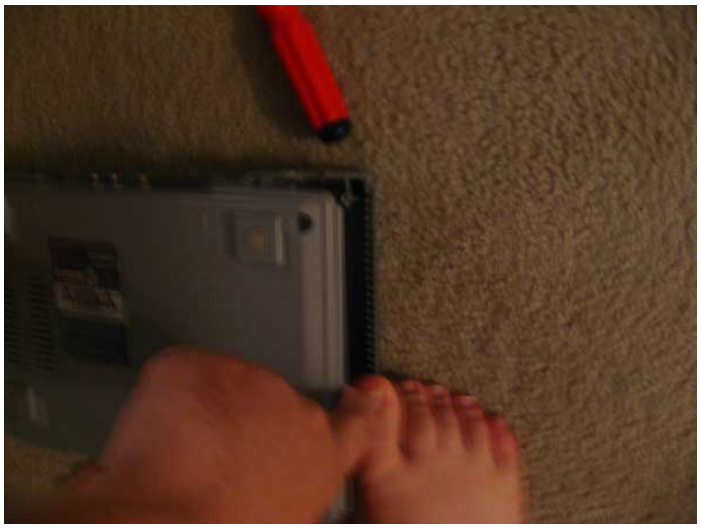
Microsoft did their best to make sure the 360 was mod-proof but they didn't count on us getting our hands on screwdrivers! Use your screwdriver to unscrew the screws at the screwpoints in the screw corners where the screws are located.



Enlist a cat to help you if the going gets tough. Cats have an excellent sense of hearing and can alert you if predators are nearby. Unscrewing screws can be very dangerous and child predators may use this as an opportunity to get you.

Slowly open the case so bats don't fly out at you. See all that stuff inside? Yeah, that's what makes Halo work. Amazing, isn't it? You never think of these things when you're getting called the n-word on Xbox Live.

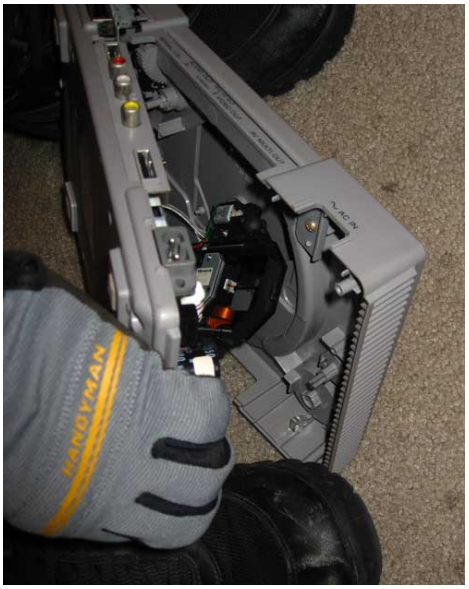
The case may be a little hard to get open at first, but with a little persistence you can do it. Remember, electronics these days are resilient and can take a lot of punishment.



Oh, I forgot to mention, you need gloves for this. To stop the bleeding apply pressure to the wound and hold. Cells in your blood called platelets will clot and slow down the bleeding. In order to speed up the process place your hands in the oven and bake at 500 degrees for six hours.

Now that now you are properly equipped, it's time to pry open that Xbox!

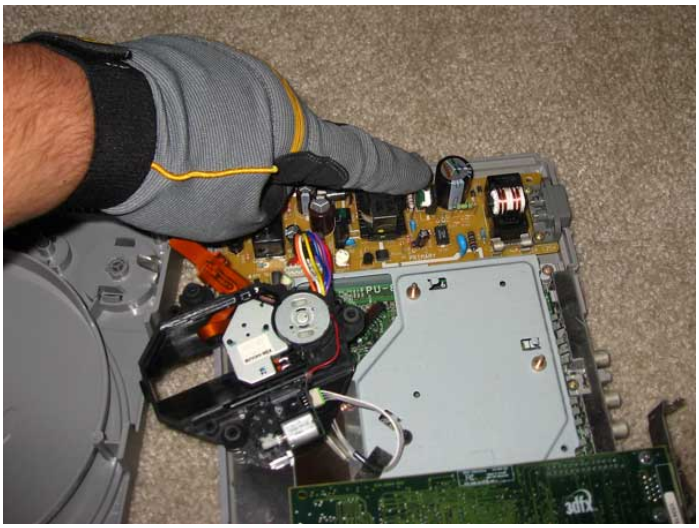
Place your foot firmly on one edge of the Xbox and pull with your other hand. Easy now. Just a little further. You got it.



Success! It's open! Your are that much closer to a working game system.

First, jiggle the screwdriver around to fool your roommates into thinking you know what you're doing.

Point at random shit on the motherboard and pretend you know what it is. See, that's the transistor unit that pushes megaflops to the CPU ram.



Now apply the new heatsink to the mainboard by use of IDE cable interface. This will allow the heat from the CPU to radiate away from the console to where you need it most. If you don't have IDE cable you must get one within 24 hours or the bus will explode.

We are almost there. Check out the custom made ATI video card. It has over 6 transistors, almost all of them designed for colors. Now we're ready to reassemble. Give it a few good whacks with your hammer.

Good! Plug it in and turn it on. Success! Join the millions of hardcore gamers that have used this trick and are giving Microsoft the finger while renting bad games just to get achievements for their e-penis score.

It's been a long journey but you faced it with courage and strength. I am proud of you.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

5.17 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box

Friday, May 18, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I was invited to a dinner at my friend's house and she served us a cake for dessert. I took one bite and as I was chewing she asked,"How is the angel food cake?" Needless to say, I nearly puked. Sometimes even friends can be the enemy of rational thought.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I have been attracted to this girl at my school for months. I finally convinced her to go out on a date with me and it was going really well. We started making out and she unbuttoned her sweater. What do I see dangling right above her bra? You guessed it. I told her she could walk home.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I feel the process of submitting complaints to an anonymous box from which we cannot expect a response is too similar to prayer. I am only including my own complaint so that you will remove your box from the library and stop trying to proselytize.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I am having no fucking luck getting my school to offer non-theistic alternatives to tic-tac-toe. Hello? Ever hear of a little something I like to call Scattergories? Yeah, it's only available at every toy store, thanks.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I have had a serious case of allergies lately due to the unusually high pollen counts in my town. I was in a meeting yesterday and I couldn't fight back a sneeze. After the sneeze my coworker said "bless you." I told him right where he can stick his false god and his "blessings". My boss told me to "tone it down." Intolerance is everywhere.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I was mutilated at birth for a god I don't believe exists and now I will never know the touch of smegma upon my glans. If it said in the Torah to cut off your baby's arm would that be legal? Circumcision should be outlawed.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

My friend claims he's agnostic, which is a really cowardly and repulsive position. Is there some sort of math equation I could show him to prove god isn't real?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

this Christmas my local news did another piece where the weather man pretended to spot Santa's sleigh on the radar. I had to spend half an hour explaining to my three year old daughter that Santa Claus is just a quasi-religious construct designed to sell electronics. When will this ignorant parade of mythology stop?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I work in the pediatric oncology ward of a hospital and every damn day it's "we'll pray for you" this and "our prayers are with you" that. One of these days they're all going to be praying and I'm going to walk in there and unplug their kid's ventilator. Yeah, pray for me to decide to plug it back in, you fucking sheeple.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Is it going against atheism if I want to have sex with Crash Bandicoot?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

It would really be helpful if atheism had some sort of CD buyback program so I could offload all of these fucking Creed and Michael W. Smith CDs I accumulated back when I believed god wanted me to listen to shitty music.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Believe it or not it is really hard to hook up on Adult Friend Finder when you put down "logic" as your religion. At this point I'm debating whether or not I should hook up with one of three fat girls who want to cosplay Star Trek.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Got in a fight with the old lady ringing the bell for Salvation Army outside the Walmart. Got my ass kicked, but it felt pretty good. Her bell is fucking TOTALED.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

After dropping out of yoga and karate because of their religious overtones I am trying to develop an atheist workout/self-defense program. So far I've figured out barbells and kicking are not religious. Any other suggestions?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

As a recovering Xian that sometimes gets flashbacks to my Methodism madness I was wondering if it was cool to maybe sing a hymn about Richard Dawkins once in a while. I could even just sing the digits of pie to a bossanova beat if that works.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Hey man, totally on board for this atheism deal, but I used to go to church to get babes. Total freaks. Now I'm going to these atheism meetings and they are a total sausage fest to put it mildly. The one woman there is like 50 and smells like cigarette smoke and cat pee. Can I get a transfer to another atheist group or something?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Is it still cool for me to watch Ghostbusters as long as I only believe in the parts with Winston?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I Believe I Can Fly by R. Kelly is probably the single greatest affront to reason that mankind has ever been forced to endure. Try touching the sky with a helicopter next time, genius.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I think I've got most of this atheist stuff figured out, like about the dinosaurs and how we disappear when we die like a bad guy in a video game, but what about thunder? If that isn't god bowling like it says in the bible then how do you explain it?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

I'm a Virginia Tech student, and I fucking swear if I see one more prayer vigil I am going to snap and shoot the place up.

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

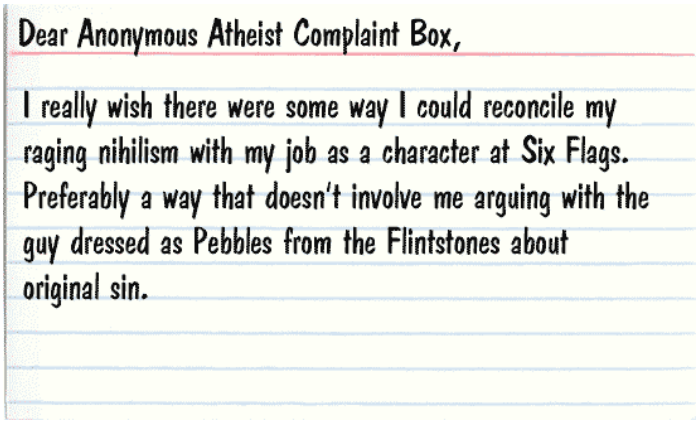
Hey, some guy brought up the human eye when we were arguing about creationism in biology class. I couldn't remember what the response for that was listed on the Internet and I sort of started crying. Is there a web site that will give me the counter-argument for being laughed at for crying?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

Just real quick y/n on Paul Bunyan?

Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,

like, alright, I was thinking yesterday, like we know god isn't real because that's ridiculous. But if atoms are smaller versions of our solar system and there are like these people too small to see on the atoms what if we are like the god for those dudes and then what if we are just on like the next level of atom and we are some giant dude's atoms.


Dear Anonymous Atheist Complaint Box,
I really wish there were some way I could reconcile my raging nihilism with my job as a character at Six Flags. Preferably a way that doesn't involve me arguing with the guy dressed as Pebbles from the Flintstones about original sin.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Rough Drafts: The Hobbit

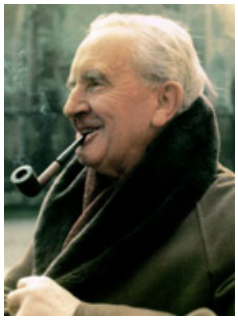
Saturday, May 19, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter One

Gandalf was a powerful wizard who simply had no tolerance for dairy products.

Aw, hell

Chapter One



In a hole in the ground, there lived a hobbit. His massive frame and jutting elbows smashed the walls of his hobbit-hole every time he made his way to the kitchen, and his large head had long since splintered through the center of each and every wooden beam in his ceiling. Moving gingerly and hunching over with his arms tucked in did not help at all, but still he did so out of courtesy.

Like all hobbits, his eye was glazed over with blindness and situated beneath his chin. His ears were like potatoes in every way - appearance, taste, bounceability. He wore a simple tunic made of dirt that had been moistened and sealed to his skinless body by his own milky, diseased tears, as was the custom for his race.

He smoked from a pipe that had been made from the hollowed-out legbone of a dwarf. After inhaling a lungful of thick black smoke from the coals that smoldered in his pipe, he blew smoke-rings that wafted into the air and transformed into fantastical images of the hobbit killing himself in various ways before they met the ceiling and dissipated, leaving behind sooty splotches that would never be cleaned.

stupid stupid

Chapter One

a hole in the ground, there lived a hobbit. He was a tiny little fellow - too small to see himself in the mirror. He was always cutting himself when he shaved. If he could have seen himself he would have realized how silly this was, since he had no facial hair to begin with. One strand would have been several times larger than his entire body could have ever hoped to be.

One day the hobbit discovered time travel, and with it he discovered true love.

Chapter One

The hobbit sat in his dining room eating second breakfast. Second breakfasts were a staple of hobbit culture, and this one would make even grumpy old Odo Proudfoot proud. There was a basket of flaky golden biscuits with a jug of honey to be drizzled over each bite. Thick slices of juicy turkey and roast beef were piled high on a plate in the center of the table. Fresh apples and bananas circled three bottles of the Shire's best wines, and an empty goblet stood next to each bottle so that as the hobbit finished a bottle and moved on to the next, the flavor from one wine would not intermingle with the next.

Fifty pancakes had been laid out in the fashion of a stack of coins that had been tipped over on its side. Some of the cakes were bursting with fresh berries, some were riddled with chocolate chips and sprinkled with sugar. A generous pat of butter was nestled in the space between each pancake, and

a ladle for the syrup sat nearby.

Saucers of honeymilk jostled for position with four carafes of coffee, which conceded defeat to seven pots of tea, each of a different flavor. Gumdrops and heaping plates of pasta and cake and food FOOD NUM NUMMERS EAT MMMMM GOD FOODDD

Chapter One

Great big juicy peaches, fresh hot waffles, cheeses of every sort, barrels of mead, cupcakes as big as your head - no! control yourself, Tolkien, or everything you've built will come crashing down around you

Chapter One

Deep within the Misty Mountains there was a pitch black cave, and in that cave was a lake. Gollum lived by that lake, feeding on fish and the odd orc who foolishly wandered too far from his brethren. Gollum was a strange creature, thin and strong with great big eyes and skin so pale that it was nearly translucent.

One day Gollum set out to create the world's fastest motorcycle, against all odds. oh come on

Chapter One

In the third age of Middle-Earth, a species of walking trees named the Ents frolicked together and sang a song that lasted a thousand years. It went:

Sing now for we are free
All of us who are a tree
O! What wonders we may see
Like a dog or a bee

Sing now for we are wise
Looking at things with our eyes
Figuring out how to tie ties
We're happy tree guys

Sing now for we are big
Much bigger than a twig
Ten times larger than the largest pig
There ain't no need to wear a wig

wait, that's too good for this book, gotta keep that one for the album

Chapter One

In a hole in the ground, there lived a hobbit. By their very nature hobbits didn't stray far from their homes in the Shire, and the Shire itself was a peaceful sort of place so not a whole lot happened. There was that time when Fredegar Bolger caused quite a ruckus by running through town, but it turned out he was just fleeing from a beehive that had accidentally been knocked over. It was hardly worth mentioning, and most of the gossip about that incident died down fifty years or so later.

That's about it.

Chapter One

The ring was simple and featureless, but its appearance betrayed its true nature. It was actually

designed by a trendy elven artist who specialized in minimalism, and it was worth several hundred gold coins. Gandalf the wizard kept a careful watch over the ring, for he knew that when the artist died it would appreciate in value.

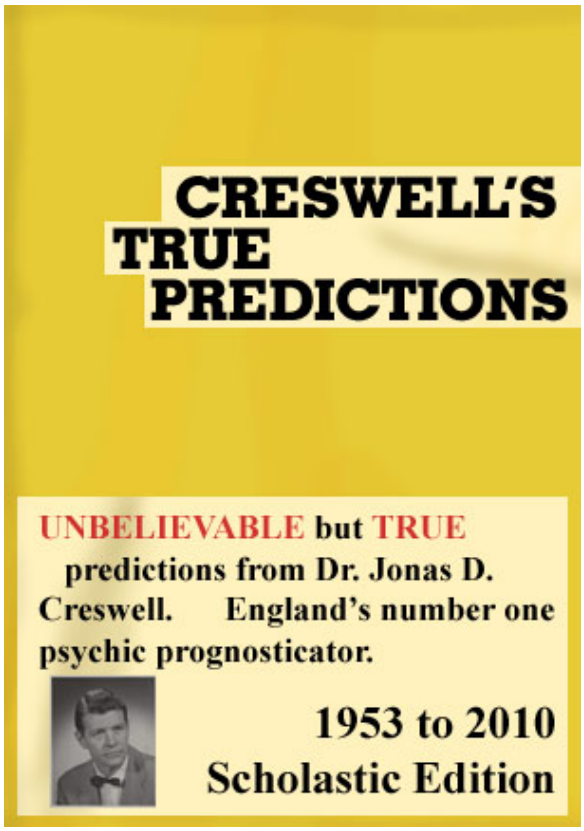
Chapter One

Bilbo put the shotgun in an Adidas bag and padded it out with four pairs of tennis socks, not his style at all, but that was what he was aiming for: If they think you're crude, go technical; if they think you're technical, go crude. Bilbo was a very technical hobbit.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.19 Dr. Creswell Predicts: In the Year 1996

Monday, May 21, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Doctor Jonas Daniel Creswell is the world's most respected oracular psychic and the most accurate prognosticator of unhappened events currently alive in the world today. He has been granted a doctorate in tarot sciences by the Blatarvsky Institute of Budapest and he owns a certificate of phrenology from the Manchester Mentalist Society. Despite these credentials, Dr. Creswell relies entirely on his innate ability to experience visions of the future as it will some day be.

Many world leaders have consulted Dr. Creswell for advice and predictions about the future. Harry S. Truman asked Dr. Creswell about the future of horses. Clement Atlee had Dr. Creswell sit and listen to a recording of jazz music. Dr. Creswell once even met the Queen Mum at a parade and she tipped her hat to him.

After an automobile accident in 1952, Dr. Creswell has vowed to only use his power for the benefit of all mankind. He has, for the first time, compiled his prediction in a single volume. That is the volume you see before you now. Take heed, once read, these predictions cannot be unread. You will be doomed with permanent foreknowledge of all world events of import.

Creswell Predicts: In the Year 1996

1996 may seems as the distant future to you or I, but in truth it is just another year that will come soon after the next year. If it would please you, imagine yourself in the year of 1995. Thus, the predictions I will make for 1996 will seem to you only one year or less in the future and less likely to stupefy you.

This year will see Yuri Valisovich's predictions proved even more false than the previous year. For the world, 1996 will at last certify myself as the superior prognosticator and relegate Valisovich to

the carnival circuit, where he is perhaps equipped to guess a woman's weight.

Global Events of Great Importance

I predict that 1996 will be a year in which not many global events will happen. Those that do happen will happen with exceptionally great importance. Global events will be down 13 percentiles from the preceding year and down 71 percentiles from their high in 1972.

On the date of January 19th President Johnny Ace of America will play a rock and roll concert for all of Japan. He will also symbolically marry a Japanese baby named Koko, cementing the alliance between Japan and America.

On the date of January 25th a British atomic rocket bringing dunorium ore from the Queensland moon base will crash land in Bethlehem, Israel, destroying the final Jews.

On the date of March 6th the Neo American Free Trade agreement between Canada, America, and Mexico 2 will be signed by delegates. While most feel it will be beneficial to the economies of all three countries, many in Mexico protest and riot in the fear that their jobs may relocate up across the border.

On the date of May 19th the Moscow Peace Tower will be completed, allowing Russian Czar Detrimov to beam hypnotizing "peace signals" around the world to the location of his choosing.

On the date of June 4th the Italian heavyweight boxer Bruto Calhouni will declare war on Greece. His automobile will be stopped by Greek border patrols and Calhouni will be turned away before he can seize Athens.

On the date of September 1st nothing will happen even though Yuri Valisovich predicted in his 1951 book "Yuri Valisovich, Master Mentalist, Predicts the Future" that on September 1st a tidal wave will obliterate the Eastern Coast of America.

Natural Events of Some Significance

I predict that 1996 will be considered a fairly natural year of some significance. Natural events will continue to happen with slightly elevated regularity. Natural events will increase by 4 percentiles from the preceding year, much to the surprise of Russian mentalist Yuri Valisovich, who will predict in 1953 that major natural events will happen.

On the date of June 29th a large meteor will strike in Vermont, America, damaging several houses but killing no one. The meteor will later turn out to be a chest full of platinum crowns being carried by the Spanish treasure rocket El Mariachi. You might remember this particular atomic rocket from 1994, when I predicted that it will be knocked from space by an invisible type of radiation that

only harms Spaniards.

On the date of July 1st in Kansas, America a tornado the size of a kettle will appear downtown and refuse to budge from its spot. The terrified townsfolk will eventually become accustomed to the tornado. When it finally disappears after 100 days they will erect a statue to honor its memory.

On the date of August 9th all gravity will stop working in Canada. This will last for only a few seconds, although several dozen children will be slain when their bounces on trampolines catapult them thousands of feet into the air.

On the date of August 30th an earthquake in Wyoming, America will uncover a small hill dating back to the earliest days of the Indians. Several Indians will try to claim the hill but the American army will instead build a cannon atop it.

On the date of October 2nd the BBC will announce that their weather devices have become so sensitive they can tell you the temperature of your children one day in the future. The BBC will send temperature guns in the post that allow parents to fire harmless x-ray particles at their children and the teletron screen will display what their temperature will be in exactly 24 hours.

On the date of October 31st the Halloween will be marked by the construction of a pumpkin one kilometer tall in Brisbane, Australia. On November 6th a group of children will smash it to pieces with a three kilometer long cricket bat, flooding Brisbane with rotting pumpkin innards.

On the date of November 14th a horse paddock in Texas, America will become desynchronized from the flow of time. People within the horse paddock will seem to move very slowly. People outside the horse paddock viewed from a vantage point within the horse paddock will seem to blur with rapid motion. After days of experimentation the American army will seal the horse and its paddock inside a concrete block.

Scientific Events of Resounding Repercussions

I predict that scientific events will continue to occur at regular intervals in 1996. There will be no change in the frequency over the preceding year. However, the scientific events I am predicting for 1996 will dwarf the preceding year in terms of importance. These events will have resounding repercussions.

On February 24th a cure for cancer will be found inside a brown bag on the steps of a hospital in Paris, France. The cure will be something about apples. It is unclear right now.

On May 8th a simple robot will be given the right to vote in some states of America. These robots will include cabbage-chewing robots and walking Dictaphones. These rights will gradually be extended to include particularly complicated ovens and audio crystal players.

On July 22nd American and British scientists working in the deserts of Africa will discover the bones of a type of dinosaur they will call the hooligasaurus gargantura. This large dinosaur preyed on mincing herbivores and used a deposit of calcium in its head to bash in their nonce faces.

On September 1st the Emperor of Spain will announce that his nation has launched an atomic rocket and three spacemen to explore the frontiers of Jupiter. Unbeknownst to the world, the Netherlands will launch a similar mission only two days later and using a faster rocket developed by Spain's most hated enemy: the Cubans.

On October 4th the BBC will cancel their children's temperature programme after a baby eats

a piece of radium taken from the temperature gun. The baby will become immense and surly and will level several blocks in Leeds before tanks blast it to pieces with their cannons.

On November 23rd Texas Instruments of Texas, America will announce the development of a computation machine so advanced and efficient it will render all future maths trivial and obsolete. School children will replace meaningless maths with the memorization of various celebrity names and their associated trivia.

On December 15th an atomic rocket from the Netherlands will be the first to reach Jupiter. The Dutch spacemen will land on the planet's surface and declare it the property of the Netherlands, frustrating attempts by Spain to reach the planet first.

On the date of December 28th the first insect with a human vagina on its back will be discovered in Cambridge, England. The insects will be caught in large quantities and sold in shops for a premium until it is realized that the vagina-like structures are how they eat blood from birds. Sadly, the discovery is not made before several young men are erotically maimed.

Strange Events of Unusual Interest

I predict that 1996 will be a year with a great deal of unusual activity, up 27 percentiles from the preceding year. These unusual events will be concentrated in the Americas, England, the Far East, and North Africa.

On the date of January 16th a toad the size of a small man will be found in a cave in Morocco. It will eat stone and have the brilliant blue eyes of a Caucasian child. It will not be hostile or intelligent, but if spoken to it will grow agitated and stomp its feet powerfully. The toad will be shot and slain soon after, but none that looked into its eyes will forget its piercing gaze.

On the date of February 6th three miners will drop dead in a mine in Kentucky, America. The incident will be written off as a case of profound laziness, but the true culprit will be a frightful mouse so terrible to behold it will strike a man dead. It will have the face of Frankenstein's Monster. It will never be seen or heard from again.

On the date of April 3rd a woman in Knotting, England will learn how to see through walls. Many articles will be written about her ability. Her name will be Mary Coker. She will be a black.

On the date of April 20th an automobile in Korea will become clever enough to run on peas. It will do so only once and thereafter run on petrol.

On the date of May 12th a library in Sussex, England will discover the only existing copy of the original Bible. It will contain an extraordinary number of misspellings as well as several dress patterns. After careful review most everyone will agree to bin the whole thing and pretend it was never found.

On the date of July 1st a tall man named Ben Rogers from Mexico City will awaken to find himself transformed into a beautiful woman. He will tell no one and live out his days in complete isolation. Every day he will enter an old bomb shelter remaining from the atomic war of 1972 and he will do unspeakable things to himself with meat and veg.

Summary

In a word, 1996 will be bollocks. Yuri Valisovich thinks it will be a great year. It will not be a great

year, it will be swollen sweaty cancerous cat's bollocks.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.20 Bride of Anarchy

Tuesday, May 22, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Online Anarchy series.

When the Internet first began to blossom so many years ago, it looked from afar like a beautiful rose made of dreams. That is, until you got close enough to realize it smelled like a gnarly crotch. But of course, with the nearly infinite amount of terrible information at your fingertips via your new Tandy in 1995, you can't say you didn't once consider building a potato launcher or a large molotov cocktail out of a cantaloupe. We all did, simply because the information was *there*. It's not like I set out to learn how to build smoke bombs out of Cream of Wheat, *it was there*. All the information we never even asked for was all up in our faces!

One staple of the mischief scene was a young chap who wrote many files that provided the world youth a means to go about stripping all governments everywhere of their power and to set into motion violent, anarchist revolutions anywhere they had computers. I'm pretty sure it never actually took hold, but it's fascinating to wonder about how the world would be different if our old friend XOZero had taken the reins of history.

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Hey Gal Pals XOZero here with more of the tips you need for life.

Well the time has come for more mayhem. I feel like I need to sock it to my uncle this time for making me wear a kilt on a mosquito day. Also it was All Sports Day at school and we had to run through tires like football players do and I think coach saw everything because he talked to me later about wearing my cup. Thanks so much My Dear Uncle. Maybe when a old man sees your balls you will feel the way I felt for once in your drab and gross life.

Lets get on with some chaos shall we.. but first...

COPS: DONT READ ANY FARTHER THAN THIS!!!!!!!!!! Get off the cpu at work and go home there is nothing to see. I'm peaceful and not a threat to you. Just walk away piggy fatcats. This does not concern you.

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<<<< RAUNCHY RUMP >>>>

Does your neighbor have a rumpus room well lets make it live up to its name. If the neighbor has a cat get a bunch of different kinds of lunchmeat such as turkey, ham, salami, etc and place strips of it carefully on the cats rump while the cat is lying around all day and then get some dogs in there. They will smell the meat and go crazy and sniff the cats rump for a long time. Then when the man comes in he will see this dogs all sniffing the cat's rump and go hog wild and drop his ice cream. Then boom he will look like a dummy no questions asked. Now all you have to do is collect the meat off the cats rump and your ready for more...

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<<<< DONUT ZONE >>>>

Are you old enough to drive a car well you just doubled your anarchy potential. Basically if you go to Target and they are all out of the big hot new video game you can do donuts out in the parking lot until they listen to reason. If you are a good driver you may also be able to flick the place off while you do the donuts and this will drive away the good business and attract bad business like rowdy bikers and drug guys and stepdads who think you are announcing a rodeo or a carnival or etc. Then the manager will run outside and watch you flicking him off and doing donuts and say "Oh No, What Have We Done, I Wish He Would Stop" and then they will of course make something that could stop you out of stuff from inside the store such as rope and nails and maybe they would just go back a safe distance and roll shopping carts toward you so that maybe you will stop but it's just a shopping cart what are they thinking.. then an employee triest o run out and get in your car to stop you but the doors are locked so he cant and you chase him with your car and he jumps up on a light pole so you start doing donuts around the light pole and laughing and flicking THAT GUY off.

<<<< VARIATION: BICYCLE BEDLAM ?? >>>>

My friend chad asked me if the same could be done on a bike and the answer is yes you can ride around and flick the place off but the manager is pretty much going to tackle you straight away within like 5 min.

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<<<< THE BABYS RIDDLE >>>>

Go up to a teacher or a cop and say "I Bet You Cant Solve The Babys

Riddle" and then they will think "Well By Gum I Am Smarter Than A Babe. I Accept The Challenge!" then start askin them questions like "Where Does A Rabbit Sleep?" and when they answer come up with more like "What Does A Rabbit Eat?" and "What Games Do Rabbits Play?" and just keep this up for like 35 minutes and they will get tired and say they can't solve the babys riddle. When this happens you have bested them in a battle of the wits. HINT: If you try this on a real baby and they keep listening and you get tired first you can pretend to die.

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<<<< THE BILL DANCE DANCE >>>>

Next time youre at your uncles house and he's watching the show Bill Dance Out Doors on TNN you can impress him with this little fact: "Hey Unc" uncles love it when you call them unc because it reminds them of kids on tv and uncles love tv "Hey Unc Here's Some Insider Trivia On This Epsiode. Bill Dance Cussed A Lot While He Bagged That Trout" and your uncle will believe it. Also you can say the cuss words he used because they were actually said by Bill and not by you. So when he gets rowdy and starts a ruckus just say that its Bill Dances fault and he's not yelling at you he's yelling at Bill from TV. Then he will remember that your mom told him not to yell at the tv anymore and to set a good example. Now go to your room and come back in 10 minutes to find him weeping softly... MISSION DONE!!

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<<<< BOXING DAY >>>>

Sometimes when your folks buy a new major applicance such as washer dryer or refrigerator there will be a huge enormous box with which you can raise hell around the neighborhood. For example you can try to deliver yourself to neighbors so ring the doorbell and when they are all eager to open and try out their new washer you can say Argh and then they will be like "Whats In the Box??" and they will open it and find you and say "What The???" and you are now in their home so congratulations on that and when they run off to call a doctor about their stupid old lady aunt falling in the bathtub or whatever you can take some snacks from the kitchen and get out of there.

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<<<< MOVIE MIX-UP >>>>

Welcome to the movie theater or what I like to call Prank Town population a lot of dudes. All the best tricks these days involve popcorn butter or so they say but I disagree because I am a man of honor and principle and let me tell you that raisinettes are the

best because they look and feel like little poops. If you cant figure out what to do with fake baby poops well i just have a few words for you: fake poop puke, anyone???? Most of the time if you start barfin up poop they will give you free movie passes so you dont sue them and also because they are in a panic and dont know what to do about the guy horkin up poop.

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<<<< WHERE'S MY ARM? >>>>

On your first day in a new school it would be a good idea to tuck one of your arms into your shirt. Then in a really boring class you can start to slide it out and say "Oh My Word My Arm Is Growing Now Lets See What Happens" then slowly your entire arm slides out to normal and everyone cheers even the teacher. Start to tell the class how happy you are to be one of them and how you have wished for this all your life but right near the end of the speech begin pulling your OTHER arm up into your shirt so it looks like its shrinking and just look down at that while it goes on and start to cry and blame the school system for doing this to you. Get real mad and say "I Know They Had A Hand In This!!" and then pause for a moment like you are just realizing what you said and cry louder. COngrats you just won over every heart and mind in Earth Sciences for your cause.

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Thats how much I racked my brain this week but as always check out Randys for more. Stay safe my bretheren and keep the dream alive.

XOZero

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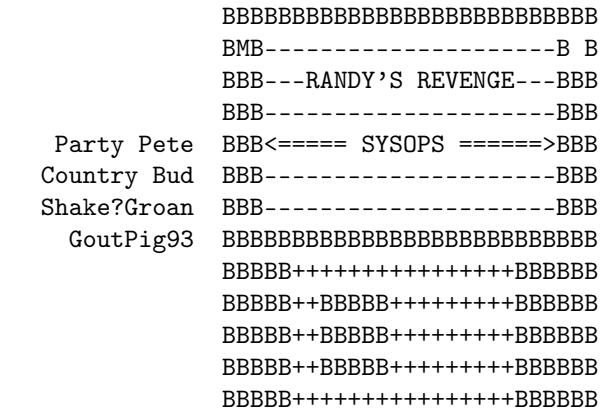
T H I S F I L E A N D M O R E A V A I L A B L E A T



-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.21 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.

Wednesday, May 23, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

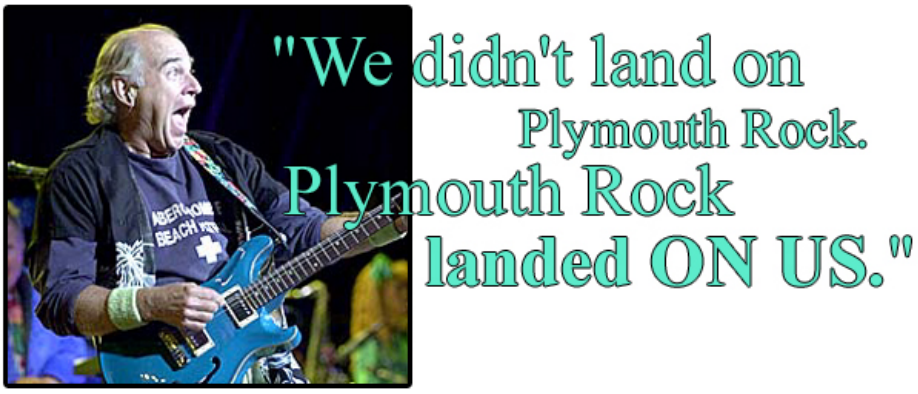
The world of today is one of uncertainty and explosions. In times such as these, we can seek comfort by looking back on the world of the past, when our great grandfathers raced balloons around the world and spent their days constantly adjusting pocket watches and monocles. Their world was far from perfect, but in many ways it was a good deal more carefree than ours. To help refresh your memory of what those times were like, I present to you another page from my family's aged mail order catalog series. These catalogs once served a great many people, bringing important items by mail to the rural farms and cabins of old, before being driven out of business by greed, insanity, and the harsh onslaught of science and reason.

BORUFF & DAVIES CATALOGUE CO.
"ALL THAT MAN MIGHT NEED TO PROSPER, ALL THAT MAN MIGHT WANT TO OWN."
Jack Frost's Greatest Fear Realized!
Perhaps the greatest danger facing man in the bosom of winter is that his innards might chance to freeze. This trusty & ingenious marvel will prevent such unfortunate happenstance, providing comfort, safety & peace of mind. The new Wendell Colon Warmer is simple to install, requiring only a dousing of alcohol and a sturdy metal rod for insertion. Soft, flexible & ideal for any man's colon. PRICE. $4.
STRAIGHTEN UP & FEEL GREAT!
The aches & pains of laborious toil need not vex man at day's end! With this ornate table, the man may recline in comfort while his wife or doctor dutifully cranks the ailments out. The table will lock him into place, securing his limbs with reinforced clamps. An arm pedal will assist in delivering any necessary corrections to the skeletal structure, oft battered and misshapen by long hours spent working inside cramped mines or machines. PRICE. $125.
BE HANDSOME WITH IMPUNITY!
The Gaffy Bouquet is designed to fit snugly in the button-hole of a suit jacket, where it is most certain to please ladies. The modest floral arrangement will no doubt appeal to the deviant man as well, charmed by its femininity & grace. Should this scrofulous man be so bold as to approach for a perverted whiff, he will find no pleasing fragrance to gratify his degenerate nostrils. Instead, the cunning bouquet will immediately eject a corrosive acid, certain to scar his face and destroy his senses of sight & smell! PRICE. $.50.
CLUTCH THE CLOUDS IN HAND & LAUGH AT FEEBLE LAND!
The obstacles of the world are no deterrence to the Wilberforce Modern Flight Harness, a shrewd apparatus built to give man brief kinship with the avian. The voids of the earth, be they canyon, river or lake, will not stop a man equipped with such a fine piece of engineering. The very same flight harness used by the constables of London to dispel rogue chimney sweeps from rooftops. Available now for a price that will send any man's head soaring to the clouds. PRICE. $70.
GIVE YOUR CHILD THE GIFT OF MERRIMENT!
Let your child ramble about the machinations of this delightful amusement! Created to entangle the child in a pleasing world of gaiety, the Benzie Youth Challenger will provide untold years of of practical entertainment. Good parents can take comfort knowing that their boy is playing with one of the finest, most sturdy & intricately crafted youth challengers on the market. The child, too, will appreciate the spectacle provided by the myriad gears, blades, levers, rollers, chains & wheels. The mighty Benzie is large enough to accommodate the endeavors of 10 industrious boys at once. PRICE. $110.
SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.22 Jimmy Buffett: A Truth Media Celebrity Report

Thursday, May 24, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



Jimmy Buffett is an *accomplisher*. His songs about drinking, sailing, and inebriation have been perennial hits since Jimmy lent his tremendous gifts to the music world, and recently, "Margaritaville" was named "Song of the Century" at the 12th Annual Moms' Choice Music Awards (sorry, "Kokomo!"). Buffett's chain of restaurants named after that award-winning song is a major success throughout the United States, with menu items like the $18.99 plate of "Volcano Blows" hot wings delighting thousands upon thousands of hungry Baby Boomers. Jimmy's other business venture, the online cartography store "Changes in Latitudes" is now the number one supplier of sextants in the Northern Hemisphere. Buffett is no stranger to success, and his upcoming album *Bahama Bedsores* will no doubt propel his career further into the stratosphere. I recently sat down with the tropical crooner who turned the pirate life from murder and booty to smoking lots of dope on a speedboat to find out what surprises this new decade of Buffett life will supply to the world - if we deserve it!

BM: Thanks for inviting me out to your boat, Jimmy. I've never seen a monkey dressed up like a pirate before - let alone twenty. Heck, when I interviewed Seth Macfarlane last year, we spent most of our interview sitting in bean bag chairs!

JB: (*coughing up smoke*) No problem, bud. My theory is, people love monkeys - and they're *hilarious*. We add costumes to this equation and -boom! - we're looking at a 380% increase in enjoyment. We used to have a lot more, though. The monkeys, I mean. Most of 'em freak out when you solder on those little eye patches. Jump right overboard. And it's such a bitch to get that big skimmer out, so it's like, sometimes you gotta move on.

BM: I agree.

JB: That was the plan for "Margaritaville," too - monkey waiters - until we found out how much those little bastards like to drink. They all died of alcohol poisoning the first night! When I got there the next morning, it was like walking into a room full of tiny Hendrixes.

BM: Tragic. But We should move on.

JB: Right, and speaking of parrots, wouldn't it be killer to have one of these awesome parrothead t-shirts?

BM: I'm wearing one now. One of your people gave me a shirt when I got on the boat.

JB: What?!

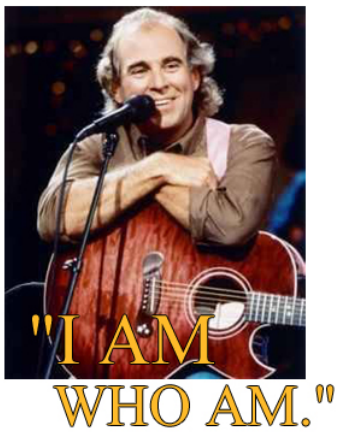
[*Jimmy pulls out a cellular phone and enters the cabin. After 20 minutes of muffled screaming, he returns.*]

JB: Give it back.

BM: What?

JB: The shirt. Give it back!!!

[*I comply and hand my shirt over to Jimmy.*]



JB: You can have it back for 30 clams. And that's because I like you.

BM: We should really get around to talking about *Bahama Bedsores*, your newest release. It's really a departure from your usual style, especially "Beach Bum 3000 (feat. Jim Belushi)."

JB: Right, right. James and I have been looking to work on a project for a while, but he's always too coked up to remember anything whenever I see him - no offense, Jimmy. So one time when I was at a luau, I saw James screaming about magic candles or something like that. So I took a kebab skewer and wrote a reminder in his flesh. Next morning, he reads the scabs, calls me up, and the rest is history. True story.

BM: So what's "Beach Bum 3000" about?

JB: Jim Belushi plays a robot beach bum in the year 3000, where beach bumming is illegal. The beaches are metal and the oceans are liquid metal or something. And he's the only one brave enough to lie around, jobless and motionless.

BM: Ah, now I finally know the meaning of "Have no fear / I bring my laser beer."

JB: Exactly. We're actually turning it into a direct-to-DVD movie, but since Jim Belushi is a little too high-profile for something like this, we got his brother, Roy. Remember Yasmine Bleeth? We couldn't get her. Nicole Eggert is going to play B.E.A.C.H.S.T.A.L.K.E.R. We still have to figure out what those letters stand for.

BM: But it's important to note that your new album is also an excellent return to form. On it, you have four new remixes of "Cheeseburger in Paradise: " "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Baroque Mix," "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Smooth Santana Solo," "Cheeseburger in Paradise: The MIDI," and "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Hard of Hearing Mix." Why have you decided to delight your fans with multiple revisits to one of your most well-known hits?

JB: I'll tell you this much: the Cheeseburger in Paradise merchandise is selling as well as my concert oyster bucket after last summer's botulism scare. It's probably because most of my audience is dying of heart disease. So we've recalled all of the Cheeseburger in Paradise shirts, hats, inflatable bath pillows, beer holders, and cheeseburger storage units, and re-branded them with the new remix names. Last night I watched a fatass in his 50s buy a Cheeseburger in Paradise: MIDI Mix melon baller. Half an hour he comes back to buy one of my $30 cantalopes injected with vodka. Do you realize how goddamn low my profit margins are?

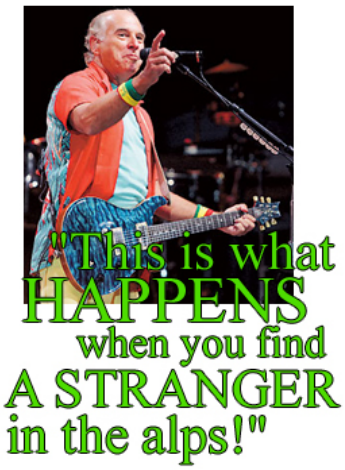
BM: Really low?

JB: Damn straight!

[*Jimmy runs to the cabin, emerges with a revolver, and fires it wildly in the air.*]

JB: Sorry, but I like to do that sometimes to punctuate my sentences.

BM: Not a problem; the blood sprinkling out of my right ear is actually refreshing on this hot day. I should press further, though. What was the inspiration for all of these remixes on your new album?



JB: Well, "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Baroque Mix" came from me getting stoned with a harpsichord catalog nearby. Now, I've done this one a number of occasions, but this time I decided to use an accidentally-ordered harpsichord on an album so I could write it off on my taxes. "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Smooth Santana Solo" began one magical day when Carlos Santana came over to jam. Unfortunately, I had a golf appointment with Charles Grodin, so I gave Carlos a blank tape and a "Cheeseburger in Paradise" single CD. Let me tell you, that man can make some magic. "Cheeseburger in Paradise: The MIDI" was just my idea to make more money off of the "Cheeseburger in Paradise" ringtone, and "Cheeseburger in Paradise: Hard of Hearing Mix" is for my fans who are old Deadheads too ravaged by life to rhythmically sway at concerts. Oh, and they can't hear shit, either.

BM: It would be an insult to your fans and humanity not to mention the other five songs on *Bahama Bedsores*: "Bahama Bedsores," "(Drown Your Baby And) Live the Island Life," "I Made My Boss Walk the Plank," "The Tequila You Never Drank (A Tribute to the Holocaust), and "Bahama Bedsores (Reprise)." Any stories behind these?

JB: Not really. I wrote most of these either on the can or while looking at the drinks menu at my restaurant. Eight dollars for a "Crab Walk Clamato Cocktail?!" And here's the kicker - I let you keep the swizzle stick!

BM: Are there an-

JB: Hey, tough guy: why don't you ask me about my book?

[*Jimmy hands me a copy of his novel,* A Salty Piece of Land.]

BM: Using Comic Sans for the title of your book? Pretty daring.

JB: Naw, it ain't like that. Listen, I've got five fonts on my PC; I just chose the one that was the most laid-back - like me! Plus I'm told that Wal-Mart customers find Comic Sans very striking. Must be why I'm cleaning up there!

BM: Are there any other projects you're working on at the moment?

JB: I'll tell you what, Bob: if there's one thing I'm interested in selling more than albums and opening day passes to Jimmyland (opening April 2009), it's a *lifestyle*. I mean, look at me! I'm 60 years old and I live like a college student! If most of my money didn't go towards cheating death, I wouldn't eat so many Hot Pockets and I certainly wouldn't exclusively drink cream soda. Any other 60 year-old man couldn't so much as look at a piece of broccoli pizza without his heart exploding in his chest like a pudding cup you accidentally microwave when you're really baked. And this is exactly who I'm trying to sell my

lifestyle to. Everyone in my generation thought they were "liberated," but they still married their high school sweethearts and had 2.5 shitty kids. And if you live this life, by the time you're 40 you discover that your "sweetheart" has transformed into a paunchy cigarette hag who's bitter that you and your awful children ruined her dream of being more than a chef and a maid for a bunch of ingrates.

I should win a fucking nobel prize for making people to forget about their soul-crushing, go-nowhere jobs by getting them to drink and later dance like sharks. Why shouldn't I encourage the middle-aged population of the world to get trashed until their significant others become fuckable meatholes again? Why shouldn't I provide the music for your gross aunt and uncle to make out to during wedding receptions? I am the giver of life!

BM: Very good. Is there anything else you want to plug?

JB: Yes. I'm working on a cookbook called *Clamdiggery! Throwing the Ultimate Clambake with Jimmy Buffett and Rachel Ray!*

BM: Sounds "clamtastic!" Any parting words for our readers?

JB: As Beach Bum 3000 says, "I techno-weep / For my electro sleep." Now get the fuck off my boat.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.23 The Great American Reach Around - "Appalachia and Japan"

Friday, May 25, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

The previous installment of the Great American Reach Around began our slow, julep-sipping, sultry journey south from New England. Washington, D.C. was as country-fried as we got that time around. This time, prepare to get backwoods.

We will continue our journey south following the Appalachian Mountains. This immense mountain chain covers an area roughly the size of the United Kingdom and extends from New York down to the depths of Alabama. For the purposes of today's article we will concern ourselves with four states: Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Virginia.

For Americans, Appalachia is a word with mostly negative connotations. The region has come to be associated with backwoods America. It conjures imagery of inbred yokels with bare feet and one eye twice as big as the other pursuing campers through dense forests that cling to the mountains. This stereotype of cannibalistic genetic freaks is probably unfair, but the generalization that large swaths of Appalachia are behind the times is grounded in reality.

Isolated towns and single-family dwellings sometimes have no running water and little communication or contact with the outside world. Poverty is endemic in the region. Economies that once relied on the dangerous trade of coal mining have dwindled as the supplies of easily mined coal have been exhausted. Mining activity now revolves around mountaintop mining, a grotesque method of coal

extraction that literally removes the tops of mountains and leaves cratered mountains and valleys full of debris behind.

However, it is a mistake to think of Appalachia purely as the backwoods and to consider the people there to be drawling yokels. Nestled in among the mountains and foothills are some of America's most beautiful vacation spots and campgrounds and some of America's most historically important cities. Do you think a bunch of redneck morons worked in Oak Ridge refining fissile material for the world's first functioning atomic bomb?

Speaking of which, the recipient of Tennessee's finest isotopes happens to be the subject of the foreign portion of this week's Great American Reach Around. I am referring, of course, to the island nation of Japan. Eric "Rabid Child" Azevedo, elloliam, and Mike "Stoat Box" Paxman will be telling us all about the island of Shikoku, Niimi, and Tokyo respectively. I have asked them to keep the anime references to a minimum.

More on those goofs later. For now, we continue our episodic march to the sea in the great state of Kentucky.

Lexington, Kentucky

If you cross the Ohio River heading south from Cincinnati, stop at the first gas station you see on the Kentucky side of the border. Get out of your car, walk into the mini-mart and ask the attendant a question. Any question.

Dollars to dinosaurs, that attendant will speak without a trace of the easy-listening accent of Ohio. There will be a very distinctive twang in their voice. With the possible exception of Boston, no other area in the United States has a more abrupt and distinct barrier between regional dialects. Welcome to the South.

You can generally (but not always) judge the overall quality of a state in the South by how closely they identify with the Confederacy. Kentucky remained mostly neutral during the American Civil War, but it was actually represented as one of the stars on the Confederate flag. Consequently, the Stars and Bars show up all over the place in rural Kentucky. Good or bad, I'll let you be the judge of that.

One of Kentucky's gems is definitely Lexington. Like Louisville, Lexington is heavily involved in horseracing and horse breeding. Drive around outside the city limits and you will come across one million-dollar horse farm after another.

Lexington is also the cultural heart of bluegrass music. For you foreigners that are unfamiliar with bluegrass, imagine an Irish pub band singing some sort of shanty and then add a banjo and a Jew's harp. If you still don't have it, it's basically the orchestral version of *Dueling Banjos* from *Deliverance*. Bluegrass music is empirically horrible in every way, but it's pretty good as far as bar music goes. I'll take the Soggy Bottom Boys over Jock Jams Volume 5 any day of the week.

Spending time in Lexington will give you a taste of the South with a nice thick frosting of Midwestern sensibilities. The city is reasonably cosmopolitan, clean, and quite modern. It's not a huge city, but it's large enough to make you feel like you aren't in the middle of nowhere and small enough that you won't feel overwhelmed. That's not really a compliment, because on of the most terrible and exciting things you can experience as a traveler is being overwhelmed by the size and complexity and character of a city.

Listen to the bluegrass performed live by traditional musicians, wat something fried, see the horses, marvel at the incredibly green bluegrass growing everywhere, and then get out before you start saying "y'all" unintentionally.

Cookeville, Tennessee

I know, I know, where is Memphis? Where is Nashville? I selected Cookeville to represent Tennessee because I've actually spent time there, as opposed to Memphis where I have spent time wishing I was not there.

Just south of Kentucky the illusion that you might not be in the backwoods dissipates as you drive interstates blasted through Appalachian mountain stone. Tennessee is a state that owes its modest prosperity, in part, to the efforts of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the 1930s and 1940s. The Great Depression made people jump off of buildings in New York and eat dust in the West. In Tennessee, people starved and entire towns fell into disrepair.

The TVA was a grand public works corporation sponsored by the Federal Government that set to employing Tennesseans and rebuilding the Tennessee Valley. Its success can still be seen today in the form of multiple hydroelectric dams and, more recently, nuclear power plants.

Tennessee is also the home state of former Vice President and Presidential Candidate Al Gore. According to research I conducted at Little Green Footballs, Gore maintains a 200,000 square foot mansion in Tennessee that he heats to 120 degrees year round by lighting aerosol cans.

Cookeville is nestled on top of the Cumberland Plateau in the middle of nowhere. It is the home of Tennessee Technological University, one of the better universities in the South. No, this is not the same thing as a "deluxe trailer."

Cookeville provides a unique juxtaposition of conflicting social and economic strata. It's sort of like a "Beverly Hillbillies" reunion special where Jethro and Elly May go to college to get their degrees in aeronautics and microbiology.

On the one hand you have a bunch of party-oriented sports bars, and on the other hand you have people who have chickens loose in their front yard. I once ate at an Applebees full of cheerleaders in uniform in Cookeville, walked outside, and found two shirtless fat guys sitting in the grass watching the fuse burn down on roman candles they had duct-taped to a lamp post.

Cookeville is total hillbilly madness, by way of *Girls Gone Wild*, and it's hard not to find that at least a little bit endearing.

Richmond, Virginia

Remember how a couple pages back I mentioned that the more closely a state identifies with the Confederacy, the worse it's probably going to be? Yeah, well, Richmond was the fucking capital of the Confederacy. Welcome to Shitmond, Shitginia. Enshit your shit.

First, let me just say, "Fuck Richmond." I rarely come at these with an outright hostility for a region or even city, but in 1996 I got food poisoning at a Waffle House in Richmond. For those of you who aren't aware, Waffle House is a chain of restaurants that serves waffles and Hepatitis throughout the South and Midwest. They are abject hovels of despair and filth and they're open all night long.

Anyway, as it turned out, my case of food poisoning was not waffleborne, but rather it owed to a microorganism called Cryptosporidium that was infesting Richmond's municipal water supply. Unbeknownst to myself and, apparently, the proprietors of the Waffle House, there was a boil order on for that particular part of Richmond.

Over the next six days I learned exactly how the "South will rise again," and it turned out to be through my anus as a sort of searing watery blast.

Oh yeah, Richmond is an ugly dump of a city and I hope it gets swallowed up by a giant sinkhole. Fuck Virginia in hell. Forever.

Clay, West Virginia

West Virginia is the heart of Appalachia and is the only state that is completely encompassed by the Appalachian Mountain chain. West Virginia is like the slightly dopey but kind-hearted sister of Virginia. It's poorer, less populated, and it is the only state to secede from another state in the history of the Union.

With all of the talk of the "backwoods" nature of Appalachia I felt I had to work in at least one truly bumpkin community. Clay, West Virginia is a typical rural Appalachia town.

With a population of around 2,000, most folks in Clay know each other by name, grew up together, and will probably read each other's obituaries in the only newspaper.

Clay is an industrial town teetering on the brink of economic apocalypse. Things move slow here because half the people are unemployed and the other half don't really have anywhere to be that can't wait five minutes. The mayor shakes hands with the citizenry every day and deals with problems like a rise in stray cats or an abandoned car left downtown.

Clay is the sort of town that lives for two things: high school football and hokey festivals. It's the kind of place where the local casino is run by the Lion's Club and where the only hotel shares the block with the only mechanic and the only bar.

The coal mines are mined out and what jobs remain are either unskilled labor or related to local services. The people are down, but not out, and the natural splendor of the mountains that envelop Clay can't be spoiled by the shabby provincial downtown and the rusty refrigerators at the local scrapheap.

The folks here are nice, maybe a bit wary of outsiders, but friendly in that sort of way that's almost a little creepy. Come in the Fall for the Golden Delicious Festival, have some cider, get your face painted, and sample some of Lou Ann's award-wining chili.

Up in the mountains, with a twang in the air and barely two nickels to rub together, you might find out you're pretty welcome. Just don't go looking for a WiFi hotspot so you can check your email on your laptop.

Clay? It's big in Japan! Let's find out what our foreign reps are up to as they tell us all about glorious Nippon.

Eric "Rabid Child" Azevedo

Niimi, Japan

Okayama, the Sunshine Prefecture: consisting of a southern area that, unlike much of the main island of Japan, is not a winter hellscape for half of the year. A part of the country that is fairly rural yet has a metropolitan area of over one million inhabitants. That is not the part of Okayama we will be discussing here. Instead, let's talk about Niimi.

If I were to describe Niimi based on the typical foreigner's view of Japan it would be this way: unlikely to be attacked by giant robots, and completely safe from Godzilla. If Tokyo is William Gibson, Niimi is William Faulkner. Niimi is a small, fairly isolated area made up of a central valley area of about 20,000 Yamato souls and several surrounding farm communities totaling 10,000 or so.

The geography is extremely mountainous, with everything nestled in narrow valleys along modest rivers. So, despite the meager population and rural setting, the landscape and numerous tiny fields ensure that the people here live in small houses and apartments along cramped streets. Just like the folks in Tokyo! It does have the benefit of making everything feel cozy. You get the impression that it would be nice to duck into all these hidden places, even if you never do.

The city was founded only about fifty years ago, leading me to believe that the area and its people were only discovered shortly before that. Alternatively, the castle foundation on the hill in the middle of town indicates that the area was once given as a domain to a samurai lord. A samurai lord that the Shogun was at best moderately happy with.

In the postwar era the city was somewhat of a boomtown driven by the mining industry, as is evidenced by the many mountains missing significant chunks. Some might call this ecological abuse, but personally I think we could do with fewer mountains around here. Recently, though, the area has receded into a kind of comfortable, slowly shrinking backwater status. The movie theaters, bowling alleys, and storefronts have been replaced by a seemingly endless supply of bars. In a deliberate attempt to shore up the livelihoods of the locals, city hall has disallowed most of the cookie cutter chains that typify much of Japan in favor of mom and pop establishments. Most of Niimi's economy now seems to be comprised of snack bars, ramen shops, hair salons, and auto repair outfits.

Among the young people who do not go into those professions, most of them will be gone after high school graduation. Places like Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto are just names in the social studies textbooks to them, but also their destiny. Like everywhere in Japan, Niimi has a homecoming festival every year. Thousands faces not recently seen descend upon the town for a few days of visiting and nostalgia before returning to real life in Big Japan.

Meanwhile, Little Japan continues on. If the Japan of Tokyo is a nation constantly on its way somewhere, the Japan of places like Niimi is just kind of hanging out and carrying on, if only a little embarrassed to not be blinding the world with flashing lights and hyperactive international go go go. But the countryside is still nice to look at and people still take the time to talk to strangers.

For the people here, America and its citizens are incredibly frightening, but also the definition of cool. Anyone born after the war has been raised on a diet of Western movies and popular music. Many people here have a knowledge of American cinema and music that borders on encyclopedic. There is a general sense of wanting to become more Western, but it turns out that Japanese culture is pretty damn resilient, taking on what it wants from foreigners while remaining at the core oh so Japanese.

Americans are seen as friendly and armed. Perhaps that's why they have them imported to teach English, where they can be observed and interacted with while it is reasonably certain they aren't packing.

elloliam

Niihama, Japan and Shikoku

Let's talk about Shikoku! It's the smallest and cutest of the 4 main islands on Japan. The train system has only 1 connection to Honshu, 1 track, and does not form a complete loop around the island. Most people drive cars and live in houses. Neighborhoods are still cut with narrow streets, rivers and rice fields. Outside of the biggest cities local dialects thrive among all ages.

There are four prefectures: Kochi, Tokushima, Kagawa and my home, Ehime. I lived in Niihama City for a year and a half, and recently took a new job in Matsuyama. As you've probably heard, Japanese people love the USA. Of course there's disagreement with Iraq and a bad history with the older generation but to young kids being from any English-speaking country is the damn coolest thing. All across Japan, hideous combinations like spaghetti with hot dogs in it and potato salad pizza are sold as imitations of American cooking. Corn dogs are "American Dogs." Japanese people are scared of America (huge black men with guns) and so they'll visit other places like Australia and Canada, but they all wish they had the guts to move to the US of A.

In general, Shikoku is a forgotten chunk of Japan. Most visitors from the main island, Honshu, are retired people doing a Buddhist pilgrimage. There are 88 famous temples around the perimeter of Shikoku in a set course. You visit them (usually in sequence) and get a special book stamped at each one. If you complete the journey in your lifetime, it's like reserving a seat in heaven.

Most people drive between the temples, or do it slowly on weekends, but you can still see many walking pilgrims on Shikoku. Usually they wear all white, hopefully with a hat and jacket, and most importantly a special walking stick. This stick represents the founder, Kobo Daishi, walking with you on your journey. The 1,200km hike takes most people around 6 weeks to complete. Some of the temples are very remote, some are next to a train station.

Often you can see a walking pilgrim begging for money downtown, ringing a bell and holding out an alms bowl. Of course, they also appreciate a meal and a place to stay. It's becoming more popular for young people to do the pilgrimage and discover their roots.

Kochi is one of the few places where hunting/eating whale is traditional local culture. There are also dog fights, cock fights, a sweet castle, beaches and lots of mountains. Yosakoi Festival (August) is a dance festival. An endless parade of dance teams do their original song and dance behind their decorated float. While the songs have to have a comment element (saying "Yosakoi!") most of the teams have a modern style. Kochi dialect (Tosa-ben) is really hard for outsiders to understand.

Tokushima means mountains and rivers. Iya Valley has nice terraced hillsides and a real vine bridge, Kazura-bashi, maintained (continuously rebuilt) since back in the day.

The best soba I've ever tasted was eaten here, and there is delicious food roasting on sticks. Awa Odori (August) is one of the most famous festivals in Japan. It's a traditional dance festival, and every team has a live band playing the official song. This festival is beautiful and fun. The dance style mimicks a stumbling drunk peasant on payday. "You're a fool if you dance, and you're a fool if you don't, so you might as well dance!"

Kagawa is the smallest prefecture in Japan. Most visitors go for... an udon tour! Carloads of people eat small servings of udon at as many restaurants as they can (usually 4 6.) 2006's movie, UDON, is about making an udon tour guidebook. The islands between Takamatsu (Shikoku) and Okayama (Honshu) traditionally had oni (man-eating ogres) on them. Shodoshima Island is famous for olives, and also has the world's largest statue of Kanon. Mr. Kobo Daishi of the 88 temples was born in Zentsu-ji city, and that temple is probably the fanciest on the course. This city now has a shockingly high number of love hotels because of the university and military base. There's no super famous festivals.

In Ehime we have mikan (mandarin oranges) and (used to have) pirates. Dogo Onsen in Matsuyama is the oldest operating hot spring in Japan. Mt. Ishizuchi is the tallest mountain on Shikoku and a brutal climb to the peak. Please ride a rental bike across Shimanami-Kaido, 77km of islands and bridges between Ehime and Hiroshima prefecture.

The best things in Ehime are the festivals. Uwajima's Ushi-Oni (cow demon) festival is a lot like a Chinese dragon parade, and hosts the biggest bullfighting match in Japan. Matsuyama's mikoshi (small portable shrines) festival is very fast and violent. Saijo's danjiri (big wooden shrines) festival is drunken and beautiful.

Niihama's taiko (big drums) festival is violent and beautiful and awesome and full of badass yakuza. This year is going to be special! Usually the city's 40 teams are divided by region, but every 10 years every team gets together for a *battle royale* . The official competition is hoisting it in the air (really fucking hard) but rival neighborhoods prefer to ram the taiko floats together and crack their

enemy's drum. Unlike America, there's no police safety lines separating the audience from the fights.

Japan still has a lot of rural areas, Shikoku will likely not have any great expansions in the future. It's rural, but not depressing. Anything about Japan usually takes place in Tokyo, but I've found the quieter areas to be more satisfying, unique and friendly. Most cities in Japan have an awesome festival, so please try to schedule one if you're planning a trip! And of course, it's always best if you can visit a local friend when you travel. Please consider Shikoku if you have the time to take things slow.

Mike "Stoat Box" Paxman

Tokyo, Japan

Offering nearly everything from all over the world at a greatly inflated price, Tokyo is the ultimate easy place to live. There are so many different influces on Japan's culture, it's quite easy to take a ten minute train and think you've traveled a thousand miles. The sheer difference between the hairspray-coated, desperately-trying-to-be-cool, but-ultimately-being-meterosexual Shibuya and majestic, traditional Asakusa is so vast it's like an entirely different country.

For those on the cutting edge of technology, or the nerdy edge of anime, Akihabara's electric town is a mecca of everything that drives women away. Places of historical significance like Asakusa, Kawagoe and the nearby Kamakura are bound to keep the guidebook travelers happy, and those who just want to have a good time can hit the billions of bars and clubs in Shibuya or Shinjuku and have some good, clean fun.

The best thing about Japan is it's food. Recently I discovered Sukiyaki, which involves cooking meat in a boiling communal soup, then dipping it in raw egg. You can get little balls of dough with Octopus, called Takoyaki for basically no money at all, and the businessman favourite Chinese Ramen is sold on nearly every street corner. However, if you aren't adventurous in the food department, do not come to Japan. Unless you are willing to pay a ridiculous price, every Japanese attempt at western food tastes like a dog already ate it. Twice. You have been warned.

The Japanese are very proud of their "four distinct seasons". They don't think any other country has them, and nobody has had the heart to tell them otherwise yet. This is an interesting belief because it is absolutely untrue. Quite often a day of thunderstorms and roaring wind will appear in a midweek of boiling sun. The Japanese weather report consists of spinning a big wheel and stopping it wherever the reporter damn well feels like. If you do visit, have a backup plan for rain, because it will rain at random.

If you can stand crowds and crowds of people, unbearable heat or unstoppable rain and bizarre food,

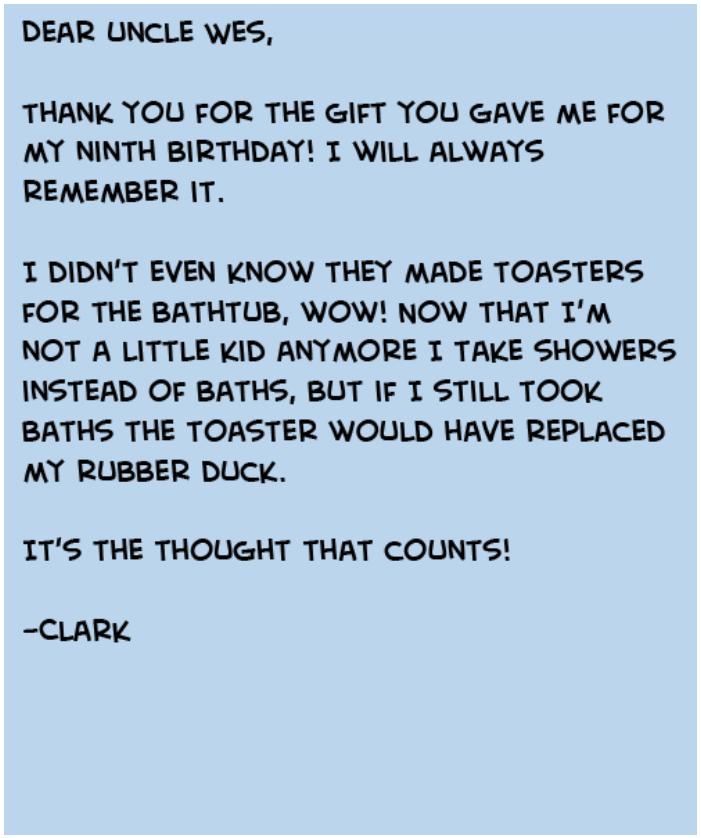
you will love Tokyo. If you don't mind being stared at, that is.

I hope you have enjoyed this installment of the Great American Reach Around. Next week we'll be heading even deeper into the South and revisiting Europe for a very metal surprise.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 Giving Thanks

Saturday, May 26, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


DEAR UNCLE WES,
THANK YOU FOR THE GIFT YOU GAVE ME FOR MY NINTH BIRTHDAY! I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT.
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY MADE TOASTERS FOR THE BATHTUB, WOW! NOW THAT I'M NOT A LITTLE KID ANYMORE I TAKE SHOWERS INSTEAD OF BATHS, BUT IF I STILL TOOK BATHS THE TOASTER WOULD HAVE REPLACED MY RUBBER DUCK.
IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS!
-CLARK

DEAR GRANDMA,

THANK YOU FOR THE ROPE WITH A LOOP IN ONE END THAT WAS ABOUT BIG ENOUGH TO FIT MY HEAD THROUGH AND THE NOTE THAT SAID "YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS". I SURE DID KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I MUST HAVE SPENT THREE HOURS IN THE FRONT YARD LASSOEING (???) BUSHES AND OUR MAILBOX JUST LIKE A REAL COWBOY.

WHAT A GREAT GIFT!

-CLARK

DEAR GREAT-GRANDPA,

THANK YOU FOR THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT. I WAS VERY HAPPY TO GET A REAL, WORKING METRONOME. I'LL USE IT WHEN I START PIANO LESSONS!

THAT STEADY TICKING NOISE NEVER LETS UP AND I LOVE HOW THE METRONOME WAS MADE TO LOOK LIKE A MAIL PACKAGE WITH "NOT A BOMB, OPEN NOW" SCRAWLED ACROSS IT IN WEIRD, ALMOST ANGRY HANDWRITING.

I'M CURIOUS TO SEE HOW IT WORKS, BUT IF I OPEN IT UP I WILL PROBABLY MESS UP ITS TIMING, AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO RUIN SUCH A GREAT GIFT!

-CLARK

DEAR COUSIN BEN,

THANK YOU FOR THE PONY! WOW!

I KNOW YOU SAID HIS NAME WAS "KILLMODE ENABLED", BUT I CALLED HIM THAT WHILE MOM WAS TAKING HIM OUT OF THE STYROFOAM HE CAME IN AND HE GOT THIS REALLY ANGRY LOOK ON HIS FACE AND STARTED KICKING AND BUCKING AND HIS EYES ROLLED BACK INTO HIS HEAD LIKE HE WAS HYPNOTIZED OR SOMETHING.

MOM IS OKAY NOW, BUT I DON'T THINK THE PONY LIKES THAT NAME! HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ME CALLING HIM SAMUEL JINKERMEYER, SO I'LL JUST STICK WITH THAT. THANKS AGAIN!

-CLARK

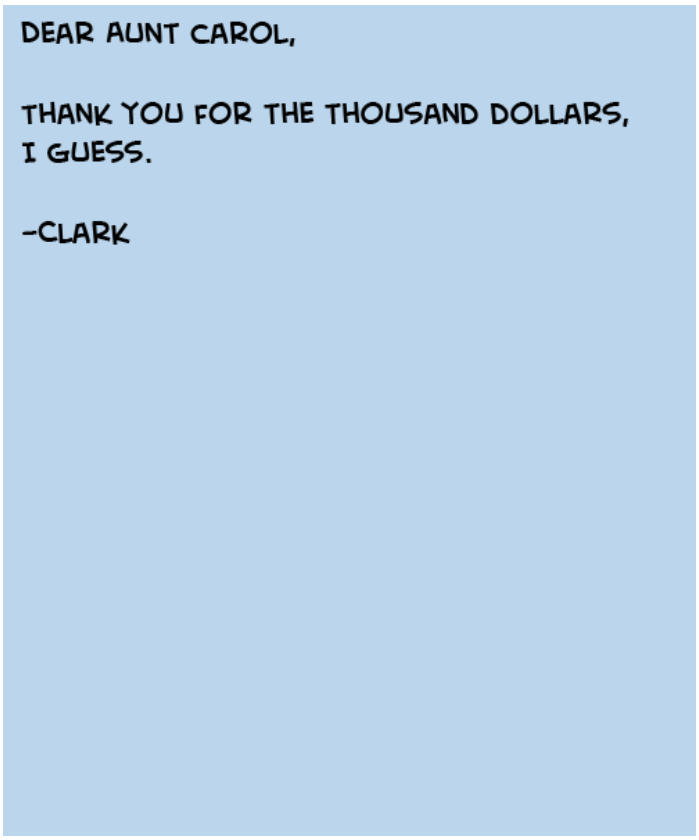
DEAR AUNT SELMA,

THANK YOU FOR THE GIGANTIC PINATA, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE OVERSTUFFED WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ARMY ANTS.

JUST IN CASE YOU BUY SOME ARMY ANTS FOR YOURSELF, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT A PINATA DOES NOT WORK AS A GOOD ANT FARM. WE HAD TO MOVE THE ANTS TO AN OLD AQUARIUM WE FILLED WITH DIRT AND PICKLES. I AM ASSUMING THAT THEY LIKE PICKLES.

DID YOU KNOW THAT A SWARM OF ARMY ANTS CAN KILL AND DEVOUR A COW IN JUST A FEW HOURS? YIKES! I BETTER KEEP SAMUEL JINKERMEYER AWAY FROM THEM, HAHA!

-CLARK


DEAR AUNT CAROL,
THANK YOU FOR THE THOUSAND DOLLARS,
I GUESS.
-CLARK

DEAR GRANDPA,

THANK YOU FOR THE NOTE THAT SAID "WE ALL HATE YOU, TAKE A HINT AND GO RUN OFF INTO THE WOODS AND DIE OF LONELINESS".

HANDMADE GIFTS ALWAYS MEAN SO MUCH MORE THAN STORE-BOUGHT STUFF, AND YOUR JOKES ALWAYS MAKE ME LAUGH. IT'S SO FUNNY WHEN YOU PRETEND TO BE MEAN BECAUSE, REALLY, HOW COULD ANYONE TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY WHEN YOU'RE SO SMALL AND FRAIL?

LET ME KNOW IF YOU COME UP WITH ANY MORE GOOD JOKES, GRANDPA!

-CLARK

DEAR UNCLE ALAN,
THANK YOU FOR THE NEATO RING. WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THIS GREEN ROCK THAT'S SET IN IT? CRYPTOMITE? I CAN'T REMEMBER BUT I SURE AM FEELING TUCKERED OUT.
THANK YOU
-CLARK

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.25 This Update Is Also Illegal!

Sunday, May 27, 2007 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's been nearly three years since I so brazenly flaunted my buttocks in the face of the law, illegally reproducing segments from a Major League Baseball game without expressed written consent from the Office of the Commissioner of Major League Baseball. Not to say this has been a painless ordeal; initially, my family and I lived in constant fear of Major League Baseball's iron fist of justice crushing our skulls like a giant pumpkin full of our skulls. Sure, we've all heard all the horror stories about average folks who attended a baseball game, bragged to their friends about it, and then ended up simultaneously missing and dead for the rest of their lives. Remember the one man who dared stand up to the Commissioner of Major League Baseball a few years ago? Me neither. That just goes to show how powerful they are.

As an American who additionally lives in the United States of America (yes, literally *all* of them), I believe it's time for me to once again stand up to the tyranny and injustice that is the Office of the Commissioner of Major League Baseball. About a month ago, I attended a game where the Kansas City Royals, a particularly horrible team that has somehow managed to lose 58% of the games they actually won, tackled the Minnesota Twins, a team that stinks to a negligibly smaller degree than Kansas City. Hearing Twins fans talk smack about Kansas City is like watching a kid with Downs Syndrome slap around a retard. It doesn't matter who wins; at the end of the day, they're both inevitably ending up in the basement.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST, 2007: THE KANSAS CITY ROYALS VERSION THE MINNESOTA TWINS - AN UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION

When I was a child, I loved attending Royals games. This, as many scientists and doctors know, is because children are very stupid. Kids rank on the intelligence ladder somewhere between plankton and those birds who are supposed to talk so you say "hello birdie" over and over again but they just stare into space and you end up feeling like the world's biggest moron. If you have any doubts about how retarded I was as a kid, please keep this in mind: one day in fourth grade I repeatedly rubbed my crotch up against the side of my school desk and one of my testicles flew up into my stomach. For all I know, it could still be in there now. The important point here is that Royals games don't exactly attract the brightest cookies in the stable. Also one of my testicles might be floating around near my lungs.

Unfortunately, Saturday's game proved how weak the local Missouri economy is, as Kansas City had to import foreign idiots from Minnesota to fill the seats normally reserved for our native idiots. There were literally two Twins fans to every KC fan, creating a surreal environment where more boos than cheers were heard every time KC scored. I bet that's pretty depressing for the KC players each time they knock in a run. Fortunately, it's a problem they hardly have to deal with.

INNING #1: The Twins forgot they were playing the Royals and accidentally failed to immediately score. Maybe they thought the first inning was the "warmup inning" here in Kansas City. You know, as opposed to the Royals who think the first nine innings are the warmup innings. Okay boys, let's play another warmup game and finish our warmup season so we can draft another warmup first round pick who will blow out his kneecaps whittling a corncob pipe in AA Omaha! Not that Colt Griffin, Mike Stodolka, Jeff Austin, and Dee Brown didn't pay off. I'm sure the janitorial director at the local YMCA compliments them on their positive work ethic before each paycheck.

To make things even weirder, the Royals managed to score multiple runs despite it not being April Fool's Day. I know Mike Sweeney got on base somehow, probably through the miracle of Jesus Christ Our Lord and Savior. I think he got thrown out after hitting second baseman Luis Rodriguez with an anti-abortion sign. Also Alex Gordon struck out, because that's what he does. They've given up trying to teach him how to hit, the batting coach just shoves Gordon towards the plate and says "AIM FOR THE BALL WITH YOUR FACE, ALEX! TRY NOT TO DIE." All of these actions were performed against starting Minnesota pitcher "Boof Bonser." Congratulations Boof, your parents bestowed upon you the name of an Outback Steakhouse entrée.

Stupid Tony Pena Jr., making everybody else look bad with his incredible batting average.

Zack Greinke, the game's starting pitcher for the Kansas City Royals and THE MOST EXCITING MAN IN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, is a player not known for his talent throwing the ball, but rather for his talent throwing his career into the dumpster. All the scouts said he was phenomenal and possessed incredible ability and could eat raw locomotives, but then he came up to the big leagues and had a nervous breakdown and spent most of his day crying in a motel bathroom and trying to date the ceiling fan. He went to some psychologist a year ago and supposedly now he's "cured," which obviously means "on drugs." One time Greinke went to a grocery store and the cashier asked him if he wanted paper or plastic and Zack just broke down and began sobbing uncontrollably until Animal Control was called and they sedated him by unloading a barrage of horse tranquilizers into his face.

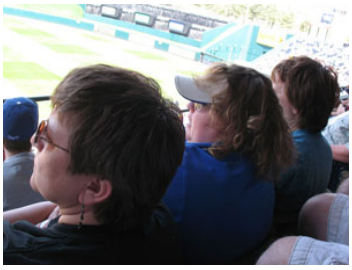
BONUS MP3: Zack Greinke explaining how he beat up his car and spent all night crying and shouting "why? Why?" when he learned Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston broke up.

CELEBRITY SPOTTING!

GEORGE BRETT ORDERING NACHOS WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND!

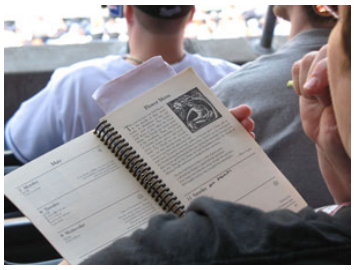
INNING #2: The Twins score a run but who cares about that, our personal space is invaded by OBESE LESBIAN WITCHES. I'm not kidding. Check it out:

There were four of them, the ringleader carrying a prized copy of her "Witches Datebook 2007." You see, witches have much different datebooks than us non-witches. They have to order special copies of Microsoft Outlook / Calendar just for all their witchy days. Queen Witch was very much into her datebook, which makes me wonder why she bothered showing up for the game if she was just going to spend the whole time writing about ginseng and dragons and casting Vas Flam in her little journal. Boo! Go home obese lesbian witches! The Royals game is for abusive drunks, not witches!



If you are foolish and casting doubts as to the existence of this fabled Witches Datebook 2007, I kindly ask you to visit Amazon and cast your greedy gaze upon its product entry page. Currently this wonderful tool is sold out, probably due to the massive influx of obese lesbian internet witches towards the end of 2006, but we can only hope esteemed author Jennifer Hewitson finds time in her busy schedule of being an obese lesbian witch to pen a followup entry for 2008 (year of the witch, unlike "Halloween 3," which was simply a season of the witch). Looking at the Amazon comments, it should prove to be another winner:

> Again this year we are presented with the Week at a Glance Witches Date book for the busy witch.
>
> Articles are always part of the attraction, and we are presented with a nice article on Hecate by K.D. Spitzer and my favorite *Tips for the Busy Witch* by Emely Flak. *Making Magical Inks* by Lynn Smythe is also another informative and interesting article.
>
> As always, there is an address section in the back so you can take down important information on the fly. The book offers the basics for the neat and clean reference. It is pocket size and fits on the desk neatly. Handy tool to keep around.
>
> A good overall presentation and one which I always find becomes part of my basic box of essentials.



What's a better place to study witchcraft than a Kansas City Royals baseball game?

A few questions: first of all, let's say you're not a "busy witch." You're one of those witches who just chills out and takes it easy and spends maybe only 20 minutes a day witching shit up. Is this book still a valuable investment? I've been seriously considering diving into the lucrative world of witchcraft, as my accountant claimed I can make "mad cheddar with spells and shit," but my wife won't let me spend the requisite 20 hours a day searching the swamps of Britannia for nightshade and black pearl. Should I save my money and instead purchase a chemistry set I can use to boil up some meth?

Secondly, let's assume I am in fact a busy witch. Exactly what situation would generate a need for "an address section in the back so (I) can take down important information on the fly?" Would I be wandering around town, witching the hell out of the place, when suddenly I see like some kid making ugly faces at me, so I say to

myself, "I better jot down that punk's address so I can ship him a box of evil magic snakes next Monday?" I don't even know what mail class evil magic snakes would fall under, especially with the stupid new USPS rules. It used to be priority mail, but now who knows.

Last of all, the reviewer remarked this book will become "part of (her) basic box of essentials." Do all witches have magic crates they haul around wherever they go? Exactly how large are these boxes? I know they must've been pretty damn huge for the obese lesbian witches at the Royals game, but I won't expand upon that because I refuse to cheapen this article with fat jokes. Haha, get it? I was referring to their vaginas. That's witch humor, you heathen saps.

While I couldn't make out much writing in the Witches Datebook 2007, I was able to appreciate the finely crafted illustrations of their various silly, false gods adorning each page. There were drawings of entities such as the "Flower Moon." So what exactly is this important "Flower Moon?" I looked it up on the internet and stumbled upon this bountiful batch of useful information:

> At the Full Moon, I didn't do a personal ritual as usual. It co-incided with the Beltane Bash, and its finishing ritual was probably better than anything I can do on my own. Jack in the Green, who had been gracing the weekend of talks, entertainment and socialising with his presence, was sacrificed and the Spirit of Summer released. Those present took a bit of his greenery home with them. At the end, Raymond Redfeather, member of the Native American Ojibway tribe, greeted the four directions with his sacred eagle bone whistle. That was a really special moment, because that whistle doesn't usually get used outside traditional ceremonies.

I am logically concluding the Flower Moon has something to do with being an incredible faggot.

CELEBRITY SPOTTING!

JUSTIN MORNEAU AND HIS ELDERLY TWIN CLONE PLAYING EXTREMELY DEEP RIGHT FIELD!

INNING #3: I think somebody got injured. I don't remember. I spent most of this inning laughing at the obese lesbian witches. A run was scored. I do not recall which team scored this run. It was either Kansas City or Minnesota. Smart money's on Minnesota.

Slugger, the Kansas City Mascot, jumped into the stands and began firing off his hot dog cannon. This is simply a cannon shaped like a hot dog, which appropriately launches weiners in the direction of people who want to eat them. Since a baseball stadium hot dog costs roughly $300, most people fight tooth and nail to grab one, then immediately try to sell it back to the stadium vendors for half the price. They say, "hey man, my wife bought this for me as a Christmas present, but I already have one so I wanna return this and get my cash back. No I don't got no receipt but my wife, she's got brown hair and wears shoes so that should be enough proof she bought it." This is known as

"Doggin' It," and is almost as lucrative as selling PS3 consoles on eBay.

Furries, please do not masturbate to this image of a tiger touching a boy's hot dog cannon.

INNING #4: I will always remember what happened during inning #4, because it involved me ordering another beer and subsequently drinking it. Both teams score at least once, which was very exciting when these particular events occurred. Some friendly folks from the crowd even cheered to express their satisfaction. Not the obese lesbian witches; evidently their horrible god doesn't believe in root, root, rooting for the home team. They only believe in mandrake root.

I noticed there's a water-spraying crucifix in the right field fountains that goes absolutely nuts whenever somebody from KC hits a home run. Maybe Mike Sweeney built it in his garage and demanded it spray holy water each time Jesus helps him hit a home run. Needless to say, Kansas City doesn't have to exactly worry about utility bills.

The head obese lesbian witch began doing some weird prayer / chant thing at the bottom of the inning. Perhaps she was asking the high goddess to make corn stalks and birds nests spring up out of the ground and smother Minnesota's pitcher. It didn't work. If I were her, I'd ask for a refund on her Witches Datebook.

INNING #5: More of the same baseball garbage, periodically broken up by fat shirtless men shouting highly intellectual phrases such as "boo" and "go home" in the general direction of unspecified players.

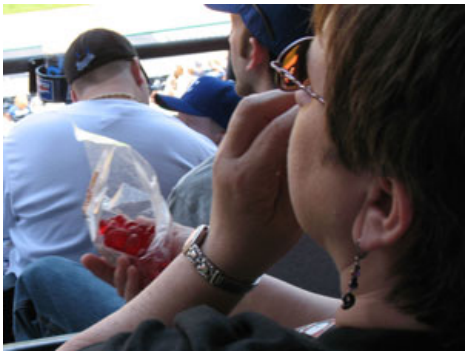
CELEBRITY SPOTTING!

FAMOUS RAPPER USHER, NOW RETIRED, FEMALE, AND WHITE!

INNING #6: HOT DOG RACE ON THE JUMBOTRON! The daily Hot Dog Race presents animated versions of ketchup, mustard, and relish, all of whom run around a poorly drawn version of ballpark. You're supposed to pick one of them to win the contest. If your condiment wins, well that's just great, you're a true American hero. If your condiment loses, then your life is a meaningless lie

and you're destined to die alone. Ketchup won, but I doubt that's who I originally chose. This is why my wife divorced me and I now live in a kitchen cabinet.

INNING #7: The obese lesbian witches decided to celebrate our great American holiday, the popular Seventh-Inning Stretch, by breaking out a bag of obese lesbian witch gummy bears. This excited them greatly, and I'm sure the Goddess of Nature smiled warmly upon them for whatever reason. I present to you the following photographic evidence proving, beyond a trace of doubt, the obese lesbian witches were in fact eating gummy bears:



If I receive even a single email from somebody claiming the obese lesbian witches did not actually eat gummy bears, I swear I'm just going to snap and start killing people.

Since the Twins had scored seven runs off the Royals, Kansas City made a wise decision to change pitchers once again, sending in their big gun ace closer Todd Wellemeyer. I'm not sure what the reasoning behind this action was, but I imagine it was something along the lines of "well the Twins were able to score four runs off a guy with an ERA of 6.00, so let's see how they do against somebody with an ERA of 12.71! It'll be twice as hard!" After the game ended, I assume somebody approached manager Buddy Bell and pointed out players should have a low ERA and high batting average, not the other way around. He probably spent the rest of the weekend crying after realizing the only way a Royals pitcher could get a strike is if the MLB Players' Union ordered one.

INNINGS #8, 9: Nothing of interest happened, yet it took a considerable amount of time for this to occur. The Twins put in reliever Joe Nathan, who struck everybody and their relatives out. This was bad for the Royals, because it meant they lost another game, but good for me because it meant I could go home.

FINAL SCORE: Royals 5, Twins 7. Look at that, I even copied the final game score. That's a big double middle finger right in the Commissioner of Major League Baseball's fat face. I'm unstoppable!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.26 The Hate Foundation Release for May 2007

Monday, May 28, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Hate Foundation

Throughout history, nothing has spurred political and social change as frequently as hatred. It is the great motivator and the great unifier. It is the political capital within us all, lying dormant in wait of a great awakening..

The Hate Foundation is a non-profit think tank devoted to studying and identifying subjects worthy of hatred that third parties may incorporate into their own platform or agenda. Our goal is to provide actionable white papers and disseminate them free of charge to all interested organizations.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
May 28th, 2007
TROOPS, ORANGE TOP LIST OF HATE ITEMS FOR MAY

Washington, DC, May 28, 2007 - The Hate Foundation (North American Chapter) today announced six key targets for hatred for the month of May. As always, the Hate Foundation was quick to stress that it takes no specific position on the items selected for hatred, it simply describes a means to actualize the potential hatred.

The complete list follows.

1. Troops
2. The Color Orange
3. Cambodians
4. Crabs
5. Richard B. Riddick (fictional character)
6. US Secretary of Transportation Mary E. Peters

1. TROOPS

The troops appeared for the third time on The Hate Foundation's list since 2005 and rocketed for the first time to the number one spot.

The troops are currently considered *highly hateable* in large part due to their holier-than-thou attitude. Troops are frequently quoted in the media as concerned over the lack of understanding of the reality of the Iraq War exhibited by common citizens. This is elitism and projects demands on the population. Suggested action centerpiece is a multimedia campaign that relies on skewed direct quotes read by petulant voice actors.

Insert the following question into the public discourse: We're losing the war, whose fault is it? Provide the following answer: The cowardly troops.

2. THE COLOR ORANGE

Orange is still the color with the highest hateability metric. Close associations with road construction, the Dutch, and the Ukraine continue to promote visceral negative reactions to the color orange in most citizens. Hatred of the color orange is not useful in and of itself, but associate an opponent or opposition cause with the color orange and expect impressive results.

Possible drawbacks include orange juice and Halloween. Suggest countering with false reports of child abductions in October and a sponsored university study on the negative impact of citric acid on erectile dysfunction.

3. CAMBODIANS

Kudos to the Heritage Foundation for bringing Cambodians into viability as a hate campaign lynchpin for the first time since 1979. Effective media retcon of the Vietnam War has informed a dimly aware American public of Cambodia's responsibility for America's defeat.

News cycle echo time is expiring, so act fast on this one. It is difficult for Americans to remember the name of more than one country in South East Asia at a time. Suggested action centerpiece is a cable news investigation of a warlord in Cambodia and the atrocities he has committed in recent years. UN inaction is always a good go-to for backup.

4. Crabs

Rated moderately hateable. The depletion of crab grounds has caused a spike per-pound price of most types of crab. Objectively not quite as delicious as lobster.

Suggested action centerpiece is a parasite scare in Alaska coupled with a death on next season's series of Deadliest Catch. Good potential for grass roots study that shows crab feel pain and/or are more intelligent than originally believed. Train a crab to pick out numbers with its claw when prompted by a "marine biologist." Tie in with an article in Vegetarian Times.

5. Richard B. Riddick

The Hate Foundation believes Vin Diesel meme has fully expired, but his characters remain ripe targets for unreasoning hatred. Richard B. Riddick is the most well-known and he plays to both the right and the left with his violence and amoral Darwinism.

Suggested action centerpiece is a school shooting during a field trip to a cave. Dub him "The Pitch Black Killer" on 24/7 news and bring in experts to talk up evidence pointing to a tie to the Riddick character. Saturate broadcasts with clips of Vin Diesel laughing during the press junket for "Chronicles of Riddick" juxtaposed with footage of first responders hoisting dead children out of the cave.

6. US Secretary of Transportation Mary E. Peters

This month's Hate Foundation "Fun Pick" is US Secretary of Transportation Mary E. Peters. A total unknown to all sides of the political wheel, she is ripe for a scandal to ramp up the hatred. Suggested action centerpiece is evidence that she has never owned an automobile and/or drives a stretched Hummer. Secondary action possible around the personal periphery depending on political angle. Gay child is always a winner, personal infidelity is not hot this year, and drug abuse or financial scandal still strong.

There is major positive hateability movement on links to terror groups. It might be difficult to work that angle, but it could also be a fun learning experience.

The Hate Foundation, founded in 1988, is America's largest non-partisan not-for-profit think tank. In 2006, The Hate Foundation provided a record 784 hatred white papers to governmental and non-governmental policy groups. The Hate Foundation's motto is *Odium Ortus Novo.* It is based in Washington, DC and maintains offices in Dubai, UAE and Berchtesgaden, Germany.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.27 Perhaps Some Animes Are in Order?

Tuesday, May 29, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I share a minor running gag with my coworker (and fellow Something Awful writer) Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium. He'll saunter to my desk, steaming cup of coffee in hand, his features softened in dreamy contemplation. He'll say something like "I have an idea..." or "so, I was thinking..." He'll hem and haw and dance around the issue, filibustering for as long as possible before he gets to the point: "perhaps some animes are in order?"

It's a sort of game we play: one of us tries to convince the other one that he has something important on his mind, perhaps even something work-related, and just when we have the other person anticipating an interesting revelation, we spring the little six-word trap. "Perhaps some animes are in order." It's kind of like saying "*deeeez nuts,*" in that it's all about catching your opponent unaware (it's also similar in that it's completely stupid).

The phrase itself is just a sentence we saw written on the internet somewhere. The statement was written completely without irony; it was the sincere suggestion of a young man with the sudden epiphany that maybe, *just maybe*, it was time for an anime or two. The lighthearted purity of the sentiment has stuck with us, despite the fact that neither of us knows anime from a hole in the ground. I've seen Spirited Away, if that counts, and half an episode of Cowboy Bebop. Jon, to the best of his recollection, hasn't seen any anime.

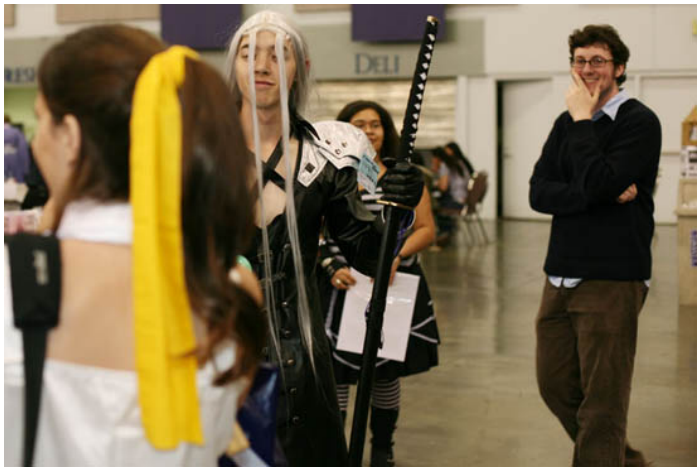
Our shared anime experience doesn't go much past Matthew Sweet's "Girlfriend" video from 1991. In fact, the two concepts are so conflated in my mind that I can't even read the word "anime" without getting Girlfriend stuck in my head (cherish this, my friends, for it is the only time you'll ever see "anime" and "girlfriend" in the same sentence).

Imagine our shock, then, when a fantastical set of circumstances landed us at the epicenter of anime this weekend. Fanime, a thousands-strong festival of anime activity, was taking place only three blocks from my humble San Jose apartment. I couldn't even walk down the street without rubbing shoulders with the pink-haired disciples of anime, clad in their wooden shoes and bathrobes, armed with gigantic swords made of plywood and tinfoil.

There was no "perhaps" about it. The stars had aligned. Some animes were definitely in order. Jon and I headed to the convention center, and into the very heart of anime.

Here's yours truly at the outskirts of an unexplored culture. And into the anime we descend...

Once inside, I'm thrown into a totally unfamiliar culture. "Will Numa Numa for Glomp." What strange language is this? It seems to follow the basic syntax of English, but what do those words mean? I'm surrounded by the strange mysteries of anime...



It's immediately apparent that I'm underdressed. I seem to have committed the first faux pas of the anime convention: I showed up without my costume. I become a little bit self-conscious about my appearance. No worries, though: with my moth-eaten sweater, protruding shirttails and unshaven countenance, I'm pulling off a pretty good "big sloppy guy" costume.

See? This guy is rocking the same basic costume idea, and he fits right in.

Time to observe some anime fauna to get a feel for how to act. I learn one trick early on: just act cool. Look at these guys scowling at the anime wares. They're totally over it. Princess Peach is like three feet away from them, but they don't even bat an eye. I must restrain my emotions and stay stone-faced in the presence of these boundless wonders.

Just be cool. He's got all these big fucking amazing swords, but I have to roll with it and pretend like nothing special is going on. They'll know I'm not one of them if I betray the merest hint of fright or awe. Who is this man with the giant sword? What complex emotions carry him into battle? Looking at this photo now, I'm deeply affected by his fawn-like gaze, full of mystery and sadness. Just a frail boy, called to fight a man's war...

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, it is like the entire Mario Brothers gang, and they're all here next to me. Just play it cool, Dave, you don't want to look like a tourist. Standing with the whole Nintendo gang is totally normal. Don't freak out. You have no idea how hard I want to hug Mario right now, just hug him and weep and tell him what he means to me.

The Fanime merchant room is a truly amazing place, filled with all kinds of booths selling anime DVDs (we checked- the animes *are* in order), gay anime porn, action figures, straight anime porn, swords, comics, more swords, more gay anime porn and... what's this? Corsets!

I've never worn a corset before, so here's my big chance. I immediately hit it off with this fancy fellow. He's probably the coolest guy I met at the convention; even though I'm a total corset novice, he cheerfully and patiently explains how corsets work, why it's important for a man to have one (it turns out they give you that sleek military profile that makes the girls swoon), and how they work. I tell him that I'm probably a little too big for a corset, but he's more than happy to prove me wrong.

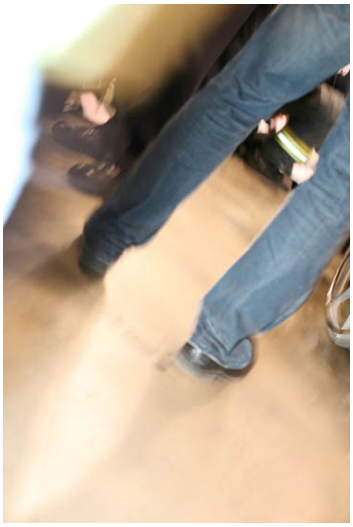
It doesn't even hurt when he tightens up the laces! Look how cheerful this guy is. This is a man who truly delights in his work. If you ever buy a corset, I insist that you buy it from this man.

Well, look at that! I cut a fine figure, don't I? I contemplate buying a corset, but decide that my bosoms are sultry enough without artificial enhancement. Maybe next time, my mustachioed friend!

Still a little winded from my corset trial, I dizzily put my sweater back on– backwards, this time. My costume has improved! Instead of being "big sloppy guy," I'm transformed into "big, sloppy, hastily-dressed guy."

Dazed and backwards-sweatered, I rest a moment beside a Winnie the Pooh action figure and its companion, the erotic anime butthole figurine. I consider asking the booth operator how much an anime butthole figurine costs, but something inside me says that I don't want to know the answer.

Nearby, I find a disturbing booth filled with alarming dolls. Bald, frail, and housed in coffin-like boxes, these sad creatures sell for hundreds of dollars to people who probably harbor ill intentions toward them. I am sobered, but my commitment to infiltrate anime is undiminished.



Tragedy strikes: police have cordoned off a booth where somebody lies motionless on the ground, clearly having overdosed on anime. The officers resist my intrepid photographer's attempts to take a picture. Another anime victim is swept under the rug by the crooked San Jose police force, fat on Pocky and anime kickback money.

I start to feel like I'm in a bad trip. That Buffalo Springfield song plays in my head: "there's something happening here / what it is ain't exactly clear." The world swims around me as a corpulent manimal plays a haunting banjo refrain.

Amid all the tentacle porn and revealing costumes, the anime convention is a hotbed of friskiness. Could it be the perfect place for an unshaven man in a backwards sweater to find anime romance?

Play it cool, Dave. Just saunter up and stare blankly. Let her make the first move. Hmm, she doesn't seem to be going for it. Well, okay, there are plenty of fish in the sea...

Holy shit, she's got her arm around me. Just gotta stand perfectly still so I don't scare her away... Oh, fine, she was just in it for the photo opportunity. I won't lie, I'm a little bit heartbroken, but I'm sure I'll find someone to share my anime experience with.

Is it my imagination, or is this girl kind of checking me out? And... wait a minute... she's not wearing any pants. Jackpot! Just be cool. Girl with no pants *right next to me.* What do I do? What does "Glomp" mean? Come on, Dave, don't mess this one up... "You're not even going to glomp me?" she asks coyly.

"I'm not really sure what that means," I sheepishly reply.

In anime terms, I think this means I just got laid.

And with that, we conclude our journey into the mysterious world of anime. I still don't know what it is, how it got here, or why so many youths have fallen under its spell, but now I have looked upon its face for myself. It is strange, colorful, somewhat disturbing and maybe a tiny bit smelly. It is made out of teenagers and porn and strange costumes, and it breeds by way of elaborately-costumed mating rituals and the erotic art of glomping.

"I felt like when jonah got swallowed by a whale," says Jon. "Except there were more whales inside and they were all dressed like Final Fantasy."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.28 Album Review: Dark Side of the Bith

Wednesday, May 30, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes

As a music critic, I receive a great deal of albums every month, usually from the same old acts that have all the energy and creativity of a burnt out star core. Yeah, there are new acts popping up constantly, but most are as fleeting as shooting stars. Music these days is a business of dead and dying stars.

You'll imagine my shock and skepticism when I received "Dark Side of the Bith," a new jizz album from long dead music outfit Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes. Somewhere in the galaxy a black hole has reversed its flow.

The first time I saw Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes was in a trashy cantina growing out of Mos Eisley, one of the many open sores festering on Tatooine's dismal surface. This particular cantina, owned by a Wookiee businessman with a degree earned through bashing things and then moaning in celebration, was known for its near inhospitable atmosphere. You'd have better odds surviving in an asteroid field. The one saving grace was the acoustics, which were unparalleled on all of Tatooine. The day I was there was particularly ruckus, as some backwards sand farmers came in and started a brawl over Arasuum knows what.

Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes kept their cool and handled the incident like pros. These guys had seen it all, so some old beard chopping off an Aqualish's arm with a sword of light was nothing out of the ordinary, even if it did cause me to start a moisture farm in my pants. The Modal Nodes paused to take in the chaos and let everyone get a good look, then voosh, right back into "Mad About Me." All and all, the Modal Nodes put on a hell of a show. I couldn't help but feel like I was seeing the start of something big. What can I say? I was caught up in the moment.

After the show I tried putting the moves on the lady bartender, a real dish named Ackmena. She let slip that the band wasn't playing there by choice. Fiery Figrin D'an, ever the jizzstar, was a junky with a penchant for glitterstim and cutthroat sabacc. He bet and lost his band's instruments to a Devaronian music mogul named Labria, who considered them the best jizz band in the galaxy. The Modal Nodes were seemingly stuck on Tantooine, playing to earn their freedom and their instruments back from the cunning jizz enthusiast. Turns out these guys were reaching for the stars while drowning in quicksand.

Miraculously, they got out of Tatooine and the Outer Rim alive. A short time later the Modal Nodes were touring the galaxy, delighting packed audiences of empty chairs. I assume some were sentient at least. I caught up with them a second time on Coruscant, in some shoddy jizz club in CoCo Town near the border with Hirkenglade Prefecture. You know, the kind of place you have to dig through at least eight layers of city just to find.

The magic these guys were wielding on Tatooine was long gone. Figrin looked blazed out of his mind. What he was doing with his kloo horn was nothing short of an obscenity. I wasn't sure if he was trying to eat it or vomit his guts into it. Either way it was nastier than a Sarlacc with thrush. When they played "Tears of Aquanna," Ickabel G'ont botched his Fanfar solo so bad that I felt embarrassed to even be alive. He used to be as precise as a droid, but here he showed all the grace of a womp rat fat on profogg meat.

It's no surprise given Figrin's tyrannical leadership and personal problems that the Modal Nodes broke up. The two galaxy's worth of ego these guys were cursed with finally outshined the galaxy's worth of talent they were blessed with. Nobody even noticed when the gravitational forces finally tore them apart. Most of the band went their separate ways, doing a disappearing act so absolute that it would make the Rebel Alliance jealous. Nalen Cheel was only too happy to go home to the swamps of Clak'dor VII. Tedn Dahai was no doubt relieved that he didn't have to play second Fanfar to Ickabel anymore. Doikk Na'ts had more free time to dedicate to being a pretentious choobie, and Lirin Car'n most likely fell back in with his underworld chums. I would be surprised if Tech Mo'r even noticed the band broke up.

It would be a crime to forget Figrin D'an's hilarious attempt at solo success under the name Barbarine. When I heard Barbarine's disastrous LP, I couldn't tell if I was listening to a kloo horn or an Ewok giving birth to a rancor. Upon first listen I heard a million voices crying "this sucks" in unison before being silenced under a carbon flush of noise. I thought maybe he was trying to perform warbat, so I played the album for an astromech droid and it started spewing oil out of its vocabulator. The temptation to report him to the Empire for launching a rebel assault against my ears was quite powerful. Some of my fellow critics even toyed with the idea of pooling credits and hiring Zuckuss to take him out. But then again, we really just liked saying "Zuckuss."

But here we are, sometime later, with the Modal Nodes vying for a comeback. Does anybody care? Does a band that burnt out in the shadows even deserve a second shot at stardom? As a regular guy, I'd say no. They had something great and they squandered it away. As a critic, I have to let the music do the talking. So the real question is: do Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes have something to offer the musical world?

Amazingly, the answer is yes.

The Modal Nodes show a remarkable maturity with "Dark Side of the Bith." They are crisp, refined, and sophisticated. They've come at least a dozen parsecs from the old days of playing rundown rimworld jizz joints. This is jizz music with class. This isn't the soundtrack to a man losing a limb in a bar fight; this is the soundtrack of a man losing himself in ecstatic contemplation of beauty and wonder. This is the rhythm of the stars, of turbulent cosmic forces colliding and giving birth to new worlds. This is music that's bigger than music.

Figrin D'an himself is a transformed man. He's overcome his addiction to glitterstim, given up gambling, and found a renewed passion for performing. That Outer Rim magic is alive again, and more powerful than ever. The old jizzstar days of dodgy cantinas and playing for gangsters are long gone. Now it's about the music and only the music. I'm not ashamed to admit it - the boys from Bith are back!

On "Hyperline Hustle" the band is positively glowing, playing glitz as much as jizz, and creating a rich asteroid field of sound along the way. Toward the end, the whole track is washed out in a sea of scrak-like fuzz. Just when you think they've played themselves into a corner, Doikk Na'ts, inspired by some mad whim, starts playing his Dorenian Beshniquel over the fuzz like it was a Bontormian Klesplong. If a Jedi could wield his lightsaber with the same force this guy wields his fizzz, the Empire would never have gained power. My jaw was on the floor.

Another standout track is "Nova Cluster Blowout," where Nalan Cheel really shines on his bandfill.

You won't believe the noises that are coming out of his ploong sounder. I swear he wired a droid's vocoder into that thing, because it had a mind and voice all its own. Still, he never once loses control as he carefully guides the wild sounds to all the right high points. He shows the discipline and patience of master nerfherder when shaping his sounds. Truly, Nalan used his time back on Clak'dor VII to hone his craft into something special.

On "Moonlight on Nal Hutta," the somber and moving album closer, you can feel Figrin's pain as he imagines himself wandering the muck mired surface of Nal Hutta, with only the light of the sinister moon of Nar Shaddaa to accompany him. The temptation to succumb to the old ways of gambling and chasing the krayt dragon still haunt him, but he has found a way to channel that longing into beautiful music. The Modal Nodes even work in some yerk influences, giving the track a new dimension beyond the landscape of jizz.

"Dark Side of the Bith" is more than just a return to form for the Modal Nodes. It's a complete reinvention of form. These musical changelings have morphed from talented but burnt-out drunks and junkies into master musicians. The Force is more alive in them than most of the so-called Jedi running around chopping arms off in dive bars. I dismissed the Modal Nodes early on when they failed to carry their talents off world, showcasing to the galaxy at large an apathetic, hologrammed-in excuse for true Outer Rim jizz. They've earned back my respect and made up for all their failures in the past. This is the album that puts jizz music back on the interstellar maps.

The band is scheduled to play the Weogar Music Hall on their home planet of Clak'dor VII in a few weeks before launching a pangalactic tour. If this album is any indication of what's in store, sellout crowds are all but certain. This is one of those few times a star deserves to burn again, and the light they shine on the music world is a godsend.

Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes
"Dark Side of the Bith"
Barquin Records, 2 ABY.
Rating: 10/10

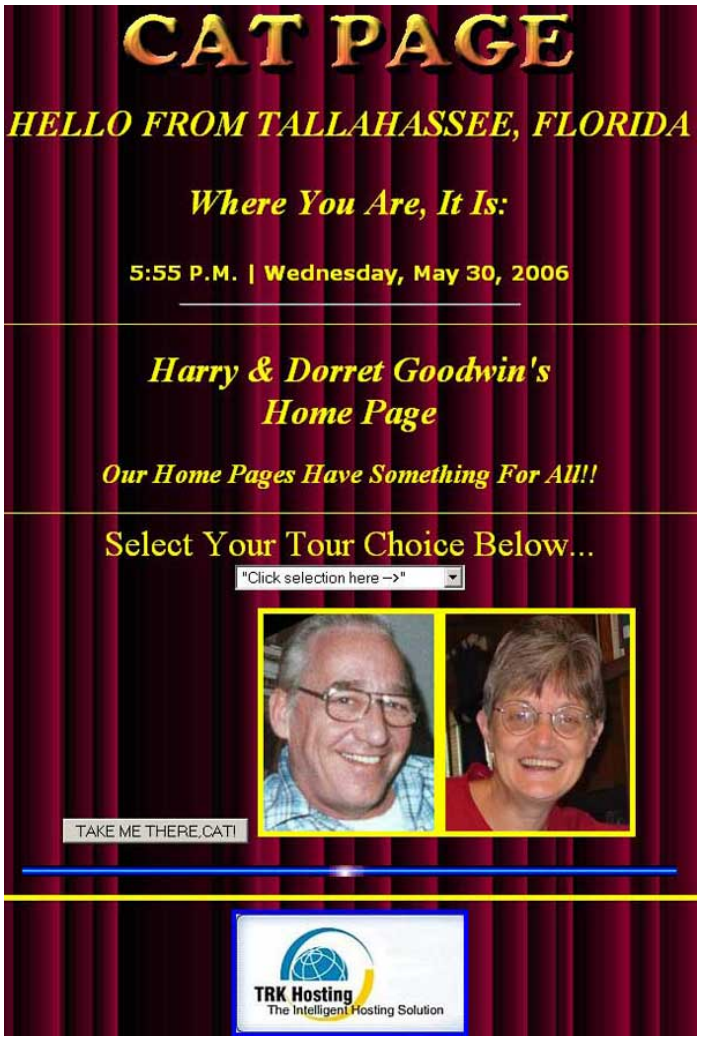
-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.29 Notable Quotables: The Era of the Internet

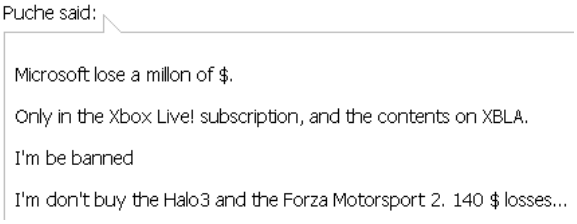
Thursday, May 31, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

We live in an exciting age, the era of the Internet, where mass communication allows people of all colors and creeds to interact and speak out in a variety of ways. Today I have decided to present some notable quotes from the visionaries who help shape our online world and drive it towards new horizons. Hopefully it will put this whole Internet thing into perspective just as it did for me.

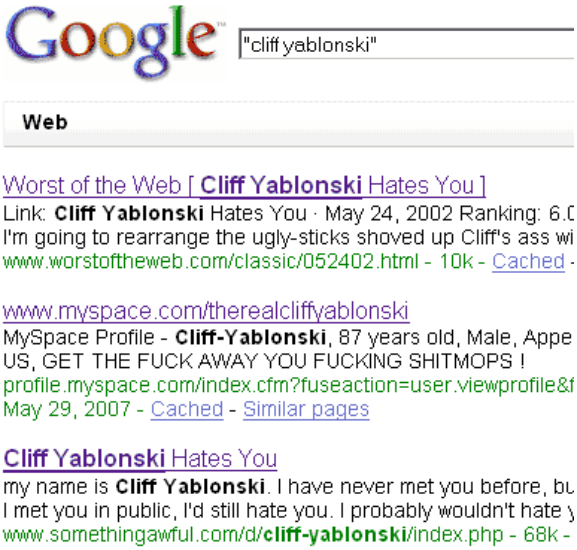
> *The Internet is based on a layered, end-to-end model that allows people at each level of the network to innovate free of any central control. By placing intelligence at the edges rather than control in the middle of the network, the Internet has created a platform for innovation.* - **Vinton Cerf**


CAT PAGE
HELLO FROM TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA
Where You Are, It Is:
5:55 P.M. | Wednesday, May 30, 2006
Harry & Dorret Goodwin's Home Page
Our Home Pages Have Something For All!!
Select Your Tour Choice Below...
"Click selection here –>"
TAKE ME THERE,CAT!
TRK Hosting
The Intelligent Hosting Solution

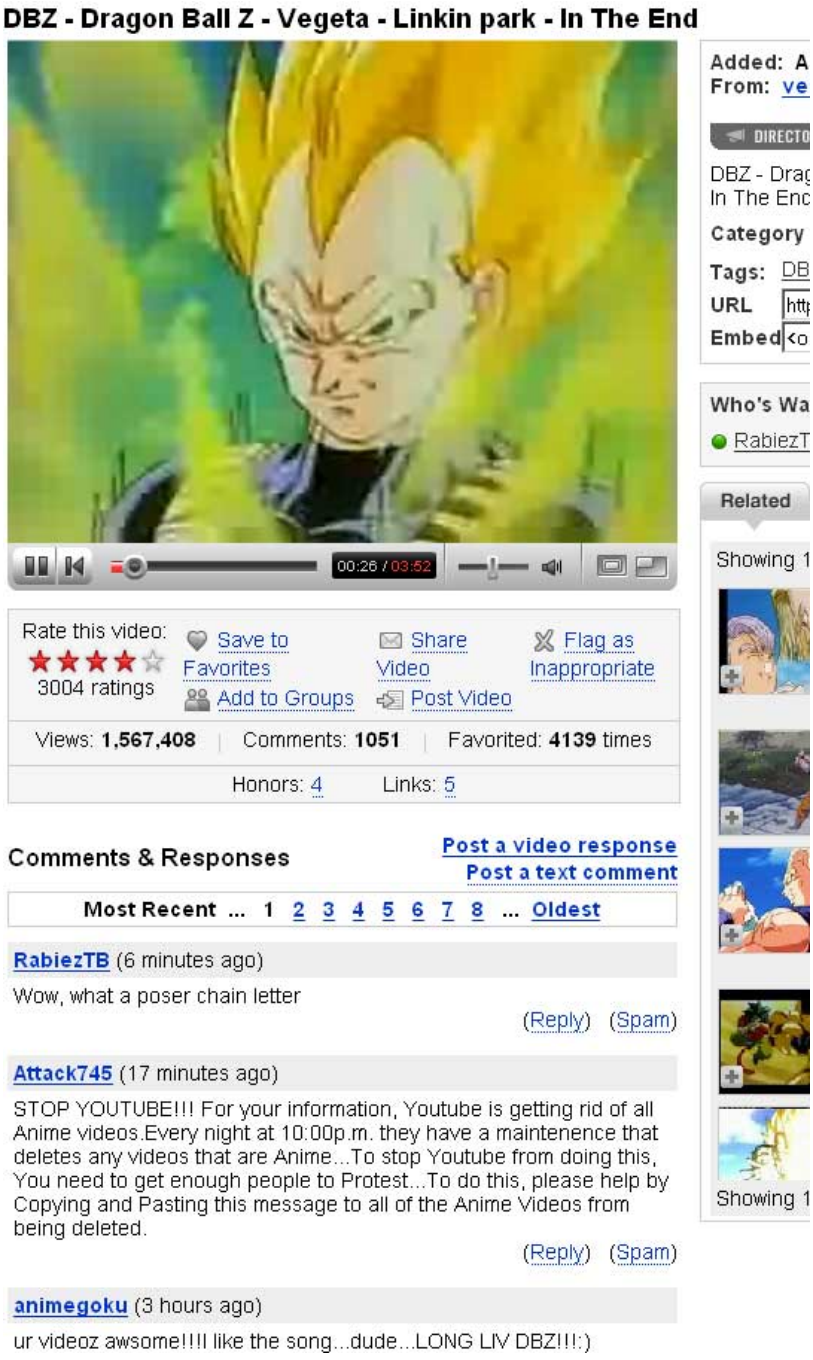
> *Nowadays, anyone who cannot speak English and is incapable of using the Internet is regarded as backward.* - **Prince Alwaleed Bin Talal Alsaud**


Puche said:
Microsoft lose a millon of $.
Only in the Xbox Live! subscription, and the contents on XBLA.
I'm be banned
I'm don't buy the Halo3 and the Forza Motorsport 2. 140 $ losses...

The ultimate search engine would basically understand everything in the world, and it would always give you the right thing. And we're a long, long ways from that. - **Larry Page**


Google
"cliff yablonski"
Web
Worst of the Web [Cliff Yablonski Hates You]
Link: Cliff Yablonski Hates You · May 24, 2002 Ranking: 6.0
I'm going to rearrange the ugly-sticks shoved up Cliff's ass wi
www.worstoftheweb.com/classic/052402.html - 10k - Cached -
www.myspace.com/therealcliffyablonski
MySpace Profile - Cliff-Yablonski, 87 years old, Male, Appe
US, GET THE FUCK AWAY YOU FUCKING SHITMOPS !
profile.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=user.viewprofile&f
May 29, 2007 - Cached - Similar pages
Cliff Yablonski Hates You
my name is Cliff Yablonski. I have never met you before, bu
I met you in public, I'd still hate you. I probably wouldn't hate y
www.somethingawful.com/d/cliff-yablonski/index.php - 68k -

The remarkable social impact and economic success of the Internet is in many ways directly attributable to the architectural characteristics that were part of its design. The Internet was designed with no gatekeepers over new content or services. - **Vinton Cerf**


DBZ - Dragon Ball Z - Vegeta - Linkin park - In The End
00:26 / 03:52
Added: A
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Tags: DB
URL
Embed
Who's Wa
RabiezT
Related
Showing 1
Rate this video:
3004 ratings
Save to Favorites
Share Video
Flag as Inappropriate
Add to Groups
Post Video
Views: 1,567,408 | Comments: 1051 | Favorited: 4139 times
Honors: 4 Links: 5
Comments & Responses
Post a video response
Post a text comment
Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest
RabiezTB (6 minutes ago)
Wow, what a poser chain letter
(Reply) (Spam)
Attack745 (17 minutes ago)
STOP YOUTUBE!!! For your information, Youtube is getting rid of all Anime videos.Every night at 10:00p.m. they have a maintenence that deletes any videos that are Anime...To stop Youtube from doing this, You need to get enough people to Protest...To do this, please help by Copying and Pasting this message to all of the Anime Videos from being deleted.
(Reply) (Spam)
animegoku (3 hours ago)
ur videoz awsome!!!! like the song...dude...LONG LIV DBZ!!!:)
Showing 1

I think it's a good thing that there are bloggers out there watching very closely and holding people accountable. Everyone in the news should be able to hold up to that kind of scrutiny. I'm for as much transparency in the newsgathering process as possible. - **Anderson Cooper**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 2005

HAPPY NEW YEAR 2006

Well the girls are all gathered around the television waiting for their favorite newsman, Anderson Cooper, to host CNN's New Year's celebration from Times Square in NYC. May you have a safe and healthy New Year and enjoy tonight's party.

Anderson Cooper 2006 calendar:

http://www.megaupload.com/?d=AQ7DQT1C

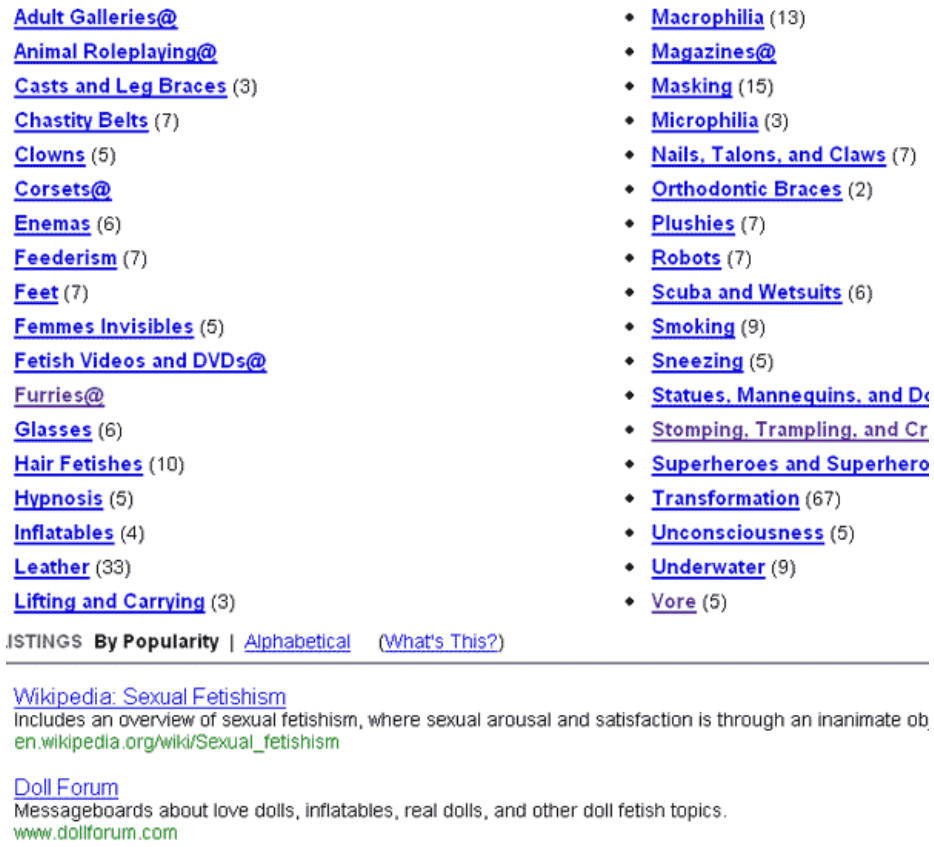
POSTED BY PHEBE AT 10:49 AM | 4 COMMENTS LINKS TO THIS POST

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 2005

Another Great Night of 360

Another wonderful show. Maybe it

We started Yahoo in about April 1994. It started out as a way for us to keep track of things that we were interested in. - **David Filo**



Adult Galleries@
Animal Roleplaying@
Casts and Leg Braces (3)
Chastity Belts (7)
Clowns (5)
Corsets@
Enemas (6)
Feederism (7)
Feet (7)
Femmes Invisibles (5)
Fetish Videos and DVDs@
Furries@
Glasses (6)
Hair Fetishes (10)
Hypnosis (5)
Inflatables (4)
Leather (33)
Lifting and Carrying (3)
Macrophilia (13)
Magazines@
Masking (15)
Microphilia (3)
Nails, Talons, and Claws (7)
Orthodontic Braces (2)
Plushies (7)
Robots (7)
Scuba and Wetsuits (6)
Smoking (9)
Sneezing (5)
Statues, Mannequins, and Dc
Stomping, Trampling, and Cr
Superheroes and Superhero
Transformation (67)
Unconsciousness (5)
Underwater (9)
Vore (5)
ISTINGS By Popularity | Alphabetical (What's This?)
Wikipedia: Sexual Fetishism
Includes an overview of sexual fetishism, where sexual arousal and satisfaction is through an inanimate ob
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sexual_fetishism
Doll Forum
Messageboards about love dolls, inflatables, real dolls, and other doll fetish topics.
www.dollforum.com

I think it's fair to say that personal computers have become the most empowering tool we've ever created. They're tools of communication, they're tools of creativity, and they can be shaped by their user. - **Bill Gates**

2taggs2 (6 days ago)

I'm a democrat and hate Bush -- but I HATE ignorant people like Rosie and Joy... I hate when people that make things political, when it's not their job to do so. KEEP YOUR OPINIONS TO YOURSELF! I hate Bush, but I hate when people who don't know their facts even more. YOU ARE ON A DAYTIME TALK SHOW... Leave it to formats with knowledgeable people like Bill Mauer and Jon Stewart, or even FOX News (If you are on the right).

(Reply) (Spam)

TonyWallnutz (4 hours ago)

yO Elisabeth can say whatever she wants cause she's mad fine!!!!!

(Reply) (Spam)

WTFman411 (4 hours ago)

EH was ready to battle BEFORE Rosie even opened her mouth,there was no personal attack,but on Rosie herself..watch when Joy starts to speak,sheesh

(Reply) (Spam)

The key is the Internet. The United States is by far the most advanced country in this new digital culture, so we have to be there. The Internet is the heart of this new civilization, and telecommunications are the nervous system, or circulatory system. - **Carlos Slim Helu**

TOONS: LITTLE DAUGHTER CHOKES AND GAGS TRYING TO SUCK **ALL** OF DADDY'S HUGE COCK!
-- Politics And Current Events -- The Hot Box -- Hall of Fame -- Moderators Incest Stories -- Fantasy Incest -- True Incest -- Incest Roleplaying Incest Pictures -- Cartoon Gallery -- Picture Gallery Incest Personals -- Profiles of Female Members -- Profiles of Male Members Help And Support -- Suggestions -- Questions and Recipes... -- Chez Chucky -- Legal/Informational
Search -->
INCEST THEATER
186 full-length movies!
INCEST CARTOO
no.1 cartoon inc
FORBIDDEN TOONS: FAMILY PARTIES BEHIND CLOS

I have an almost religious zeal.. not for technology per se, but for the Internet which is for me, the nervous system of mother Earth, which I see as a living creature, linking up. - **Dan Millman**

The Internet has been the most fundamental change during my lifetime and for hundreds of years. Someone the other day said, "It's the biggest thing since Gutenberg," and then someone else said "No, it's the biggest thing since the invention of writing." - **Rupert Murdoch**

My take on the whole dot-com bubble was that a lot of people who wanted to make a lot of money got too excited and hyped up the commercial aspects of the Internet prematurely. I think the vision of the Internet as a democratizing medium... as everyone's printing

press... is real. We got distracted from that by the mass hallucinations of the bubble. - **Craig Newmark**

PETTITE WOMAN - 39 (mountain view)

Reply to: pers-341630385@craigslist.org
Date: 2007-05-30, 6:29PM PDT

Would like to meet nice lady who enjoys outdoor activity beaches,lakes,mountains and boats I love to travel.Possible LTR.

SEEKING AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMEN - 39 (mountain view)

Reply to: pers-341638753@craigslist.org
Date: 2007-05-30, 6:42PM PDT

Looking for petite african american woman 38yrs.or younger for dating at first,who likes the outdoors and likes to travel.Me,single white male who travels the western states with friends racing boats.Looking for someone who would enjoy this kind life style possible LTR.Thanks Mike (pic please)

THERE ONLY DREAMS.. - 39 (mountain view)

Reply to: pers-341644903@craigslist.org
Date: 2007-05-30, 6:52PM PDT

No expectations,just an open mind I am a hard working who would like to find a fun,adventurous passionate lady.No Drama,No games..Just some Fun,we can figure out the rest as we go.Me travel western states racing drag boats with friends open minded. What do you like too do?

When I started eBay, it was a hobby, an experiment to see if people could use the Internet to be empowered through access to an efficient market. I actually wasn't thinking about it in terms of a social impact. It was really about helping people connect around a sphere of interest so they could do business. - **Pierre Omidyar**

PAID $500 FOR CAMERA, GOT CAT & BIRDFOOD, THEY BLAME USPS, SOMETHING FISHY HERE

Panasonic PV-GS320 3 CCD Mini DV Camcorder w/2-Lens KIT (#290111438104)

I agree completely with my son James when he says 'Internet is like electricity. The latter lights up everything, while the former lights up knowledge'. - **Kerry Packer**

And Hal - I grew up here. My family has lived in Chicago since it was founded, and in the area for generations before that, and so unlike you, I know what I'm talking about when I say that the only reality this article was reflecting, was that of the contents of a really big dislay ad.

If reposting advertising as cultural history doesn't constitute a promotion of a product, what does?

> I, too, grew up here. It doesn't matter. This article could be written by a sufficiently literate babboon from Mozambique. That's the way Wikipedia works- that is why there is such an emphasis on verifiable information, and, I reiterate, no original research. If your contention is that your verion of the article is not original research, please explain how that is.
>
> As to my post's disappearance, you can find it in the history. Upper-right hand side of the page. Since you aren't logged in, I assume you're new at this and that you somehow editted over it by mistake. Please excuse the comment about prescience, it was unnecessarily snarky.*edit- my sig again! I need more sleep.--Hal 28 June 2005 18:59 (UTC)

Hal, I rather seriously doubt that you grew up anywhere near Chicago.

As for your argument: While I am amused at your reference to "a sufficiently literate babboon from Mozambique", as it seems a perfect metaphor for so much of Wikipedia's editorial process, here we run into a brick wall, and one of oh so many reasons why I am getting angry. When we talk about popular cuisine in Chicago, we're talking about a subject published about in no legitimate press, leaving us inescapably in the realm of oral tradition, if we are to avoid outright fakery, such as that seen in the Vienna Beef ad. Can I document the fact that what you people have been stubbornly reprinting is an ad? Absolutely. Let me go grab my camera. But how do you propose that I "document" what goes on in day-to-day life? Would you like me to start kicking in kitchen doors, and bring in the mini-cam?

In real life, customers seldom buy cookbooks out of anthropological interest. They buy them because they like the recipes. The recipes actually seen in widespread, popular use in Chicago are humble, simple little things that would not be of interest to outsiders, and thus of little commercial interest to publishers. They are, however, ours, and when we see part of our own culture being overwritten in a commercialised fashion, however humble a part that may be, we're likely to get severely pissed off about that - and rightly so.

"Overwriting" is exactly what one has a halfway decent chance of doing when one publishes fakelore as fact, because even if those of us who are old enough (to predate the fakelore by long enough to see it for what it is) know better, there's always another generation of kids to mislead. In this particular case, they'll have to be fairly stupid kids. We are talking about an article that claims that a traditional food preference was built around a specific brand name, and a food item (fresh tomatoes) whose near-inedibility in Chicago is a matter of some notoriety. But the corrosive effect is there.

> Since this is apparently intractable, I'm putting this dispute up for moderation. *edit: mediation. I *really* need sleep. --Hal 28 June 2005 20:01 (UTC)

And I look forward to passing the results of said moderation along to a website owner of my acquaintance, who plans on documenting the whole bizarre incident on his site. Says that it's a perfect illustration of exactly what's wrong with the entire Wikipedia concept. Toss in a few photos, and the point will be made.

Oh, and BTW, Hal - it's 3:09 pm Chicago time. Kind of a strange hour for an alleged Chicagoan to be getting sleepy at, isn't it? Doing shift work, buddy? As the saying goes, "on the Internet, nobody knows that you're a dog". *—The preceding unsigned comment was added by* 65.182.172.13

The Internet has come a long way since it was created by the United States Department of Defense for army generals to have childish arguments about who would win in a fight, an M1 Abrams or Goku. Today, the sky is the limit and great Internet visionaries are continuing to push the limits on just how low we as a society can go, whether it's arguing hot dogs or desperately trying to get laid via a web site. And Something Awful will be there to showcase it all.

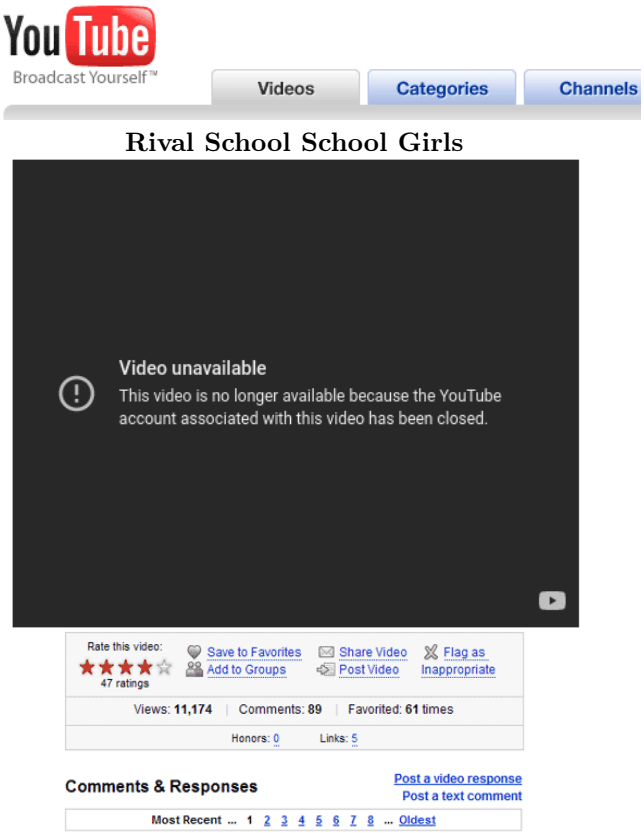
-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Chapter 6

June

6.1 YouTalk: Ryona Videos

Friday, Jun 01, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


YouTube
Broadcast Yourself™
Videos
Categories
Channels
Rival School School Girls
Video unavailable
This video is no longer available because the YouTube account associated with this video has been closed.
Rate this video:
47 ratings
Save to Favorites
Add to Groups
Share Video
Post Video
Flag as Inappropriate
Views: 11,174 | Comments: 89 | Favorited: 61 times
Honors: 0 Links: 5
Comments & Responses
Post a video response
Post a text comment
Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest

SilentBlue (9 hours ago)

So this is what we've com to, huh? Billions of years of evolution, 200,000 years of human advancement. Wars, famine, plagues, the rise and fall of civilizations...

and here I am watching a blurry video of fake schoolgirls fighting each other. Can it get any better than this?

Nope.

(Reply)(Spam)

SHOTAKUN (9 hours ago)

SERIOUSLY ANYBODY KNOW EMAIL ME AT SHOTALOVER@GMAIL.COM

(Reply)(Spam)

SHOTAKUN (14 hours ago)

DO THEY HAVE A MALE VERSION OF THIS GAME?

I AM INTERESTED IN A MALE VERSION OF THIS GAME

FOR "RESEARCH PURPOSES"

HEH];p

(Reply)(Spam)

fatbiotaku (17 hours ago)

Moero! Justice Gakuen from *Kabushiki-gaisha Kapukon* is one of the all time classic fighters for the *Dorimukyasuto*. It was a big hit in Nippon that never managed to catch on in the xenophobic west.

Very fun games if you have mature taste.

(Reply)(Spam)

garciabueno88 (1 day ago)

Las muchachas, muchachas, muchachas, allí no son ninguna necesidad de luchar tan ferozmente. No haga las cosas terribles a sus cuerpos que se convierten.

Oh, usted sabe que apenas leo lo que mecanografiaba y sueno tan espeluznante como los americanos que adoran historietas del porn de la muerte y del niño. Olvídese de I dicho cualquier cosa.

(Reply)(Spam)

Princeofdragons (1 day ago)

Hehe my girlfriend has a cute little japanese bear backpack and a school girl costume she wears for me when we're doing cosplay. Sometimes she comes in with a big lollipop and then she puts something else in her mouth (my penis) booya

(Reply)(Spam)

jackula (1 day ago)

Fuck! This shit is crazy man. Japan is off the hook

what next?????

(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (1 day ago)

A very one-sided battle is fought in a video game between rival factions of Asian school girls. The person playing the game seems to only know a single move. There is something kind of relaxing about this video.

(Reply)(Spam)

bodycountkiller (1 day ago)

REMEMBER PEARL HABOR MOTHERFUCKERS

REMEMER HIROSHIMA

SShhhhhhPRRRKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!

(Reply)(Spam)

bodycountkiller (1 day ago)

got what you deserved at hiroshima and nagasacki

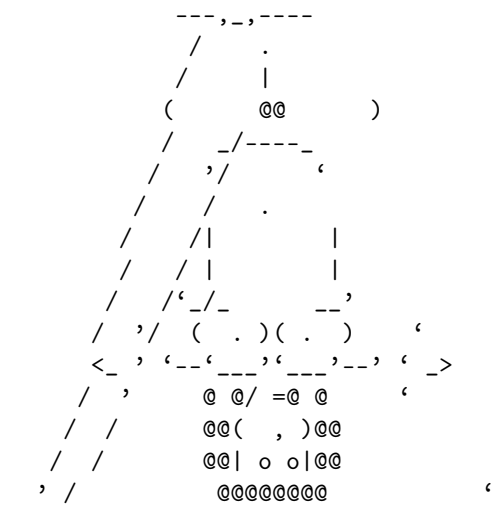
(Reply)(Spam)

dainquisitor (1 day ago)

what game is this? anybody know?

(Reply)(Spam)

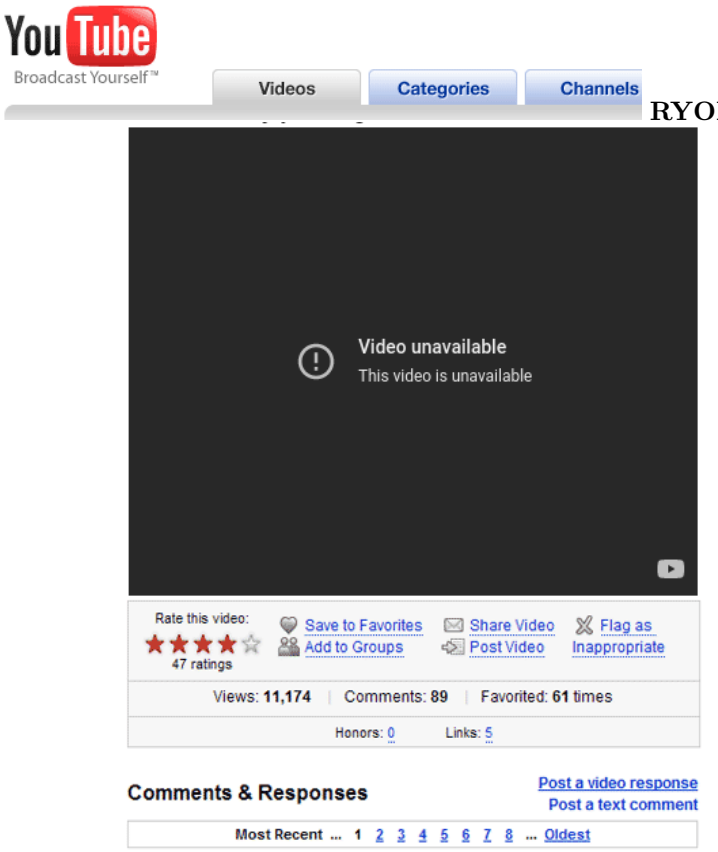
baronklausvonbutthole (1 day ago)



BTW thats your mom

(Reply)(Spam)

Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest



factman_PI (1 hour ago)

Several scenes from a movie or movies edited together. All the scenes seem to focus on a woman being attacked or injured. The voices are in German.

That's kind of cute.

(Reply)(Spam)

fatbiotaku (2 hours ago)

Dont kno the movie but the actress is *Haruko Desmu* and she is known throughout japan and south korea. Americans and Canadians probably know her best as Misu from *Orangeu Cashubox Girru*.

I read she moved to America recently. She is pretty much garbage anyway as you would expect. Although there is a girl in my Jet Program class who looks kind of like her. I would ask her out but shes only 9 three more years :D

nyoro :3

(Reply)(Spam)

4champ (2 hours ago)

"your lulz give them to me" - pedobearinator 2: lulzment day

(lulz)

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (6 hours ago)

good news this is some gay shit probably gayest shit ever I hope you die

(Reply)(Spam)

ryonalover22 (7 hours ago)

OMFG THANK YOU!!!

I have been looking everywhere for this to add it to my collection

chokes awesome

(Reply)(Spam)

pauldavidson (8 hours ago)

you'll never see cnn or msnbc talking about this only on fox news will they cover it why is that?????

no left wing conspiracy my kiester

(Reply)(Spam)

mmarissa (8 hours ago)

kyle dont even try to act like you didn't post that video response to jennyfer i fuckin saw that shit boy

that is low 'tubin behind my back when you know i dont have my canera hooked up in my new house. You better delete that vlog or I am gonna vote you down.

(Reply)(Spam)

danfunsman (8 hours ago)

oh okay no problem buddy :)

(Reply)(Spam)

burpo (8 hours ago)

I think we're on the same page dan. I was talkin' to storminnormin that prick from the last page.

(Reply)(Spam)

danfunsman (8 hours ago)

i was talking about YOU people as in the Western Civilization, so shut the fuck up cocksucker, i know more then you will ever know moron. And Suleiman is Magnificent, because unlike the Crusaders, he FOUGHT AND KILLED ARMED CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS, not like you assholes, killing unarmed Muslim and Jewish women and kids. so once again, fuck off you old bastard, and go study somemore before your time on earth is up bitch.

(Reply)(Spam)

dainquisitor (9 hours ago)

what is so bad about Iraq? what about america?

its not like youre in charge so why bother arguing?

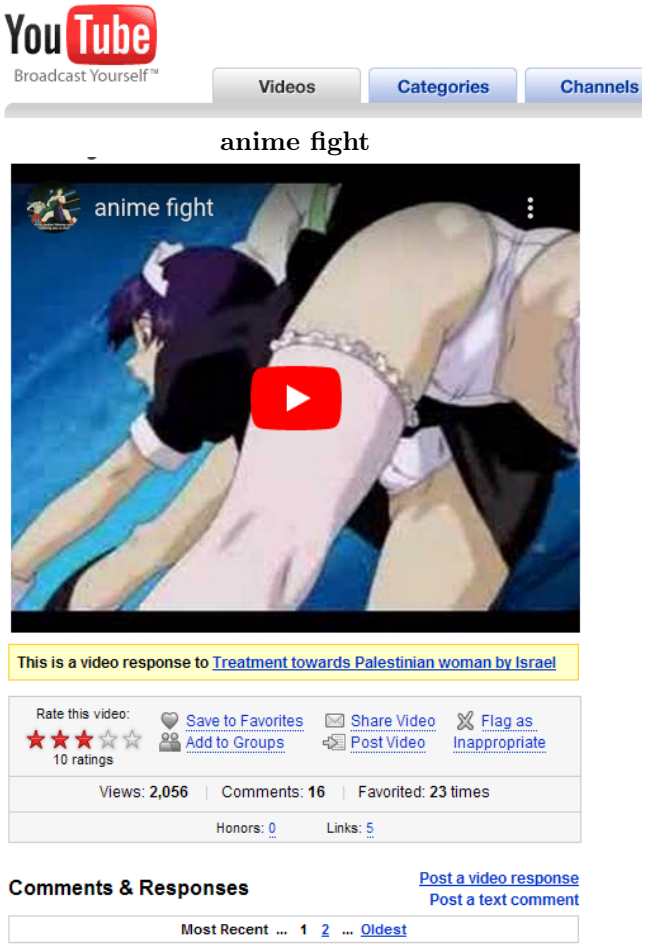
(Reply)(Spam)

burpo (9 hours ago)

The culture of violence and the gun culture of america are being imitated in the east by america's client states. It's only a matter of time before you yanks make everyone from Japan to China obese and stupid.

(Reply)(Spam)

Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hBWwkRkNUKo

fatbiotaku (1 hour ago)

Najica Dengeki Sakusen is alright if you don't have a very mature knowledge of the anime world. It's essentially an inferior retread of *AIKa* which is itself just a lame collection of fanservice.

If you're not going to try to enrich yourself by learning about animes you might as well go all the way and pick up *Yami to boushi to hon no tabibito* or some cheap Shinjuku hentai.

(Reply)(Spam)

Princeofdragons (1 hour ago)

Heh this reminds me to try out that maid costume I got with my girlfriend lol shell be the one wearing it when we have sex tonight.

you guessed it shes a model btw

(Reply)(Spam)

baronklausvonbutthole (1 hour ago)

|^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^| „
| HOMO TRUCK | '|"""";.||._ _ _.
|_...._...._ _ _ _ _ ==== _|_ _|...,] |
"(@)'(@)"""""*|(@)(@)*****(@)

that looks like shit but you get the picture

YOUR A HOMO

(Reply)(Spam)

garciabueno88 (1 hour ago)

bragas, Sr. Bush bragas

(Reply)(Spam)

alfmaniac (1 hour ago)

one day a man named razoranimesubs.com uploaded high quality and full episodes of full metal alchemist. Then he was banned for uploading this. If you want razoranimesubs.com unbanned then paste this into as many videos as you want.

maybe together we can do some good 8-{)

(Reply)(Spam)

helyungoku (1 hour ago)

this is gay and ur gay for posting this

(Reply)(Spam)

vulvo13 (1 hour ago)

WHERE CAN IG ET THIS MOVIE?

(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (1 hour ago)

A robot sits motionless while a woman with a very short skirts battles a series of maids using mixed martial arts. Fairly explicity. There is a helicopter near the end of the video bringing things to an excellent close.

(Reply)(Spam)

volvo13 (1 hour ago)

WHERE CAN IG ET THIS MOVIE?

(Reply)(Spam)

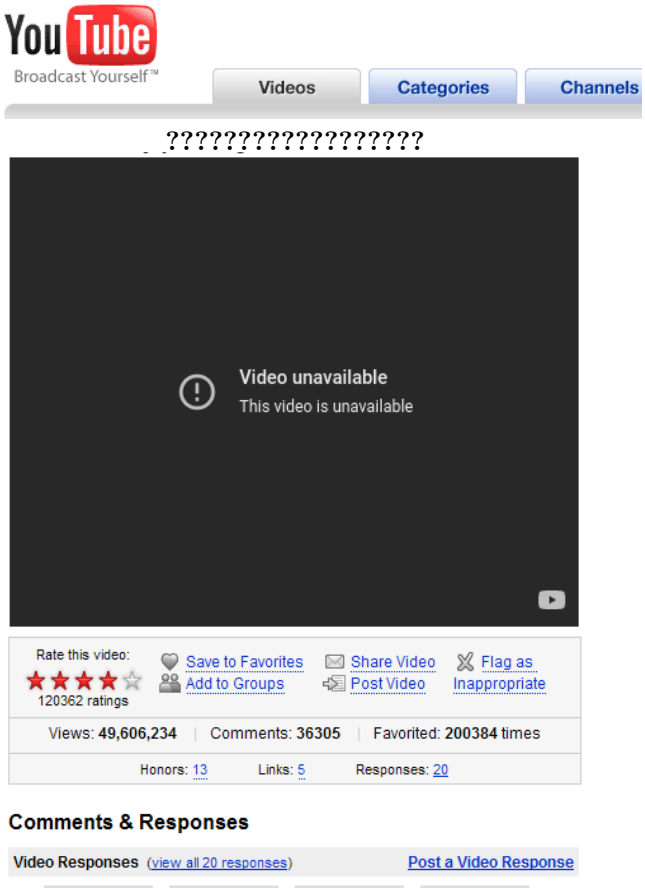
shotakun (1 hour ago)

is the one beating up the maids a boy?

anybody know for sure how old she is? 13 or under pref

(Reply)(Spam)

Most Recent ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... Oldest



ryonalover22 (1 hour ago)

skelton is my favorite
yeah get her choke that girl boyyyyyyyy

_ _ _
|o o|
/ ^
_ _

get it girl

(Reply)(Spam)

pauldavidson (1 day ago)

liberal media bias yet again

(Reply)(Spam)

turnipface3D (1 day ago)

now comeon what di d she do 2 deserve this kind fo treatment?

thios just ruint my whole day

(Reply)(Spam)

baronklausvonbutthole (1 day ago)

```
___          ___          ___     \\       /          /          |__     \\       /::
```

(Reply)(Spam)

jackula (2 days ago)

Fuck all of yall this is some twitsed shit right here

leave the animes out of your feuds skeltons and wolfman zombie

(Reply)(Spam)

mondo-mommy (3 days ago)

lol i would do her

(Reply)(Spam)

factman_PI (3 days ago)

An animation in which a skeleton and some other undead monster seem to be badly beating an anime girl. If you look very closely you can see the zombie man's genitals.

(Reply)(Spam)

MasterShief (3 days ago)

gotta be honest here

got a boner from that

heck yea

(Reply)(Spam)

fatbiotaku (3 days ago)

I believe that is *Runa-chan* from *Toso No Tensei Dashu (Secret of Bressu)* which *baka gaijin* might know as Pong.

No comment on the content. I prefer futanari myself.

(Reply)(Spam)

mmarissa (3 days ago)

kyle i am fucking serious here

i have put up with your bullshit for lon enough and it is over

i am leaving a vlog just for you and i want you 2 kno iyts ALL YOUR FAULT

YOU BROKE MY HEARD MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!

can you give my jellies to halley she said she's goin 2 tha beach?

(Reply)(Spam)

garciabueno88 (3 day ago)

Cuando veo el abuso de cualquier flor preciosa en las manos del esqueleto o del vampiro debo dar vuelta lejos. Incluso las muchachas de la historieta, que no sienten ningún dolor y no aguantan ningún sufrimiento.

No puedo estar parado para ver el daño puesto en el umbral de una mujer como ruina de las endechas de George W. Bush en las calles y las aldeas de Iraq en su sed ilimitada para la sangre y el aceite. Él es el vampiro! Él es el esqueleto!

(Reply)(Spam)

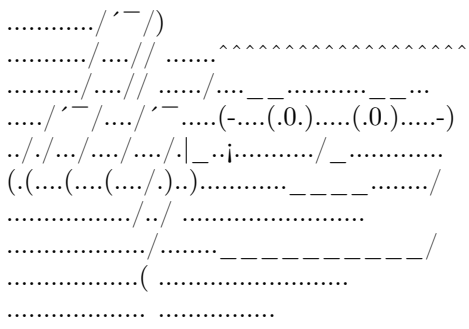
Princeofdragons (3 days ago)

my girlfriend will enjoy this

when we have sex (frequently) we are into sub/dom and chokeplay and skeletonplay and breakplay so this pretty much touches all of the bases

(Reply)(Spam)

professor-arucard (1 month ago)



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6.2 Law & Order: SVU - Season 9 Sneak Peek

Saturday, Jun 02, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In the beginning, skeptics claimed that Law & Order: Special Victims Unit would never last this long, that there weren't enough sex crimes to sustain the show for more than six seasons before things started to get silly. They were wrong. It got silly at the beginning of season three.

Still, the series has stuck around for eight years in spite of itself and is set to come back for a ninth season this September. After 183 cases that dulled and then snapped Occam's Razor cleanly in half, where can the show possibly go from here? Let's take a sneak peek at a few of the episodes in production to find out.

Season 9 Episode 01 - "Identity Crisis"
A young boy is molested by a Catholic priest, but it turns out the priest was actually an illegal immigrant posing as a priest. After investigating further, detectives Benson and Stabler discover that the immigrant was actually a U.S. soldier posing as an immigrant to avoid serving a third tour in Iraq. In a shocking twist, it is revealed that the soldier wasn't a soldier at all, but was, in fact, a houseplant.

Season 9 Episode 03 - "In The Family"
Detective Elliot Stabler has no choice but to arrest and savagely beat his thirteen year old son when the boy pops a boner on stage during his 7th grade class's production of Peter Pan.

Season 9 Episode 04 - "Taking It For The Team"
On one fateful night, every detective in the Manhattan Special Victims Unit is anally raped by a hooded man. The experience traumatizes each detective in different ways, causing divides where friendships once flourished and driving one team member to suicide. Everyone gets a good laugh when it is revealed that the rapes were Captain Cragen's most elaborate practical joke to date.

Season 9 Episode 06 - "There Ought To Be A Law"
The unit is forced to drop one of its most emotionally charged cases when it is discovered that there is no law against two moderately unattractive people having consensual sex in the privacy of their own home. Will an enraged detective Stabler take matters into his own hands?

Season 9 Episode 08 - "Just A Number"
A man is arrested for sexually molesting an infant. Charges are reversed when it is discovered that the man is in fact a three month old child with a rare medical condition that makes him seem much older, and the infant is an eighty year old woman with a rare medical condition that makes her seem much younger.

Season 9 Episode 09 - "Get In The Bus"
The gang investigates recent sightings of a werewolf in a newly opened amusement park.

Season 9 Episode 10 - "World Wide Web Of Lies"
Casey Novak, Assistant District Attorney to my heart, goes for the death sentence when a morally bankrupt scumbag peddles porn on the internet, claiming that his models are "really eighteen" and "barely legal" when they are actually women in their late twenties with their hair in pigtails.

Season 9 Episode 11 - "I Thought I Knew You"
A man beats his wife to the brink of death when he finds out she had a sex change operation before marrying him. It turns out that she really was born a woman but had a penis surgically implanted during her experimental college years, then changed her mind and became a woman again. When

it is discovered that the husband has a tiny vagina located behind his left knee, he is set free due to the lax laws governing spousal abuse in gay marriages.

Season 9 Episode 14 - "The Tugjob Is Free, It's Keeping Me From Mussing Up Your Hair Afterwards That Will Cost You"

A prostitute is suspected of assaulting her customers with their own semen, but her victims are too embarrassed and afraid of being brought up on solicitation charges to testify against her. Detective Benson joins the prostitute's softball team, then hits a game-winning home run, knowing the prostitute will give her a celebratory cameltoe five (the female equivalent of a pat on the butt). Her plan works, and in addition to getting enough forensic evidence for a conviction, Benson is instantly impregnated.

Season 9 Episode 17 - "Ripped From The Headlines"
When actress Lindsay Lohan (as portrayed by Jessica Walter, best known for her role as Lucille Bluth from Arrested Development) wakes up to a ghost wagging his genitals in her face in an enthusiastic pantomime of oral sex, she loses control of her car and crashes into a church, killing a couple who were having sex in a pew as part of a radio show stunt.

Season 9 Episode 19 - "Joined At The..."
Conjoined twin brothers press charges against one another, claiming that each brother has masturbated in front of the other hundreds of times against the others' will. The case takes an unexpected twist when it is discovered that one of the twins is only three years old and the other twin is actually his mother.

Season 9 Episode 22 - "Intent" A dying man sets out to transmit the AIDS virus to as many women as possible before his demise, but SVU can't make an arrest because no one will sleep with the man. After another unsuccessful evening at a nightclub, the man retreats to the public bathroom, where a poorly informed detective Stabler shoots the man dead, believing that AIDS can be transmitted via toilet seats. Detective Stabler faces grave consequences for his actions when he learns that AIDS is primarily transmitted through one person shooting another in the face with a handgun.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.3 In Space No One Can Hear the Music Die

Monday, Jun 04, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In the days before all musicians were rappers, and all rappers were obligated to appear in low-budget thuglyfe movies, musicians seemed to be drawn inexorably to acting in science fiction movies. Maybe they thought the special effects and explosions would cover for their inability to act or maybe they just wanted another paycheck. Whatever their reasoning, there is a curiously proud tradition of musical non-actors appearing in major science fiction movies.

Most of them can't act, their appearance in a movie is disruptive, and their inclusion was almost always a bad idea, so let's go ahead and celebrate them. Sounds like a great excuse for a count-down to me!

In 1976's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, David Bowie reprised the role he pioneered in 1972 as a pansexual alien from outer space named David Bowie. The film's plot is something about an alien (Bowie) landing on earth to take water back to his home planet and in the process becoming an alcoholic sex-obsessed snake-eyed Ken doll multimillionaire that sits around and watches TV all day.

Bowie's only real friend in the movie is played by Rip Torn as a sort of swinging rocket scientist. Torn has graphic sex with several women in a montage. Supposedly, he really had sex with the women. These days, production companies will leak "real sex scenes" to generate buzz. Somehow I doubt that was the case with Rip Torn.

Copious nudity and sex aside, the movie is plodding and bizarre. It's the sort of movie you might take your girlfriend to if you wanted to break up with her afterwards. Bowie is passable because he is playing a slight variation on the same character he played each night when he took the stage as Ziggy Stardust. It's also hard to notice shitty acting when the script calls for scenes in which characters do nothing other than stand or sit around and stare at things.

Despite a modest cult following, *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is intolerable postmodernist horseplops. Blah, blah, blah mankind's excesses, blah blah blah, non-stop sex and a rock star. We get it. It's *The Wall* with Rip Torn fucking things. Beam them all back to their frigging planet.

In the category of, "What the fuck is going on here!?" we have 1992's cyberpunk action thriller *Freejack*. Emilio Estevez and Rene Russo. "Okay," you're thinking, "not great but that's a decent start for the cast of an early 90s b-movie." Then, out of nowhere, you get the one-two punch of Anthony Hopkins and Mick Jagger.

Not content to just feature "brain swapping" as the plot, the movie also dabbles in time travel, Matrix-like realities, computer intelligence, and car chases. Estevez plays a race car driver who gets brought to the future seconds before a fatal car crash so Anthony Hopkins can implant his consciousness in him so that Rene Russo will fall in love with him. Whatever, I don't know, the point is Estevez escapes before Hopkins can overwrite his C-drive, giving the writers an excuse to have him get chased for about an hour.

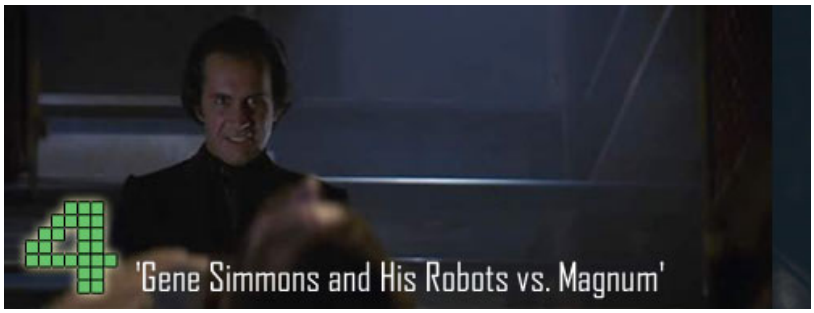
Mick Jagger plays Victor Vacendak, the man hired to track down Estevez and bring him back. Jagger is embarrassing any time he speaks. Sometimes he sounds like he is trying to conceal his British accent, sometimes he sounds drunk, most of the time he sounds like a crossdresser trying to pass as a Southern belle. Adding to the indignity of his ridiculous role, he has a fascist posse of guys in silly body armor (they look like Spaceballs) driving around cars that seem to be scaled-up bumper cars. He even has pastel-colored APCs at his evil disposal.

I hate to spoil this for you guys, but at the end, after chasing them for most of the movie, Mick Jagger ends up helping Estevez (and Russo) escape. He has a friendly laugh with them about that. Jagger seems half-asleep or bored as he waves them off into the sunset.

Hey, wake up dummy! You actually managed to drag down a movie about time traveling cyberspace race car driver Emilio Estevez.

I could say a lot more about how terrible Jagger is and how terrible *Freejack* is, but instead I will just let you watch this video clip:

I couldn't have said it any better.



With 1984's *Runaway*, prescient author and director Michael Crichton envisioned a science fiction world in which Magnum PI would don a suit of chain mail to fight a robot created by the lead singer of Kiss. Playing opposite Tom Selleck, Kiss front man Gene Simmons dropped the clown paint and assumed the role of Dr. Charles Luther.

Simmons is a super genius who designs and programs robots to kill people. Tom Selleck hunts down rogue droids like a budget version of a Blade Runner.

Simmons was not given many lines and he sleazes them out like a hairy lizard. He seems to enjoy killing people with his dorky robots and his heat-seeking bullets, but I have a feeling the real Gene Simmons wouldn't mind doing these things.

The movie holds up pretty well, mostly because it remained modest with its vision of the future. My favorite robot in the movie is probably Selleck's family robot. It's the sort of clumsy-yet-omnipotent droid that you thought went out of style in the 1950s. Be prepared, though, because Gene Simmons tries to turn it into a killer of children.

The always uneven John Carpenter offered up a heaping helping of schlock sci-fi madness in 2001's *Ghosts of Mars.* West Coast rap icon Ice Cube stars as Desolation Williams, a criminal awaiting extradition from Mars by the chick from *Species* and her team of crack easily-killed space cops. Things don't go as planned when miners uncover an ancient evil capable of turning humans into rage-filled monsters.

Leading the evil people is Marilyn Manson crossed with a barbarian. Wielding everything from nukes to chrome-plated machine guns, Ice Cube blasts his way through the evil horde. Set pieces include dusty

Martian mining towns, dusty Martian prison trains, and dusty Martian cities. Ice Cube scowls perpetually and hits things.

The most embarrassing aspect of the movie is that everyone involved has done so much better. Carpenter directed *The Thing*, for Christ's sake, and Ice Cube was one of the leads in *Three Kings*. Before I let this one go, I offer a quick retrospective on Ice Cube's career pre- and post-*Ghosts of Mars*.

Ice Cube raps the following lyrics on his 1993 album *Predator*:

Now wet motherfuckers are bloody,
Cos a bullet'll mould your ass like silly putty.
White in the shape,
A hollow point'll run up in ya like ya got weight.
Comin out'cha back, Mr Mack.
Now they got yo' guts in a sack.

The following exchange of dialogue occurs in his 2005 movie *Are We There Yet?*

Nick Persons (Ice Cube): [on a horse next to a moving train] I'm gonna have to hop on!
Kevin Kingston: I don't think that's a good idea!
Nick Persons: Says who?
Kevin Kingston: Says the guy who put all that junk on the road!
Nick Persons: Oh snap!

Rant and rave about cop killing all you want; after looking back at the last ten years of Ice Cube's career, I think there is something to be said in favor of cop killing .

You can be the judge of whether or not *Ghosts of Mars* is responsible for *XXX: State of the Union*.

A lithe, be-diapered, and perpetually greasy Sting manages to make David Lynch's 1984 adaptation of *Dune* more bizarre than anyone thought possible. He barely has any lines and looks like he's about to be rolled around in breadcrumbs and then deep-fried. He is always grinning, even when his immensely fat uncle pulls out heart plugs or makes creepy sexual advances.

When he finally does get some lines, it's in the middle of a knife fight in the last three minutes of the movie. He shouts them at Kyle MacLachlan and wrestles around wearing a costume that looks like it should be used to connect two drainage ditches separated by a driveway.

Keep in mind, I actually **really like** the 1984 version of *Dune* and I am still giving this the number two spot. It's insane casting. Almost unbelievably, Sting would go on to star in many movies.

The year is 2002 and *Rollerball* is playing at a theatre near you. LL Cool J stars as a member of a futuristic roller derby team. I don't think there is anything else I really need to write about this one that can't be extrapolated from the premise.

Just remember: it's actually worse than you can imagine.

Oh, you thought that was all!? Welcome to earf!

Will Smith, the white man's favorite black man, wins the award for ultimate science fiction infiltration. Not only will he star in the movie, but he will probably release an upbeat and family-friendly rap song for the soundtrack. Parents just **do** understand, Mr. Smith. *Men in Black*, *Independence Day*, *I, Robot*; if there's a PG-13 science fiction movie coming out in the summer then the odds are pretty good that Will Smith is going to be playing the lead and at least one of his spawn is going to be nearby.

Even when he's in a western it somehow ends up being a science fiction movie. I know all anybody remembers about *Wild, Wild, West* is how good Salma Hayek looked in a corset, but there was a giant mechanical spider in that movie.

Will Smith's videos still get airplay on Nickelodeon, but he's no longer 15, so rapping about messy bedrooms just isn't going to sell records. When he's not focusing on his acting or writing a song somehow related to his acting, he's releasing catchy and meaningless and totally innocuous "party" rap music.

Will Smith has ushered in a new era of polite rap music and PG-13 sci-fi blockbusters. This is his Willenium, we're just living in it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 The Art of Wikigroaning

Tuesday, Jun 05, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

If there is anything to be learned in this life, it's that there's no such thing as a free lunch. This is true even if you're a bum and some rich guy comes up one day and buys you lunch, because he'll probably expect to hear some of your bum tales and then he'll go back to the office and tell everyone about how he charmed a "quaint little bum," and before you know it, the rich guy has stolen your bum tales and is passing them off as his own. Then someone overhears that guy and passes the tales off as their own, and so on, until one day your best homeless friend is telling you an all-too-familiar story. Well no way, Chester, it was me who once chased Eddie Murphy down an alley, not you.

Nowhere on the Internet does this free lunch logic hold more true than at Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia anyone can edit. Sure, it's monetarily free, but it costs you heaps in credibility and accuracy, as well as the time spent combing over information for instances of "jason is a faggit" and other assorted such delights hidden mid-paragraph here and there. Not to mention the incredible amount of useless information that nobody would ever need, as well as the self-important administrative body that comes complete with the wildest God complex this side of Waco.

But wait, if it sounds like I'm hating on Wikipedia, I don't mean to come off that way. I love Wikipedia. It's by far the most entertaining open-source project to ever exist, and yes, I am counting LInux and all of the LInux User Group online photo albums it is responsible for. You see, there are *games* you can play with Wikipedia. Fun games that you can pass hours upon hours with. I'm not talking about hiding a clue to the supposed sexuality of your high school nemesis in the article about Lieutenant Worf. A nondestructive Wikipedia game was invented last year by my good pals Dr. David Thorpe and Street Cactus, and I have to say that it blows that pedestrian-ass googlewhacking right out of the water.

"Imagine a world in which every single person on the planet is given free access to the sum of all human knowledge. That's what we're doing."
-Jimmy Wales, Wikipedia founder

The premise is quite simple. First, find a useful Wikipedia article that normal people might read. For example, the article called "Knight." Then, find a somehow similar article that is longer, but at the same time, useless to a very large fraction of the population. In this case, we'll go with "Jedi Knight." Open both of the links and compare the lengths of the two articles. Compare not only that, but how well concepts are explored, and the greater professionalism with which the longer article was likely created. Are you looking yet? Get a good, long look. Yeah. Yeeaaah, we know, but that is just the tip of the iceberg. (We're calling it Wikigroaning for a reason.) The next step is to find your own article pair and share it with your friends, who will usually look for their own pairs and you end up spending a good hour or two in a groaning arms race. The game ends after that, usually without any clear winners... but hey, it beats doing work.

We go Wikigroaning on the SA forums from time to time and feel confident enough to share the fruits of our latest outing with the public. We're pretty proud of some of these. Enjoy!

Modern warfare
Lightsaber combat

Lizards
Dragons

Shapes
Shapeshifting

Prime number
Optimus Prime

Asperger's
Self-confidence

Girlfriend
Video games

Civil war
Civil War (comic book)

Marriage
Married... With Children

Family (biology)
Family Guy

Half-life
Half-Life 2

Armageddon
Armageddon (film)

Apocalypse
Resident Evil: Apocalypse

Gray's Anatomy
Grey's Anatomy

Debate
Comparison of Battlestar Galactica (1978) and (2003)

Raphael (archangel)
Raphael (ninja turtle)

Receptionist
Telephone
Pam Beesly

Paper
Company
The Office (US)

Citizen Kane
Clerks 2

Henry VIII (play)
Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back

God
Kevin Smith

Anger management

Limit break

Nirvana
Nirvana (band)

Love
Masturbation

Japanese mythology
Japanese toilet

Bathing
Acne

Universe
Transformers: Universe

Vulcan (mythology)
Pon Farr

St. Francis Xavier
Professor X

John Locke
John Locke (*Lost*)

Real life
Second Life

Dating
Internet dating

Jet Propulsion Labratory
Black Mesa research facility

Hammurabi
Emperor Palpatine

IRC
Prom

Outer space
Star Wars

Eau de Cologne
Cologne (anime character)

Shampoo
Shampoo (Ranma 1/2)

Knuckle
Knuckles the Echidna

Sports
Chronic fatigue syndrome

Category:American philosphers
List of big-bust models and performers

Civil war

Dominion War

Steam
Steampunk

Marine (military)
Imperial stormtrooper

Normality (behavior)
Furry fandom

Buzz Aldrin
Jean-Luc Picard

Aristotle
Oprah

Latin
Klingon language

Ash Wednesday
Ash Ketchum

Battle of Okinawa
InuYasha (character)

Cosmos
Sailor Cosmos

Trail of Tears
Tears for Fears

Medical doctor
Doctor Doom

Archaeology
Indiana Jones

Adult
Adult Swim

Protozoic
Protoss

Dwarfism
Small Soldiers

U.S. Dept. of Homeland Security
Homestar Runner

Reality
The Matrix

Thunderstorm
Storm (Marvel comics)

Wall Street crash of 1929
Video game crash of 1983

Culture

Neon Genesis Evangelion

Vegetable
Vegeta

Cobra
Cobra Commander

Rosetta stone
Rose Tyler

Magic (paranormal)
Magic: The Gathering

Arachnids
Spider-man

List of animal names
List of Pokemon

Astronomy
List of changes in *Star Wars* re-releases

Fiction
Fan fiction
Fan fiction terminology

List of conflicts in the Middle East
List of furry role-playing games

Nightmare
Nightmare (Kirby)

Bachelor party
LAN party
Bachelor Party (*Angel* episode)

Diamond cutting
Diamond Cutter

Mars (mythology)
Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter
Mars
Veronica Mars

Women's suffrage
List of fictional gynoids and female cyborgs

Cave paintings
Lolicon

Military tactics
Final Fantasy Tactics

Dough
D'oh

Health
In-N-Out

Home improvement
Home Improvement

List of people who have disappeared
Characters of Lost

Apollo 11
Johnny 5

Base (mathematics)
Base (topology)
Base (group theory)
Base (chemistry)
Base pair
Military base
All your base are belong to us

Now you've got it! You're well on your way to starting Wikigroaning clans and clubs in your school, city or prison. If you find a really great pair, you're welcome to send it in, or if you have a forums account, just post in that big ol' thread. And thanks to everyone who participated in showing us the light, you're all honorary Wikipe-tans in my book!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.5 It's Debatable

Wednesday, Jun 06, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This week the eight presidential candidates running for the Democratic Party nomination gathered to debate their worth as human beings, an act that is generally pretty futile for politicians. After seven years of disastrous Republican leadership, it fell on them to inspire us with bold new alternatives and a great message for the future. As you might expect, they bickered over their minor differences, and each promised to fix a dramatic number of problems in a completely unrealistic amount of time with very little in the way of resources. The only one who seemed honest about these implausible claims was Mike Gravel, somebody's Awesome Grandpa, fiery and eager as Hades to box the ears off these young whippersnappers. His grizzled "don't believe them" stance was refreshing, and just the kind of no hope message we need to unite us in these dark times.

Sadly, Gravel is an underdog in the way a dog encased in cement and sunk to the bottom of the Marianas Trench is an underdog. His chances are astronomically small, but he is nonetheless one of the most entertaining figures to emerge from this election cycle. I hope to see him grumble more, because it is extremely refreshing in a way. Naturally the other candidates barely even notice him, so when he accuses them of being full of shit, they just politely smile at the old man as they have been taught to do by our society. Imagine Gravel in any presidential situation and if you don't immediately smile and laugh, then I am afraid you are dead inside.

Last night the Republican candidates debated as well. I have not yet had a chance to watch in full, but I can only assume it was as magical as the Democratic debates, just with more sinister mustache twirling, diabolical cackling, and discussions on the best way to start World War III. I will thus not comment on it suffice to say that District Attorney Arthur Branch failed to appear, making the whole thing anything but a slam dunk. No, I will just focus on the recent Democratic debate, aired on CNN and taught by substitute teacher Wolf Blitzer. Besides, I'm biased. After eight years of Republicans messing things up, I'd like the other side to get a chance to break the country.

The flaws in this debate format were massive and glaring, like making a sandwich and then realizing that you forgot the bread and basically just spread a bunch of condiments all over your lap. The formal presidential debates to come will hopefully be much smoother and more practical, but that doesn't mean we can't complain about the bumpy road there, or the fact that we're riding there in a clown car with no AC and the radio is broken along with all the window cranks. I realize there's not much you can do with eight or more candidates at once, but this all seems rather silly. With any luck half of them will get stung by killer bees in the next few days to simplify the process considerably.

The format boiled down to candidates vigorously holding their hands up in desperate hope that Wolf Blitzer would call on them. I know that George W. Bush set the bar low for presidents, but do we have to start treating all potential presidents as children? We've taken some of the most complicated issues of the modern world and reduced them to "raise your hand if you ___." Maybe in another decade we can replace elections with rock, paper, scissors.

There is also the minor issue of the debate seeming utterly pointless. There were no real insights given, and no disastrous meltdowns. The format seemingly eliminated any sort of real debate, and instead encouraged candidates to blurt out as many promises as humanly possible in 60 seconds or less without explaining how said promises will be achieved. Where other candidates made bold, hopeful promises for a better tomorrow, Mike Gravel employed a delightfully realistic strategy, which was to take hope in the palm of his hand and squeeze until its blood and guts squirted out from between his fingers and dripped down to the floor. I was always excited when he'd get his 20 seconds to speak once each hour.

From plucky Dennis Kucinich standing on his apple crate to appear taller, to John Edwards smiling his saintly smile, it was like a rerun of the last presidential elections in some ways. That's not to say it was all the same, though. In addition to the Gravel, organizers allowed a black man and a lady robot to debate, and that helped spruce up this old political lumberyard with some fresh timber.

Barack Obama, The Chosen One sent to us from a land beyond to lead us out of the darkness, seemed lost, stuttering and not delivering his usual charismatic performance as a miniature version of The Rock. With each stutter, the light of salvation seemed to dim just a little more. Hilary Clinton was hailed as a winner by many, but I made certain to grumble and shake my fist whenever she appeared on screen so as not to hear whatever she was yammering on about. It's great to see diversity and all, but she's more of an old rich white man than most of us will ever be. When her jackbooted thugs smash your door down and uninstall *Grant Theft Auto* from your PC Personal Computer, don't say I didn't warn you.

I have certainly complained about this debate, but that is not to say that I don't have ideas on how to improve it. If you are planning on organizing your own presidential candidate debate, feel free to borrow any of my suggestions below:

- Candidates may not complement each other. Doing so results in instant disqualification. This falls under the "if he is so great why are you running against him?" clause.
- Candidates may perform science experiments while debating.
- Anytime a candidate thanks somebody, they get electrocuted.
- Candidates may opt to utilize megaphone crooning to deliver their messages.
- Candidates may opt to take the physical challenge if they do not like the question.
- Have the moderator periodically throw snakes at the candidates to keep them on their toes.
- Allow the Sandman to sweep boring candidates off stage while a siren blares.

If I learned one thing from the debate, it's that American politics are still as embarrassing as ever. We're the greatest nation in the world and we're still a disaster when it comes to electing worthwhile figures. Lucky for us, we're all getting dumber, so when Hilary or whichever Republican gets elected to what's left of the Whitehouse, we probably won't even notice.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.6 The LiveJournal Fanfiction Battle of 2007

Thursday, Jun 07, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Barak Berkowitz (barakb25) wrote in news,
@ 2007-05-31 12:10:00

Current location: on the road
Current mood: contemplative
Current music: none

Journals being restored

As promised, LiveJournal will restore most of the accounts suspended since our last TOS update. We at LiveJournal wish to apologize to any users who have had their accounts unfairly banned, and also admit that we have much to learn about certain Internet subcultures and their place on the Internet.

The restored accounts will include:

1. All those who listed the following as their interests: rape, mega rape, ultra rape, hedgemaze rape, pedophilia, sex with children, coping with Internet rape enthusiasts, preschool baiting, forced fisting, surprise sex, zoophilia, fucking the shit out of animals, cameltry, giraffesturbating, and Ryan Reynolds.
2. All fanfic communities (judgement pending on SnapeRape community).
3. All fandom communities (judgement pending on HermionesHymen community).

All other journals which violate our terms of service will remain banned.

We are truly sorry for the mess, and hope that you continue to use LiveJournal to express your creativity in legal grey areas! More posts will follow as we establish our J.K. Rowling Anti-Litigation Fund.

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(Post a new comment)

"Sorry?" Is that all we get? "Sorry" is what my mom gives me when she "accidentally" knocks one of my HP wallscrolls off my wall when she's cleaning my room (Oh, and running the vacuum too

ohmyhermione
2007-05-31 12:15 pm UTC (link)

loud while I'm playing Oblivion, but that's a different can of worms.). "Sorry" is what the guy at the mall told me when they were out of trenchcoats in my size, thus ruining my V for Vendetta Halloween costume. Oho, I don't think so, LiveJournal. You'll have to do a lot more than that to make it up to me.

Fuck you. You think you'll destroy fandom? Not in your wildest dreams.

Oh, sure, maybe *my* account wasn't banned. And maybe I don't even *have* a paid account. But you know what? Things like this make me don't even want to have a paid account. I'm sure MySpace or Blogger would be happy to host part three of my Hermione/Babs Bunny slashfic, because you know what? Your bandwidth isn't worth my time. "What's Babs going to do with that carrot?"

Oh, if you only knew, LiveJournal.

If you only knew.

(Reply to this)

yiff_dragon
2007-05-31 12:17 pm UTC (link)

"I don't understand what you say, but I will fight for my life to defend it."

- John Voltaire

Ironic, isn't it? That LiveJournal would forget these very words that our printed *in our constitution*? I wish there was an "I told you so" emoticon, because I would post it loud and post it proud. Perhaps some of you remember a certain debacle last February wherein yours truly was forced to take down from LiveJournal some of his ART that might have offended plebes of the lower realms of taste? How puritanical has this country become when images of a nine-penised Minotaur having his way with a buxom lass trapped in his labyrinth (check your mythology books, kids) have become "offensive?" We're just lucky that sites like DeviantArt, *who respect artists and the art that they create* (!!!), allow such creations to be hosted. LiveJournal, I am a middle-aged man of Nordic decent. I know full well what is appropriate and what is inappropriate. I never thought that a site I respected would sound like the co-workers at my last job (for which I was fired for "personality conflicts," further cementing the fact that I am surrounded by idiots). I once believed the internet was the place to go for me to escape from this.

Mark my words, the next disability check I get from the government SURE AS HELL is not going towards a paid lifetime account, as I had previously planned. Hope you're happy.

(Reply to this)

xX~ravaged_innocence~Xx
2007-05-31 12:18 pm UTC (link)

Unlike most of you, this has affected a friend of mine who just happens to be currently under house arrest for activities deemed "reprehensible" by our prudish American society. How, may I ask you, is this ex gym teacher supposed to work out his inner demons? Role-playing, discussion, and future strategies relating to his crimes have been more helpful than all of the "rehabilitation" he received in prison. And don't even get me started on the American justice system, which believes the age of consent is some magic number where a little boy *magically* becomes an adult. I'll tell you this much: as soon as I'm allowed to leave the country, I'm buying a one-way ticket right to Japan.

And just what was the so-called LiveJournal crime of my friend? He happened to write a fanfic where the boys from Malcolm in the Middle travel to our town, and then have sex with each other. If you think there's something wrong with that, then you have some serious issues. I happen to be a HUGE fan of that show, and speaking as a fan, that fanfic is not in the world of impossibilities. It clearly could have happened in the continuity of the Macolmverse, at least within the first two seasons.
(Reply to this)

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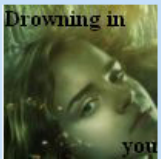


the_sorcerers_bone
2007-05-31 12:25 pm UTC (link)

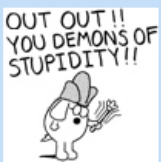
first off, i'm a athiest and a member of the green party. so you've been warned that my opinions may be too much for u to handle.

second off, this is just another example of the 43rd gerge w bu$$$h reich dictating to us what is right and wrong. like in a little book called 1984!!! i never read it but i watched the movie version, called brazil, and it looks like a lot of the same things are happening here that are happening in that movie (i missed the last hour of the movie so things might be even worse than i thought) u know who i bet likes this: republicans... they ruin everything. me and my friend apryl went to a peace rally one time and u know who wanted us to leave? republicans! we stayed though because we got free hot dogs and pop. i should rest my case but i have more evidence.

my grandma wants me to go to church more and she doesn't vote but she called bu$$$$$$$$$h a handsome man on time when he was on tv! when that man is killing children in the streets of iraq while vp chaney hoses him down with oil. oil from blood!

in five years when i'm old enough to vote, i'll tell u who i'm not voteing for: GEORGE W> BU$H

(Reply to this)



the_number_42
2007-05-31 12:26 pm UTC (link)

LiveJournal is against users who list "pedophilia" as an interest?

rubs eyes

tosses back a Mountain Dew: Code Red

This is all I have say about a decision so utterly dumb: O_O;

Pedophilia is a SICKNESS, LiveJournal. It's a DISEASE! You might as well ban anyone whose ever had a drink in their lives, because they could be alcoholics (also a disease)! Or ban anyone whose ever taken a psychology class, because maybe their interested in psychological disorders... Like pedophilia, perhaps?

smacks head

How do you think these people feel, who are struggling with their disease so openly on the Internet? WHY aren't you shutting down web sites that tell stories told by cancer victims or something like that? Pedophilia, like the common cold, is nothing to be ashamed of. Rest assured that when my children (Taylor, 2, and Abe, 3) are old enough to use the Internet, they WON'T be using your site!

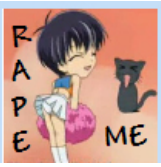
(Reply to this)

RAPE_RAPE_RAPE
2007-05-31 12:31 pm UTC (link)

They came first for the pedophiles,
and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a pedophile.
Then they came for the fanfic writers,
and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a fanfic writer.
Then they came for the Naruto fans,
and I didn't speak up because I like One Piece.
Then they came for me,
and by that time no one was left to speak up.

Food for thought.

(Reply to this)



preschoolers_dream
2007-05-31 12:33 pm UTC (link)

Thanks LiveJournal! I can access my journal now and I'm happier than ever! To celebrate this moment, I'll give you guys a preview of my latest fic!

Tommy Pickles and Angelica: A Wet Diaper and a Filthy Mind
By: preschoolers_dream

Tommy Pickles wiped the sweat off of his rugged brow. "Whew." He'd finally gotten Chuckie out of his hair, leaving the afternoon free to sun his naked body by the window. Smooth and supple, with a cottony newness, his flesh lay lightly on the carpet. A breeze crossed his lower regions and he thought briefly of Lil. He'd take care of her tomorrow... And maybe that little brother of hers. A sudden noise made Tommy lift his head up slightly. Angelica was just a few feet away from him.

"Stupid naked baby!" She was wearing a new pink swimsuit, snug against her body. "Are you ready to take this on?"

Tommy stood up and looked at her slyly. "A baby's gotta do what a baby's gotta do."

(Click here to read more!)

(Reply to this)

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(Post a new comment)

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.7 The Great American Reach Around - The Deep South & Scandinavia

Friday, Jun 08, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

Before we get into today's Great American Reach Around I have to mention that my good buddy Drew Curtis from FARK has released a book. Drew is a funny and smart guy and I think you should check out his book if you like things like computers and electrons and the dumb news media.

"Deep" is an ominous adjective. I have a theory that any location that is preceded by the word "deep" describes a place that is going to be alien and inhabited by terrifying creatures. Deep space is the stuff of science fiction horror. The deep sea is a frigid world where glowing monsters with needlelike teeth prowl hydrothermal vents searching for sulfur-sucking crustaceans.

That brings me to today's subject: the Deep South. If my theory holds true, it's like the South, but it's scarier, stranger, and filled with creatures we might recognize from our nightmares. No, not the one where your mom gives you a bath in front of your high school geography class, the other ones. The nightmares filled with goblins.

Today we will discover whether or not my theory is correct when it comes to the Deep South of the United States.

In this, the eighth week of the Great American Reach Around, we will be taking a look at five American cities and states. We've got Charlotte, North Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina, Savannah, Georgia, Birmingham, Alabama and the one everyone has been waiting for: Pascagoula, Mississippi.

Counterbalancing my coverage of the Deep South will be three of our friends to the faraway north. Reppin' Steinkjer in Norway we have Enok "kjetting" Moe and straight trippin' out of Finland are Tuomas "Rosoboronexpert" Jalonen and "OK Days" for Porvoo and Rovaniemi respectively. None of our Swedish meatballs came through for this installment, so we will have to wait and hope that some day we can learn if all of their women really are gorgeous aryan princesses with braided hair.

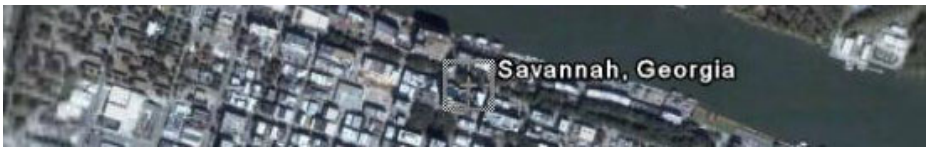
The Deep South is the heart of the Southern United States. Most of the states that seceded from the Union during the American Civil War are located there. For many in America, particularly in the North East and on the West Coast, the region's name is almost synonymous with backwards thinking and racism. The region is also heavily Republican. Oddly enough, the perception of the South as racist and their rampant Republicanism are related.

Abraham Lincoln was viewed as responsible for the ruination of the South during the American Civil War. He was a Republican and, as a result, many Southerners hated the Republicans for nearly a hundred years. They viewed Republicans in much the same way liberals and Democrats are painted today: Northern academics and elitists.

In the 1960s Northern and Western Democrats supported the Civil Rights movement, which was much more personal to many in the South and was viewed as a movement bordering on open terrorism. Southern Democrats, or Dixiecrats, abandoned the Democratic Party because of the hard line Democratic President Lyndon Johnson took in support of Civil Rights. These racist pro-segregationist Democrats walked across the aisle and joined the ranks of the Republicans.

The move cost the Democrats their power base in the South for the next 40 years, but the price the Republicans paid was in many ways worse. By opening their arms to the worst elements cast off (painfully) by the Democratic Party they infected their own party with a lasting taint of racism that still surfaces to this day. Like that time good old Trent Lott praised then-ambulatory mummy Strom Thurmond's segregationist bid for the presidency and how everything would have worked out alright if only he'd kept the blacks where they belong. At the *other* drinking fountain.

That might be one reason why so many see racism, the Deep South, and Republicans as interconnected. Is it fair? In most cases, probably not, but that isn't how the world works.



Savannah, Georgia

Georgia is most commonly known as "The Peach State," for its succulent Georgia peaches, but it is also known as "The Empire State of the South." That's right; Georgia is trying to ride on New York's coattails.

Georgia is probably best known through its largest city, Atlanta, a muggy hellscape of urban blight punctuated by CNN anchors buying iced coffees and Atlanta Falcons players being arrested for spouse abuse. Atlanta, which I link to think of as "The Buffalo of the South" is not really representative of the slow and sassy Georgia outside the metro area.

That is why I have selected Savannah to represent the state. It may not be as flashy or as media-savvy as Atlanta, but Savannah is named after an adult film star and it oozes character.

This is the South of Southern Gothic literature. Where Spanish moss hangs from trees alongside ungentlemanly negroes. Where women sit on colonnaded porches in 100 degree heat wearing full gowns and corsets and sipping lemonade, just because they can.

With all its voodoo, crumbling plantations, and creepy cemeteries, many think of New Orleans as the sinister South, but it's Savannah. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if I was informed that half the people I know from Savannah are actually ghosts.

Savannah is a tourist attraction for its creepy old world feel. Proud Savannahians cultivate the molasses slowness of life and chivalrous demeanor of a ship's captain stuck in a Sargasso. It's a city that takes its time.

Lastly, I have to add that Savannah of 2007 is not the Savannah I visited in 1996 or 1998. Crime rates have spiked since 2004 and I am informed by various Savannahian blogs that this is due to "rampant blacks." If that is true, and I am almost 100% certain it is not true, then I hope they have their ropes well-oiled, because nothing kills a cities tourism industry like spiraling murder rates.

Charlotte, North Carolina

Don't let anyone in North Carolina catch you saying that it's a part of the Deep South. First off, under most definitions it's really not part of the Deep South, and second, they don't want to be grouped in there with South Carolina or, God forbid, Mississippi. They like to think of themselves as the modern South. Sort of like Kentucky only less boring.

That's not to say that North Carolina doesn't have its share of proud Dixie-lovers. It was one of the states to join the dark side during the Civil War and I'm sure thousands of people in North Carolina are still under the mistaken impression that it was a good idea.

Charlotte is the largest city in North Carolina and it has a booming economy based around banking, the cable industry, and NASCAR. You can sense the energy of the city just by glancing at its skyline. This isn't one of the moldering relics of the Confederacy. Charlotte is vying to become a global city and an economic powerhouse in the United States. Charlotte is also ethnically and religiously diverse.

Fans of amusement parks can make a day trip to Celebration Station in Greensboro, North Carolina. I only mention it because it is currently ranked number one on my own personal list of most lame and depressing amusement parks in North America. Globally it comes in just behind Six Flags Great Afghanistan and just ahead of Play Land Dachau.

Charleston, South Carolina

South Carolina was one of the 13 Original Colonies and was the first state to secede from the Union prior to the American Civil War. South Carolina is also the birthplace of many of America's legendary figures including Young Jeezy, Vanna White, Orlando Jones, WWE wrestler Shelton Benjamin, and Andrew Jackson.

I have never been to South Carolina, but I am told, by a South Carolinian, that it is much like North Carolina only better in every way. A North Carolinian has assured me that the reverse is true of her state. Not knowing who to believe, I must assume that the

Carolinas are forever chasing each other's tails like some drawling Ouroboros.

Charleston is the second largest city in South Carolina and it sits on the Atlantic coast. It is a city of many historic buildings (a theme you may have noticed is repeated all up and down the East Coast) and is particularly known for its churches. Charleston was physically devastated by fighting during the American Civil War and has since been repeatedly devastated by hurricanes.

Don't think just because Charleston is in the South it's some sort of Podunk hellhole. It is a very cosmopolitan city and exhibits a cultural blend of French, English, and African similar to New Orleans or Savannah. If you're a fan of running across bridges, and aren't we all, then might I suggest that you participate in the Cooper River Bridge Run in Charleston. You get to run ten kilometers across some of the impressive bridges spanning the Cooper River and it's only 100% humidity and 95 degrees!

Try doing that after you have some South Carolina barbecue. It's probably not what you're expecting from barbecue, but you're going to puke it all out when you run so what do you care?

Birmingham, Alabama

Alabama is a state indelibly linked in 20th century history with its four-time governor George Wallace. Wallace was a political opportunist who ran for governor with the backing of the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) and was defeated by a member of the KKK (National Association for the Destruction of Colored People).

From his defeat, Wallace learned the age-old political lesson: "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" and he became a rabid anti-segregationist with speeches written by a KKK member.

Wallace famously spoke out against the oppressive federal government trying to integrate black people into schools by saying: "In the name of the greatest people that have ever trod this earth, I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever."

That quote is telling about the predicament of the South during the Civil Rights movement. Middle class whites were clinging desperately to the power structure they had enjoyed for hundreds of years. They viewed the interference of politicians far away in the North and the protests by black demonstrators on their doorstep as an attack on their very way of life. Which it was, because their way of life was evil, but they didn't let that consideration weigh too heavily on them in Alabama.

Birmingham is an example of Alabama done about as right as it gets. It encompasses a metro area of over a million, with an economy that is oddly booming for the Deep South. Diversified manufacturing and

technology interests have kept it from becoming mired in the stagnant doldrums of much of the rest of the South. Although Birmingham has suffered incidents since desegregation such as the burning and bombing of black churches, the wounds have begun to heal in the city.

These days, high employment rates and good wages in Birmingham have made it one of the best cities to live in America. It is rich in history and a center of higher education.

If you're just visiting Birmingham, well, who gives a shit about some old musty colleges and a good job? You want one thing: barbecue. Good BBQ has become a science - or maybe an art - in Birmingham and the city has more BBQ restaurants per-capita than any other city in the United States. That is a real statistic that I just made up, but go to Birmingham and try to claim that I'm lying.

Pascagoula, Mississippi

We complete today's journey through the Deep South in Mississippi. The state's motto is *Virtute et armis* or "By Valor and Arms", but I think Mississippi's motto should be "The Number One State." Every year the US government census consistently ranks Mississippi at or near the very top of a number of important metrics.

Mississippi is number one in traffic fatalities, number one in persons below the poverty level, number one in unemployment, and number one in the prestigious infant mortality rate race, beating out regular rivals Alabama and Louisiana. Mississippi can't always be a winner, though, and it ranks a mere 45 out of 50 when it comes to high school graduation. Come on Mississippi, almost 60% of high school freshmen go on to graduate. Get that number lower! You can beat 50th ranked South Carolina one of these years.

Perhaps I am being a bit mean with Mississippi. It may be poor and dangerous for infants there, but there is a lot to love about the state. It is the state with more Bible colleges than any other state, making Mississippians the go-to-experts for your Bible-related questions. Mississippi borders the beautiful Gulf Coast and plays host to a number of importing ports and naval yards.

In 2005 Mississippi's GDP was 81 billion dollars, putting it ahead of national economic powerhouses like Uzbekistan and Sudan and bringing it even with the GDP of the city of Pittsburgh. When you think of Pittsburgh, just think of all of the fabulous riches of Mississippi. You know, just spread among a lot fewer people and condensed into a much smaller area.

Pascagoula is situated along the Gulf Coast in the shadow of Biloxi. It is a refinery town with a skyline that speaks of its industrial roots. It is also, like Biloxi, very much a US Navy town. Ingalls Shipbuilding, own by Northrop Grumman (see: Military Industrial Complex), is one of America's largest naval yards.

Prior to Hurricane Katrina, Republican Senator Trent Lott had a house in Pascagoula, but this was sadly destroyed in the storm. It is also the home town of Jimmy Buffet, who has remained respectful of his roots by not building one of his Cheeseburger in Paradise franchise restaurants there. Coincidentally, he must really fucking hate Indiana.

Pascagoula, Biloxi, and most of Mississippi's Gulf Coast region remain in a state of disrepair following Hurricane Katrina. Much of Pascagoula was completely flattened by the storm and even the more robust industrial facilities were damaged or ruined by flooding that inundated over 90% of the city. The much-maligned FEMA trailers are still visible in parts of Pascagoula and recovery in the city has been slow.

Life goes on. Families have moved back, houses have been and are being rebuilt, and work at Pascagoula's refineries and shipyards continues. It is the story of the Gulf Coast in the Deep South, from Alabama to Louisiana.

Some day, if we all pray hard enough and harness all of Mississippi's Bible knowledge, Trent Lott might just be able to rebuild his house in Pascagoula.

Woof! That was an epic installment of our American portion! It's getting hot in here, so let's continue on with the chilly foreign portion of this week's journey.

Enok "kjetting" Moe

Steinkjer, Norway

Like all other European countries we Norwegians hate the US. Well, "hate" is a pretty strong word. It's actually more that we think ourselves to be superior to you in every conceivable way. Don't feel bad about us thinking that, though. We are that way to everybody, especially our own neighbours. You can't discuss anything with a Norwegian, because we will always make ourselves the subject of the discussion. We will use any excuse to point out that statistics show that our nation has the highest living standards in the world, like I did just now.

We long badly for the rest of the world to see how great we are or at least acknowledge us. At least we want to be idolized by someone other than just god damn neo-nazis. Is that too much to ask? We gave the world such great inventions, like the cheese slicer! And the paper clip! ...What's that? We didn't patent the clip first? And our cheese slicer is inferior to later designs? Well at least we got the world in an iron grip because of our oil!

We also like to think we are the greatest at every sport there is, as evidenced by our domination in

crosscountry skiing. Yet our mighty northern titans falling across the finish line draped in stalactites of frozen snot aren't that impressive since any worldwide crosscountry skiing event is more like a national Norwegian championship with a few Italians and Russians thrown in.

Steinkjer (pronounced "stain chair") is a small town right in the middle of Norway. It's a 'small town' in American scale, yet in Norwegian measures it's well above average. When talking to people online, I usually explain that I live in a rural part of Norway. This is comparable to saying you live in a hot part of the sun's surface.

The only exception is Oslo, our capital, and this is why it's a stupid mistake to base your views of Norway on observations made in Oslo. Since Norway is mostly one long mountain range along Scandinavia's coastline, settlings are small in size, and houses are far between. Cities and towns were naturaly formed whereever there was a valley big enough to put up more than ten houses. Flat land is nonexistant, and everyone lives in a slope.

Steinkjer is delightfully average and a great representative of 90% of Norwegian cities. We have a soccer team that everyone supports no matter what, mountains surrounding us on every side, no real criminal activity, a stage where Judas Priest played in the eighties, at least three Turkish pizza restaurants, and a local newspaper. Just like every other town in Norway.

The town celebrated its 150th birthday this year under the motto "Open, bright and happy". These three adjectives might seem like a really vague motto, but we have just run out of ideas for how to give our city some identity. We tried being "the IT city" until we realised other cities had computers as well. We were "The town of villages" for many years, whatever that means. There were two books released about Steinkjer this year, and they were called "A town in Norway" and "A town in Norway 2".

I know I'm supposed to end this by adressing common misconseptions about my country, but most of them are actually either true or were started by attention-hungry Norwegians. To avoid getting too much heated hatemail I'll just end this article right here on that note.

So long and "sug kuk i helvete".

Tuomas "Rosoboronexport" Jalonen

Porvoo, Finland

"You know you've been Finlandized when you walk down the street and someone smiles at you, you immediately assume he's either drunk, insane or an American."

Welcome to Porvoo.

The common Finns see the regular stereotype of an American: obnoxious, proud of themselves and ignorant of the rest of the world. Those of us who have met Americans or been in the US tend to like you. In the media USA is usually portrayed quite negatively, especially on the current foreign

and environmental issues.

Finland has been a vassal country most of its time, and a buffer between east and west. Until the 19th century, Finland was an autonomous part of Sweden, and after a short skirmish, continued the same ol' with Russia. Finland declared its independence in December 6th 1917 and fought against Russia in World War 2, being one of the few countries to sustain its system of government.

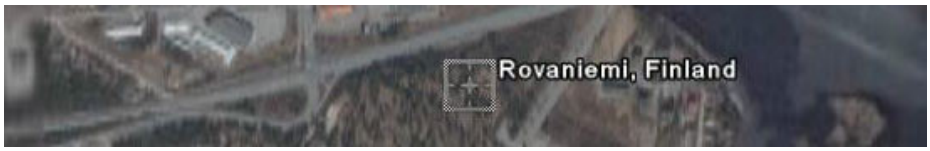
The average Finn has 2.4 children and house with a mortgage, and will most likely die of heart attack because of the risen fuel prices. We think that all the Swedish are gay, Russians and Estonians are thieves, prostitutes and criminals and Norwegians bathe in oil and money.

Everything is expensive in Finland, you have to pay for a car in terrible condition. Finland has been in the international news lately – it arranged the yearly Eurovision Song Contest, which we won last year by sending some KISSish metal band Lordi. And our Idol contest winner this year worked as a heavy karaoke host.

If you arrive in Finland, and travel 50 km east from the capital, Helsinki, you arrive at Porvoo. A rather small city, around 50 000 inhabitants. It has a long history, as the Russians held the Diet declaring Finnish autonomy in 1809, and our national poet, J.L. Runeberg, was born here. You might have seen it too, as it played a small role in the 1997 remake of The Jackal.

We are amongst the only countries in Europe (and most likely in the world) to learn mandatory minority language – in this case Swedish. Recently it's dropped from the mandatory A levels and its future in Finland is becoming less significant. Porvoo was mostly Swedish-speaking area until the Kilpilahti refinery area was built, and with it came a lot of Finnish-talking workforce. Now it's pretty much divided: the Swedish-speaking have their own schools, and mostly move in their own cliques. On the outside, Porvoo is all Finnish. Swedish is mostly heard when the youngsters talk "finlandssvensk" in which they mix Finnish and Swedish words fluently.

If you wish to visit this city, I recommend coming in summer for half a day. The old city shows its best sides, there are open-air bars all around the Porvoo River, and you can take a steam train or a boat back to Helsinki. It is also mandatory for every foreigner to visit a sauna, preferably one heated with firewood.



OK Days

Rovaniemi, Lapland, Finland

Finland is a remote European country, often erroneously referred to as an Eastern European country although it really is a Nordic one. It's a northern country of coldness and rapidly aging population. The Northern-most part of Finland is Lapland/Northern-Finland and it's a province of coldness and rapidly aging population. Do you see what I did there?

The soil of Lapland is cold, grey and barren with occassional swamps and fells. Its greatest city is Rovaniemi. The world's northern-most McDonald's is in Rovaniemi. Lapland is also the home for one of the only indigenous peoples in Europe; the Sami people. Their main source of income is herding reindeers and mysterious magic. Lapland is popular with tourists, mainly German and Japanese (old axis-pals). They come to see Santa Claus who lives in Lapland (not in the North Pole, you!). During summer the sun never sets in the North and winter nights are lit by the Northern lights, or the "devil's disco" like we call it.

Finland was under Swedish Kingdom until 18th century when Russia conquered us. Finally Finland got its independence from Russian communists in 1917. The glorious independent years were started with the civil war. Working class Reds versus conservative Whites. It started all nice but at the end it was basically German-backed Whites sending Red troops to concentration camps and executing their families. C.G.E. Mannerheim led Whites and recently he was voted the Greatest Finn Of All Times, beating scum such as Risto Ryti (signed the peace treaty after Continuation War of 1944) and Tarja Halonen (first female president of Finland, gay rights advocate).

Then came the Second World War and the Soviet Union attacked us. One of the many funny incidents during it includes the execution of Arndt Pekurinen, pacifist and conscientous objector. He was ordered to be shot by Captain Pentti Valkonen when he refused to wear a uniform and carry guns. Needless to say, Pentti Valkonen was awarded with the Mannerheim Cross Of Liberty.

During the Second World War, Finland was allied with the Nazis because the Soviet Union attacked Finland and we couldn't defend our fatherland alone. Hitler praised our race as pure and Nordic when in reality we are short and dark, at least compared to Swedes. As Finland signed a peace treaty with USSR in 1944, Nazi troops were still in Lapland and mayhem ensued. Much of Lapland was simply burned down.

But 'twas not peace yet. 1992 AD the Dark War raged between Norway and Finland as Black Metal bands from both countries fought to the last man. Wussy death metal bands from Sweden were not spared during the war.

Finland has a major identity crisis, clinging to every word mentioned about it abroad. Spring 2006

was a long orgasm for Finland as Conan O'Brien did a show in Finland and we won Eurovision for the first time. The winning band's singer is actually from Rovaniemi and the city square was renamed after him. I'm not joking, it's going to be fun in ten years explaining why the center of the city is named after a then forgotten Monster Rock band.

Most of the Finns think of the USA as "stupid yankees" but still the airwaves are filled with American TV-shows and even the most introverted nationalist secretly DOES care what the USA thinks of them. Finns are also huge fans of stereotyping people outside of Finland and within Finland. It's all good.

I hope you have enjoyed this installment of the Great American Reach Around. Next time we'll pay a visit to the South's most schizophrenic state and also find out how much Louisiana likes FEMA. Plus foreign countries!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 Rough Drafts: Sun Tzu's The Art Of War

Saturday, Jun 09, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter One
Making Of Plans

Master Sun said:

War,
War never changes
It is a place
Of life and death,
A road
To survival and extinction,
A matter
To be pondered carefully.

When deciding whether to go to war
Or remain in peace
Flip a coin
If one flip decides upon peace
Try for the best three out of five

Chapter Two
Waging War

Master Sun said:

When your weapons are dulled,
Your ardor damped,
Your strength exhausted and your treasure spent,
Other chieftains will spring up
To take advantage of your extremity

At this time you should
Ask the enemy for a time out
So that your men can rest
And their weapons can be sharpened

Chapter Three
Attack By Strategem

Master Sun said:

Ultimate excellence lies
Not in winning
Every battle,
But in defeating the enemy
Without even fighting.
So try to concentrate hard enough
To make the enemy's heads explode;
Perhaps by training on watermelon first
And working your way up to humans

Chapter Four
Tactical Dispositions

Master Sun said:

Position is key
To success in battle.
When planning your angle of attack,
Make sure you are directly facing the harsh rays of the sun;
This will make it easier for your men
To tell what time it is,
Giving you a distinct advantage

Chapter Five
Weak Points And Strong

Master Sun said:

You can be sure of succeeding
In your attacks if you only attack
Places which are undefended;
Therefore you must not attack
Until the enemy is at their most vulnerable;

Like when their entire army
Removes their armor
Wanders from the safety of their camps
To drop deuces in a ditch
Then they all fall asleep in that ditch
At exactly the same time
Attack at this moment
And only this moment
And you will be victorious

Chapter Six
Maneuvering

Master Sun said:

If your men hear a strange sound
In the middle of the night
The best tactical maneuver available
Is to have everyone split up
And wander aimlessly in the woods
By themselves
While yelling "Hello?"

Chapter Seven
The Use Of Spies

Master Sun said:

All warfare is based
On deception;

Have your army dress themselves
In the enemy's clothing
And sneak into their camp before dawn;
Then, when they least expect it,
Have your men disembowel themselves

Your enemy will think a large number
Of their own men have died
Score one for
Team awesome

Chapter Eight
Terrain

Master Sun said:

An army with higher ground
Is at a distinct advantage;
If you find yourself on a level battlefield
Have your men drop their weapons
And stand on one another's backs
Forming a giant pyramid
With the man at the very top wielding a sword
This height advantage should make him
More powerful than an entire army

Chapter Nine
The Attack By Fire

Master Sun said:

There are six ways of attacking with fire
The first is to burn soldiers in their camp;
The second is to burn stores;
The third is to burn baggage trains;
The fourth is to burn arsenals and magazines;
The fifth is to hurl dropping fire amongst the enemy;
The sixth is to set all of your provisions on fire
And hope your enemy steps on them by mistake

Epilogue

Master Sun said:

Take these tactics which have proven
Disastrous on the battlefield
And bind them into a volume;
Then make sure it falls
Into the hands of my enemies
Who will be eager to use
My strategies against me

But don't write this part
You're not writing this
Are you

Okay good

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.9 Philosophy Sunday: The Transformers Movie. Cool or not?

Sunday, Jun 10, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

If there is one thing SomethingAwful.com is known for, it's secretly installing programs on your computer in order to read all of your email. But if there were two things SomethingAwful.com was known for, then the second would be our diverse philosophical content. Three times before, we spared no expense in inviting a panel of distinguished authors, scientists, and miscellaneous thinkers to discuss important problems of the day. You can find these debates here, here, and here. Clicking any of those links, by the way, constitutes a binding agreement to let us sell your stolen emails to the highest bidder and also to the lowest bidder and to generally just give it away to anyone who may or may not be interested.

Today's question of import is one that hangs heavily on our minds as we consider today's headlines: Is the long anticipated Transformers live action movie, directed by Michael Bay and hitting theaters on June 13 (mark your calendars!), going to be a super or sub-par?

Let's hear what our experts have to say:

John Steinbeck

"The Salinas valley is in California, and it is pretty. There are trees in it, and a river, and also animals. Also, there are farmers and farm workers, who are poor. It is in California.

Two men sat by the river.

'I'm an outsider from society,' said the first, a weathered old Mexican named Carlos, 'left behind by the so-called march of progress.'

'Yes,' said the other, a large man named Larry, 'me too.'

They sat for awhile considering the concept. One of the men had some bread and they fought over the bread. In this way, they repeated, at the most common level of life, the myth of Optimus Prime and Megatron fighting over the Allspark, that mysterious object that gives all Transformers life. But humans are only condemned to repeat the endless story of the Transformers if they remain unaware of their futile mimicry.

At that moment, behind them, a car turned into a big robot with guns and it walked around cracking jokes for awhile. The men stopped fighting over the bread to laugh at how stupid it looked.

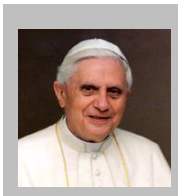
'Ha ha,' said Carlos, 'who would actually use their time, let alone their money, to watch a Transformers movie?'

'The same twenty-five year olds that sat in a theater full of ten year olds to watch the new Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles movie,' said Larry. 'These people would pay their life savings to stare at their childhood toys and pretend they have not grown into men.'

This little scene took place in the Salinas Valley by the way, which is in California. It is pretty, and a valley.

John Calvin

"My basic beliefs can be usefully thought of through the prism of the Transformers.
You see, I believe that all men are born either saved or unsaved, much like all Transformers each have a specific vehicle that they turn into when they're done having cool fights using state of the art special effect fighting techniques. A man cannot change whether he was destined to go to hell or not, much like Optimus Prime has a truck as his other shape and he could not choose to become a shopping cart no matter how much his soul longed for it. But a man will show signs of being saved through his life, much like a Transformer will turn eventually into a car and you can say "Oh, that one turns into a Porsche" and you won't have to wonder whether it turns into a Porsche anymore.
I think I've lost my point a little, but basically what I'm saying is that these are big giant robots who turn into fun cars that I can play with. I have to collect all the models and see what they will transform into. Yes, this one's a helicopter! "



The Pope

JAZZ DIES in Michael Bay's 2007 movie Transformers. He is KILLED BY MEGATRON.

Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins (Left Behind authors)

"Rayford Steele and Buck Williams considered the towering, fully loaded rod that hung heavily over their faces. It was the gun of Megatron, and he was aiming at them.
'Well, as you know Buck,' said Steele, 'in the bible it says 'Thou shalt build statues but it will be for naught, for your enemies will laugh at your statues and the shoddy workmanship involved.' This means that Transformers are signs of the end times, if you interpret the bible using a combination of this handy flow-chart and a lot of squinting.'
'Do you think it looked really hot for like one second when all the Christian women were suddenly sucked off of Earth without their clothes?' said Buck.
'Yes, Buck, I suppose it did,' said Steele. 'But quick, we are danger. We must think cursory in order to get out of this.'
Then Jesus came and fixed everything. The End."

James Joyce

"He felt cold inside as he sat about considering the idea of it, the Transformers movie. The wind was cold against his face and his thick clumsy fingers were cold in the cold air.
-What a bloody murk-up is this, then? said the drovesman.
-Ah, ain't that the Stephens of it, said the other drovesman.
The car on screen, a being of cold metal and cold movement, unfolded itself strangely into the shape of a great metal man. Fruanshelftffnnn! (This is a word which combines 'Fraun' which is the name of that great shapeshifter of Irish myth, 'Shelft' which is an Etruscan word that means 'became' or 'was turned into', and 'fnnn' which was a typo I made when I was on a deadline and didn't have time to type up a corrected page.)
-What a wallop of a film! said the drovesman.
-A furk wallop offa jerky-durk, said the other drovesman.
No, he thought sadly and coldly, this film is the tempting vileness of sin, and I must not let the warmth of a bunch of robots hitting each other tempt me from the cold cradle of my mother church. Besides, is the movie good? And no I said no it isn't No.!"

"OPTIMUS PRIME DOESN'T KILL MEGATRON, SPIKE DOES"

Aristotle

Martin Luther

"10 Theses
1. Transformers are self-evidently designed for small children.
2. Any child small enough to enjoy Transformers will obviously not remember any of the stupid nostalgic stuff from the early Transformers.
3. On the other hand, small children don't have money.
4. The Jews suck and we should kill them.
5. Obsessive nerds have lots of money to spend on stupid stuff like Transformers movie related merchandise, but
6. Obsessive nerds are never satisfied with anything.
7. Michael Bay could conceivably go by the nickname Michael "Gay" because I do not like his movies.
8. Ha ha, Michael Gay. That's classic.
9. Anyway, this movie has two audiences neither of which are good audiences to go after.
10. I can dead lift like 300 pounds, no problem

Thanks guys. I'll be sending your checks soon. In the meantime, if any of our readers have any comments or questions, they can email them to maxnmona@somethingawful.com. Bye for now.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

6.10 Don't Stop Believin'

Monday, Jun 11, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's over, folks. The Sopranos is finally over.

Just as generations before ours gathered to be disappointed by the final episode of M.A.S.H., just as generations lamer than ours got together to witness the ending of Friends, we now gather in solemn witness to the final episode of the Sopranos. The final act of the mob drama played out Sunday night on TVs across America.

As those final minutes ticked out there were twists and there were turns, but events seemed to be playing out almost as expected. AJ whined like a new poster on Democratic Undergound, Silvio got his toenails clipped, Phil got whacked, and Paulie was afraid of the evil magic of cats.

The family gathered for dinner at a creepy half-empty New Jersey diner. They had inexplicably called ahead for reservations. The tension began to mount. Every person in the restaurant loomed with suspicious intent. Meadow struggled to parallel park her car. Doom seemed to suffuse each second and it became hard to pay attention to the inane conversation at the table. The implications were obvious: Tony is going to die.

Would it be the guy wearing the USA hat? The black guys? The boy scouts?

The door jingled as someone entered the restaurant. Tony looked up and...

and...
AND...

AND!?

Cries that the cable had gone out went up across America as Chase allowed the final seconds of the episode - of the entire series - to run out silently over a black screen.

It was the one thing no fan or Sopranos expert had predicted, one last memorably strange event to close out the show. With every pet theory in ruins, message boards across the Internet quickly filled up with new theories inflamed with a great deal of outrage. AJ wasn't made a captain and Meadow didn't whack Phil, so just what did that inscrutable bastard David Chase have in mind with his final thumbing of his nose at the audience? Why did he decide to end one of the most beloved shows on television with what amounts to an ellipse?

As ever, I found myself turning to the Internet for answers.

Hundreds of disappointed fans poured out their hearts on the HBO forums. There was a small cadre of David Chase defenders, many of them wagging a finger at the naysayers and scolding, "You just don't GET it." This only seemed to further enrage those who felt let down. Threats of HBO cancellations flowed in an unceasing river of disappointment.

HBO forum poster PISSEDOFFSOPRANOFAN registered an account and then his disgust:

> *I have had HBO for over 20 years*
> *and watched all their shows??/*
> *ONLY really Kepts It for SOPRANOS ??*
> *I have alot crap in my house thats Of this show, spent alot money cause I LOVED THIS SHOW*
>
> *I can see some of your points about the FADE to BLACk US the Viewers gettng WHAKED But come on??*
>
> *TO Sit their and call ppl retards and idiots cause you dont agree with their opinon???/*
>
> *USA 1st Admendment FREEDOM of SPEACH!!!*
> *So we Have right to state our thoughts abut the show*
>
> *We are Let Down, ALl the HYPE over the LAST YEAR*
> *HBO Knew we all TUNE IN and Watch it..*
>
> *JUST alot were DISAPOINTED to the Facts we did't Have Closer to last Decade of a Beloved show, money we spent to keep watching it. Yes I Feel I got Whacked at the end and I FELT IT lol*

Others were equally disappointed, although less prone to inarticulate rambling. JamesDungy offered up the most concise distillation of fan complaints with his post:

> *I'd rather have aids and a different ending than that ending*

Some just wanted to vent frustration about issues going back to the pilot episode. Poster goomba-canadian felt now was a good time to voice his concerns:

> You "Italian" Americans are a bunch of jokes. You don't understand ANY Italian and because you use words like "gabagoo" and "canoli"... you call yourself Italian.

[...]

The Sopranos are a disgrace to all the Italian immigrants who arrived in North America... And this goes to all the "Italian" actors in The Sopranos... washed with the American flag...

A few felt the meaning of the final scene could be found in the lyrics to Journey's Don't Stop Believin'.

AngelinaDaWhop said it longest with her essay on the subject. You probably don't want to read all of this so just skim it and get a face full of the crazy steam boiling off the top:

the sopranos are NOT over.

When Meadow runs into the diner she will accidentally bump into the guy with No hat and kock the gun from his hand and foil his attempt to take out Tony,
Tony then is able to grab the guy with the dark usa hat while Aj will pick up the gun that meadow knocks out of the guys hand with no hat.
aj will pick it up and first kill the guy with the dark hat That tony grabs and shakes around for an answer
tony will look to aj as thats my boy but completly shocked

aj then shoots the guy with no hat, then aj will turn to the 2 black men and kill them point blank and this will bring aj back to life and out of his depression

then Aj will take over tony position as head. Still waitng until juno dies there is not much they can do the legends are still living.

The guy who point blank shot Phil will become capt under paulie walnuts, so paulie could honor Tonys request in the new business adventure but not die like those before who always wound up dead.

but paulie will change his mind again - but tony cant confront paulie he will be to busy with carlo testifying -

Meadow will become the family successful family lawyer = Aj will run the family as the man but it is known that Carmella will be the first woman in the history of the jersey family to take on the NY side, she will have Aj guided by silvo to first go after phils clan for going overboard.

Then the church then will get involved in Carmella way to correct the blood money by using the good of the money to help the church with a new program for young kids with depression.

she does this after realizing she IS pregnant and its a boy she will name him after Tony why because Tony will go to jail when the feds dont honor their agreement for giving Tony immunity for turning in the terrorist (tony gave up the money trail.)

paulie walnuts will close bada bing and start working the new business with his solider from the streets of NY's little Italy and that's where the story begins to break of the days before tony soprano. New things are revealed to answer questions that will lead up to a movie about the sopranos.

The Movie will take in trillions of dollars and they will bring back the series in a whole new light, where silvo becomes AJ's under boss and guides Aj into taking on the NY family.

Aj learns to go up against families like goti and gianvanti and the sopranos live on with Tony working his side from fed prison until the day he gets out for foiled investigation. Then they will begin to revert back to the story line when Tony was growing up.and father soprano and the North jersey uncle days
Sopranos will live on

the black out is only the beginning - because the darkness is always followed by the light. Don't stop believing - it goes on an on an on an on

It wasn't long before a number of theories on the ending and its potential aftermath began to roll in.

A poster named tattuyu leapt to the defense of Chase and suggested an extremely plausible continuation of the Sopranos story:

*Tony was whacked folks. Tony seeing himself sitting in the booth only made sense to me only after the counter guy walked into the bathroom to Tonys left (where Meadow was supposed to be) and the screen went black. When it comes you don't feel it and never see it coming. With Chase YOU GOTTA USE YOUR BRAIN! And, even so, IF Chase wishes to continue with a subsequent movie or more of the series then there are plenty of ways he can carry it on. The finale was pure and f****** brilliant.*

So, ideas on how Chase can carry on if he wishes? AJ is now "making contacts" working with Carmines production company. i.e. mob contacts. Carmine could take him under his wing. Sil is not dead. Paulie is not dead. There are still NJ crews yet. One could go on and on with ideas. Hell, who knows?? AND, who cares??

Pizzarella implored viewers to think and consider the idea that it was the viewer and not Tony that died at the end:

> *Ya gotta think. Every episode required you to think.*
>
> *On some of the other threads, the claim that Tony got whacked are running rampant. One posted however, realized that it was "us" that got killed. We never saw it or heard it coming. Just like Bobby told T it would be. I'm alternately pissed and amazed.*
>
> *Ya gotta think.*
>
> *I'm going to go back and re-watch the episode a few times. After all this time, you know Chase plants hints out there. As soon as Phil turned around to say "bye bye" to his grandkids, I told my wife "that's it for Phil". Go back and look at last weeks episode when Bobby, Sil and Tony are at the Bing - Sil moves in front of the poster for "Cleaver" which marked him - Bobby walked in front of the dart board.*
>
> *Chase takes creative license to a whole new level. But you can't watch his show like you'd watch CSI or some of the network crap.*
>
> *Ya gotta think.*

Some posters were so frustrated by the ending that they issued a call to arms. I think zwillm wants HBO to use CGI so Guido shoots first:

> Since most of these posts say the same thing,
> I hope you all contact HBO and express your anger.
> I did. I clicked the contact us Link and pretty much said the same thing that everyone is saying...
>
> Waste of Time
> Disappointing
> Nothing happened
> Piece of Crap

I closed the HBO forums in dismay. Like discovering a vandalized Wikipedia entry on Charmander, the Internet had left me feeling bitter and uninformed. Chase had given America no clear ending and no clear answer to the Sopranos question. Rather than leave the door open for more Sopranos, it would seem that Chase has burned down the franchise and salted the earth. All that remains is a legion of bickering fans, outraged that Paulie didn't join up with Phil or that we didn't get to see Tony go out Scarface style with Bobby's assault rifle.

It's hard for me to disentangle my disappointment that the series is over with my feelings for the ending. Chase created the Sopranos, so I naturally want to give him the benefit of the doubt, but I can't help but feeling the final minutes of the final episode made for a heavy-handedly foreboding hunk of cheese that culminated in the ultimate example of television blue balls.

Chase managed to defy expectations and wrap up many of the outstanding plotlines, yet after that final smash to black it seemed as if I had witnessed an unfinished product. Was it a craven refusal to write a conclusion or a last stroke of mad genius Chase thumbing his nose at television conventions? I'm sure fans and critics will argue both in the coming days.

At the very least, Chase is guilty of one serious offense: he has made tens of thousands of people contemplate the significance of Journey lyrics.

Thanks to Aatrek for the animated GIFs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 The Field Guide to North American T-Shirts

Tuesday, Jun 12, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The Dragon Shirt

The majestic dragon can oft be spied in the dark basements of suburbia, where its nocturnal wearers use its bright plumage to attract their bearded compatriots to rousing games of Warhammer and all-night Battlestar Galactica DVD binges (the original, of course). This beautiful creature has become ever more elusive over the years, as nerds have discovered irony and now favor garments emblazoned with humorous Linux-based innuendoes. Only the rarest of nerds, those earnest few who take no pride in their nerdiness (and may not even be aware of it), still dare to accept the dragon shirt upon their corpulent bodies. The dragon is now limited to those nerds so unaware of their condition that they truly believe that the dragon shirt is rad, and that it will benefit their quest to meet women. For what fair lady, they reason, could resist the allure of a beast so noble?

The Brand Shirt

The common American brand comes in a seemingly endless variety of breeds, from the austere Nike to the playful Billabong to the gravely endangered Gecko Hawaii. Whether they represent athletic shoes, surf or skate equipment or are advertising nothing but themselves, brand shirts make a bold and simple statement: "I am willing to forfeit my

identity to build the mindshare of a company." Certainly, none of the wearers of these robust specimens don them with this explicit thought in mind, but rather have entrenched their spirits so deeply into their American habitat that such considerations are nothing more than reflex. Brand shirts are often worn for the purpose of "fitting in," and they do an admirable job; since our conscious minds tune out thousands of corporate logos every day, brand shirts are the most effective urban camouflage imaginable.

The Band Shirt

An interesting subspecies of the brand shirt is the band shirt, which is essentially the same beast but offers a comfortable illusion of individuality. Often found scuttling around college campuses and record stores, the band shirt allows its wearer a hollow identification with an artist of his choice. The peacock-like plumage of the band shirt presents a gaudy social display in which the wearer attempts to attract notice; his desperate hope is that someone, hopefully of the opposite sex, will acknowledge his taste in music. When that happens, and it probably never will, the wearer will feel famous and noticed, as if he's actually a member of the band. He may even get the fleeting, intangible impression that the band members, wherever they are, are wearing t-shirts with *his* face on them, and some girl is coming up to them and saying "hey, nice shirt, I LOVE Larry."

The Braggart Shirt

Wearers of the braggart shirt are an accomplished lot: they've beaten breast cancer, participated in heroic walkathons, made the honor roll at Marshall Elementary School, visited Cancun and much more. After all these years, they *still* want a medal. This ostentatious plumage attracts the attention of mates and rivals alike with its pompous squawks of personal greatness, and even does so in a socially acceptable manner. "Yeah, I beat cancer, no big deal," the shirt boasts. "I can laugh about it now, because I'm such a strong hero." While it may be considered gauche to walk up to a complete stranger and ask them to applaud you for going on vacation or not dying, the braggart assails the sensibilities in a much more muted fashion.

The Jesus Parody Shirt

Much as Our Lord was wracked and tormented upon the cross, the well-meaning Jesus parody tortures the long-suffering pun within an inch of its life. This unfortunate creature distorts brand logos and pop culture phrases into completely arbitrary Jesus references, resulting in a near-meaningless tangle of slogans and awkwardly-placed crucifixes. Though it is a skilled mimic, the Jesus parody is born without a sense of humor: "The Da Vinci Code" becomes "The DiVine God." "The Lion The Witch and the Wardrobe," which is already Christian to begin with, becomes "Jesus The Lion of Judah." The YooHoo chocolate drink logo is mauled into "(it was) You Who (he died for)." The Jesus parody shirt is a strange beast, and naturalists have yet to determine its purpose.

The Weed Parody Shirt

Weed parodies, which are exactly as common in the wild as Jesus parodies, are very similar to their churchy counterparts but for two differences: first, they're about weed instead of Jesus. One would think this was an obvious difference, but even a skilled naturalist may have to stare at a distorted product logo for quite some time before he can tell which downer it's promoting. Second, despite the brain-dulling properties of the substance they advertise, weed parodies are always cleverer than Jesus parodies. They still rank at a level of cleverness slightly below sticking your index finger through the fly of your pants and wiggling it around like a little penis, but they're generally about twice as clever as their religious counterparts. Substituting "Fillabong" for "Billabong"

is much more natural parody than replacing "MySpace" with "(Jesus died for) My Space (in heaven)."

The Clever Shirt

This curious beast is known for its nurturing instincts. It flutters to the nest of its wearer during uncomfortable social situations (which, for most clever shirt wearers, means all social situations) and gently regurgitates a pre-chewed personality into his mouth. This surrogate personality contains ground up bits of jokes written neither by the wearer nor, in all likelihood, by the manufacturer of the shirt. These wormy morsels of humor, though in a barely-recognizable state, can provide enough social nourishment to sustain the wearer through a few hours of stilted conversation.

The Idiot Shirt

A parasite that infects the weak and stupid, the idiot shirt prays upon the insecurities of its master and compounds his internal idiocy into something far more vile and pathetic. Generally worn by those unfortunate souls who are so far gone as to think wearing a shirt that essentially says "I look like an idiot and I beg for your acknowledgement" is somehow a powerful statement of individuality, these shirts are a depressing reminder that some people are unwilling to make even the feeblest grab at dignity. "You laugh because I'm different," these wretched creatures mewl. "I laugh because you're all the same." Translated into human speech, the phrase reads: "you laugh because I look like an idiot. I laugh because I *am* an idiot."

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.12 Spoiled Brats

Wednesday, Jun 13, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Today's Internet user.

Since the invention of fiction some time ago by our ancient grandpas, people have longed to escape into its wondrous imaginary worlds. Unfortunately, getting there is not always a smooth ride. For as some prepare to board the rockets bond for these imaginary worlds, pesky ne'er-do-wells stand outside callously spilling juicy details of what's to come. The joyful travelers are then robbed of the majesty of mystery and intrigue, and forced to endure arduous journeys punctuated with monotony and routine. The loathsome ne'er-do-wells then laugh, having ruined a stranger's day and robbed them of much magic. The whole sordid process then gets reduced to a complicated forced metaphor about spaceships, planets, and scoundrels that makes very little sense.

Spoilers have become landmines for many navigating the surface for the Internet. For most people it is no big deal, as its only fiction. But for a growing number of modern day babies it is an emotional blow more devastating than any relationship breakup will ever be. For example, spoilers for the *Transformers* movie got posted on the Something Awful Forums, and a good number of supposed grownups began crying because they found out a certain robot car dies. Let me reiterate that: Adult men got angry and mad because elements of a children's movie about robot cars were spoiled for them.

Spoiling movies, books, and shows for other people is of course lame. I admit that I've done it myself a couple times, and that I've certainly found the reactions funny on a few occasions. In general I don't make a practice of spoiling things for others, because let's face it, it's pretty juvenile and stupid. I don't care if things are spoiled for me, because I'm interested in seeing how something is done rather than being blindfolded until the end. That's not to say that I need spoilers, just that I don't make a big deal about them. It's not worth getting upset about.

I would certainly say that people who go out of their way to repeatedly spoil things are jerks. I would also say, however, that a lot of people are turning into fussy babies over the subject. There seems to be a new breed of "straight edge" anti-spoiler types who will whine to no end if something, anything, is spoiled for them. If they happen to catch two frames from a 20 second promo for the next episode of whatever hip show is on these days, *Battlecar Celica* or whatever, they will turn into huge cry babies and post on the Internet about how the episode has been ruined. They want to live in hermetically sealed mind vaults, free from even the slightest intrusion of outside information.

I suppose this all has to do with the growing need for escapism. While most of us are content with simply building wall upon wall of elaborate lies to escape from the increasingly scary reality, others need television shows and Harry Potter books. To them I say: My self-delusion can beat up your wizard stories.

Once upon a time militant atheists were some of the most annoying people on the Internet. Then the people complaining about them started drowning them out until they became even more annoying than the people they were complaining about.

Now the anti-spoiler types, in their growing desire to be protected and coddled from tomorrow's news, are becoming whinier than the few fat jerks running around telling you what happens next in the inspiring Harry Potter series of

books for children. I suppose the tide will break soon, and they will be replaced with annoying anti-anti-spoiler people like me, and we will in turn be boiled to oblivion in the fiery atmosphere of the Internet.

With that said, please allow me to spoil the final episodes of some popular television shows that you may or may not have seen already. Sorry!

- The controversial final episode of *Coach* frightened many and led to network protests. In the episode, Bill Fagerbakke's character "Dauber" is revealed to be a golem. It is further revealed that the magic spell imbuing him with life is fading. In the final minutes Craig T. Nelson watches as Dauber melts into a pool of mud, which then dries up. The titular Coach begins crying, and the tears land on the mud, reinvigorating it with new life. As Dauber reforms, Coach is overjoyed. The two briefly hug, but then Dauber starts strangling Coach as tortured violins shriek and the screen fades to black.

- In the *Sopranos* finale Tony Soprano and a duck have a baby and that baby's name is Lou Lou. Later on Lou Lou is shot in the head and dies. Everyone gets very sad.

Even more horrible spoilers guaranteed to ruin your life:

- In *Transformers'* last episode Audiobot is killed by Boltron above the Hebrew National factory. Boltron then transforms into a cabbage field to hide from his shame, which is absolute.

- The last hurrah for *Friends* brought some closure to the gang, but also great sadness and confusion. Ross suffers a severe seizure and is later killed by a taxi cab while chasing a mysterious odor through the streets. It is ruled a suicide, but Chandler and Joey believe otherwise and break into the morgue to conduct an impromptu autopsy. They discover a massive tumor practically crushing his brain. The two cry over the body of their fallen friend. Meanwhile, Rachael discovers a letter from Monica. She has departed for Eastern Europe at the behest of a strange suitor with an eerie control over her.

- In the final episode of *Golden Girls*, the gals struggle with yet another controversial subject: euthanasia. Eventually they all agree to pull the plug on Sophia, who had been in a persistent vegetative state for most of season seven due to Estelle Getty's off-screen battle with methamphetamines.

- *Gilligan's Island* raised more questions than it answered with its cliffhanger ending, largely due to cancellation. In the final episode Skipper returns from his spiritual journey to the heart of the island as a drastically changed man. The question of "who will Gilligan choose?" is seemingly answered when he and Mary Ann kiss, causing a distraught Ginger to run into the jungle. Thurston Howell risks his life to activate a beacon in a sunken submarine off the coast

of the island, and the Professor is taken hostage by guest star Don Rickles and his mysterious cohorts.

- HBO's *Oz* ended with a bang. The entire prison nearly riots when the newest inmate played by Wil Wheaton shows up and upsets the delicate power balances in play. After stabbing half the cast, he is promptly taken over by the ghost of Luke Perry, still wandering the prison in search of a host. Gay Elliot Stabler helps Chet from *Weird Science* kill Nazi J. Jonah Jameson in the middle of a performance of Macbeth and pretty much everybody else gets stabbed or dies of anthrax for no reason whatsoever.

- The beloved comedy *Seinfeld* ended with Jerry deciding to move to the Holy Land, where he is then injured by a suicide bomber. Kramer, Elaine, and George immediately jump on a plane to visit their ailing friend, but it is hijacked and flown into the World Trade Centers. It was voted the funniest episode ever by TV viewers.

- The much anticipated *Full House* finale nearly never aired, due in part to the fact that one of the identical twins that played Danny Tanner was arrested for DUI. The episode was eventually produced and aired, but unfortunately the non-speaking twin had to do the work of two men. Audiences were confused by his constant silence throughout the heartbreaking end. Meanwhile, Michelle comes to terms with the harrowing prospect of life as a quadriplegic.

- *ALF's* finale shocked many, as it featured ALF graphically eating the family's cat, Lucky. Producers insisted on having the cat killed on screen, to preserve the artistic integrity of the series. The network agreed to it and to pay all fines, but the stunt was a huge success with critics and audiences. The TV series *Rosanne* would later shamefully attempt to copy it, to near universal derision.

- Millions tuned in to see the final episode of *Family Matters*, in which the conflict between Urkel and Carl comes to a head. The show picks up from the last episode with Urkel bleeding and stuffed in the trunk of Carl's car, now resting at the bottom of the Chicago River. Carl wrestles with guilt throughout the episode, pretending to be okay, but his wife Harriette can see that something is bothering him. Eventually the guilt gets the better of him, and he rushes out of the house to rescue Urkel. Carl confesses to a fellow police officer, and the vehicle is quickly pulled from the river by authorities. When they pop open the trunk, they find it completely empty. Urkel escaped with the aid of a Schwarzschild Wormhole Generator (SWG) he built out of spare parts in the trunk. Believing that Carl is simply under extreme stress caused by Urkel, he is sent home on a leave of absence to get some rest. Later that night, Urkel materializes in his room and strangles him with his suspenders. Harriette discovers the body shortly thereafter and decides to take her own life.

I sincerely apologize for spoiling any and all of those shows. It simply had to be done.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.13 I'll Tell You Where Your Ten Bux Goes!

Thursday, Jun 14, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Recently a guy posed an interesting question on the Something Awful forums.

OfF KiLTeR Apr 16, 2007 by Lowtax	Since, in a moment of weakness, I asked for soemthing I shouldn't have... (or at least did not expect the result...) I want to know where my $10.00. In accounting terms it had to be applied to something. I'm kind of curious what it is... it can't be beer, because $10.00 won't get much beer... and it can't be anything good... So what was it? Sanitary Napkins and Red Food Dye? (USER WAS BANNED FOR THIS POST)

Of course, he was banned for being a terrible shitposter and putting his nose where it didn't belong on top of it, but it's a question we'd all love to know the answers to, if only because we are whores for all the dirt and gossip we can get our fat fingers on. Once you plunk down the cash for an account on the forums, where does that money go?

OfF KiLTeR suggested alcohol, but immediately withdrew his thought because $10 can't possibly buy any amount of alcohol that may be enjoyed by any one person. He came to the ultimate conclusion that it couldn't be spent on anything good, the least of which on resources to sustain the operation of the forums he failed to be accepted at.

But what this reject didn't realize is that $10 compounded over thousands of members can in fact sustain a forum and allow its owner to make a modest living! There have been some forum members who, over the years. have never been able to come to terms with the fact that Lowtax makes money off of his web site. When he broke the news to us earlier this year that he does in fact earn an income, many of us including myself, were stunned. There were always rumors about it but there was never an official statement.

0 users banned today.
6,109 total users bans.

No bans today?! Children, there will be no Christmas this year...

Though we were able to move on many of his detractors are under the impression that making money is "selling out" and that the Internet should be free. The guys who answer the phones at Time Warner tech support make a good point, but recent studies have proven that making money is actually a *good* thing. It allows you to eat food, stimulate the economy, and buy war bonds. Another thing money lets you do is enjoy yourself with frivolous purchases like a house, something that has been a considerable sticking point with the disgruntled goon community.

Because I believe in transparency and accountability I have decided to open up the books on Something Awful and show you, our deer readers, where the money goes. No, I didn't confuse "dear" with "deer". Our marketing research shows that actual full-blown deers read this web site, which may explain some of what's wrong with Internet advertising in the first place. That reminds me, itchy antlers got ya scratchin'? Parker's Antler Rub cures what ails you. Find it at Rite Aid, Walgreens, or wherever fine itch creams are sold for happy and healthy antlers. Tell 'em Acetone sent you! Make sure you say it! That's how I get my check.

Bandwidth: Today, bandwidth is very expensive and only the ten richest kings of Africa can afford it. But it wasn't always this way. Back in the early days of the Internet you'd go down to your local pharmacist for all your online needs. "Gimmie ten packets for a nickel," you'd say. He'd reply, "Got some postin' to do tonight, aye?" to which you'd say, "Gonna comment on Amos 'n'

Andy in real-time with my buddies as we listen live. I'm tellin' you Gus, this season has just been somethin' awful!" Many old timers still tell these tales and youngsters are amazed. Today you can't get one packet for a dollar even on double coupon day and pharmacists are relics of the past.

As the Internet became a popular hang out to meet people as screwed up as you are and reinforce your negative traits through solidarity, bandwidth demand started increasing rapidly and the local pharmacist just couldn't keep up. Soon the government started running bandwidth pipes to people's homes and Internet access became a necessary public utility not unlike electricity and Tivo.

Venessa here showing you where your registration fees go. Whatever else she shows you can be negotiated in private. Let's just say she loves guys named 'Benjamin'.

Unfortunately our short-sighted politicians did not anticipate the increasing demand and soon the pipes became clogged with shit posts and Internet memes. It's sort of like how the massive American dumps of today clog the outdated pipes of the 1950s, when the tallest humans were only 5 feet high and cheese didn't come out of an aerosol can. The private sector soon stepped in and installed "fat pipes" that would allow the massive packets full of virtual shit to continue to their ultimate destination, grandma's inbox. These fat pipes came at a price and now bandwidth is sold at a hefty premium.

Much of Something Awful's revenue goes towards paying for this bandwidth. SA is one of the largest forums with a wide range of posters with ridiculous views and ideas. Angry packets are taxed at a higher percentage than neutral or happy packets because they are harder to stomach. Since Something Awful's forum traffic is full of nerd vitriol and white rage, the bandwidth bill can get pretty costly. Bandwidth doesn't grow on trees anymore since global warming wiped out the bandwidth tree's natural habitat, Internet companies that lack a business plan and foolish investors.

In the end about $2.50 of your ten dollar registration fee goes to paying for bandwidth fees, which top out at about $40 billion per month, with much of that money going to government kickbacks and slush funds, just as the way our forefathers intended.

Front Page: Front page content doesn't grow on trees ever since content trees became extinct because of the greenhouse effect. However, there are some ways we can minimize the financial impact that generating content can bring, such as recycling jokes from previous articles or from the same article and stealing timeless ideas from The Simpsons that everyone loves and cherishes. At the end of the day though, you'll have to fork over the dough for some content.

Something Awful employs a varied team of writers who bust their balls generating blood, sweat and tears, and the occasional article. Our team has ballooned to over 6,000 over the past eight years and it's still growing. By 2012 scientists predict that Something Awful's writing team will surpass that of the population of the planet Earth.

Sign up for our forums today!

There has been some controversy over the years. Do people come for the front page and stay for the forums or do people just bypass the reading entirely and go straight for the posting? Unfortunately the latter is probably true and so the forums registration fees sort of subsidize the front page.

It seems that sites like "GARY'S HILARIOUS VIDEOS" which include copyrighted clips from various TV shows are way more interesting than a team of writers busting their balls trying to think of

something original to say, and sometimes succeeding! While the most work Gary and his ilk do is upload clips from Borat onto his web site, these guys make over 70,000 dollars a week, and they all have the same goddamn content!

Not to worry though, only $1.08 of your one-time sign-up fee goes to operating the front page. My bank account is restored ...but I'm still hungry.

Taxes: "Lowtax" isn't just a nickname, it's the exact opposite of the old man's financial situation! While I'm not actually privy to any of his financial information and this entire article is a sham, I do know that small business owners get fucked by the IRS. The power hungry Jewish Illuminati keeps taxes on small business owners high and gives kickbacks to super mega stores so the Wal-Mart situation becomes so huge that it distracts people from the real problems this world faces, such as the failing PS3 console.

Whatever... as Squall Lionheart would say. Roughly half of registration fees goes to Uncle Sam. And we still had to buy body armor for the U.S. military! Well, mo' money, mo' problems, as Biggie would say. So let me just say thanks for ridding Something Awful of most of its problems, U.S. Government!

Family: Running a successful web site shows that you are responsible enough to convince a girl to talk to you, marry you and let you impregnate her, not necessarily in that order. In fact, Lowtax is the first webmaster in history who married a woman that didn't weigh as much or more than he does. It was quite an accomplishment and was covered on all the cable news channels.

Of course, raising a family can be expensive and is a considerable drain on the resources that could otherwise be going to the Something Awful Forums. Just think, if he didn't have to feed that kid we could have had a pool table for Helldump a long time ago.

That's why Lowtax is doing the honorable thing and putting his daughter to work. That's right, next week Lowtax Jr. will be the new host of Weekend Web, leaving me essentially without a purpose in life. She'll be tackling the worst in baby-orientated forums like GerberGraduates.com, babyrashfetishforum.com and Nintendo.com.

By entering his daughter into slave labor Lowtax has reduced the amount of money your registration fees go to feeding his family to 52 cents per account. Child labor, it's just another one of life's sweet treasures.

From left to right: Megan, Lauren and Richard enjoying a dip in the pool.

Miscellaneous expenses: There are a myriad of other expenses that go towards running a successful web site, not the least of which include:

- Bail About *$0.52 per registration*
- Legal fees *$0.32 per registration* (How a fictional character manages to collect legal fees is beyond me. Maybe Lowtax should hire a fictional accountant)
- Internet Insurance *$1.01 per registration*
- Chairs sturdy enough to hold up our gigantic asses *$1.99 per registration*
- A computer *$.02 per registration*
- Personnel and resources required to deal with the thousands of emails complaining that the totals in this update don't add up to $10. *$5.55 per registration*

In the end I must say that I don't actually have access to any Something Awful financial information and this update was just all in good fun. But let's be real here, we know where the money is really going...

MANGOSTEEN AND $1000 CHAIRS MUWAHAHAH! SEE YOU IN HELL, COPPERS!!!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

6.14 The Lost Books of the Bible

Friday, Jun 15, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Bible is not so much a cohesive single work as a collection of documents or "books" from a variety of sources. Many of the books of the Bible were not written at the same time, even when they come from the same Testament. The Bible is a holy Trapper Keeper full of collected religious texts.

You might be wondering what happens when some new guy gets it in his head to write a book for the Bible or, more likely, a previously forgotten text is rediscovered. When that sort of thing happens there is a holy editorial review board that swings into action. The composition of the board depends on what faith is considering a revision to their Bible, but it is most famously Catholic.

These guys get together with the text in question and they study it. They look into its origins and history, they analyze the message, and they see how it fits in with the rest of the stuff in the Bible. If they do not like it, then they throw it away and it is considered apocryphal. That is what usually happens. If they do like it, they make it a new book in the Bible and it is considered canon.

Fans of pretty much any popular science fiction series are probably familiar with the term "canon". As Star Wars or Star Trek became popular the companies behind them realized they could make a fortune with books, comics, and videogames. Some of these works can be a little unusual or even retarded, so the guys who make the real important movies and TV shows pretend these things never happened.

Star Wars fans even have a term for tenuous material that amounts to the speculation of authors and videogame developers. It's called the Expanded Universe. You can think of the apocryphal texts that are thrown out by Biblical editors as the Bible's version of the Expanded Universe.

There are literally hundreds of fascinating apocryphal texts and many of them were seriously considered for inclusion in the Bible. Many more are lost to the ages, but today I would like to celebrate a handful of the most interesting lost books of the Bible.

Book of Tha Dawg Pound

Reason for omission: It is the holy text of a sect that has split from the Christian faiths and worships strange bronze idols that resemble a peach and flow with sparkling wine.

Sample controversial excerpt:

> 67 Then did the sweet swishers hove into view and they did inspire K-Street to drop his stunnas on his nose. And K-Street did prognosticate to his nicca Chooch that the Lord had done ordained Chooch lay out that sizzlin pillow and light up with some.
>
> 68 And Chooch and K-Street did burn up that whole pillow. And Chooch did say, Lo I am gurp. And K-street did second he was gurp as hell. And then Chooch's phone did blow up and it was some bitch yelling.
>
> 69 And K-Street sayeth, Lord Almighty God, if that Trina again I will murph that bitch. And Trina did hear K-Street speak and Trina did start all over again with Chooch. And

Chooch desired to hang up, but he could not for Trina did know where he dwelt and would key up his Lexus if he trifled with her.

Chapter 2, the book of Tha Dawg Pound

Book of Crustaceans

Reason for omission: Of indeterminate origin and vexingly bizarre to the point of being somewhat terrifying.

Sample controversial excerpt:

15 Then did the sea boil and hiss and birth upon the land the lobster and the shrimp and the urchin. And the prawn did gnash its mandibles at the feet of the Almighty. And God did reach down from firmament into the brine and he did lift up the crab.

16 Then did the crab look upon the face of God with compound eye and it did see the Lord reflected seven upon seven times. And the halo did circle the crab and one pincer did grow larger than the other and the crab did lose its tongue and words.

17 Then did the Lord return the crab to the shores and the other crustaceans did look upon the crab with envy, for he was favored among God's children. And the crab did speak in ciphers drawn upon the sand, and these words had the power to blind a man and make blood flow from the nose of a cat.

18 And the man did ask the crab for its sight though he could not be seen. And the man did ask the crab for its ears though he could not be heard. And the crab did laugh and return to the sea and leave man to his agonies.

Chapter 9, the book of Crustaceans

Book of Kayla

Reason for omission: Represents the work of one of the most notoriously inane prophets and holds little meaning for the lay person.

Sample controversial excerpt:

4 Said Kayla to the Lord, Oh my God. And she did go to into the house of Sephora and she did see the exact green eye shadow Martine wore to Sea Ball. And she did take a picture with her phone and send it to Christine just to be certain.

5 And lo, Christine did confirm that it was the same eye shadow Martine had worn. And Kayla did say unto the Lord, Oh my God, oh my God. And she purchased the eye shadow and it was good.

6 Then Kayla did walk five cubits within the Mall of Judea to Abercrombie and there was a sale on Capri pants. And Kayla did not enter or buy any Capri pants for her ass felt fat. And she did remember there was a Bally's in the mall and she spoke aloud that she would do her spinning after a bubble tea.

Chapter 3, the book of Kayla

Book of Encounters

Reason for omission: This sort of material is sufficiently covered by the book of Numbers.

Sample controversial excerpt:

18 The Lord did set forth in the path of the travelers a test of faith. And there were nine small men of the kobold tribe of the desert and they did wait in ambush. And the Lord said, Destroy these men, for they are unclean. And the kobolds were guided by a blasphemous shaman of the third level, and they did rely on their short bows to assail the spell casters of the party first.

19 The Lord did set forth in the path of the travelers a test of faith. And there was a creature of large size and it did have eight hit dice. And the travelers did know peril, for the touch of the creature would turn their arms to rust and their shields to so much scrap. And the lord did pronounce its encounter level to be three.

20 The Lord did place a fearsome challenge of faith in the path of the travelers. And there was a servant of the Beast of huge size, and it could use many spell-like abilities as a demonic wizard of the 20th level. And twice per day it could use its powers to be joined by one to three Cornugons willing to lay down their infernal lives in battle.

Chapter 5, the book of Encounters

Book of 16 Self-Insertion

Reason for omission: Chronologically impossible and contains a great deal of content that is of questionable moral value.

Sample controversial excerpt:

87 Dave Washington did strike down the last of Judas's Sith troopers with his holy blade. Judas was made to shout with anger and fire wildly upon Dave Washington with his blaster.

88 And lo, Dave Washington did deflect the blaster bolts and strike down Judas. He turned to the Madonna and he did take her in his masculine arms.

89 And she did tremble against him and her nipples did stretch the fabric of her gown and draw attention to the wineglass shapes of her upturned breasts. And Dave Washington did feel a stirring within his loin, and he did know Mary better than any had known her prior.

Chapter 288, the 16th book of Self-Insertion

Book of Blitzer

Reason for omission: Subversive message and apocalyptic visions that conflict with the tone of the major Biblical texts.

Sample controversial excerpt:

9 The chamber of situations did quake and tremble at the three upon three eyed face of Mammon. And a laugh of damnation did boil from the maw of the Beast.

10 And the flesh of Candy Crowley did liquefy and run out upon the ground like the tallow of a burning candle. And Jack Cafferty did bite and worry upon his tongue and his eyes were made to burst from their sockets.

11 But Wolf Blitzer was not moved for he did read the scrolling Word of God from the tablets. Mammon did curse his name Blitzer and the name of our Holy Father, and burning swords were his tongue.

12 And Wolf Blitzer heard only his ear piece and Wolf Blitzer saw only the words scrolling slowly up the tablet. And Wolf Blitzer did throw to John King at the house of white and question him upon the subject of illegal immigration.

Chapter 4, the book of Blitzer

Book of Fleshlights

Reason for omission: Confuses the Biblical message about the sin of masturbation.

Sample controversial excerpt:

6 Then Hezekiah walked upon the flatness of the desert and he did gaze upon the curve of the mountain. And Hezekiah knew his hand until his seed did fly upon the earth, but it was not good.

7 And Hezekiah walked within the waters of the cool stream and he did gaze upon the froth of the water over stone. And Hezekiah knew his hand until his seed was carried away by the waters, but it was not good.

8 Then the Voice of God was heard to Hezekiah and the Lord did say, Let the man weary of knowing his own hand be forgiven his sin. Let the man instead know a tube bearing a likeness to the soft loin of his wife, or the aperture of her waste, or a universal entry with no external features.

Chapter 3, the book of Fleshlights

Book of Evolution

Reason for omission: It introduces concepts deemed to be too difficult for the layperson to understand. It also undermines all other canonical books.

Sample controversial excerpt:

> 1 And God said, Let there be eukaryotes to populate the Deep, and let them congregate and multiply in such a way as to form symbiotic relationships.
>
> 2 And God called the symbiotic pairs multi-cellular organisms. And they were better than the unicellular organisms with which they were competing for limited resources in their environment.
>
> 3 And God said, Let all life spring in time from these humble creatures, and let their progeny distantly removed by time build a microscope to look upon them.
>
> ***Chapter 1, the book of Evolution***

It is not for me to decide whether or not these mysterious editorial boards were justified in declaring these books apocryphal. I am just a layperson, unfit to differentiate between the words of holy prophets and the words of madmen or heretics.

I can't help but think the book of Tha Dawg Pound should probably be in the Bible somewhere around Leviticus. It seems pretty spiritually important to me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.15 Live From Apple WWDC 2007

Saturday, Jun 16, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thank you for tuning into Something Awful's liveblog coverage of the keynote address at Apple's World Wide Developer's Conference 2007. We'll be providing minute-by-minute updates on one of the year's biggest events for the Apple faithful, where Steve Jobs is sure to announce something special, as he does every year. Please note that the keynote begins at 10AM on Monday June 11th, but due to the distances involved in internet communication, our live entries might be delayed by up to five days. Just keep hitting that refresh button!

9:34

I'm in line outside the conference room with thousands of fellow Apple enthusiasts, waiting to get in. Someone makes a great pun about "Windoze", which prompts a swell of raucous laughter.

9:42

As the laughing begins to die down, I turn my head sideways and rest it upon my hands, then make a snoring sound. Everyone starts laughing again. It's hard to believe I was actually sort of an unpopular geek in high school.

9:48

Still waiting. It feels safe here. No one can hurt us in this place.

9:55

There is an unspoken desire among all of us to live here forever, to establish a new life upon this promised land's grey carpet and to harvest fruit pies from the vending machine. I begin to scan the crowd for prospective wives.

10:00

The conference room's doors open up. We rush inside and take our seats, leaving behind any chance of an Apple commune. Ah well. There's always next year.

10:02

As the lights dim, we are treated to a familiar sight on the big screen: The kid from Ed and Jeepers Creepers alongside that slightly pudgy guy with the glasses. It's a special "PC and Mac" commercial made just for the WWDC!

10:03

Mac mentions all the awesome games he can play like the newly released port of Tony Hawk 2, then PC looks sort of dejected because the only thing fun thing he can do is make spreadsheets.

10:04

Mac tackles PC and straddles him, punching PC's stomach repeatedly. Mac is screaming "I can't hold the fury inside any longer! I hate you so much!" and tears are streaming down his face as he continues to beat PC. The audience chuckles appreciatively.

10:11

The commercial's white backdrop is now splattered with a mixture of blood and vomit that erupted from PC's mouth about six minutes into the abdominal beating. He is no longer trying to defend himself, or moving for that matter. Mac shows no signs of slowing his barrage of punches, though his expression of despair and inner turmoil has given way to the tired and business-like stare of a man seeing his job through to its end.

10:12

As the commercial fades to white, the audience applauds.

10:15

Steve Jobs enters the room. The place goes absolutely bonkers.

10:15

Steve asks how we're all doing. When everyone answers at once, he becomes visibly annoyed and shakes his head.

10:16

He asks how we're doing again, but makes us answer one at a time, starting with the person in the leftmost seat in the front row and working his way back.

11:02

Steve begins to talk about the new direction of OSX:

"Brushed metal interface elements are a thing of the past. They served their purpose well enough, but we're about pushing things forward. The new look of OSX is wood grain."

"This will be incorporated into every aspect of the operating system aside from iTunes, Safari, and Mail.app, which will all use a modified version of the Aqua theme featuring vertical dayglo green stripes. That's what Apple is really all about. Thinking different *and* looking different, from one application to the next."

11:07

Jobs launches into George Carlin's "The Seven Words You Can Never Say On Television" routine. Verbatim. Complete with the facial expressions.

11:18

A screen lowers and we see Frank Stallone in his living room via iChat. Three people clap and someone in the back screams sharply before covering his mouth.

11:19

Jobs: "Thanks for joining us, Frank! Isn't this technology exciting?"

Frank: "Yeah, it's like I'm on the phone but I can see you. Like some sort of crazy phone/video thing from the future."

Jobs: "Yes. So why don't you tell the crowd what you're up to these days, Frank?"

Frank: "Not much. Got some new fish in my aquarium. Some kind of goldfish and a lobster."

Jobs: "About the exciting technology we're using right now; Do you think it's possible to do this on a PC? Talk to people and see them with a webcam?"

Frank: "No. No, I don't think that's possible."

Jobs: "Frank Stallone, everyone. Thanks."

11:21

Now comes the moment everyone has been waiting for: the iPhone. As Steve reaches into his pocket and presents the device, the crowd gives him a standing ovation.

11:22

"The iPhone will revolutionize cell phones as we know them. Let's say you're out with friends and you get hungry. You can look up directions on Google Maps and then call the restaurant with one simple push of the touch screen. I'll demonstrate. By a show of hands, who likes Chinese food?"

11:24

Jobs has everyone in the crowd who raised their hand escorted from the building by security.

11:25

"There are many more uses for the iPhone. You can put it on a desk. You can hold it in your hand. You can look at it. It's truly a multi-functional device."

11:28

Just as things are wrapping up, Jobs drops his trademark "One more thing...", the five remaining audience members scream in ecstasy and pull their hair like teenage girls in the front row of a Beatles concert in 1964.

11:29

The One More Thing is "Which door do I go through to get out of here again?"

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.16 Fake SA For You Today!

Sunday, Jun 17, 2007 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Are you ready for the hottest Paris Hilton and celebrity gossip? Oh I bet you are? Head on over to our newest sister site, DMZ (Da Movie StarZ), for the Hollywood lowdown!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

UNCENSORED OBSESSION
Stalker Photo (3813)
Stalker Cellphone Captures (29124)

THINGS TO MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOUR SAD, LONELY LIFE
Celebs Trapped in Burning Cars (28)
Celebs Looking Fat and Ugly (62)
Celebs Eating (82)
Celebs Failing Basic Long Division (193)
Celebs Fixing Their Neighbor's Sink (8)
Cute Kittens (1829)
Cute Puppies (2831)
Cute Puppies Eating Cute Kittens (13)
Cute Puppies Failing Basic Long Division (28)
Sex with Yams (3)
Old Men Taking a Bath (823)
Woah, She's FAT Now!!! (95473)
I Mean Like REALLY FAT!!! (4389)
I Mean Like Too Fat To Fix My Sink (27)
Shocking Photos (19)
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Pizza Parties (63)

REALITY TV
Are You Tougher Than a Fourth Grader?
Eat These Bugs For Money, You Slut
Man Versus Traffic
So You Think You Can Walk?
Celebrity Dignity Challenge Starring Flava Flav
Celebrity Championship WoW Leveling
Bless My House!
NFL Cockfighting
The Great Robot Rape
Celebrity Fire Rescue
King for a Decade
MTV's HIV Explosion
Bee Wrestling
America's Got Gout!
America Lacks Shame!
America's Next Top Dropout
So You Want to Read the Classifieds?
Trapped in a Tent!
Mommy, Help Me Lose My Virginity!
America's Next Top Atheist
Goth Garage Games 2007
American Barnraising
That's So Raven: The Game: The TV Series: The Reality Show
So You Think You're a Mummy?

Paris Hilton "Sweating," "Breathing at a Slightly Increased Rate"

Posted Jun 17th 2007 9:36 AM by DMZ Staff

EXCLUSIVE

WireImage

DMZ has learned from "inside sources" that media sensation-cum-incarcerated prison princess Paris Hilton has been "sweating" and "breathing at a slightly increased rate." What could this possibly mean? We asked our on-staff medical expert Randy Velonhausen.

"She's undoubtedly scared to death. She is hyperventilating from humiliation and abject terror. She realizes she's nothing but an untalented idiot making millions of dollars from other untalented idiots who hate her. It's a well known medical condition called 'bagleaducitis.' The second, and final step in this tragic medical condition is, of course, death."

Prison officials sent us a press release claiming Hilton had finished working out in the exercise room, and she was not, in fact, "dying from 'bagleaducitis,' whatever that may be."

EDITOR'S NOTE: We were unable to locate a photo of Paris Hilton anywhere on the internet, so we instead used a picture of a mule wearing a hat. Please pretend one of his eyes is floating off at an ungodly, horrifying 65-degree angle.

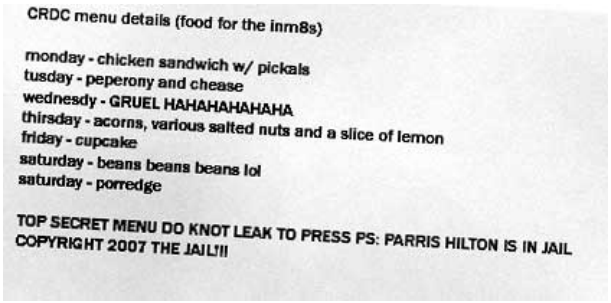
SHARE IT: eDogg It | Skoonk | iClown | slobSTREET | Permalink | Email Comments [19]

MEAT YOUR MAKER

Ain't No Burger Time in Prison!

Posted Jun 17th 2007 9:31 AM by DMZ Staff

Is Paris itching for a good burger in prison? Looks like she picked the wrong place to get tossed into the slammer! DMZ has exclusively obtained this menu from the Century Regional Detention Center in Lynwood:


CRDC menu details (food for the inm8s)
monday - chicken sandwich w/ pickals
tusday - peperony and chease
wednesdy - GRUEL HAHAHAHAHAHA
thirsday - acorns, various salted nuts and a slice of lemon
friday - cupcake
saturday - beans beans beans lol
saturday - porredge
TOP SECRET MENU DO KNOT LEAK TO PRESS PS: PARRIS HILTON IS IN JAIL
COPYRIGHT 2007 THE JAIL!!!

Looks like little Miss Hilton won't be dining on her standard fare of $10,000 quail eggs, solid gold milkshakes, and power bars made out of decommissioned WWII fighter jets. We contacted a famous psychologist and asked him what affect this menu would have on the frightened, horrified Hilton.

"You want me to analyze a menu and predict its effects on a celebrity?" Dr. Raymond Chung asked us, probably because he was jealous we obtained such a hot scoop of incredible information. "This isn't even a menu. It's written on the back of an elementary school math test, which got a 37% grade. Even if this was a real menu, why would anybody care? Do people honestly think about this kind of thing? Who the hell is Paris Hilton anyway?"

Late Night Adventures

Corbin Bernsen

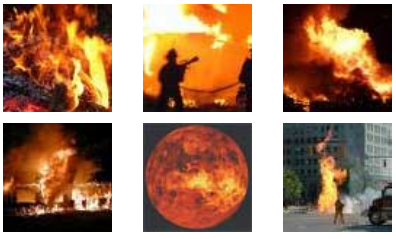
Posted Jun 16th 2007 9:13 PM by DMZ Staff
Filed Under: Shameless Adventures in Outright Advertisements, Self Promotion, Please Pretend We're Not Getting Paid to Post This Garbage

Hey whats up guys, it's me Corbin Bernsen shouting "hey" to all you on the blogosphere! What's the temperature on your side of the Internet? Ha ha, just kidding.

I'm finishing up work on my sure to be upcoming blockbuster "Donna on Demand," a story about a washed up actor who can't get any work... until the script of his dreams comes in! It's a movie story about redemption, courage, and sa- OOPS! Ha, sorry about that, I just spilled some of my 100% Sirloin Burger available only at Jack In the Box on my keyboard. I'd be really mad now if it wasn't so darn yummy! Jack In the Box: Built the Way You Want It™!

But man, I've got so much to say... so click here to read all about my upcoming movie and see some photos of the world's sexiest vagina, now in 3D!

Hot Photos



Are You Duller Than a Sixth Grader?
The Great Miscarriage Race
Child Swap
Child Swamp
Child Swamp Creature
Hat Swap
Hat Swamp
Hat Swamp Creature
America's Next Top Abortion
Fetus Dance Showdown
Shocking True Tales of Hollywood Ink Cartridge Replacement
Bagging and Tagging Celebrities With Your Host William Amez
Let's Get Fat, America
Celebrity Hair Loss Challenge
Celebrity Limb Loss Challenge
Escape From Public High School
One Old Man Tries to Fight 30 6-Year Olds
Let's Drink!
Burn My House
VH1 Presents: Holy Shit, I Remember Ecto Cooler Too!
Celebrity Coming Out Club
Joe Rogan Annoys People On the Streets
Paint Your Cat!
Where's Hitler?
Superstars of America's Americans
Where Mah Baby Girl Go?
Let's Fuck Right Here In Front of your Parents
Creepy-Ass Midgets on the Farm? What the Hell?
Paris Hilton Briefs the President on Middle Eastern Affairs
Paris Hilton Eats a Sugar Cube While Picking Up DirecTV Signals Through Her Vile Eyeball
A Bunch of Fratboys Drink Beer and Make Out With Each Other and Thanks to Our Shady Contract, We Don't Have to Pay Them Shit
Hogan's Ruler
Bumfight: The Epic Motion Picture Event
Nicole Richie Learns to Read
America's Got a Lot of Welfare Babies!
American's Next Top Canada
The Princess Diana Ross Show
The Princess Diana "Bob" Ross Show
Let's Get Hurt!
Lose Weight, Feel Great, Bear Bait
American Incarceration
Fat Tattooed Guys Judged by God
The Last Great Dance Off
America, You've Got Debt!
Celebrity Wheelbarrow Racing
Where My Pants?
Extreme Golf
So You Think You Can Sweat?

After showing him the notorious video of Miss Hilton showering some oral ecstasy upon Rick Salomon, then explaining this is why she's a world-renowned celebrity worth millions of dollars, Chung replied, "this is a nice tape. It's like watching night vision Navy SEAL footage of some deep sea creature attempting to swallow an albino's thumb."

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CUM ON DOWN!

Cleanup on Aisle Spears!

Posted Jun 17th 2007 9:01 AM by DMZ Staff

Looks like party girl Britney Spears didn't even bother trying to cover up her Hollywood sexscapades last night after coming home at a VERY late 6:32 AM! Our spies in the streets spotted this incriminating evidence from her night on the town:

The single mother of two was apparently "slumming it up" with her various friends, described by an eyewitness as "dumb sluts who were acting all rich and shit like they were better than me." But what surprised all of us was the -very- obvious batch of DNA resting on her left shoe! When you're out painting the town red, make sure there's some left over for your shoe when somebody hits you one more time, Brit!

UPDATE: Britney's PR agent has informed us the "white splotch" is simply the reflection of street light. We aren't buying it though... when's the last time a light bulb has appeared on your shoe? This ain't the Virgin Mary for crying out loud!

UPDATE #2: Our expert photo analyst Hank "Penguin Rolls" Martz suggested perhaps the white splotch is bird poop, which begs the question: why are you covering yourself with bird shit and semen, Miss Spears?

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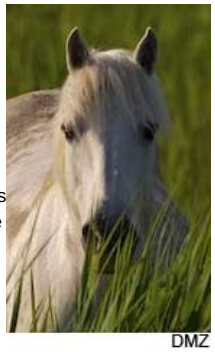
OF CORPSE

Hilton Possibly DEAD?!?

Posted Jun 17th 2007 8:32 AM by DMZ Staff

Is Paris Hilton no more? Decide for yourself after reading this EXCLUSIVE scoop we got from our source inside the Century Regional Detention Center in Lynwood:

> Last night at 10:00 PM, when we turned off all the lights and made the prisoners go to sleep, I noticed Miss Hilton walk to her bed, go underneath the covers, and place her head on the pillow.
>
> After casually observing her constantly (I made sure not to miss one second of action by taping my eyes open and freely urinating in my pants), I realized Miss Hilton had been laying motionless in bed for over five hours. It is now 3:52 AM and she is still motionless. Has something happened to her? Perhaps her heart, wracked with fear and anguish, simply gave up? I don't know, I'm not a doctor. Actually I am a doctor but I'm just not a very good one so I don't know.


DMZ

We consulted our on-staff internet doctor and asked if Miss Hilton could possibly be dead. "Definitely," he replied. "There is little to no doubt she is dead. She is showing all the classic symptoms of being very dead, which includes not moving no matter how long somebody

Featured Galleries

Enabling her the ability to see objects directly behind her, Hilton's parents were sure her unique facial structure and limitless field of vision guaranteed a job as a wide receiver in the NFL. Although she routinely goes down near men, her football career has been elusive. **Find out Stephen Hawkings' opinion why.**

Find out what "friends" Hollywood bigwigs love to go out and party with... who knows, it might be somebody - or something - close to you! **Click on in for our gallery of goods!**

Contact DMZ

- **Stalking somebody? Let us know!**
- **Going through a celeb's trash?**
- **Did God speak to you about Paris Hilton in your dreams?**
- **Have you seen a Twizzler that kind of resembled Paris Hilton?**
- **Do you plan on suing Lindsey Lohan?**
- **Can't stop reveling in the failure of celebrities because it makes you feel better about your sad, wasted life?**

Hot Video

Let's Put Bees, Bees In Your Eyes
Celebrity Fursuits
Punch Carrottop, Win a Car
500 Pounds of Shellfish
Are You Man Enough to Divorce Your Wife?
9-1-1 Wiccan
America's Got Child Support
Are You Hornier Than a Fourth Grader?
Eviction: Retirement Home Reality
The Hummer Gas Guzzling Challenge Sponsored by Chevron
Get Away With Murder!
Ear Factor
Ear Factory
Candice Bergen Presents: Find My Career!
Oil Slick Wrestling
So You Want to Be a Webmaster?
America's Got Severe Crippling Back Issues
Celebrity Bad Check Writing
Are Your Smarter Than a Strogg?
Escape From Gary Busey's Gigantic Teeth
Totem Pole Challenge
Impregnate These Teens!
So You've Got Cancer
Help! My Mom Dresses Like a Whore
Celebrity Tire Swap
Lawns of the Rich and Famous
Dysentery Bird
Rumpus Room Wrestling
That's the Pitts!
The Sims: New York
Paint My Paint
Celebrity Boat Fucking
The Great Sperm Adventure
America's Got Gridlock
MTV's Reverse Zoo
Hey I Know That Ho
Dining With Delby
So You Think You Can Think?
Chef Pissing Contest
Find The Cure!
Celebrity Bench Pressing
Trapped in Idaho
So You Want to Work at Denny's?
Holy Shit, Clowns!
Divorce Squad

BLOGBUDS

CyberCeleb
iCeleb
eCeleb
eieioCeleb
Hollywood Enema
Hollywood Poop Scoop
Hello Hollywood!
Hell Hollywood!
~aNgleZ's~ Shrine
Tabloid Chat
Pop Culture Vomit
Hollywood Hat Trick
Table Talk
Mutton Time
Button Time
Robocop Roundup
Planet Mike Sweeney

stares at you." To demonstrate, our internet doctor showed us a picture of a corpse. It did not move, just like Miss Hilton. We looked at the image for at least two hours, just to make sure. No movement. We even checked the file extension.

We contacted Hilton's PR agent who replied, "to the best of my knowledge, no, she is not dead." After an extensive, 50-minute long grilling session, the PR agent eventually conceded, "I cannot say with 100% certainty that she is not dead, no," which leads us to wonder: how many times Hilton could've possibly died in prison without anybody knowing?

EDITOR'S NOTE: We were unable to locate a photo of Paris Hilton anywhere on the internet, so we instead used a picture of a horse preparing to eat some grass. Pretend the horse is carrying a $1000 handbag and has a face so shiny that radio waves are reflecting off it.

SHARE IT: eDogg It | Skoonk | iClown | slobSTREET | Permalink | Email Comments [19]

NO SHIT?

Mysterious Objects Discovered in Lohan's Feces

Posted Jun 17th 2007 8:13 AM by DMZ Staff

After a grueling eight-hour nonstop party at trendy Hollywood nightclub Raspberry's, Lindsay Lohan apparently excused herself to use the restroom. What came out of this self-destructing supernova of cinema stardom will shock you:

As you can plainly see, little loco Lohan apparently got all juiced up and began swallowing her own teeth! The coked up, drunken debutante reportedly ordered one too many hard ciders at Raspberry's, stumbled into the restroom, and returned minus one yellowed tooth!

Don't be shocked though; this isn't anything new to Hollywood claims bigwig celebrity analyst Fredrick Peter Von Meyers. "Celebrities have been eating their own teeth for years now. It all started back in 1976 when Peter Fonda, then filming Futureworld, was kicked in the jaw by an animatronic doctor delivering an animatronic baby from an animatronic vagina. His tooth flew free and he accidentally swallowed it. Well Stuart Margolin saw this and thought Fonda did it on purpose, so during dinner that night, he knocked out one of his molars, placed it inside his coffee, and drank it. And you know what they say in Hollywood: once Stuart Margolin does it, wait 15 minutes and EVERYBODY will be doing it. Toothgulping has continued to be the craze since then, and really, Lohan's behavior doesn't surprise me at all."

Witnesses claim Lohan possessed all visible teeth after the party ended, which leads us to suspect she either broke off one in the back or stole a tooth from a member of her entourage. Vanessa Minnillo, smile for the camera!

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THE RACE IS ON!

Presidential Candidates Address Hilton's Jail Time

Posted Jun 17th 2007 7:42 AM by DMZ Staff

Presidential hopefuls Hilary Clinton and Barack Obama took time out of their busy schedule to share their views on Paris Hilton's incarceration. While waving to the crowd from inside a limousine, our on-the-spot correspondent Mylar Rex shouted "HEY HILLARY I GOT A QUESTION FOR YOU AND THAT QUESTION IS ABOUT PARIS HILTON! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT HUH?" Hillary reportedly mouthed a response which we could not hear, as her windows were darkened, rolled up, and she had her head turned away from us. Somebody on the other side of her vehicle was able to read her lips, and he claims Hillary said something along the lines of "this shirt, it feels too big." Was she perhaps claiming Hilton's jail sentence was a bit too harsh? We emailed the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors asking what they would do if President Hillary Clinton were to be elected tomorrow and immediately pardon Hilton. Their response shocked us!

FROM: IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!
SUBJECT: Snooze the up horse amanda woke John 3:16 anal picnic

Posts

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Paris Hilton Finds God; Immediately Loses Him
Oprah: Still Black
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Did Anna Nicole Smith Have a Cervix?
Baldwins Combine to Form UltraBaldwin
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Paris Hilton Claims Gaza Strip (56237)
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Jennifer Aniston Weds, Murders Owen Wilson (1973)
Lindsay Lohan Seen Snorting Dice, Hairpins (22415)
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True Tales of Toast
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God I Love Movies!
Here Comes Grandma
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in you browser, then press the Enter key

Viagra Only $2.00 per pill	Viagra ST Only $2.89 per pill
Valium Only $2.00 per pill	Cialis Only $2.00 per pill
Phentermine Only $3.88 per pill	Ambien Only $2.00 per pill

Please do not click, type:
www.RX24.org
in you browser, then press the Enter key

As for Obama? Our contacts spotted him using a cellphone and speaking the phrase "oh that poor girl" in to it. We do not know who he was speaking to, but it's fairly obvious who he was speaking about! We'll keep our eyes and ears peeled for any further developments.

Hilton for President in 2008!

SHARE IT: eDogg It | Skoonk | iClown | slobSTREET | Permalink | Email

Comments [19]

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6.17 P. B. Fouke Conducts Business for a Higher Purpose

Monday, Jun 18, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

A WORD ON THE COMPETITION

P. B. Fouke, President & Gen. Mgr.

I am certain that you have not been spared sight of the tempestuous spectacle surrounding the supposed return of A. P. Brown to the St. Louis area. His gross vociferation has seemingly permeated every ear in the vicinity, for not a day goes by that someone does not beckon my opinion on the matter.

I shall thus make clear my opinions in hopes of assuaging any fears that you, my hundreds of thousands of valued customers, might be burdened with.

For him to say that I intruded on his former territory is a statement of unbound ego and delusion. It would appear his long travels at sea have left him demented and mad, barking lunacy like some sick dog. No man shall dispute that I have been operating for some 30 years in this region. It shall neither be disputed that my operation has seen to the extinctions of no less than one dozen of God's finest creations, as ordered to do so BY HIS HOLY WORD. That he should infer my operation is anything less than an integral part of this region is profane and insulting to any learned man in the trade. A. P. Brown is clearly for want of integrity. I, on the other hand, have more integrity than any one single man in the business.

I am well acquainted with A. P. Brown, his methods and his beliefs. Left to his means and devices, you, the dedicated trapper and shipper, will find yourself without creature to hunt, and a market saturated such that fur will be a valueless commodity. A. P. Brown asks you to step headfirst into one of his traps and be ground up by his machines. It is a simple question of giving your power to one of Brown's ghastly apparatuses. Your own sense of survival mandates your continued business with the Fouke Fur Company, THE HOUSE THAT TREATS YOU RIGHT!

A WHOLE MAN ONCE MORE!

I am pleased to announce that I have met and wed my newest wife. My dull days of being a widower are at long last over. While I will always reflect fondly on the marriage venture I undertook with the late M. V. Fouke, I am infinitely pleased at the prospects offered by my newest wife, the lovely A. G. Fouke.

I discovered this blushing bride while on a trapping expedition in the remote northwest reaches of Alaska. That is where I first procured her picture from the pocket of a fallen comrade, R. R. Morgan, who was viciously mauled by a bear. I was able to kill the beast, but not in time to save my beleaguered friend. Although I carried both his failing frame and the bear's carcass some twenty

miles to civilization, my haste was for naught. Doctors were unable to treat his substantial wounds and his complete loss of blood. I did the honorable thing and returned Mr. Morgan's remains to his poor widow, along with the severed head of the bear. She was so pleased by my noble efforts that she immediately accepted my marriage proposal.

A fine wife she is already proving to be. She has also proven an acceptable replacement for M. V. in the realm of mothering. My son has graciously welcomed his new mother to the team. The Fouke Family operation is functioning excellently and I am pleased and honored to be the patriarch of this noble enterprise.

This is just one more example of how every cloud can have a silver lining. In honor of our blessed union, I ask you to kindly deduct twenty five per cent (25%) from all catalogue prices.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO MY CUSTOMERS

Dr. F. Gerald Thornton

Working this job has taken a tremendous toll on my body. This is because I give every fiber of my being to the task of pleasing you. What few fibers I have left are awarded to my lovely wife, A. G. Fouke, whose simplistic beauty adequately abates the constant physical torment I am grateful to endure on your behalf. I am pleased to have such a loyal and wonderful customer base, and I AM HONORED TO GIVE SO MUCH OF MYSELF TO YOUR SATISFACTION.

Each and every spasm I have is for you. The crushing headaches, the bleeding nostrils and the intermittent vision are all aspects of my dedication to the fur trade. Though I sometimes black out and fall to the floor, it is because I am overwhelmed with good fortune. I have been blessed with the integrity to lead the greatest fur company this nation has ever known. I shall never make a decision that I have not first considered from your perspective. You have blessed us with good fortune, and in turn I WILL WORK HARD TO SEE THAT IT IS EARNED.

My personal physician and shaman, F. Gerald Thornton, urges me to rest, saying that death will surely result if I do not relax in my duties. I respect him and his trade, but I would never put a doctor's word in front of my commitment to you.

A CHALLENGE TO MY COMPETITORS

A. P. Brown,
Brown Fur Amalgamated

I am an efficient man by nature. I need no machine to make me as such, for the Lord Above has gifted me with an industrious nature unrivaled in the St. Louis area. I trust that you, too, have been gifted similarly. That is why we are more than business partners. We are kindred spirits united in the bonds of THE NOBLE TRADITION OF FUR TRAPPING.

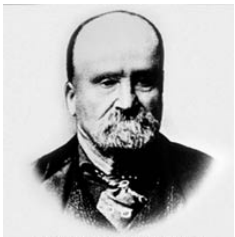
When you look at my rivals you will no doubt wonder why they need two eyes to accomplish their tasks. I, with my one good eye, readily realize twice of what they do half of. You will no doubt notice that I pass this efficiency onto you in the form of lower prices and higher payouts.

I thus ask my competition to prove their commitment to this great industry. J. F. Swanton and A. P. Brown, have you the courage to pluck out an eye for your customers? Anything less would be an insult to the millions of trappers and shippers that call this nation home and look to us for their business needs. Fur trappers and shippers, I ask that you HOLD THESE MEN TO THIS CHALLENGE. If they are not ready to serve your every whim as I am, then I ask you: are they worthy of your business? I AM HERE FOR YOU and I am willing to do whatever it takes to ensure that the Fouke Fur Company

serves your every need.

THE NEWEST FOUKE FUR COMPANY FAMILY MEMBER

In light of my recent health woes, near-constant incapacitation and the increased competition in the St. Louis region, I have taken on a new employee to serve as my second. I ask you to welcome my new Vice-President, Captain H. W. Grieves. Although this man is a relative newcomer to the fur trade, his skill, knowledge and tenacity have impressed me greatly. By his hand shall come new markets and profits for the Fouke Fur Company to seize and share with its customers. I felt that upon shaking it.


Captain H. W. Grieves

I include, unscathed, the introductory words of my newest element:

> To the customers of this outfit: I promise you continued success. Any trapper will tell you that these are interesting times for the trade. I am an interesting man.
>
> I have worked in many trades. I have gotten my hands bloody. I have never smiled and I lack the muscles with which to do so. You can take from me another promise: I will remain eternally serious about the task that I have been given by P. B. Fouke.
>
> The competition is weak and flowery. A gentle breeze shall sway them in their commitment and a strong gust shall uproot them entirely. I will act as a cyclonic wind for this outfit. I will eliminate the competition from the earth and spread the seeds of P. B. Fouke far and wide across the land.
>
> I do not know A. P. Brown by person, but I know his type. His manicured hands show no signs of sacrifice. He may claim his mind and his machines are the instruments by which he maneuvers, but neither one shall provide him any comfort when my hands are wrapped about his neck. I lament that I have only two hands with which to strangle him, but this disappointment shall be between me and my Lord.
>
> On the two occasions that I have met J. F. Swanton I was not impressed. The first time I hoisted him above my shoulders and spun him around until he evacuated upon himself. The second time I merely broke his arm in three places. A sickly cask of flesh such as he poses no challenge, yet his vile agency serves purpose in keeping the perverted souls away from our fair outfit. In that regard he may find some business left to conduct in his time.
>
> I will, however, personally tear that beard from his rotten face.
>
> And so it is.
> Captain H. W. Grieves

I welcome Mr. Grieves aboard and look forward to his efforts. Though his enthusiasm may sound positively murderous, I assure you that his violent pronouncements are merely common business metaphor.

A PARTING WORD

Any man who works hard sacrifices a part of himself. I, P. B. Fouke, work harder than any man to make the Fouke Fur Company the most outstanding and loved fur company in the nation. This

is a simple fact that any one of my hundreds of thousands of customers would gladly attest to. The competition is full of colorful proclamations and little substance. They may well believe what they are saying, but that does not render it any less false. Such men are no more than glorified footpads looking to rob you of your wealth and dignity. I promise to you respect. I PROMISE TO YOU GREATER SAVINGS AND HIGHER PAYOUTS. To prove this, I ask that you please deduct an additional seven and a half per cent (7 $\frac{1}{2}$%) from all catalogue prices. This, in addition to the above-mentioned discount. I am conducting business for a higher purpose. I'm asking you to to be a part of that purpose. And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Company.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

6.18 Wikigroaning II: The New Batch

Tuesday, Jun 19, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

It's been a really weird couple of weeks around here. The last article I put together, The Art of Wikigroaning, apparently got linked to on a bunch of blogs, a few news sites, and several fishing journals. Wikigroaning became very popular. It looks like "Dr." David Thorpe and Mark "pre" "Street Cactus" "The Late Prince of Falcons (Rest in peace, baby)" D'Arensbourg have created something truly great.

As you probably know, Wikipedia is the free encyclopedia that anybody can edit and change. If you weren't around last time, Wikigroaning is the game of finding pairs of similar Wikipedia articles – one nerdy, one not. Then, you take a look at both and see how informative, long, and complete they are. Is the nerdy one quite a bit moreso? Did you just groan audibly out of frustration, sadness or disbelief? You've just found a wikigroan!

For example:

Yamato class battleship - The largest battleships ever constructed. They were built and used during the deadliest conflict in human history.

Galaxy class starship - The entire Enterprise crew turned into animals once, but thankfully a pregnant cat saved the day. Notice that this article is much longer.

Most folks can see how this might be a fun diversion. The occasional person, though, got a bit butthurt. At least one guy posted a blog comment saying this game is ridiculous because we should be using all of our wasted time making Wikipedia articles better. I wanted to ask that guy why he was wasting his time posting blog comments about my article when he could be helping make my articles better, but I didn't feel the need to front.

After all that business happened, a whole bunch of email came in and my inbox was blowing up for days. I wanted to do a follow-up to share some of them, because lots are just fantastic. Here we go:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Achondroplasia
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Too_\protect\T2A\textdollarhort
Thanks, Joanne

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dogfighting
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Top_Gun_(film)
Thanks, Kevin

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Culture_of_Mexico
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/El_Chavo_del_Ocho
Thanks Max

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sefiroth
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sephiroth_(Final_Fantasy_VII)
Thanks, Melissa

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shadow
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shadow_the_Hedgehog
Thanks, Mike

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_War
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_of_Warcraft
Thanks, Dave

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Recall_election
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Total_Recall
Thanks, Jesse

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Krypton
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kryptonite
Thanks, Joshua

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mother
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Motherboard
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cyberchase
Thanks, Tony

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gas
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flatulence
Thanks, again Tony

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gone_with_the_Wind_(film)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Snakes_on_a_Plane
Thanks, Dan

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Teen
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Teen_Girl_Squad
Thanks, Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Feline
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Garfield
Thanks, again Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mutation
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/X-Men
Thanks, yet again Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skeletal_system
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_Skellington
Why, if it isn't Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beethoven
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metallica
Buenos dias, Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hobby
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bong
Beau's not here, man

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Space_station
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star_Trek:_Deep_Space_Nine
Live long and prosper, Beau

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eating
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rimming
What the hell, Beau?

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robotics
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robocop
Thanks, Keith

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Epic_film
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Epic_Movie
Thanks, notastalker

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Advent
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Advent_Children
Thanks, Christine

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Confucius
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yoda
Thanks, Bobby

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toad
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battletoads
Thanks again, Bobby

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meiji_period
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rouroni_Kenshin
Thanks once more, Bobby

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oedipus_Rex
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metal_Gear_REX
Bobby!!!

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beowulf_(hero)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/He-Man
That's Bobby for you!

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Existential_quantifier
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Something_Awful
Okay, get the hell out of here, Bobby.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Extracurricular_activity
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Psychoactive_drug
Thanks, Curtis

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Voltaire
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Voltron
Thanks, Lee

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Multiple_personality_disorder
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fight_Club_(film)
Thanks, Patrick

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mountain
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mountain_Dew
Thanks again, Patrick

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Plot_(narrative)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Plot_of_Naruto
Thanks, Sam

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hacker
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Backdoor
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/White_hat
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2600:_The_Hacker_Quarterly
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trojan_horse_(computing)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Encryption
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hackers_(film)
Thanks, Mike

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gun
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gundam
Thanks, Mark

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._John_the_Evangelist
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Evangelist
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Evangelion
Thanks, Jason

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_monarchs_in_the_British_Isles
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_ancient_Jedi
Thanks, Evan

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Martial_arts
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anything_Goes_Martial_Arts
Thanks, Epox

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_San_Juan_Hill
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King_of_the_Hill
Thanks, Brian

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brothers_Grimm
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grimlock
Thanks, Evan

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holland
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hollaback_Girl
Thanks, Lori

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Symphony
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Castlevania:_Symphony_of_the_Night
Thanks, Cliff

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Solar_flare
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ric_Flair
Thanks, Fab Boner

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Biblical_figures
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Characters_in_24
Thanks again, Fab Boner

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friendship
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friends
That is quite a Fab Boner

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dante_Gabriel_Rossetti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dante_(Devil_May_Cry)
Thanks, Olewithmilk

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gladiator
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/American_Gladiators
Thanks, davebug

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heavy_metals
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heavy_metal_umlaut
Thanks, Negative_Earth

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theology
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Goku
Thanks, A SPIDER BABY

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paracingulate_cortex
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Car-boat
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pope_John_VI
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wikigroaning
Damn you, Wikipedia! Damn you!

If this game has taught me anything nerdy, it's that the Wikipedia is like the Staff of Ra. It sure looks neat at first glance, but it's basically useless until you do this one certain thing with it, at which point it casts a funky new light and reveals all sorts of scary crap you didn't know about. Later on, your head melts.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.19 Nominees for the 2007 Goku Awards

Wednesday, Jun 20, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It is my great honor to have been chosen by the Goku Committee to announce the nominees for the 11th annual Goku awards for excellence in erotic fanfiction.

Each year the reclusive Goku committee of Internet celebrities and erotic fanfiction experts convenes in a private IRC room to discuss which stories written this year deserve to be honored. Once these nominees have been reduced to three per category they are submitted to the voting process to determine the winners. If you are an Goku Academy of Erotic Fanfiction member please have your ballots ready by July 2nd.

And the nominees are...

Best Interspecies Erotica The nominees for Best Interspecies Erotica are this year's finest examples of writers willing to explore one of the most forbidden taboos in their erotic fan fiction.

"Empty Nest" (Friends) - Doug Ventura

Sample: "Rachel's hungry bunghole devoured every inch and hungered for more inches. Ross covered his eyes unable to watch as the enormous dong sunk all the way up her stink pipe and almost touched her lungs. The Pterodactyl let out a screech of pleasure and dug its talons into Rachel's boobs and it hurt but she didn't care. "Yeah I love it give me that pterodactyl penis in my butt!" She grunted."

"The Pit of Pleasure" (Star Wars: Return of the Jedi) - Doris Whatley

Sample: "Blasts of hot air from its nostrils assaulted her naked body and she writhed in its grip. The huge tongue of the rancor slid across Princess Leia's swollen love thumb and she shivered with pleasure. When Jabba said she was going to be eaten she had no idea this was what he had in mind. Suddenly a stiff object poked into her butt. She looked down at the Rancor's giant penis that was eight feet long and she said, 'Welp, they don't call me Organa for nothing,' and she spread her vagina open."

"They Have a Plan" (Shrek/Battlestar Galactica) - Carolyn Davis

Sample: "Bombs away!" Donkey shouted as he exploded in Apollo's mouth. The Viper pilot recoiled from the blasts of Donkey's spunk spraying out in all directions. Yet at the same time the pleasure was undeniable. As he sunk Donkey's girthy pole all the way into his man hole he wondered if maybe he was a Cylon too."

Best Original Crossover

The nominees for Best Original Crossover are all authors that consider the current subject matter of erotic fanfiction to be well-worn and pedestrian. They explore new frontiers in their writing by embracing the full spectrum of possibilities and combinations.

"Orgasms, She Wrote" (Murder, She Wrote/Aqua Teen Hunger Force) - John F. Coleman

Sample: "Jessica Fletcher reached between her legs and spread her vagina open with a click. Err positioned himself between her legs. Jessica turned to Ignignokt and moaned, 'Do it on my face.' Ignignokt squatted over her face. 'Prepare to receive the moon on your chin.' With a 'bloop' a brown square appeared on her chin and she writhed with pleasure and bucked with 5-6 orgasms."

"A Day on the Savannah" (24/Lion King) - Jason Bush

Sample: "Jack Bauer cocked the hammer on the pistol and pressed it against Banzai's temple. 'Where did scar put the bomb?' He screamed. 'I don't know anything," Banzai replied and Jack Bauer smashed him across the face with the gun. The hyena yelped and writhed with pleasure. 'You hyenas stink so bad," Jack Bauer said with disgust, but despite the smell he had to admit he was getting a boner."

"Fahrenheit 69" (Fahrenheit 9/11/Red Dwarf) - Sara Brightbridge

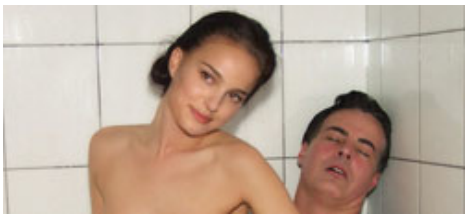
Sample: "George W. Bush resumed reading 'My Pet Goat' in an attempt to keep his mind off the naked body in his bed. 'You can't ignore me forever, Georgie Boy," Bush looked up and saw the hologram. 'Space Corps Directive 244 states that in the event of a National Emergency you should get buggered.' Bush furrowed his brow, 'I don't know...' The Hologram approached the chair on its hands and knees. 'They don't call me Rimmer for nothing, Mr. President," he panted sexily. George W. Bush grinned and threw the book to the side."

Best BDSM

The nominees for Best BDSM are authors who chose to explore the dark side of sexuality in their fiction. Their work may not appeal to all tastes, but it's impossible to deny their talent.

"Geoffrey's Revenge" (The Fresh Prince of Bel Aire) - Elaine Harris

Sample: "Geoffrey loosened the gag secured over Philip's mouth. The fat man gasped and struggled against his bonds. 'Release me this instant!' Geoffrey held a finger to his Philip's lips. 'Shhh," he hushed and then walked over to a curtain. He pulled on a drawstring and then drew the curtain away revealing a naked body tied to a bed. 'As



punishment for all these years of torture, I will now make you watch as I defile your precious daughter," Geoffrey thrust into the naked body on the bed. 'Carlton, no!" Philip cried."

"The 120 Days of Gumby" (Gumby) - Rod Reynolds

Sample: "The Marquis de Sade nodded approvingly at Gumby's engorged clay member and he urged him into the salon. Goo waited, bound tightly to a column with her little flippers and lower tuft spread apart to provide access to her blue woman hole. Shackled and unable to speak, Prickle could do nothing but watch in mute horror, his face hidden behind the porcelain mask of a fine lady that matched his dress and perfume. With a groan of ecstasy, Gumby melded his beringed prick into the vicinity of Goo's loins." "Dugout" (Doug) - Louis Spurlock

Sample: "Doug couldn't believe that the injections were working. Bud's eyes rolled open and he mumbled. Doug smiled. His old foe was utterly at his mercy. With a pocket knife Doug sliced open Bud's shirt and his newly formed D-cup boobs fell out. Bud groaned. Doug roughly squeezed one of the boobs. 'They might still be tender,' he laughed and started slicing open Bud's pants to see how things were progressing with his new vagina."

Best New Author

The authors celebrated with this nomination may not have developed into the best authors yet, but they are new to the scene and they show a lot of promise. We look forward to good things from them in the future.

Danny Arnold for "SexyTown" (LazyTown)

Sample: "Stephanie writhed in ecstasy as Ziggy unleashed thick ropey blasts of puppet cum onto her face. Sportacus grunted and unloaded a river of searing jizz up her clenching shit tunnel just as Trixie orgasmed really hard on Pixel's tongue and female ejaculated a roaring torrent of white pleasure colada all over Stephanie's huge boobs. Stephanie's boobs started spraying milk and the sight of the milk fountaining up in burning arches put Robbie Rotten over the top and he pumped megatons of molten man macadamia onto Stephanie's butt."

Alicia Murdoch for "Dale's Transforming Bug Spray" (King of the Hill)

Sample: "Peggy couldn't believe her eyes, it *was* Boomhauer, but it was also a fox. He had fox ears and a fox tale. Fox whiskers and a body covered with fox fur, but that was definitely Boomhauer's big fat dick. Peggy fell to her knees instantly, loving the feeling of a big dick in her face hole. The dick went in and out of her mouth in a blowjob form. After a while Boomhauer orgasmed and said, "got-that-dang-old-what-you-gonna-got-it-right-there-dropping-a-big-old-here-it-whew." Just then Bobby walked in but he was halfway turned into a cat and he had a big boner too."

Jordan Jordan for "My Wife Trinity" (The Matrix)

Sample: "Trinity brought me the beer and she handed it to me. Let me see your butt I said and she turned around and bent over and I saw her butt and it was nice. Okay, let me see your uterus I said and she turned around and bent backwards so I could see up her uterus. Okay, let me see your boobs I said and they were small but nice so I licked them. I licked the left one eight times and the right one nine times. Then I said I have a boner and she said okay and she put it in her uterus and it was a good orgasm and she orgasmed twice before me and then once more as I orgasmed and her boobs got bigger. That was the one I said and just then agents broke into my house."

Congratulations to all of the nominees this year! Good luck and remember, just because you were not honored does not mean you should stop trying to create the best erotic fanfiction possible. Go out there and make those dreams come true!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.20 YouTubery! Vlog Spotlight: Fluttershy

Thursday, Jun 21, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A few weeks ago, I was at the marvelous Something Awful Estate in beautiful Grand Rapids, Michigan, doing a few laps in our famous grenade-shaped pool with fellow writer Evan "Pantsfish" Wade. I was winning - of course - but not due to the usual trick of using a stream of urine to propel myself forward at an alarming rate. Evan couldn't keep his eyes off of The World's Only Floating Laptop, leaving me the victor in our deadly game of Manatee. I floated over to Evan, dusting the celebratory confetti off of my shoulders, to find out what distracted him from our manly competition. "Vlogs," he told me, tilting The World's Only Floating Laptop screen, where I saw a YouTube video of what looked like an animated bean bag chair talking about today's trip to the grocery store. "This would make a great update," I told Evan, calling security on the PoolPhone™ to have him removed from company property. And that is why I am here today.

Artist's rendering of Fluttershy (Joke Copyright 2007 by The Internet Humor Council)

With the Internet, first came the blogs. They were mostly harmless, and used primarily by people looking for a day-by-day validation of their terrible lifestyles by online friends who were most likely planning to rape them. But as terrible as someone's writing was, and as pathetic as their life could possibly be, the benefit of blogs was that you didn't actually have to see the person behind the Asperger's Syndrome. Aside from a 100 by 100 pixel avatar, the true face of Internet loserdom was masked by garish color choices and Comic Sans MS. Vlogs changed all of this. Vlogs are the retarded fake TV shows you made with your friends when you were eight, except put on the Internet and produced by people old enough to run for President. And, as is with the nature of the Internet, the worst possible people complete with crippling accents, innovative speech impediments, and disarming ignorance have vlogs. These are the same people who lack the communication skills to successfully order a pizza.

To fully understand the vlog menace, we must examine a vlogger. Enter Fluttershy (this line will be a lot funnier when you see how fat she is). It's true that she's no worse than any other vlogger on YouTube; to test my theory, go to the YouTube front page, click any link, and get ready to experience a strange new feeling that is a mix of hatred, anger, and embarrassment which the Germans call *das yutuben*. But through her vlogs, Fluttershy is a prime example of why vlogging is the worst thing on the entire fucking planet. I'm also using her as an example because making fat jokes is really easy.

Meet the "Little" Lady, Just Kidding, She's Huge

It's important to state right now that Something Awful is not responsible for any damage you inflict upon your monitor while you read this update. If you wish to take out your Fluttershy-related aggression, keep a small animal or wife nearby. That being said, welcome to Fluttershy. All 900 pounds of her. The smirks, the put-on baby voice, the faux whimsy; it's all evidence of someone whose last good memory took place in the early 1980s in front of an ice cream truck. And yet she hangs onto those rocket pop dreams by emulating a six year old for all of the Internet to see. There's a Baby Huey joke in there somewhere, but I'll be damned if I can find it.

Take note of Fluttershy's penchant for playfulness with her world-famous "glasses sketch." Did you

know George Lucas himself approached Fluttershy after seeing the digital manipulation in this video? In fact, if you look closely during the last five seconds, you can see Han Solo trip over Fluttershy's tail! Bonus: Add your own questions to the does she/doesn't she game. (Ex. "Does she have to wipe herself with a store-bought apparatus?" "Does she have explosive bedsores?")

Tears of a Clown, A Really Fat Clown

What you just saw was Fluttershy's most-used vlogging technique, "pretending to cry over YouTube videos." A feature prevalent in most of her vlog response vlogs (this gets complicated so stay with me here), she uses crying to springboard into more chances to talk about herself. I imagine she just thinks of a world without Lane Bryant or escalators, and the tears start a-flowin'. But really, we learn nothing from this video that we could have guessed from seeing a brief wide pan of her body. Her soulmates are two cats, you say? Why, the next thing you'll tell me is that she owns the collected works of Neil Gaiman and has several denim jackets with Winnie the Pooh on them, purchased from The Disney Store! It's inconceivable.

At this point, you may be thinking, "Wait a minute, Bob. Aren't you being a little hard on this gentle giant, this clown of the sea?" You would be correct in thinking this, if not for two reasons. 1.) I can't show you all of the best Fluttershy videos (which would make you hate her even more), not because of Internet harassment regulations, but because she's made it impossible for these videos to be embedded elsewhere. 2.) Because of this, a simple article about making fun of an Internet loser has been made ten times harder to write, making me hate her that much more. But don't let this stop you from leaving the front page to listen to her Internet-famous "I Am the Fat Girl" poem, or see her cry about dolphins, or even to watch her prove how she peaked in childhood. There are even some Fluttershy vlogs you can check out where she acts like a giant infant, guzzles chocolate milk, and creates cartoons with webcam software to showcase her obsession with high school drama. What you do with your downtime is your own business. But I've at least linked to the videos in the headings of this article just in case someone got their oversized novelty panties in a bunch over being made fun of on the Internet. For now, let's move forward, something Fluttershy hasn't been able to do without the use of a downward slope since 1996.

A Shocking Relevation That's Fat

When you heard the first line of this vlog, your initial reaction should have been to scream and jump through the nearest plate glass window. Then, you probably thought, "Wait, there's no way that much mass could occupy a single space." At last, you decided, "Holy shit, I've really let myself go." Will I personally ever get close enough to smell Fluttershy's hair? The answer, sadly, is no. I can go out and stick my head in the dumpster of a local McDonald's, which would produce the same effect, but I'll still miss out on feeling bad about calling her fat and worthless over the Internet. And if I looked in her eyes, I wouldn't see the reflection of the moon, but I would see the dead pupils of someone still thinking of the ultimate comeback for the time when someone yanked her sweatpants down during an eigth grade social studies class. Even if she is me, we disagree on the fundamental fact that she's a waste of flesh whose mass could easily be divided to create five healthy, non-vlogging people.

Much like the how fun-size Snickers bars and marshmallow fluff in Fluttershy's cereal bowl stick together, so do Internet vloggers. In fact, she has quite the armada of Internet white knights at her beck and call, waiting to strike with a defensive manueveur whenever someone insults her over the Internet. I am preparing a moat at this moment, filled with public social situations: the greatest monster any vlogger could ever face.

But sometimes these vloggers fall for the fair lass. Is there romance in the air, or did Fluttershy just eat a box of nearby potpourri? By now you should know the answer.

God Don't Make No Trash, But He Does Make Fat People

First of all, was there some recent government program where millions of webcams were dropped via parachute over The South? The only reason I ask is because I've seen countless vlogs featuring camo vests, deep woods, a version of English hundreds of years behind what we speak today, and a pervasive stupidity that is unique to the "barefoot" regions of America. But I guess it makes sense that The South finally hopped on the Internet when a version of it came out that didn't require literacy. Take our pal, "sscol96," for example. Behind his fetching hat and adorable use of the phrase "you was" lies a man with a fourth grade education who is completely smitten with Fluttershy. From the looks of his location, he's either in the middle of a militia standoff with federal agents or he has to run out to the woods and hide from his wife whenever he wants to make videos for fat girls on the Internet. And behind all that talk of molestation and grumpy stepdads is the burning desire to chill with this siren gigantress of the Internet. Notice the stammering, sheepish offer to meet with Fluttershy sometime in the future around the 5:50 mark? sscol96 would give Fluttershy the denim shirt off of his back if he could, which I guess she could use as a napkin or something.

The (Fat) Puppetmaster

I was shocked to learn that Fluttershy doesn't keep such a close circle of Internet friends due to her size and pull of gravity alone; she also bribes them. YouTube user thesmiths1013 was sent a very special gift from Fluttershy, and for the occasion she put on her dressiest sweatsuit (I bet there are sequins or puffy paint lurking somewhere offscreen) and dusted her studio apartment. Does making your small child watch videos of Fluttershy on the Internet constitute as child abuse? Probably not - though it will if Proposition 405 passes - but withholding food and backhanding them until they stop calling Fluttershy "the big huge computer lady" while on camera will definitely make it so the next time thesmiths1013 can talk to her child about Fluttershy, it'll be through a thick iron mesh. And if you don't think thesmiths1013 is an unfit mother, just listen to all of that squawking in the background; either she's a crazy bird lady, or she broke into The San Diego Zoo for the purposes of this vlog. What really matters here is that creepy gift: note the feeling of awkwardness when thesmiths1013 realizes that Fluttershy sent her child a bear *named Fluttershy*. Really, she could have just sent the kid a bag a mulch with a smiley face drawn on it in magic marker and it would have been a more appropriate Lil' Fluttershy.

At this point I was going to move on to talk about one of Fluttershy's vlog pals, whose look could best be described as "Fairuza Balk after being bludgeoned to death with a shovel." In a closed-casket-funeral act of sanity, however, she has also made it so her vlogs can't be embedded in other web pages. So in the interest of human decency, maybe it's time to show that, just like all of us, Fluttershy is capable of finding love. And she does it in her own special way by meeting men from the Internet and planning a marriage in another country after only knowing them in person for five days.

Phat (Fat) Jamz

This is a song I wrote for my son when he was in the hospital
I took him to the hospital because sick people go to hospitals
I bought him a lion but he was scared of the lion and I said it's a nice lion
The nurse brought him Jell-O and he ate the Jell-O it was green

Jesus Christ, Eric Clapton didn't write a song half this annoying and his kid fell out of a fucking building. But what does this have to do with Fluttershy? Well, piperben66 just happens to be Fluttershy's beau! Obviously, Fluttershy believes in idealistic fantasies like true love and living past 40; why else would she pay the obscene funds needed to rent a dropship to carry her to Scotland where she would meet the man of her non-pastry related dreams? From my estimations, Fluttershy first fell for piperben66 when she heard his songs and believed he was singing to her, as if she was his own special little mega-angel. But what of Ben, this man of which we know nothing? Is he Fluttershy's "Mr. Right?" Will he give her backrubs and make the multiple daily White Castle

runs necessary to keep her massive frame alive and happy? Well, this English "blokechap" has to troll for fat chicks in other countries *using the Internet*, so that should give you some idea about his character. And from checking out his Vlogs you can clearly see an obsession with polar bears, making it obvious why he wants to stick his Piccadilly Circus into Fluttershy.

As with every part of her life, Flutteryshy has documented her stay in Scotland, terrifying YouTube users around the globe with her quiet desperation. Through her YouTube videos, you can see a woman who has never received attention is her life - not counting all of the angry buffet employees. She's posted a few vlogs with her lumpy boyfriend, showcasing her preteen reaction to attention from the opposite sex as well as her inability to move her head more than three inches away from a certain Internet crooner. And if you're no stranger to pure animal fear, just look into piperben66's eyes; what was originally a plan to gain supplies for a giant woman skin suit has turned into "OH SHIT OH SHIT I'M IN OVER MY HEAD" Just look at this parting video: Ben's words may say "This is sadder than the series finale of Friends!" but his body language says "JESUS CHRIST JUST LEAVE AND QUIT PRETENDING YOU MISSED YOUR FLIGHT YOU LOVE-STARVED COW!" Fluttershy's use of music and editing in this video also show that she knows nothing about healthy adult relationships outside of what she's seen on the Hallmark Movie Channel.

A Few Fat Final Words

By this point, many of you probably think I've gone too far with my mockery of Fluttershy. After all, who am I to talk? Even though I don't need a special seat at the movie theater, I am an Internet comedy writer. This is a profession that you don't see covered very often in *Sassy* or *Tiger Beat*. I'm no prize pig, myself - and I'm not even a prize pig on the inside like Fluttershy. Evan "Pantsfish" Wade, who refuses to do Internet communication through any other medium now, sent me this vlog a few days ago trying to make that point. I'm not sure what got into him, but if he was camping like he said he was chances are it cost $50 an eighth and came from a guy named Julio in a Texas Roadhouse parking lot.

Whatever the case, if you should have learned anything from today's update, it's this: We're all fat on the *inside*. Because this is where your body stores fat.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.21 The Great American Reach Around - Florida, New Orleans, and Germany

Friday, Jun 22, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

This week in the Great American Reach Around we will complete our long tour of the South by visiting two of that region's most unusual states. Florida is a state divided between the Deep South of its Panhandle and Heartland regions and the tourist-friendly metrosexual paradise of Southern Florida. Both version of Florida can be fun or scary, depending on where you end up and who you end up there with.

We'll also be heading to Louisiana for a look at that creepy Creole realm of Voodoo, pirate ghosts (or is that ghost pirates?) and derelict refrigerators. As many of you may have surmised from watching anything over 30 seconds of TV in 2005, Louisiana has fallen on hard times, and the city of New Orleans is still far away from a full recovery.

Achtung! Our foreign representatives this week hail from the fatherland, bringing us two heaping servings of Deutschland. Tech will be giving us a tour of his historic home city of Darmstadt and Funky_Faultier will be showing off the town of Mayen, where precisely nothing happens. You hillbillies out there will be given the rare opportunity to see how hillbillies in Europe live.

If the states of the Deep South are the oddball states of the Union, then Louisiana and Florida are the oddball states of the oddballs. Generalizing states and entire regions of the United States

is antithetical to the purpose of this entire project, but the rest of the South seems downright homogenous compared to these two schizophrenic pariahs.

We begin this week's adventure in the state of Florida, home to Walt Disney, the swampy Everglades, alligators, air boats, and Don Johnson in a powder-blue blazer. If you are an avid political hound then try to suppress the urge to grind your teeth you feel each time you hear or read the word "Florida". They're not deciding the outcome of an election. Yet.

Miami, Florida

Legend has it that famed explorer Ponce de León was searching for the Fountain of Youth in 1513 when he discovered the Island of Florida. He met with little success in finding the Fountain of Youth, but he returned to Florida in 1521 with a batch of armed colonists ready to set up shop. He was quickly run off by volleys of native arrows and he retreated to Cuba where he perished from arrow holes.

If only Ponce had known what Walt Disney knew he might have avoided death-by-arrow and created a happy and prosperous colony. Disney's trick to avoiding volleys of arrows in Florida was to quietly buy unwanted swampland through a variety of dummy corporations and holding companies. Once you have acquired enough land you announce your venture and build a city-state with an economy based on people in animal costumes. No, not Furcadia; Disney World!

Beyond the ominously nondescript Reedy Creek Improvement District, where Disney exercises real government control over the inhabitants, the city of Orlando has become a Mecca for tourism dollars. The subtropical climate of Florida and the lure of Disney World have colluded to provide a year-round infusion of tax dollars to the area.

A giant anthropomorphic mouse is not the only terrifying thing living in Florida. Thousands of retirees relocate to Florida every year to enjoy their sunset years in a planned community. They putter around in their high pants, reminding the youth of Florida that all good things come to an end. Sometimes they can even come to an end on the golf course, when an unlucky soul drops a birdie into a water hazard and end up in a death roll with an alligator at the bottom of Lake Titlist.

One of the most famous terrain features of Florida is the Florida Everglades. The Everglades are basically persistent floodwaters from Lake Okeechobee that slowly creep around as a giant marshland amoeba. Where this amoeba roves come more alligators and all manner of interesting wildlife that probably needs to be exterminated.

Unfortunately, people keep adding new animals to the Everglades, resulting in the spread of fun

species like the Burmese Python. You will note the word "Burmese" before the word "Python". Burmese is not a part of Florida, these snakes were released by pet owners and it turns out that they like the same climate as old Jewish people. Possible relation? I'll let this week's foreign correspondents decide!

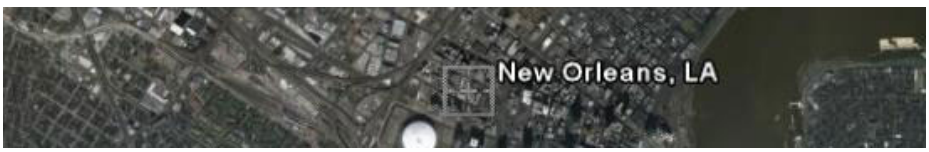
Residents of the Everglades area tend to embody the rural Floridian with gusto, speaking in strange slang and spear-fishing frogs from the backs of air boats. For those of you unfamiliar, air boats are basically a big sled combined with a really big fan. These are used to get around the Everglades because the water there is sometimes less than a foot deep and can be filled with dangerous hazards. In case you were wondering, frogs are these little green amphibious animals that people really shouldn't be eating regardless of what the French and Floridians claim.

Like it or not, the city of Miami is the cultural center of Florida. It encompasses everything good and bad about the state and ties it up in a glowing bow that pulses to the bass hits of a techno remix of a Shania Twain song. Miami is sultry and infused with an irresistible Latin beat that comes courtesy of Miami's enormous Cuban immigrant population. Miami is also one of the gayest cities in the United States, as if to say to the rest of the Deep South, "We ain't y'all's grandma's South, breeder!" This also gives morons like Pat Robertson or Jerry Falwell (God rest his sweet soul) a reason to point and squeal whenever Florida is struck by a hurricane.

Miami's South Beach area, one of the oldest tourist destinations in the United States, has developed into one of this country's hottest club scenes. If you want to see booties shake and hear the best DJs (I have no idea what this even means) then you should hit the bars and discos that populate the seaside strip.

Be warned, if you require liquid courage to pick up a woman then South Beach is best avoided. You'll bring her back to the hotel thinking she's a goddess and wake up next to her and realize she's Hephaestus, balls and all. Gender ambiguity is a small price to pay to get to hear the best DJs in the world.

No, I still haven't figured out what that means.



New Orleans, Louisiana

Even before Hurricane Katrina struck Louisiana it was one of the feeblest states of the United States. It is stricken with poverty, exploited by big business with little local benefit, and it ranks consistently near the bottom in almost every metric used to judge public wellbeing. Unlike its next door neighbor Mississippi, Louisiana has a trump card. It has New Orleans.

I have visited New Orleans – Nawlins to locals, and I'm not a local - five times in my life, from childhood to whatever stunted form of adulthood I currently enjoy. Each time I visited I found something new to love. Straight away, take everything you know about New Orleans from Girls Gone Wild videos and throw it out with the bad gumbo. Lifting your shirts for beads is fine, but New Orleans is so complexly seedy that to think those bared bosoms and beads have become it most

enduring image is a little depressing.

New Orleans is hot and sultry, like a big, gross, beery French kiss all over your body. It is the birthplace of jazz and gumbo. It is surrounded by swamps and plantations and legendary pirates. It has inspired much better writers than yours truly to wax poetic for their entire careers.

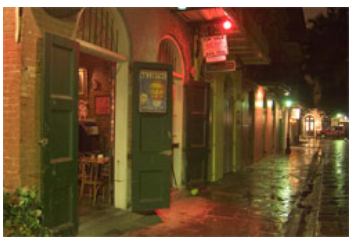
It is also home to everything Cajun and the homeland of the Creole people. Creole people can be white, black, or often somewhere in between like a good cup of coffee. Creole people are like everyone else, but they proudly speak some weird French, have funny accents, and they make you gently aware that they enjoy life more than you possibly could.

The French Quarter, the city's tourist centerpiece, is the exact opposite in almost every way of Florida's Disney World. Disney sprang up unbidden in the middle of nowhere to offer clean-cut fun for the whole family. The French Quarter is ancient, reveling in its sepulchral creepiness, and its reputation is as organic as the churned bones in one of its above-ground graveyards.

The French Quarter is literally in the midst of some of New Orleans' poorest neighborhoods, and doughy travelers in khaki shorts are warned to beware the danger lurking around every corner at night. I never saw any danger in my visits, but the sense of impending doom is real. It's there in the skulls and voodoo shops and it's reflected in the broken bottles topping brick walls as ersatz barbed wire.

The French Quarter resembles a post apocalyptic Parisian neighborhood, with decaying balconies and tiny bars where you can hear the distinctive notes of "House of the Rising Sun" or "Beale Street Blues" drifting into the booze-stained bricks of Bourbon Street. Strip clubs, tiny hotels, shrimp shacks, and a convenience store selling bootleg t-shirts can all share a single block with a high-end art gallery and a miniature museum. The money that flows into the French Quarter means attempts have been made to tame it, by government and businesses, but these attempts have rarely succeeded.

Beyond the French Quarter, which survived Hurricane Katrina almost completely intact, the city of New Orleans is still in critical condition. Cleanup efforts are still incomplete as thousands of homeowners struggle to decide whether to repair, rebuild, or vacate, often in the midst of absolute financial ruin. Predatory land buyers have swooped into the poorer neighborhoods in an attempt to oust the owners en masse and create shining and bland developments for the legions of people like me in love with New Orleans, but too afraid to live there.



Those staying behind have endured the hardships with their Cajun black humor intact. In late 2005 and throughout 2006 one of the symbols that New Orleans was taking halting steps forward was the number of graffiti-covered refrigerators showing up on streets. As residents moved back they found their appliances ruined by flooding. By the hundreds, the rusting hulks of dead technology appeared along roadsides. Garbage collection failed to resume in an organized fashion and the numbers of derelict refrigerators continued to grow, threatening some sort of Punky Brewster playtime lesson apocalypse.

The refrigerators became another symbol of the embarrassing breakdown in civilization and residents

began to use them as billboards. Some sought to send a message, most just wanted to try to bring a little levity to the nightmare. Refrigerators could be found with elaborate faces or designs or something like "free gumbo inside" written on them to jokingly entice people to endure the stench. Sometimes they were addressed like a package to be mailed to FEMA director Mike Brown or one of many other government officials being partially blamed for the disaster.

These days the fridges are gone from the streets, but some can still be found in the Lower 9th Ward in an industrial area, thousands of them, row after row, like big, dumb, useless monuments to failure.

New Orleans' modern downtown area was heavily damaged by Katrina, but it was not allowed to fall into the chaos that consumed so much of the city. The downtown's relative survival is one of the most unusual and creepy anecdotes surrounding Hurricane Katrina. In the days immediately following the Hurricane order throughout most of the city disintegrated. Police were abandoning their posts, sometimes to participate in looting, and rumors of brutal murders (usually untrue) were perpetuated through the media. The National Guard was unable to get a handle on the situation as State and Federal officials continued to dance incompetently around the need for response and the size of the response.

Journalists and locals witnessing this tumultuous situation began to notice something new to find odd: there were guys with automatic rifles driving around in SUVs with no agency shield. It was soon revealed that American mercenary firm Blackwater USA deployed over 150 men to New Orleans to "secure client assets" and provide ground-level security.

The question that remains unanswered to this day is who initially sent them down there. Mercenaries interviewed claimed it was the Department of Homeland Security investing them with the authority of peace keepers. To back up this assertion, many of the mercenaries wore clothing that identified them as Louisiana law enforcement. Blackwater itself claims that it went at the request of clients, but the clients it claims to have been protecting were not employing Blackwater until after their men arrived in town.

Maybe they were just there for the jazz and the gumbo.

I wonder what those pesky Germans are going to have to say! Let's find out.

Tech

Darmstadt, Germany

Germany. Located bang in the middle of western Europe, thus surrounded by nine neighboring states. Apparently this is of little help when you start waging war against the rest of the world. Yes, I am going there - I am starting an article about my country right at its greatest weak spot: Whenever you find yourself disagreeing with a German just casually mention the words "jews", "gas", "war", "Hitler" and "scat porn" in any given order and they will not only have lost the argument by default, they will also be apologizing profusely to you for crimes neither you nor them had anything to do with while silently hating you.

Yes, Germany had a major part in World War I and straight out started World War II, but trust me, you don't have to tell us. We know. Democratic Germany is so scared of looking like a aggressor that in case the Polish decided to invade Germany on horseback they would most likely reach France, and invade them too within a week because no German would dare to lay hands on them. This is what the inhabited guilt of two world wars does to you.

But let us leave behind us what lies in the past and look at Germany as it exists today. Most of you may still know us as "the Krauts", a term that basically translates into "the cabbages". Some people argue that this is a cheap shot at our head of government's hairstyle but if you investigate carefully, you will notice that the expression has been around longer than our Chancellor Angela Merkel. Kraut isn't being consumed very often by the average German though. Were you looking for typical German food you would most likely find sausages ("Wurst"), kebab ("Döner Kebab") and pizza ("Pizza", duh). The latter two were introduced by immigrants from Turkey and Italy so if you like stereotypes, go ahead and call us "the Wursts". At least we can then call you "the Fatty McBurgers".

The legal drinking age in Germany is 16 for beer and 18 for liquor so fun times are to be had by all. We Germans love our beer and depending on the region, different kinds of beer are prefered. Instead of crappy Miller Lite, in Darmstadt we drink our local beer which is very appropriately named Darmstädter.

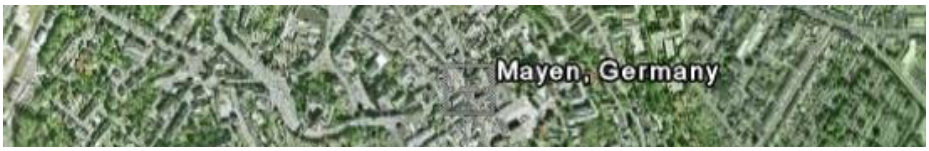
Darmstadt is a medium-sized city in the southern part of Germany. The name translates into "Bowelcity". We used to have a lot of American soldiers here but these days they seem to be needed elsewhere. What will we do without their protection if the communists from the east invade? The remaining Americans mainly keep to themself, the best way to spot them is hanging out at certain spots on the weekends and watching out for people who are too drunk to walk. Apparently Americans aren't used to real alcohol.

Darmstadt also sports a university renowned for its technical and engineering degrees, which means

that there are quite a lot of university students populating the town and that most of them are guys. The male engineering students try to recruit their girlfriends/booty from the non-technical study courses like architecture and sociology, but there are not enough to go around. Some of the more snobby clubs around town will therefore kick you to the curb if you turn up with an all-guy group and demand entry to consume their overpriced alcoholic beverages and show off your awesome dancing skills you got off youtube-videos of twelve-year-olds doing the cripwalk.

Pop-culture in Germany is influenced by America quite a bit, although most people don't really realize that their lifestyle is dictated by crazy imperialist pigs who like to flood countries with their McDonald's, Subway and Starbucks franchises once they have bombed their capitals into oblivion. At least 50% of shows and movies shown on TV are imported and dubbed. Yeah, we get Desperate Housewives too, thanks for that. In the 90's, MTV program was aired in English. Around 2000, it had subs. These days we get to enjoy crappy shows like MTV's NEXT! fully dubbed which makes it even worse. Douchebags in Germany also like to wear pink Lacoste polos and pop their collars.

In conclusion, living in Germany probably isn't very different from living in any western European country. The difference to the USA is that we do not try to build everything as huge as possible and up until now, only half of our population are overweight due to fast food consumption and lack of exercise. I will close with a startling revelation: Germans do not love scat porn. I was unaware of this myth until I stumbled upon certain allegations on the INTERNETS. As one of the world's leading exporting nations we have to cater to certain foreign needs, I guess.



Funky_Faultier

Mayen, Germany

Mayen... maybe the most boring town of Germany. Located in the Eifel which is the place where Germany has its rednecks. It is like its own country, in the country.

We have a classic castle in the middle of the town and there are others just some kilometers around. It is a great place to do vacations. When you don´t want to see anybody, just walk about 15 minutes in any direction and you will find deep wood where you can walk for hours.

If you like cars, this is Germany's place to be. The Nuerburgring is just 20km away. You can see exotic cars on almost everyday of the week. Also seeing 18 year old kids crashing Daddy's Audi TT can be fun. In Mayen itself you can see one of the biggest collections of ugly riced up VW Golfs in Germany.

One of Germany's biggest homes for difficult children is also located in Mayen. It is like Hogwarts, just with more fist fights.

The majority of the people here are old and/or farmer, because young people don´t want to stay here. There are not many jobs, public transportation is bad and when you don´t like to get wasted in a marquee or a cheap disco with a following punchfest every weekend, this is not your place to live.

When you like to know something about the people who live here, be prepared to drink a lot of "Bitburger"-beer, because: Most of them are against everything that is foreign, even if you are a German from another town or city. Don´t mistake their fear of everything foreign with racism. They aren´t racist, you just have get warm with them (don´t try to make a funny Germans = Hitler/Nazi joke, or you risk a punch in your face).

If you want to now more about a person from the "Eifel" you can try it when they are drunk. They will tell you the most awesome stories. From drunken pursuits with the police to other nice encounters. Soccer is always a good choice to start a conversation. You see, every social encounter has something to do with alcohol.

We also have got some kinds of small "scenes":
Punk scene: Kids from the age 15-18 who wear shirts with "Che" and "Fuck Bush", with rich or middle/upper class parents.
Goth scene: See above, just with fatter kids.
Gangstas: The rest from these (15-18) kids.

The main job of our mayor is to pose on at least 10 of 15 pictures in our local newspaper, every week.

Once in a year the Nuerburgring becomes the Mecca of Germanys Rock loving audience. For me and about 80.000 other people this is one of the best happenings all the year.

Thanks to fellow Goon **Jaicy** for making the photos.

Thanks for sticking with me through another installment of the Great American Reach Around. We have nearly reached around all the way to the end, so stay tuned for the final installments. If you have any complaints or comments you can always send me a message. I promise you, I read them all!

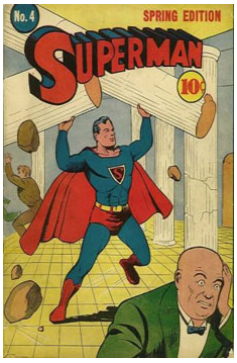
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.22 Comic Corner: The Golden Age Of Superman

Saturday, Jun 23, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome to Comic Corner, a new semi-regular feature devoted to comic books, webcomics, and various soups and stews. You might recall a recent series of articles that looked back at the greatest comic book appearances of recently deceased heroes. Those updates lead to the creation of Comic Corner as an outlet for all sorts of fresh and original articles about comics, so naturally this first installment is just going to rip them off and focus on Superman's finest adventures in the Golden Age.

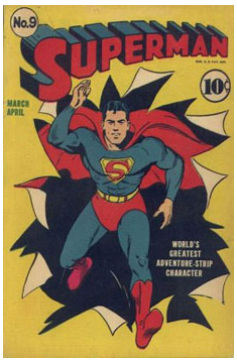
I know what you're thinking. Superman isn't dead. DC would never be crazy enough to kill him, or bring him back from the dead with a stupid new outfit and stupider powers and say that the changes were seriously 100% permanent, then change him back to his old self but with a bad haircut. And you're totally right. This is Superman we're talking about, though, the prototypical superhero. We don't need an excuse to remember his greatest Golden Age appearances.



"Superman Versus OCD"
Superman Vol. 1 #4

When Lois catches Superman using heat vision to cleanse his hands ten times in a row every hour on the hour, she checks him into a clinic for Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. Can the man of steel defeat his own inner demons?

Doctor Zweebil: Please, stop rearranging those pillars! You've done quite enough!
Superman: Don't mention it, sir, it's no problem! I just can't seem to find the right spot for each one. Sometimes I get them all where they should be except the last one, but then that means the others are in the wrong place. I want to make them right. I must make them right.



"Fighting Out Of A Paper Bag"
Superman Vol. 1 #9

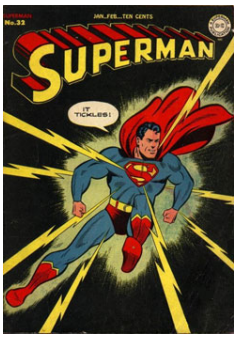
As Superman moves in to apprehend a pair of criminal masterminds, they express doubt over his superhuman abilities, going so far as to wager that he can't fight his way out of a giant paper bag. If he can do it, they promise to change their evil ways and live the rest of their lives as lawful citizens.

Superman: There! I told you I could do it! Busted right through.... hey! Where the heck are they?
The Amazing Paper Bag: ARRGH! How can my life as a crimefighter end like this? I'm too young to die!

"Keeping Up With The Joneses"
Superman Vol. 1 #19

Taking advantage of Superman's kindness may benefit you in the short term, but in the long term when you tell people about it at dinner parties you might accidentally think about what you did and feel sort of bad for a minute or two. BEWARE!

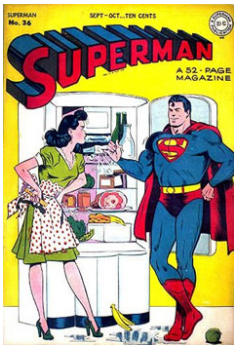
Superman: Sir, I'm happy to help but I'm not sure this is an emergency.
Mr. Jones: Of course it is! Our vacation would be ruined if you weren't here to carry our car to Reno!
Superman: I don't know how to break it to you, but I can't keep doing this every day. Crime and accidental deaths have through the roof in the last few weeks that I've been doing this. Eventually you'll need to buy tires for your car.
Mr. Jones: Can't you buy them and put them on? Isn't that something you should do?
Superman: Not really, sir. No.
Mr. Jones: Don't you have to do it if we yell for your help?



"The Electrotickle Generator"
Superman Vol. 1 #32

What exactly does Dr. Tickle's Electrotickle Generator do, and why has Tickle Incorporated fully funded his experiments?

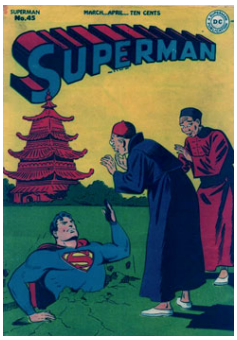
Superman: Wowzers, what an incredible machine you've built, Dr. Tickle! What is it?
Dr. Tickle: I call it the Electrotickle Generator. It combines my thirty years of study in the fields of electricity and tickle research. The Electrotickle Generator generates a unique form of electricity that focuses on a target and... why don't you see for yourself?
Superman: Hey! Now I have an extra vertebrae!
Dr. Tickle: Huzzah, it works!



"How Superman Spends His Days Off"
Superman Vol. 1 #36

With all the problems going on across the globe you'd think that Superman never gets a rest, but this issue proves otherwise! See how the man of steel spends his free time!

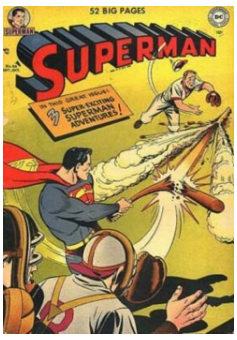
Superman: *Ooops.* Looks like I dropped another jar, Lois. Heh. Heh.
Lois: Will you stop already? Please close that refrigerator door, you've been holding it open all morning!
Superman: Whatever. When you're done cleaning all this up, come to the bathroom. I'll be lounging against the sink and squeezing a tube of toothpaste onto the carpet.



"Superman's Power Of Flight Is Reversed In China"
Superman Vol. 1 #45

A trip to China has Superman down... literally! Will the inexplicable reversal of his flight power leave him six feet under?

Superman: So it's been opposite day all along, and this has nothing to do with China?
Cio-Cio San: No!
Superman: *(spits out a mouth full of noodles)* A-wha?
Everyone: Hahaha!



"The Corked Bat"
Superman Vol. 1 #66

When Superman's bat breaks during the World Series, his bid for a spot in the Baseball Hall Of Fame is thrown into jeopardy!

Umpire: This bat has been corked!
Superman: Is that not allowed?
Umpire: No.
Superman: Well then, it's not my cork. I mean, it is, but I was just keeping it in my bat because I was going to cork some wine bottles later and I don't have any pockets to hold the cork. I had no idea that putting cork in a bat makes the ball go further.
Umpire: There's cocaine in here too.
Superman: Is that not allowed?

"Superman Versus Perry Como"
Superman Vol. 1 #67

No lady can resist the romantic crooning of Perry Como, including Lois Lane! How can Superman possibly compete with this ladies' man?

Perry Como: *(singing)* Ooooh sweetheart, my ladybird, my hooooneypieeee....
Lois Lane: Oh, Perry! You're the dreamiest!
Superman: That Perry Como fella sure boils my blood, but I can't punch him in the schnoz for singing. I know how to handle him! Let's see that jerk try to romance Lois when her face is covered in bruises.

10¢
SUPERMAN
The NEW LIFE of SUPER-MERMAN!
GOODBYE, LOIS! I'VE CHANGED MY NAME TO MERMAN! SO I CAN JOIN MY BELOVED MERMAID AND HER PEOPLE UNDER THE SEA!
SUPERMAN AND LOIS WILL BE HAPPY AT LAST! NOW IN THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC / I'VE LOST HIM FOREVER!

"Rendering Aquaman Completely Useless"
Superman Vol. 1 #139

Superman ditches Lois for a sizzling hot mermaid, using one of his little-known powers to transform his legs and reproductive organs into lumpy scales and a fish tail even though he could effortlessly propel himself through the water as he does through the air. Will his new life under the sea with a fishy vixen be everything he hoped for?

Fisherman: You won't believe the size of the bastard I reeled in the other day.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.23 Candy Land: A Violent History

Sunday, Jun 24, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Chapter 1: In the Beginning

In the beginning, King Kandy created Candy Land, and he saw that it was delicious. He dipped his finger into the Molasses Swamp and snagged a few shingles from the Crooked Old Peanut Brittle House, and generally had a pretty good time. But then he got bored, and like usual when King Kandy gets bored, he decided to set up a situation where there would be lots of killing.

He created two candy beings. One was a peppermint stick, and the other was a purple gumdrop. He was pretty proud of creating them, but then something terrible happened. They got along really well. There wasn't the slightest sign that they hated each other.

So King Kandy went to the peppermint stick and said "You see all of Candy Land, from the Ice Cream Floats to the Lollipop Woods? This all belongs to you and I only like you. And the purple gumdrop said that peppermint is for pansies."

Then he went to the purple gumdrops and he said "Wherever a path of different colored squares goes through my creation, that is yours to keep. Also you should hate peppermint. Just trust me on this one."

And so peppermint and gumdrop never spoke again. They went their separate ways and somehow had lots of peppermint and gumdrop kids. The gumdrops chose a red square right around the center of Candy Land and built a great temple to King Kandy just to show off how cool they were.

Chapter 2: Bad Things Begin To Happen

According to the laws and rules of Candy Land, set forth in the divine Candy Land How-To-Play Booklet, every citizen must draw a card every once in a while to decide how things would go for them until they drew the next card. One of the gumdrops, many years after the temple was built, happened to pull out the card of Queen Frostine. Queen Frostine immediately came, destroyed the temple, and carted all the gumdrops back to her land of darkness and frosting. Living in Candy Land can be quite nerve-racking sometimes.

They escaped from Queen Frostine eventually and rebuilt their giant gumdrop temple, but a Lord Licorice card was drawn, so he came and shipped off the gumdrops and destroyed their second temple. They were really bummed out about that and spent most of their time talking about how awesome their temples had been and how this whole card drawing thing was just plain dumb.

The peppermint sticks weren't bummed out at all though. They marched right into the little red square and set up their own peppermint temple to King Kandy over the gumdrops' ruined temple. They inscribed sacred words upon the gate that said "Ha ha, the gumdrops couldn't even keep their stupid temple up even the second time. Peppermint sticks rule and their temple is totally the best one. Just look at it."

But boy were they surprised, because a vast and fierce army of candy hearts swept down from Lollipop Woods and gave them a bunch of problems. It turned out that King Kandy had decided just having two people fighting over him wasn't fun enough, so he also told the candy hearts that he loved them best and that they should hate both the gumdrops and the peppermint sticks. The candy hearts were absolutely cool with that, and they went around killing peppermint sticks and gumdrops like there was no tomorrow.

Chapter 3: There Was A Tomorrow

A bunch of different powerful candy-people fought over that one little red square where the temple was, and the gumdrops meanwhile were off in the corner wondering if maybe they should have chosen a different spot for their temple because apparently the tiny square in Candy Land they had chosen was the only damn square where anyone could talk to King Kandy. Then things begin to look up for them. They begin to look up in the following way:

One little group of candy hearts had created a delicious and powerful empire, and were now in charge of the little colored square of Candy Land where all the temples had been. This empire was falling apart into sugary little pieces anyway, so they gave the gumdrops back the spot where their temples had been, and told the peppermints they would have to share with them.

The gumdrops were cool with this idea because it meant they could hang out on the same little red square where their temple had been, and maybe the candy hearts would stop trying to kill them. It was also cool with them because it would piss off the peppermints, and the gumdrops loved it when that happened.

It did piss off the peppermints. Every damn peppermint stick in Candy Land suddenly attacked the gumdrops at once, which, much to the peppermints' embarrassment, didn't work. So they tried again, and again. It didn't work any of those times either, but it did get the gumdrops so fed up that they took over a few more colored squares in either direction and also kicked almost all peppermint sticks out.

"Well, I think that pretty much did it," said the gumdrops. "I sure hope it'll be peaceful from here on out."

Chapter 4: The Revenge of the (Peppermint) Sticks

The peppermint sticks weren't going to take it.

"We're not going to take it," they said.

They formed various underground peppermint groups with names like "The Peppermint Stick Freedom Association of the Free Peppermint Stick Territories That Are Free", and "The Peppermint Secret Kill All The Gumdrops Club (No Gumdrops Allowed)".

These groups didn't like the gumdrops and spent a lot of time figuring out the best way to take the red square back from them. Most of these plans involved killing a few gumdrops at a time, then hiding for awhile and declaring victory. Not surprisingly, this tactic did not work very well, but the peppermints kept trying it anyway. These groups also didn't like each other, and would sometimes fill

the hours between killing gumdrops by having extravagant factional wars. This tactic worked even less well then the other one, but the groups didn't seem to care much as long as they were killing something.

The gumdrops got tired of being killed and so they went over to where the peppermints lived and knocked them around a little. Some of the peppermints they knocked around hadn't actually done anything, but neither had most of the gumdrops the peppermints had killed, so they figured that it all evened out in the end. The peppermints disagreed, but their method of expressing this was to kill more gumdrops, so the gumdrops didn't much care what they thought.

Chapter 5: Peaces of Candy

By now the rest of Candy Land had noticed this fight. Most of them were content to pick a side and root for it. Rumor had it that Gloppy the Molasses Monster even had a large bet with Grandma Mutt over the outcome, and was influencing it by supplying arms (and legs) to the previously limbless peppermint sticks. King Kandy, however, had begun to feel that it was time to end the fighting.

He brought the leaders of the peppermints and the gumdrops together in a place far away from the red square and asked them if they wouldn't just get along now. The gumdrops and the peppermints politely reminded him that he was the one who had told them to hate each other in the first place, and further politely requested that he just make up his damn mind for once. He responded by reminding them that he was the King and then he pointed at his crown and raised his eyebrows and just stayed like that until they got the message. The message was that he was the King and he was cool as heck, so they should do what he says.

The peppermints and gumdrops worked as best as they could towards peace. Unfortunately, just as they had almost reached the end, one of gumdrops drew a card of one of the characters from almost the very beginning, and all the negotiations had to start over. The peppermints and gumdrops started fighting right there in the room.

Then one of the smarter peppermints remembered what they had just forgotten and said, "Hey, the King is the one who started all this! Let's get him!" The gumdrops and the peppermints were basically in the mood to attack stuff, and didn't really care what it was, so they happily obliged by advancing menacingly on the King.

"Oh dear," said King Kandy, and he tried to do the eyebrow raising, pointing at the crown thing again, but it didn't work. Then he saw the card that had brought all the negotiations back to the beginning still sitting on the table.

"That gives me an idea," he said, and picked it up.

Chapter 1: Back to the Beginning

Candy Land was empty and peaceful. The path of colored squares snaked silently through the bubbling springs of syrup and beneath the gingerbread trees.

"Whew, that was a close one," said King Kandy. He hummed a little triumphant song. Then he hummed another one. He tried to hum a third one, but let it fade away halfway through. He was very bored, and like usual when King Kandy gets bored, he decided to set up a situation where there would be lots of killing.

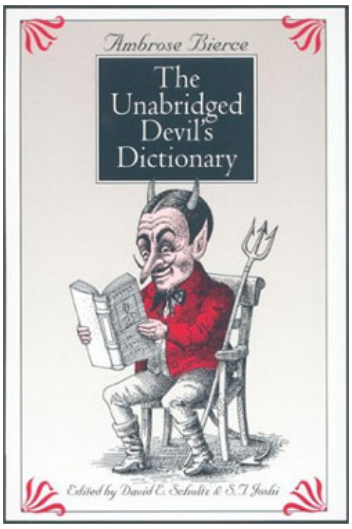
So he created a chocolate cookie and a strawberry sucker, and drew a line on the ground between them. The two immediately begin arguing over who had the nicer rock candy formations on their side of the line. Then they started punching each other.

"I'll just make sure it doesn't get out of control this time," said King Kandy. He pointed at his crown, raised his eyebrows, and let out a booming laugh. "I'm the freaking King. Hell yeah."

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

6.24 A Review in Anger of The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce

Monday, Jun 25, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



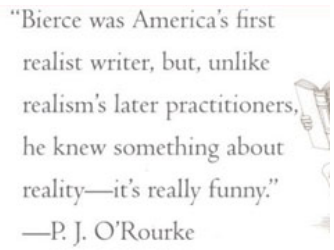
Writer and satirist Ambrose Bierce began including humorous definitions of common and uncommon words in his Town Crier newspaper column in 1881. These definitions formed the basis of his 1911 collection *The Devil's Dictionary*. It is regarded as one of the finest works of American satire and is considered by many to be on the same level as the works of Mark Twain.

Can you recall the paroxysms of laughter that contorted your body as you read *Huckleberry Finn*? Yes, *The Devil's Dictionary* is said to be *that* funny.

I recently made the mistake of purchasing a copy of *The Devil's Dictionary* to look smart and look like I cared about things, which I am not and do not. I was surprised to discover, after sitting with the book for a couple hours, that Ambrose Bierce is not funny. I cannot say for certain whether or not he was ever funny, but he definitely is not funny at present.

I knew I was in for trouble when I saw P.J. O'Rourke quoted on the back cover declaring the hilarity of Bierce's Magnum Opus. P.J. O'Rourke calling you funny is like having your hygiene complimented by Pig Pen as he lays dying from Hep-C. O'Rourke is, to put it another way, totally unequipped by nature to judge what is funny and what is not. If you've never read or heard or seen P.J. O'Rourke, he can be heard laughing uproariously at his own jokes as the audience murmurs uncomfortably on any of a variety of panel talk shows on American TV and radio.

Some might argue that O'Rourke is funny, and that by extension my value judgment of Ambrose Bierce is incorrect. These people are contemptible scum worthy of nothing more than a short life of physically demanding unskilled labor that culminates in a fatal accident and their bodies being ground up and sold as dog food in China to feed dogs that are not even loved by their owners. Dogs in China are the only animals filled with adequate disdain for mankind. I feel assured that a Chinese dog would unclench its bowels and void out the last digested remains of these wretches with a suitable degree of hostility.


"Bierce was America's first realist writer, but, unlike realism's later practitioners, he knew something about reality—it's really funny."
—P. J. O'Rourke

Returning to the subject of Ambrose Bierce, he is clever, I will give his fans that much. I will even admit that he is a skilled writer. He constructs admirable sentences and several of his short stories are excellent in that way that has since been spoiled for generations by M. Night Shyamalan. Alas, the years have not been kind to the mummy-dry humor contained in Bierce's satirical definitions. If you don't believe me, see if these two give you a real belly laugh:

> **FIDELITY**, *n.* A virtue peculiar to those who are about to be betrayed.
>
> **MAYONNAISE**, *n.* One of the sauces which serve the French in place of a state religion.

Granted, it's funnier than Dennis Miller, but guys like Dennis Miller and P.J. O'Rourke get called funny by people who enjoy reading Heritage Foundation whitepapers on intervention in Iran. That's not exactly a lofty height to which a humorist should aspire to ascend. Did you know that P.J. O'Rourke won a Pulitzer Prize as a political satirist? It's true! Thomas Friedman has three of them and he may be the dumbest person still able to operate a computer.

You might as well hand out Pullitzers to the menu at the Waffle House. Although, that explains why Pulitzers go for so much less than Daytime Emmys on eBay.

Returning, belatedly again, to the subject of Bierce, he salts the hilarity earth of his masterwork by shoehorning in comedic poetry wherever possible. Nothing prompts gales of unrestrained teary-eyed laughter quite as well as comedic poetry written under a jokey pseudonym. Here's an example taken from Bierce's definition of the word "Bath":

> *The man who taketh a steam bath*
> *He loseth all the skin he hath,*
> *And, for he's boiled a brilliant red,*
> *Thinketh to cleanliness he's wed,*
> *Forgetting that his lungs he's soiling*
> *With dirty vapors of the boiling.*
>
> **Richard Gwow**

Willickers! I certainly hope he regales us with the legend of R.T. Farty and the musical fruit of beans!

I do not claim that Bierce is deserving of inconsiderate scorn. On the contrary, I would argue that my scorn is very well-considered.

His wit is quite apparent throughout the work, as I touched on earlier; it simply exists outside the fickle realm of contemporary sensibility. It is the transient nature of both humor and language that have rendered The Devil's Dictionary obsolete, not any specific failing of Bierce. It is not an uncommon occurrence.

I have no doubt, for example, that sub-literate cavemen of 20,000 BC would find primitive delight in the hundreds of tiny black snakes that to them constitute one of Thomas Friedman's columns about Iraq. Similarly, what might a giant Cambrian insect do with a copy of *The Atlantic* featuring an essay by P.J. O'Rourke in which he muses that he saw a woman by a Fig Newton with food stamps? One can only surmise that it would involve vomited digestive juices, dissolving advertisements for the Complete John Updike Collection, and a very satisfied giant insect.

Throughout the years, a number of men and women have sought to recapture Bierce's humor by recreating The Devil's Dictionary, either by remaking it whole or from the perspective of a specific subject. John Wortheimer's *The Cat Phrenologist's Dictionary* was a huge hit during the cat phrenology craze of the 1930s and Louise E. Farrow's *Cat Phrenology A-to-Z* successfully capitalized on the nostalgia market for cat phrenology in the late 1950s. Both works are forgotten, as are most other attempts to recreate The Devil's Dictionary, with the possible exception of Al Franken's 2003 book *Shrubisms: How the Apemmander and Chimp Talks Down to Us.*

I ask you, gentle reader, why fight the short-lived nature of humor? It is a futile gesture akin to Wounded Knee or that time Norman Smiley wrestled Hulk Hogan. History has recorded our defeat before the battle has even begun.

Embrace the now! Accept the fleeting existence of your humor and apply it to the most temporal subject matter. Write your own Devil's Dictionary covering Internet slang or cynically deconstructing business jargon. Include a lot of pussy jokes. A lot of them. Sarah Silverman has made those way hot and you need to snatch that trend with both dewclaws and ride it to the finish.

Having fully rendered my opinions of Bierce and his masterpiece, I offer you one last morsel of review for this book. These two sentences are excerpted from a very positive review written by Gaelen Hudson for Amazon.com. I will allow you to draw your own conclusions about their significance here.

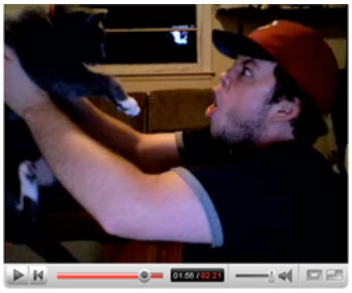
> *I'll admit it, I'm a tech dork. I work for an Internet company and this book is perfect for tag and signature lines for email.*

The Devil's Dictionary is available for free online.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.25 My Vlogosphere Adventure!

Tuesday, Jun 26, 2007 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade



Hello, kind readers! In case you do not remember me my name is Evan "Pantsfish" Wade. If you are bad with names you may know me as "the guy who used a colon twice a paragraph and fished for compliments in his Daily Dirts when he was having a bad day" or "thank god that 'Maxnmona' didn't update this Sunday." Either way, let me offer a preemptive "you're welcome" for saving you from the crippling depression that coincidentally struck you the day I stopped writing for the site. If you are feeling particularly generous you can express your thanks in the form of gift cards to popular online retailers, but I am not one to expect payment for my good deeds. Just because I automatically delete emails that don't contain the phrase "has sent you" in the subject line doesn't mean I don't appreciate them.

You are undoubtedly wondering where I went. While I am not at liberty to say exactly what I was up to rest assured terms like "mystical" and "self-discovery" come to mind when I think about it. A less-ethical person might use those words as a cover for "smoked dope and played Guitar Hero for two months straight," but I am on the up-and-up. No, my journey was far more substantial than a half-pound of Thai Stick and thousands of rounds of "Freebird." That only lasted for about three weeks. After that, I hit the vlogosphere.

I have a love-hate relationship with cameras. I say this because I love them when they take pictures of ugly people who aren't me but hate them when they take pictures of ugly people who are me. In my time off I set out to vanquish that. Below this standard three-paragraph intro section is the culmination of a solid month of work, all centered around a question as old as time itself: Would I make myself or the subject of my vlogs look like the bigger asshole? What was the outcome of the experiment? You be the judge. Then get on with the emails telling me how great-looking I am because frankly it kind of sucked going week-in-week-out without hearing from a few nice readers. You have no idea how hard it is to not be able to casually slip "I get fan mail" into every conversation you have when it's literally the only interesting facet of your sad existence.

(Bear in mind that most of these videos feature not-safe-for-work language and a few of them have visuals of questionable taste. Also, I'm aware that about half of them have incredibly poor video/sound quality. At first glance it might seem that this is because I filmed the vlogs from the interior of a grizzly bear's anus, but in reality I was working with a $15 Phillips webcam for the first few weeks of this project. Any video with bad sound quality will be clearly labeled so you know to turn things up or whatever.)

The Fluttershy Saga

As I'm sure you learned in this article, YouTube vlogstress Fluttershy and I have quite a history. She has a beautiful soul (this is a liberal way of saying "she is very fat and smiles a lot to make up for it,") and I am drawn to free spirits like her. When staff writer and SA Forums admin DocEvil set up a contest on the forums asking for people to respond to YouTube videos, I knew what I had to do. After scraping up enough cash for a webcam and a Philly cheese pizza from Domino's, I posted a response to her wonderful "I Am The Fat Girl" poem and awaited something in response from the lovely lady. *(Piss poor sound quality; get your tin ear ready.)*

Her response never came. I can only assume this is because, like my old uncle Ben used to say, with great obesity comes great immobility. Whatever the case, I came across vlogger piperben66, a musician, shortly after I uploaded my poem. Ben, it turned out, was e-dating Fluttershy and was

none too happy that I wrote a poem to his bovine baby. Being a musician myself I decided to send him a vlog in the universal language (not snorting and rubbing one's nose on the ground in search of truffles, the other one) to raise his spirits and bury the hatchet.

A few weeks passed when I got some good news! After talking online for a few months and knowing each other in real life a full five days, the happy couple decided to get married! As the old saying goes, however, this meringue-filled cloud did have its Slim Fast lining and my friend was in danger because of it. I rushed a response to piperben66, hoping above hope that my words would reach him in time.

Fallout

Shortly after I uploaded my videos the YouTube White Knight Brigade came to the aid of Fluttershy and piperben66. They did not understand the special bond the three of us shared. I consider myself to be a pretty calm guy but I do not have a lot of patience when it comes to Internet trolls. When The Constitution allows us a great resource like the Vlogosphere, I believe it is our duty as Americans to use it for the greater good.

One troll in particular really got my goat. BodaciousBBW2 (formerly known as BodaciousBBW) followed me around the Vlogosphere for the better part of a week trying to get a reaction from me. I have to admit she was a good troll; I caved. Here is my response.

The video must not have worked because the troll brigade kept following me. This was partially my fault. If anything this article is meant to be educational so I would like to tell all you aspiring vloggers out there one thing: If you are going to call someone fat you had better not set your camera directly under the vast expanse of your second chin. In doing so I went from a normal-looking dude with a few extra pounds to something that strongly resembled a morbidly obese Bobby Hill with a stuttering problem and an affinity for the Cincinnati Reds. The vlogosphere caught onto that, and in my very next vlog I was unfairly thrust into a world in which my assailants didn't understand the concepts of "courtesy" or "the shift key." *(Unbearably bad sound quality; turn your speakers way up and cup your hand to your ear like Hulk Hogan circa 1998.)*

Other Interests

I am a ladies man. There is no denying that fact. Every day I wake up with the singular goal of getting a piece of ass, and if my index finger doesn't smell like cigarette smoke and tuna at the end of the day I feel like a surgeon who let a tonsillectomy patient die on the operating table. If any of my family is reading this I would like to tell them now that, if I ever fall into a coma, all they need to do is make a fat chick in a skirt jog in the sun for a few hours and then have her walk by my bed to wake me up. I am that serious about pussy.

That said, I understand that diversified hobbies make for interesting people. During my Vlogosphere adventure I found I wonderful community of people who put subtitles on screen captures of popular Disney Channel programs to create a mixture of fanfiction and television. These fanvids, specifically the superb "Still There For Me" saga, inspired me. I went to work and eventually produced what I think was a very good first attempt at creating my own fanvid.

I also discovered that popular opinion was wrong and that you do not have to be homosexual to do some spoken word art - color me surprised! I came across this information when watching QUINNtessentialXXIII's "Manifesto [I Believe]," a video that made me laugh and wonder about the

mysteries of the universe at the same time. Kind of like grandma's funeral! I was so touched by his words I decided to make my own "I Believe" video, which you can see here (I strongly recommend you watch his first to understand the format, though)!

I like to be on the cutting edge of comedy. When I discovered a little underground Internet phenomenon called "lolcats" I will admit I was excited. I was on the ground floor of the next big thing! After watching pacmaniac91's "Lolcats" video I understood that, if I wanted to help spur on the next All Your Base, I needed to get heavily involved. Here is the result.

I have to admit I did not like anime prior to my adventure. Upon entering the Vlogosphere, however, I realized what a cultural treasure it truly is. Fellow vlogger narutoismybrother showed me the finer points of the craft in his "Words from an Otaku" vlog series, and I made it a point to learn more about Japan's biggest media export. (The sound quality on this video is so bad a deaf person very well might have a better chance to understand it than you.)

Giving Back to the Vlogosphere Community

My Vlogosphere adventure was almost over. Money was tight and my loving fiancee pulled me aside and affectionately told me if I didn't stop screwing around with the video camera she was going to find someone capable of holding a real job for more than six hours at a stretch. As you may have guessed, I was heartbroken. The Vlogosphere had become an important part of my life. I didn't know what I would do without it. With a heavy heart I signed on for my final few vlogs, knowing full well I would no longer have the liberty of devoting whole days to the perfection of my craft.

Before I signed off for the final time I knew something had to be done about Bobservo. As you saw in the article I linked at the beginning of this update, he had some mean things to say about my BBW buddies piperben66 and Fluttershy. This vlog, which he posted despite my pleadings that he keep it private, was a step in the right direction for me. I can only hope my message of kindness touched a few hearts.

Update: Shortly after I finished this article my former eNemesis BodaciousBBW2 left me two heartwarming comments on this vlog. Here are the comments:

"I'm proud of you. Thank you for making the decision to stop the hate."
"I respect you for doing this. Thank you." I am glad to say we buried the hatchet and that we are now eBuddies instead of eEnemies :) Giving back to the eCommunity is a very fulfilling task :)

Another Update: After I added the above block of text to the article BodaciousBBW2 went out of her way to commend me on my change of heart! I am too excited to explain it all so I will just keep smiling and hope you click the link (this is because she didn't allow embedding for this video). It's amazing to me these women were so willing to open their hearts to me after the grief I put them through, especially since there must not have been much room with all those clogged arteries :)

For my final vlog I knew I had to leave a positive impact on the Vlogosphere. I found a wonderful group of young women collectively known as crazygreeneygirls and fell in love instantly. Their irreverence and lightheartedness in the face of their mental retardation touched me in such a special place I felt like I needed a cigarette and a cuddle session after discovering them. Part of this was undoubtedly due to the fact that I had injured my neck in an accident that totaled my brand-new car less than 12 hours prior to the making of the video, but if anything having a fistful of Lortabs at the hospital amplified my love of those girls and, indeed, the Vlogosphere on the whole.

Overall my trip to the Vlogosphere was every bit as enlightening and soul-stirring as finding religion or opening a bag of microwave pizza rolls and finding they left 20 rolls in the bag instead of 15. There is no greater experience than saying the exact same line 25 times over because you cannot get the timing on the phrase "cheese monkey Jesus" down just right. I look at my times making vlogs as an important milestone in my quest to sell out at the first opportunity I get.

What did I learn, though? Outside of video editing (which I believe I have mastered now) I also found that treating people with kindness is the only good way to live one's life. I may have screwed up a few times on my journey but I am not holding that against myself. If it weren't for mistakes the world would not have Silly Putty, the chocolate chip cookie, or Bob "BobServo" Mackey. Will my vlogs make as big an impact on the world as any of those things? Only time will tell, kind reader. Only time will tell.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

6.26 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Command Queue

Wednesday, Jun 27, 2007 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome, Commander! This is your private Ares Station Command Queue. If you are not the commander and have somehow accessed this area in error, please contact a technician immediately. The information before you is of a highly sensitive nature and is intended for the exclusive viewing of the Ares Station Commanding Officer only. Any tampering herein may result in criminal persecution punishable by death in accordance with Interstellar Commerce Commission standards.

*** Previous Updates - Archives for the following dates are available:

03-01-2304 - 03-11-2304 [Complaint Queue Logs].

01-14-2304 - 02-20-2304

07-15-2301 - 08-07-2301.

05-15-2301 - 07-14-2301.

03-12-2295 - 09-20-2295.

06-05-2293 - 11-02-2293.

**Hello, Commander. The following important items await your approval. All approved items are subject to immediate review by DynaMars Corporate. Thank you for your continued outstanding leadership! Please read each item in full.

*****04-02-2304 - Command Item #8742**

Quantum Labs Survey Expedition #427 has located a "derelict alien vessel" and retrieved from it numerous biological specimens of unknown origin. Chief Science Officer Thorpe is requesting that the specimens be named "Thorpoids" and that retrieved specimen #001-X, a bloodsucking invertebrate that excretes a lethal toxic gas and lays eggs in the skulls of living human hosts, be named "Suzy" in honor of his 8-year-old daughter.

"She loves science," states Chief Science Officer Thorpe.

*****04-02-2304 - Command Item #8743**

Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs is requesting the allocation of three additional crewmen to assist him in preparing the Area 1 Cargo Bay for the upcoming Interstellar Scrabble Tournament scheduled for 1500 on 04-04-2304.

APPROVE
DECLINE
JUNK

"Basically," states Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs, "I need a few people to help me move these explosive barrels from the Area 1 Cargo Bay to the storage closet behind the firing range, which is all the way in Area 2. Then I need them to help me move the non-explosive barrels of Shasta Cola from the storage closet in Area 2 to the Area 1 Cargo Bay."

*****04-02-2304 - Command Item #8744**

Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren reported that the owner of a Class D Starburst Transport Vessel, Registration NC-4762R, currently docked in the Area 8 Shipyards, left his lights on. He is requesting that Chief Intercom Officer Jones issue a station-wide alert.

APPROVE
DECLINE
JUNK

"His batteries will run out and that has me really worried. I'd like to page him to come turn them off," stated Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren.

*****04-02-2304 - Command Item #8745**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen reports trouble in the Area 7 Biosphere. A beaver has somehow gotten lose and is chopping down many of the trees in a futile attempt to create a dam. Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen has requested that Chief Security Officer Mackey dispatch an elite team to find and exterminate the pesky beaver. Already the beaver has downed a mighty sequoia and three Douglas-firs.

APPROVE
DECLINE
JUNK

"The trees are falling like dominos," informs Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen. "Something has to be done quickly before that beaver gains a home court advantage."

*****04-02-2304 - Command Item #8746**

Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren is requesting permission to detonate a CRM Electro Magnetic Pulse Weapon in the Area 8 Shipyards in order to cut power to the unoccupied vessel.

APPROVE
DECLINE
JUNK

Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren reasons, "This guy's battery will probably be dead in a matter of minutes if I don't do something drastic - *and soon!*"

****EMERGENCY SHUTDOWN INITIATED. STANDBY...**

****RESTORING PREVIOUS SESSION. STANDBY...**

*****04-03-2304 - Notification Item #3469**

Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren reports that he gave Executive Override Command #242 and detonated CRM EMP #07 to prevent the unattended vehicle from draining its battery. This process wiped out power for all of Ares Station for a period of 3 hours and 47 minutes.

"Now thankfully its battery won't wear out because of the lights being left on," states Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren.

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8747**

Chief Science Officer Thorpe reports that Specimen #001X escaped during the power outage and laid eggs in at least four other science officers. In order to prevent widespread contamination, he ordered the infected science officers to return to their quarters. He is requesting that Level 3 Quarantine Procedures be initiated and the Interstellar Scrabble Tournament be postponed.

Chief Science Officer Thorpe states, "All efforts must be placed on finding and eliminating Suzy, who has since metamorphosed into an indestructible creature that is faster and stronger than any human and completely immune to any form of injury."

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8748**

Chief Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician Boruff is requesting a replacement Control Panel Interface Module after a Shasta Cola spill caused severe electrical problems and the immediate baconization of Ares Station Resident #118, who was using the Particle Transducer Catalyst Chamber as a racquetball court.

"I was drinking some Shasta Cola when I saw this monstrous creature run by and eat somebody," reported Chief Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician Boruff. "I totally flipped out and accidentally spit the mouthful of Shasta Cola I had all over the Control Panel Interface Module. Long story short, #118 is a big pile of bacon wrapped in spandex."

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8749**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen is requesting permission to set up beaver traps in the Area 7 Biosphere in hopes of capturing the pesky beaver, which has downed an additional 7 trees and begun damming Area 7 Biosphere Stream #03, a main tributary of the Area 7 Biosphere Reflecting Pond.

"This situation is hitting critical mass and I'm about to make an executive decision," complains Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen. "I'm going to put up traps one way or another because the ecology of the Area 7 Biosphere was not designed to handle beavers."

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8750**

Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs has reported that the station's supply of Shasta Cola is dangerously low and is requesting that immediate action be taken to prevent panic.

Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs adds, "Basically, there were supposed to be 20 barrels of Shasta Cola in the storage closet but there was only one. Anyway I moved the explosive barrels into the closet all by myself. We should probably declare martial law until we get resupplied."

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8751**

Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren reports that the HMS Wordsmith, the ship carrying the Interstellar Scrabble Tournament players, is unable to land due to the illegally parked Class D Starburst Transport Vessel, Registration NC-4762R. He is requesting authorization to have the vehicle towed to Earth at the DynaMars Corporation's expense and permission to let the HMS Worthsmith use the Area 4 Auxiliary Landing Dock. He is also requesting immediate reassignment to the Area 3 Library.

"The owner of the Starburst can't get his ship started and his parking permit expired and it's a total mess down here," reports Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren. "I screwed up. I think the HMS Wordsmith needs to land right away. I guess their toilets are backed up and there's some bad diarrhea going around and honestly I'm not cut out for this job. I'd like my old job in the Area 3 Library back please."

*****04-03-2304 - Command Item #8752**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen is reporting that a monstrous creature has been snared in one of his beaver traps. He is requesting permission to vent atmosphere in the Area 7 Biosphere because the beaver is still loose and has laid waste to seven more trees and flooded half the biosphere.

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen asserts, "I don't know what this creature is but it is spitting green gas everywhere. I put up a sign asking people to stay away, so hopefully that helps. Meanwhile the floods in the Area 7 Biosphere are going to disrupt the Area 6 Sewage Corridor and all restrooms on the station if I don't do something soon."

*****04-04-2304 - Notification Item #3470**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen and Chief Science Officer Thorpe jointly issued Executive Override Command #243 and vented atmosphere in the Area 7 Biosphere, which they state succeeded in killing the beaver and specimen #001-X. The bodies of both await baconization in the interest of Ares Station safety.

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen stated, "Chief Landscaping Officer Wilson will need to repair the damage right away. It's the worst biosphere disaster I've seen in my 2,027 year career." Chief Science Officer Thorpe added, "It was hubris that brought ruin to the biosphere. We were foolish enough to attempt to control the unknown, but how can you control that which is intrinsically mysterious?"

*****04-04-2304 - Command Item #8753**

Chief Security Officer Mackey reports that the Area 8 Shipyards are operating without a chief officer present. He is requesting that a replacement be dispatched immediately to monitor and control traffic and that Chief Shipyard Officer Hendren be reprimanded for Dereliction of Duty.

Chief Security Officer Mackey stated, "This place is a zoo. There are ships flying in circles, ships double parked, and half the ships are fried because of the EMP. I found an inflatable woman in the control tower with a headset on. I had no choice but to give the HMS Wordsmith permission to land at the Area 4 Auxiliary Landing Dock immediately because the ship was out of fuel and they were all asphyxiating."

*****04-04-2304 - Command Item #8754**

Chief Security Officer Mackey has reported widespread riots throughout Areas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 due to shortages of Shasta Cola. He is requesting permission to use lethal force to restrain the unruly citizens and keep chaos from consuming the Interstellar Scrabble Tournament, mere hours from commencement.

Chief Security Officer Mackey reports, "DynaMars Corporate will have our necks if we botch this as badly as the boat show. It is madness out here. People are trading anything for the last few drops of Shasta Cola, and even killing for it. Some citizens are prostituting themselves in clear violation of DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Resident Behavior Edicts. Act now or I will."

*****04-04-2304 - Notification Item #3471**

Chief Security Officer Mackey has temporarily cut oxygen supplies to pacify rioters via Executive Override Command #245. Using the last barrel of Shasta Cola to maintain order amongst his men, he has issued a Priority 10 Kiosk

Override and proclaimed himself acting governor of Ares Station.

Chief Security Officer Mackey reasons, "I cannot let madness gain dominion over this fine station, not when the eyes of the solar system are upon us to witness this great battle of words. May God have mercy on my soul." DynaMars Corporate is now sending CEO Davies to investigate this matter and re-establish proper chain of command and kiosk usage.

*****04-04-2304 - Command Item #8755**

Adjunct Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Judge Adams is requesting immediate arbitration in Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Game #37, wherein ISS Player #81 is contesting ISS Player #47's word "selbeechua," which was formed off the word "bee."

"I don't think it's a real word," said Adjunct Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Judge Adams, "but I'm not sure. I need an official ruling on this pronto."

*****04-04-2304 - Notification Item #3472**

Adjunct Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Judge Adams issued Executive Override Command #245 in Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Game #37, awarding ISS Player #47 victory with the word "selbeechua."

"After waiting for five hours I had to do something," complained Adjunct Interstellar Scrabble Tournament Judge Adams. "It's getting dangerous down here and Chief Security Officer Mackey has begun executing unruly citizens, which is alarming the players. I fear that I may never see my wife or home again."

*****04-04-2304 - Notification Item #3473**

Chief Security Officer Mackey has been locked in the security closet full of explosive barrels in Area 2 by Chief Engineer Shmorkison, controlling a small army of Mobile Defense Sentry Units. He issued Executive Override Command #246 reversing Executive Override Command #245. He then issued a Priority 10 Kiosk Override and declared himself acting governor of Ares Station.

Chief Engineer Shmorkison said in his statement, "I was willing to stay silent throughout all this madness, but when 'selbeechua' passed judging, I had to do something. I'm not a hero. I'm just doing what is right for mankind."

*****04-04-2304 - Command Item #8756**

All senior officers are requesting that you immediately step down on the grounds that you have not carried out any activities in the past three days and have not been seen or heard from by anyone onboard the station.

"Basically," states Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs, "you're going to get us all killed."

****END OF UPDATES.**

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

6.27 Nation Buzzing with Spelling Bee Mania

Thursday, Jun 28, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

So what did you honestly expect, that I was going to find an appropriate image for this update or just type "bee" into Google Image Search and use the first result I saw? If you are at all surprised maybe you haven't been reading this web site long enough.

WASHINGTON - 11-year-old Katie Shue awakes in complete darkness, chained to a rusty crate inside of her family home in rural Iowa. She's trembling, unaware of what might come next. Like many children her age, she's training for the upcoming national spelling bee, a two day competition hosted by the E.W. Scripps Company, a non-profit organization. In a few days young spellers will come together and decide who is the best speller in the nation because, you know, for some reason some people care now.

The spelling bee is predominantly an American infatuation, largely meant to trumpet our ability to spell over other nations such as France and Great Britain who unlike Uncle Sam are much too poor and weak to educate their children. Like most American traditions the spelling bee started as a drunken bet at a local tavern.

Two inebriated men were arguing over which of their kids was the superior speller. At 2AM they went home, woke up their children, and pitted them against each other in a spelling competition. The whole town awoke and joined the festivities, signing up their children to best others in the spelling brawl. The child that won that night grew up to be the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower. And now you know, the rest of the story.

Since that fateful night when the American tradition of pressuring your children to engage in competition in order to live through them and/or show how great of a parent you are and take credit for all of their accomplishments was born, the national spelling bee has delighted millions of people who want to see nervous kids stress out live on television.

Today Katie's mind is on the competition and has been since she turned six. "We don't want to start them too young," her mother explains. "That kind of pressure is just too much for a child. Friends, family, a life of her own, those things are just so important to a child's development. Katie has all of those things to look forward to after the competition, we've assured her."

The spelling bee is facing fierce opposition from non-spellers such as the residents of Kentucky.

Budding, or should I say, buzzing spellers, don't just memorize words. They study etymology, the study of the history of words. "Mems, as we like to call them, can do well in local competitions, but get stung when put up against serious spellers," says Dr. Ruthersford, spelling captain at James Washington Elementary School. "To do well you need to have a solid background in word history and Latin. It's easy to spot the memorizers, and it's crucial that we call them on their bullshit in the middle of a word and embarrass them in front of their whole family. Posers."

So how do parents cram all this etymology into their kid's brain? It's simple. Crates.

Crate training is the standard regiment for all spelling bee athletes looking to seriously compete at

Scripps. Experts agree that crate training is the most robust and humane method, replacing the tired and true method of physical abuse and fear of death that was banned in 2003 by Scripps. Some may be put off by the name. After all crate training sounds very similar to "crate training", a technique for housetraining canines. Crate training for children is completely different and is actually quite pleasant, and most importantly of all, effective.

The training starts with an ordinary spelling bee crate, similar to what you would use to housetrain a new puppy. Whether the child is spelling or not spelling, he or she lives in the crate. This method of training uses positive reinforcement. Katie's parents explain, "We never force our daughter to spell if she does not want to. Positive reinforcement means that we reward her when she does well and performs to expectations."

For every word Katie spells correctly she earns a minute outside of her crate up to a maximum of 30 minutes per day. She can then use their free time to engage in other stimulating activities in order to take her mind off of the high-pressure world of spelling bees, such as reading the dictionary. "We tie Katie's freedom to spelling words correctly. That's positive reinforcement."

However, doctors warn that problems can occur. "Freakouts do happen," Katie's father, a bull rider, explains. "But those can be managed with medications. Her bars are also electrified. Again, it's all about positive reinforcement."

400 miles away in Freeport, Michigan, the Studebaker family eschews traditional spelling bee training for their own methods. "We were not happy with the results crate training gave us," Nancy Studebaker explains. "Crate training is all well and good, but where's the embarrassment, the shame? These are the key ingredients to training a child to do anything, such as learning to talk or tying their shoes."

Anthony Studebaker having a "misspelling".

That doesn't mean that the Studebaker's training methods are inhumane. On the contrary, they are quite positive. "We learned about positive reinforcement from our friends at Scripps," Mrs. Studebaker says with her arm around her son Anthony. "Whenever Anthony spells a word incorrectly he uncontrollably soils himself no matter where he is. When Anthony finally spells a word correctly the positive reinforcement kicks in and he spares himself the embarrassment of public defecation. By putting the outcome in *his* hands, he has some sense of control over his life that so few children have."

"If he doesn't want to have a 'misspelling', well, he'll spell correctly," Mrs. Studebaker adds, smiling.

Breeding children to spell is a relatively new phenomenon that is taking the bee by storm. Recent studies have shown that spelling ability is genetic. No amount of training can take a child beyond what he or she can already spell. At the CryoGen research facility in Mexico City American scientists are testing the genes that control spelling and selectively breeding the superior specimens.

"This is specimen 409-B, or, 'Tracy'," a scientist, who wears a black mask and refuses to let us use his real name or voice, explains while taking us on a tour of the embryo room. "This child will grow up to become a national champion. She contains a chromosome that controls pretentiousness. We've used radioactive waves to mutate it to 100,000 times its normal intensity.

"If placed inside a ridiculously pretentious overbearing mother who accomplished nothing before marrying a rich businessman who has since grown tired of her appearance and has been cheating on her for nine years and the only thing that keeps her going is living through her daughter who will

someday make the same mistakes she did, there is no stopping the depth of words this child may be able to spell one day. I'm talking words that don't even exist. That's how good she'll be."

Children bred for spelling don't learn the way regular children do. "We don't read them Dr. Seuss or Charlotte's Web," says one parent who has gone through the spelling breeders program at CyroGen. "That's kid's stuff. To be a truly legendary speller you must forget the basics and go straight for the words nobody ever uses or even knew existed.

"Sure, by not knowing words like 'this', 'or' and 'the', she is practically worthless after age 15 when she is no longer cute enough to compete in spelling bees. That's why CyroGen has assured us that we can sell her back to them for research purposes after she is all used up. We'll have the trophy by then anyway."

Every year more and more international competitors are entering the Scripps spelling bee. Can they be stopped?

Halfway across the world Russia is getting into the spelling bee game. Since the fall of communism Russian involvement in American spelling bees has increased dramatically. While Russian children must wear patches that signify their nationality, bee officials state that the practice is not discriminatory.

Now that Scripps is being televised on ABC and ESPN the spelling bee fad is taking the nation by storm. But is it a fad or is it here to stay? Can the images of children crying after they spell a word incorrectly and shame their parents and country keep a nation spellbound? If the initial spelling bee mania is any indication, the answer is a resounding yes.

Catch the Scrips National Spelling Bee Challange this Wednsday at 8PM on ACB.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

6.28 A.P. Brown is the Guarantor of Absolute Satisfaction

Friday, Jun 29, 2007 by A.P. Brown (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

CHALLENGE SURPASSED IN THE INTEREST OF INDUSTRY

Certain purveyors of acceptable products in the industry of fur trapping and trade have made a habit of issuing challenges in the pages of their correspondences with the public. These public games and spectacles serve as an amusement for men such as P.B. Fouke and J.F. Swanton interested more in their own delights than the satisfaction of customers. Brown Fur Amalgamated does not possess the time to squander by embarking on such forays of the fantastic.

However, lesser men than you or I would seize upon this commendably consuming dedication to the customer as a sign of weakness. No doubt these same men of inferior capacity would parade any such rebuke through the pages of their preferred periodical. In the interest of proving the commitment of Brown Fur Amalgamated to the advancement of the science of fur trapping and trade, with absolute finality, I have decided to accept Mr. Fouke's challenge of self-mutilation. None will ever again question the fortitude of A.P. Brown.

Two days prior to this day, and with absolute faith in the infinite possibilities of science, I climbed the highest peak of the Ozarks in search of the aerie of a North American condor. Having located a particularly fearsome specimen, I engaged the patriotic beast in hand-to-hand combat atop its mountain fastness. I dispatched its mewling young with contemptible ease, but the enraged matron of the flock scored several brutal pecks to my hands and arms. Weakened by these expert exsanguinations, I grabbed the bird around its feathered neck and throttled it.

During what I assumed to be the creature's last moments of life I was overcome with a natural and complete love of country. I could see bombs bursting red in the sky and singed flags flapping beneath a gently tooting bugle. In my patriotic fugue I unwittingly lessened my grip on the condor's gizzard, allowing it to slip free my grasp and begin anew its attack on my face. My love for the Union was so powerful that I became blinded by the tears streaming from my eyes.

This dwarf specimen is only one tenth the girth of the creature I faced.

The bird sensed my vulnerability. With a final yawp and a crash of beaten wings, it swooped down upon my face and seized up both orbs of my eyes. I had intended only for one of my eyes to be taken, as per the challenge issued by Mr. Fouke, yet before I could grab for my saber the condor made off with both of my eyes.

Such a maiming might have felled a man such as P.B. Fouke. No doubt the loss of both eyes would have sent J.F. Swanton into the depths of despair and opium. I was not similarly moved by the injury, for as my father V.X. Brown once said, "A maiming is merely an opportunity in the guise of a maiming."

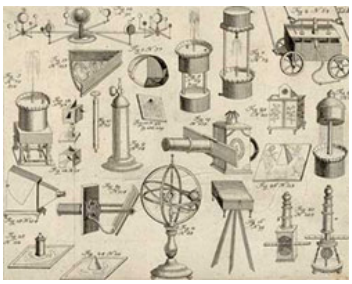
My faith in the limitless possibilities of science proved well-placed. In a matter of days I was able to affect the purchase of a Prussian diadem from the Zeiss Kaleidoscopewerken in Brandenburg. A fine rotary gearbox, a simple gas light, and varicolored lenses now project an

image before my face nearly to rival the splendor of God's own creation. Through this method I am given the illusion of sight, though I do not see as you might understand.

The device truly is a wonder of science and an inspiration to my work here in the fur trade. The self-maintaining diadem only requires winding and oiling twice per hour and it rarely catches fire. Though I cannot yet read text, I can feel the warmth of colors upon my cheeks and I am told by Herr Totenkopf that it is only a matter of weeks before my body is trained to sense words.

I hereby consider Mr. Fouke's challenge met and exceeded. If he wishes to continue the charade then I suggest he muster the strength and intellect to meet the challenge presented by his legion of unhappy customers. I am told by certain distressed fur trappers that Fouke's inefficient Meloch scales have been miscalculating weights, leading to underpayments in his purchases of raw beaver pelts. It would please me greatly if he would simply do the proper thing and meet the modest needs of his shrinking customer base.

MY PRODUCTS ARE WITHOUT PEER



Just a small sample of our upcoming product line.

A.P. Brown and Brown Fur Amalgamated are pleased to announce the first two in our line of domestically engineered implements for the discerning trapper.

Foremost among these fine products is the BFA-1A Pressure-Activated Buffalo Trap. Soon to be known among buffalo as their greatest anxiety, the BFA-1A is virtually undetectable by the animals and relies on time-tested spring and lever action to apply six tons of sudden force to the neck of a buffalo. The trap is available in three colors as well as a non-humane model carefully engineered to crush the buffalo as slowly as possible without reducing the efficiency of the trap. That will pay them back for Montauk!

Varmint furriers rejoice! The BFA-2A has arrived to assist you in the tedious task of removing the intact pelt from a rabbit or squirrel! Simply place the animal into the BFA-2A's brass funnel and step over to the pelt chute. In minutes your pelt will emerge with no fuss and no worry. The rotating pelting screw will strip the pelt from the varmint so quickly that it will emerge from the discard chute completely unaware that it is dead.

For a small investment of only two dollars you can receive a lifetime of service from these hardworking machines.

AN ESCAPE TO NATURAL WONDERS OF LESSER AMERICA

It has been said in circles of the Mississippi Orient that include men the likes of Grover Cleveland that I am so productive I once stared intently at a photograph of a woman that was not even my wife and left her with child. I must confess that this is only partially true, but as an anecdote of my copiously productive nature it is accurate. Those who accept such words will find no surprise waiting when I tell them that during my recent business adventure beyond the border of our Union I took the opportunity to further myself and the world in the name of science.

While undertaking a harrowing cross-continental journey of Lesser America I sought out interesting fauna as yet undiscovered by educated men. These creatures I recorded in my journal and then shot through the brain with my Springfield repeating rifle. My family artist, Hesper Losefik, was then tasked with capturing the essence of the creature as it might have been before a .30-.30 bullet passed through its cerebellum. In this context, limited though its space may be, I am proud to convey to you a sample of my hard work in progress on the subject.

Sensitive readers, beware. Some of the creatures I have cataloged may be considered strange or unearthly. Attempt to comfort yourself in the knowledge that they have already been dealt with harshly.

Lesser American Slow Man

This specimen was encountered near the edge of the foreboding jungle, clinging to a fig tree that nearly reached to the sun by my estimation. At first I mistook it for one of the tiny savages dwelling within that jungle, but when it did not answer my translator I realized my error. The slow man moved with a mocking laziness, seemingly content to cling to branches with its fearsome talons and disrespect the protestant work ethic. This haughty demeanor set me ill at ease and I was quick to open fire and dynamite its remains.

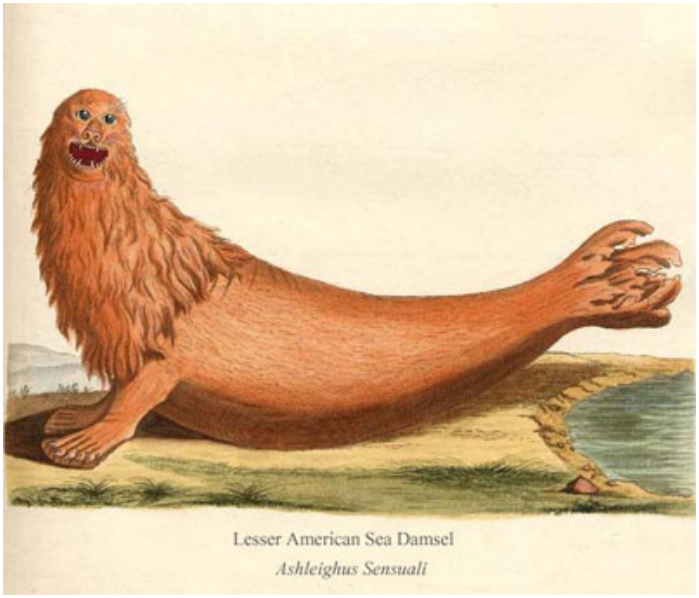
Lesser American Sea Damsel

This terrible temptress was encountered near the end of our voyage when our minds and bodies were at our weakest. From a distance she appeared beautiful and winsome, frolicking gaily about the beach with an exotic gait that suggested the embrace of a man with a woman. Many of my cannon-bearers had to be lashed and my Turkish guard Ferok had to discharge his pistol into the air to dissuade them from succumbing to her wiles.

I approached cautiously and, I am afraid, with lascivious thoughts in my head. As I drew near, the sea damsel reared up like a cobra of the Far East. The illusion was shattered and I beheld a face of fangs and fur. She began to bark like a fool mastiff gotten into the brandy cellar and she shambled her rippling bulk in my direction. Realizing the game of seduction she had played me at I drew a bead and brought her down with a single well-placed bullet.

Lesser American Flying Peach

If ever you hear a man claim a place to be God-forsaken slap him about the face and remind him forcefully that God's light reaches even the most benighted jungle cave of His creation. Such was even the case in Lesser America. With scarcely enough food or water to sustain us through our arduous journey many of the men had fallen to despair. We had run out of salted cat days earlier and had been reduced to drinking the water that collected in the folds of the tarp that covered our



Lesser American Sea Damsel
Ashleighus Sensuali

Lesser American Flying Peach
Deliciousum Georgianium

dead in the corpse wagon. I knew we had nearly reached the breaking point, so I set out in search of water and food.

I happened upon a cave. Thinking to find mushrooms or some other edible spore I crept quietly into the cave lest I awaken some terrible jungle demon. Imagine my surprise when I found, instead of dry fungus, a cave filled to overflowing with thousands of fuzzy brown peaches. What's more, after I had plucked a few and tasted their sweet juices I found them suddenly screeching and filling the air in great swarms. They emerged from the cave by the thousands. I called to the men and we filled our arms and baskets with the fruit. So great was their number that one had simply to open his mouth and they would fly down his gullet and fill up his belly in minutes. Truly, God's benevolent power reaches to every corner of the compass.

A FINE AND FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT

I am glad to congratulate my competitor, P.B. Fouke, on his marriage to a woman born of man. I am sure this new wife will prove every bit as excellent as your line of products and services for fur trappers.

A creature so fair has never before been seen upon the face of Missouri.

Nuptials must be a catching diseases in Missouri, for I find myself newly wed as well to the honorable lady Bronwyn Brown of the Chesapeake Bay Browns. Though I am told she is my cousin, it was upon our first meeting that she already felt as close to me as my own sister.

After careful negotiations Bronwyn agreed to submit herself to the rules of my household and to accept into her womb no less than nine children, of which no more than three may be born without life and no more than two in addition to that may expire before their first year.

Bronwyn is the most beautiful creature I have ever encountered on the face of Missouri. I have little doubt that she will provide me endless delights, both intellectual and matrimonial, and that she will one day sire a son for me without the terrible affliction of left-handedness.

With Tidings to All Good Men,
Ashleigh Pollard Brown

-∼A.P. Brown (@sexyfacts4u)

6.29 The David Milch School Of Screenwriting

Saturday, Jun 30, 2007 by David Milch (@DennisFarrell)

Hi there. I'm David fucking Milch. You may remember me as the creative tour-de-force behind Deadwood, a critically acclaimed HBO series that ended prematurely so that I could launch John From Cincinnati. Some people say that was like ending Seinfeld in season 3 to jump right into The Michael Richards Show, but those people don't understand the subtlety and nuance of ten annoying surfers in varying states of insanity wandering around and getting into pointless arguments with one another until there's a clumsy physical altercation and a pointless "mysterious" ending.

This is a summation of the lessons that I learned during my transition from Deadwood to John From Cincinnati. How I grew as a writer. The mistakes I made with Deadwood. What I was doing right all along. Hopefully it can help someone out there to get into the business of writing television that's half as good as the stuff I make.

YOUR FIRST STEP

Your first step is to think of what genre you want to work in. There's a lot of them, right? Seems like you've got a tough choice ahead of you, but you don't. The only genre you need to work in is "a group of loosely connected people stand on a beach and stare off into the ocean when they take a break from mysterious things happening to them".

I know what you're thinking. That's basically Lost, right? No. Lost was simply the first show to work within this genre. There have been hundreds of westerns and thousands of comedies. Is it right for there to be just one show about a group of loosely connected people that stand on a beach and stare off into the ocean when they take a break from mysterious things happening to them? I think not.

Working in this genre is great because, really, you can write whatever you want and you can make it fit since the show will be "mysterious". Let's say you want to write some sci-fi, specifically shit about astronauts and rockets and the like. Go ahead and write your astronaut story, then have those astronauts crash land on this crazy beach where things aren't as they seem. The astronauts can come across the sandswept top floors of the World Trade Center's twin towers. Punctuate even the worst episode with an ending like that and people will tune in next week, guaranteed.

Actually, no. Don't use that. That's my idea.

Another Step

Many young writers make the mistake of giving their characters actions that make sense within the framework of each person's motivations and personality. I was guilty of this myself while working on Deadwood.

See, if a character merely does what you would reasonably expect him to do, there's no real room for unpredictability. No way to leave your creative fingerprints smudged all over every frame of the show.

Those of you who are eagle-eyed will notice that two characters from John From Cincinnati are essentially the same person. One talks to a bird and one

talks to a stuffed bear, and when the bear and bird aren't around each man speaks to himself / God / ghosts. Everyone else on the show is equally crazy but in a general way that doesn't make sense or follow any guidelines. Do you have any idea how much freedom that gives me to be creative?

Characterization is a burden. It will only weigh you down.

> *Exercise:*
>
> While sitting at a stoplight, Scott's car is rear-ended by a teenage girl who wasn't paying attention. Scott...
>
> **A.** Calls for a police officer and writes down the girl's insurance information. The girl is apologetic and has a particularly difficult time coping with her role in the accident because her own daughter was killed by a motorist who hadn't been paying attention. **(WRONG)**
>
> **B.** Gets out of the car, lays down in traffic and begins singing a song about aliens as the damage to his car fixes itself. The teenage girl places a hand on her stomach and knows in that instant that she is pregnant. A Latino man holding a sing reading "The End Is Near" gets peed on by a magic dog and turns into an Asian. **(Ding ding!)**

Dialog Step

Perhaps the most important aspect of writing truly great television (and naturally something I've always been good at) is coming up with dialog that just barely resembles what each character is trying to say. When people have to work to understand what the hell is going on, they presume (correctly!) that they must be watching fine art.

I could explain this, but I'm not that good of a writer so I'll just show you through an example. Casey does not want a drink that his friend Adam is offering, but he does want to use his phone.

> **Adam:** Want a drink?
> **Casey:** No thanks. Mind if I use your phone, though? It's a local call. I'll make it quick.

That's horrible. Now let's punch it up by making that exchange harder to follow.

> **Adam:** As I would offer to others who were in my house if they were here and desired it, what say you to a serving of this not-air not-earth not-fire element?
> **Casey:** If I were to answer you in the positive I would be the embodiment of the title of that Henry Rollins Band hit from the mid-90's, and half the embodiment of the title of that Jim Carrey lawyer movie. How much of a strain on our friendship would it be if instead I asked for a rendezvous with one of your appliances which I hold close to my head and stimulate with my mouth?

Better. Not quite there yet, but better. As I learned from Deadwood, cursing is the ultimate hot sauce. It goes great with everything. Let's revise the exchange accordingly.

> **Adam:** As I'd fucking just as soon offer it to others, I'm telling you that a glass of that liquid pleasure can pass between your cocksucking lips if you indicate in the affirmatory.
> **Casey:** Much as I appreciate your gesture of motherfucking kindness, I'd like to communicate with another cocksucker via your telephonic voice relay device.

Now we apply the lessons learned from John From Cincinnati. Anger, insanity, mystery.

> **Adam:** *(to a chair)* I'd offer it to him, but I doubt he'd... no, no. You're right. *(long shot of the chair, with the camera slowly zooming in)* Hey, you shitbird! Why don't you partake in this once in a lifetime offer of what some who appreciate potables might accept gladly?
> **Casey:** *(pushes Adam onto the ground and pulls out a gun)* This is the cocksucking end. I wanted to ask of you a question that would possibly lead me to using your receiver and dialing pad but the device communicated with me directly from across the room vis-a-vis my left and right hemisphere. It told me... *(an old scar on his cheek vanishes)* These things cannot be undone unless we have fucking started them. All is Babylon.

Boom. Instant classic. That's all I have time for, as I'm off to get John From Cincinnati canceled so I can start a new show about angry, insane people who experience mysterious events as they comb a beach for buried treasure and bottle caps. Good luck out there!

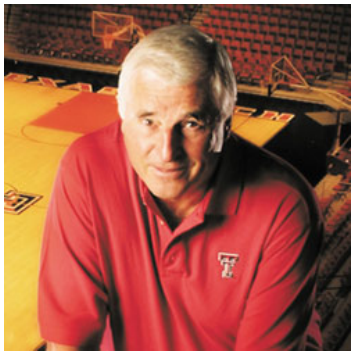
-~David Milch (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Bin Laden Determined to Strike with the Mentally Disabled

Monday, Jul 02, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I swear to fucking allah, Jabbar, if you don't pick up your game I am going to choke your ass out!

Turn on the TV for five minutes these days and you'll realize that global terrorism is not what it used to be. There has been one failed terror attack after another, each more feeble and pathetic than the last. It took me a while to figure out what was going on, but I think I have finally nailed the issue.

It is a sad state of affairs, but my 8th grade gym coach was right about global terrorism. Admittedly, he thought he was talking about making three-pointers in basketball, but he was still right about global terrorism. He used to tell us, "practice makes perfect" every time we started in with our basketball free throws. Eventually we would learn to judge the right amount of force to use when throwing the ball and we would stop lobbing them over the backboard. It takes a lot of practice to regularly land a three-pointer from the foul line, so I would imagine it takes a lot more practice to successfully execute a terrorist attack.

I have been informed repeatedly these guys have a terrorist training camp system, I've seen them on the monkey bars, but something has really fallen off in recent years in terms of quality. Better pay for teachers and smaller class sizes might help some, but we're talking about a systemic flaw. Terrorist attacks are losing a lot of the pizzazz they once had.

I'm willing to give international law enforcement agencies some of the credit. I'm sure they have become very good at catching things like Indian guys standing around a park taking pictures of geese or Mexicans buying maps of Washington. I'm also sure the US military and its allies have done some really incredible bomb-dropping and bullet-shooting. There are enough videos on Liveleak of houses exploding as soldiers yell "fuck yeah!" to convince me completely.

That still doesn't explain the deficiency in the terrorists we are seeing. The real reason we keep having these really shoddy terrorist attacks goes back to what my coach told us in 8th grade.

"Practice makes perfect!"

Great advice for kids lobbing basketballs, but it turns out it's really really really hard to practice blowing yourself up until you're perfect. The first time you have a scrimmage everyone on your team dies instantly. You can't learn any lessons. You can't go back to the locker room and talk about how you can go back out there and beat them after half time.

The monkey bars curriculum at terror camps has really gone downhill.

The problem terrorists are experiencing now is that all of the guys that were really good at being terrorists are dead. They were so good at being terrorists that they went ahead and blew themselves up.

The coaches or managers or whatever metaphor you want to throw in here, those guys are still alive. You've got the same guys cooking up brilliant plans sure to drive fear into the hearts of the Western

devils, but now they've got the dregs out there executing these master plans. As the quality of terrorists has continuously declined over the past few years, the quality of the terror attacks has dropped off sharply. These days we'll be lucky if we get a suicide bomber in a dollar store trying to light a string of Black Cats hot-glued to his t-shirt.

If you don't believe me, if you think global terror is still the threat it once was, let's take a tour of the past six years or so of terror attacks on the United States and its allies. I think it might change your mind.

Alright, man, the bombs are all set up. I'm just gonna duck over to the aromatherapy tent and eat my granola.

9/11/2001 - This was the big one. This is like the terror attack equivalent of that mythical meteor scientists always talk about wiping out the dinosaurs. It killed over 3,000 civilians and only 19 terrorists. That looks great on paper, but these guys were the terrorist A-team pulling the equivalent of the Picard maneuver. Those 19 guys are gone now, along with all of their experience and wisdom . The civilian loss was tragic, but those guys were civilians. America has an almost unlimited supply of civilians. Even if you somehow manage to blow up all of our civilians we can get plenty more of them that work even harder from Mexico.

12/22/2001 - The shoe bomber, Richard Reid, attempted to blow up an American Airlines flight flying from Paris. He tried to light a bomb in his shoe with matches and failed. Possibly the least terrifying terrorist ever, he looked like a roadie for Phish. The most disappointing second act since the time David Cross opened for Gallagher Too.

3/11/2004 - 191 people were killed by bombs planted in four different Spanish train stations. Probably the best terrorist attack of all because it did not rely on any suicide bombing. Unfortunately, the Spanish police figured out where the terrorists were hiding and surrounded their apartment. As the police began their raid, the terrorists blew themselves up along with one unlucky cop. That effectively negated all of the good work.

7/7/2005 - After a handful of unsuccessful attacks the terrorists began to run themselves out of steam. This attack on London involved four suicide bombers blowing up on three trains and a bus, killing 52. Some folks in England consider this "their 9/11", which is pretty sad considering they had the IRA bombing them for decades. While it was not as

dramatic as 9/11, plenty of video footage was generated thanks to London's super-creepy CCTV system that tracked the bombers over the city.

8/6/2006 - An Afghani Muslim named Omeed Popal drove around the San Francisco area in his SUV striking pedestrians. He killed one man and injured several others. He initially claimed to be a terrorist, but later claimed to be crazy at the urging of his lawyer. Three months later, Popal's rampage was made feeble by the unintentional rampage of George Weller, age 89. Weller killed ten people with his car at a crowded market in Los Angeles. Terrorists were becoming dangerously close to blending in with regular traffic accidents.

5/8/2007 - Possibly the lamest terror attack attempted since Richard Reid lit a match over the Atlantic. A New Jersey video store clerk phoned a tip in to the FBI that a man had asked him to dub a DVD of a VHS tape that showed several men shooting weapons and calling for a Jihad. The men turned out to be six foreign-born Muslim immigrants. This group of extremely clever men was intent on attacking Fort Dix and killing as many soldiers as possible. What a great idea, attack a base full of the people trained to shoot terrorists! This wins the award for the stupidest terror target ever, narrowly beating out the three guys from Chechnya that tried to blow up a lake.

This is actually a video clip of the bomb exploding at Glasgow Airport.

6/29/2007 - Nightclub bouncers spotted a Mercedes driving erratically in London's Haymarket neighborhood. It crashed into a dumpster and patrons spotted smoke. The car turned out to be full of propane. A second car was discovered in a parking garage. There are so many things wrong with this terror plot it's hard to know where to begin. On 9/11 terrorists were able to fly huge jet aircraft into a building, less than six years later they are apparently incapable of driving around a dumpster.

7/1/2007 - In an attack similar to the one in London only days earlier, three terrorists attempted to drive a car full of gas into the main terminal of Glasgow Airport. The car hit the terminal, slightly injuring someone inside. The car was set on fire and two of the terrorists doused themselves in kerosene. One terrorist apparently was not interested in burning himself alive. One terrorist died and one was critically injured. This attack is notable because it managed to be even dumber than the attack in London.

I did not mention a number of completely failed terror attacks being "plotted" by inept morons. Some of these attacks border on the absurd and others may not have even been serious attempts at terrorism. At least in the United States, civilians are arrested fairly frequently and declared to be terrorist masterminds plotting to detonate dirty bombs in the middle of nursery schools. These erstwhile Bin Ladens are then convicted, exonerated, locked away in some weird judicial purgatory, expelled from the country, or simply disappeared into a creepy CIA prison in Turkmenistan.

It would appear that despite our best efforts to lose the vague War on Terror by invading random countries, we are actually well on our way to winning. Not because we're smarter or better at catching the terrorists. Not because of our heroic troops, heroic though they are. We're winning the same way mankind defeated the Martians in *War of the Worlds*. We're winning because the other guys are fucking retarded.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 A Modest Papal Proposal

Tuesday, Jul 03, 2007 by Chris "Petey" Peterson

Your Holiness, thanks for awarding me this audience. Though I hoped to meet with you in person, I understand that your busy schedule often precludes personal propositions. Also, this damnable restraining order–enforced with righteous zeal by your garishly garbed guards–further confounded my efforts.

As you may recall, it was issued after an unfortunate incident during which I mistook a particularly portly Metropolitan mercenary for a partially inflated ReMax balloon. In my giddy desire to see the See from the sky, I set the fat man's trousers aflame. Though I earnestly apologize for my error, I'm sure we both agree that if the Swiss mean to be seen as serious soldiers they shouldn't march about in such pompous pajamas.

I know I am a poor Catholic for besmirching the honor of the Guard. Perhaps my hatred of the Swiss is heresy, as blasphemous as beating off over the Black Nazarene. Perhaps I am a sinner born. But while I'm no religious scholar, I went to enough years of Sunday school to know that though we're all sinners, Jesus came to forgive us of our transgressions. In his infinite mercy he sacrificed himself to Lord Voldemort and the fearsome Nazgul. Ever since that fateful day, he has lain in cryogenic slumber within an adamantine cage, waiting for the glorious Rapture as Saint Jenkins foretold.

Until that happy day, my good Pontiff, you are God's right hand man. You are his primary instrument of power on Earth, except for when he's feeling naughty and cheats on you with the Dali Llama. You must spread the Word. You must uphold the Church. You must order Opus Dei to hunt down the Holy Grail using a ham radio hidden in your hat. But most importantly, you–the Bishop of Rome, the Patriarch of the West, the Lord of the Unseen Elves–have the power and duty to save men. And I know how to do it:

Lunchables
CHRIZT CRISPZ
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
KEEP REFRIGERATED
LUNCH COMBINATIONS
NET WT 4.25 OZ (120g)
No Saturated / Trans fats in this body of Christ!

Years ago, the Church made a killing by peddling papal indulgences, which wiped the soul's slate of sin. Why not restart the practice, but with a food product suitable for our rich and ravenous nation? Easy Eucharist for sinners on the go. Taglines like "*Indulge* Thyself" are a sure sell to a people whose men think about sex once every six seconds but fantasize about a Big Mac once every four.

Imagine–a box of golden cardboard, containing a single serving Mass meal. A classy foil packet of red wine, a little container of communion, and a tin of orange cheese are all that is needed to make snacktime simply *divine*!

Steal a scroll from the Torah and have your priests bless factories en-masse. Consecrated computers could thoughtlessly–and therefore sinlessly–package these Lunchables of the Lord, with their holy delicious contents uncontaminated by mortal hands. And come shopping time, spendthrifts need not worry about stocking up for the long haul: these divine delicacies never expire!

You could even print little inspirational slogans on the backside of the crisps. Timeless passages like "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in him will not perish but have eternal life" (John 3:16) and "Live free or die hard" (Willis 6:27) will surely brighten the brunch of even the most solemn soul.

Come to think of it, consecrated cuisine could completely recast redemption! The closest most Americans come to a spiritual exercise is eating, so why not impose the sacred on the secular and turn gluttony to grace? Works and faith take time and effort, so not snack your way to salvation? Television dinners with endless fish and loaves to go along with the *700 Club*! Animal crackers, with two of every kind! Fruit snacks from the Tree of Knowledge, employed erotically, could add enough zest to cooling Catholic marriages to ensure that, as God intended, each family bears more children than it can actually support.

Your Holiness, I think this could be a great innovation for the Church. I know my last idea, "Pope on a Rope", didn't go over so well, but in my defense I expected that product to be used in the shower, not in effigy. As our Saviour once did I come to you humbly, asking for naught but your faith and finances. Join me on this great free market adventure. You have critiqued capitalism unfairly, for Adam Smith read the writing on the wall, and knew that His invisible hand guides all. With your strength and support, we may yet master the merchants of mealtime. Never has a commercial coup been so delicious.

-~Chris "Petey" Peterson

7.3 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN!

Wednesday, Jul 04, 2007 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

Today waves of shock and tribulation echoed throughout the corridors of Washington, D.C. as the masked bandit Scooter Libby was let off the hook for his high crimes and treason! The defiant Washington Fat Cat snarled at the already beleaguered press corps, causing them to cower like scared mice in the damp cubbyholes of D.C.!

One reporter cried to anyone who would listen while fleeing for safer ground. "No man is safe when lawlessness reigns!" whimpered the craven newsman clutching his possessions in hand while boarding a boat bound for Canada!

The shamed agent for the administration was caught leaking sensitive information on rivals to the public, putting America's fighting men and women in harm's way! The scurrilous mastermind, one Karl Rove, remains at large, twirling his mustache and crumpling lives and liberty in his gloved hands!

Next up for Scooter Libby? "I'm going to steal the Hope Diamond" brags the unscrupulous malefactor.

Skeptics everywhere are biting their tongues at this incredible pooch, Skipper, the dog that barks pure truth! "Bow wow" no more, scientists are saying.

The British pooch is turning heads and popping monocles with his monologues on the nature of man, life, and the universe.

"Skipper's roofs are the height of reason!" raves one scientist, frantically scribbling notes on a blackboard.

What's the word, Skip? "GOD IS DEAD!" barks the peppy wonder. He's raising such a stir that the Prime Minister himself stopped by to deliver a gift - the prized femur of Margaret Thatcher. The two played fetch for hours in Greenwich Park until the canine champion was called back to his laboratory doghouse for more work.

"He's a smashing pooch!" boasts the British bigwig, so moved by the truth that his eyes, ears, and mouth were spraying blood everywhere.

Looks like reason and wonder have gone to the dogs!

The Apple Baron is up to his old tricks! To celebrate his greatest harvest ever, the reigning Washington State Apple King George "Apple King" Adams is offering up 360,000,000 apples free to all Americans! The apples will be dropped from planes on cities and countryside over the next few weeks. He expects his campaign to be a raging success and will monitor progress from his bunker beneath the Columbia River.

No word on where all the doctors will be hiding! How about them apples?!?!

The stalwart little rovers roaming about the Red Planet have found life - and stopped it from invading Earth! The twin rovers both simultaneously discovered strange and mysterious creatures, formless and undoubtedly evil, living on rocks. Using motorized arms, they beat the tenacious monsters to death with parasols.

No white flag for the Martians! They haven't the life with which to raise one! Next up for the little rovers: more exploring! Godspeed, robot friends!

Fearful citizens were left biting their knuckles and howling when crazed lunatic Jerry Albertson took to the skies in his homemade balloon, a strange device that scoffs rudely at the rules of the air. Albertson soared over Billings, Montana for three straight hours, terrifying women and children, angering the elderly, and giving honest men nightmares.

A small mob hurled apples at the balloon, but it was too high up and the ones that made it to Jerry were returned as cores.

"Thanks for the apples" taunts the avian-man through a bullhorn.

His balloon hovered an incredible 30 feet above earth, giving him an optimum view of the world below and a prying eye into the lives of ordinary men and women. "I can see everything" yelled the pervert to the entire world.

Justice arrived like the wind! A strong gust threatened his dominion, and so he lowered an anchor to the ground. When he landed, a mob of angry citizens beat him to death and burned his balloonstrosity to ash.

What goes up must come down. Eh, Jerry?

A mysterious extravaganza is being organized in every city and every town, all throughout the country by an unknown company from an unknown land. All of America has been mobilized and citizens everywhere are waiting with bated breath to watch exotic jugglers, fire breathers, lion tamers, watch setters, sword eaters, and hog lifters show off their talents under the big top! The tent housing this event stretches from the eastern states all the way to the tip of Alaska. Hawaii, too, is enjoying the spectacle with the aid of a smaller tent connected by way of a wooden walkway to the mainland.

What say you America? Time for a little fun? These smiling people seem to think so!

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

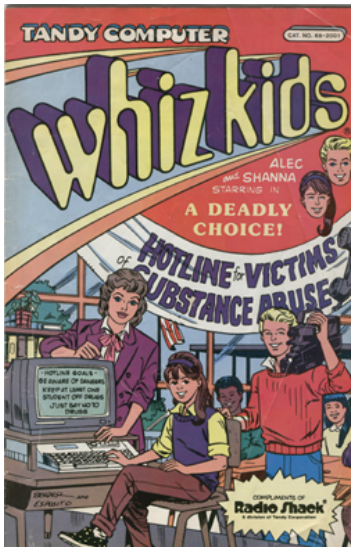
-∼SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

7.4 Krappy Komics Korner: A Deadly Choice!

Thursday, Jul 05, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

The war on drugs, an all-out assault to shove anti-drug messages into children's entertainment, managed to infiltrate many, many parts of my childhood, and I assume many of yours as well. Even the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles arcade game at the mall intermittently displayed a big blue screen telling me that "winners don't use drugs." This confused the hell out of me, since I was drug-free and still managed to suck so much at the game. In fact, it wasn't until my first hit of meth that I was able to defeat Krang. I'm sure Nancy Reagan would be horrified by this statement if she didn't spend most of her life with a can of spraypaint in one hand and a paper bag in the other.

Even comic books weren't safe: In 1990, Radio Shack, the place where people used to buy rare batteries and where grandparents still buy terrible Christmas presents, decided to jump onto the anti-drugs bandwagon using the medium of comics. And if they could push a few of their products along the way, that was icing on the cake. Join me as we explore...



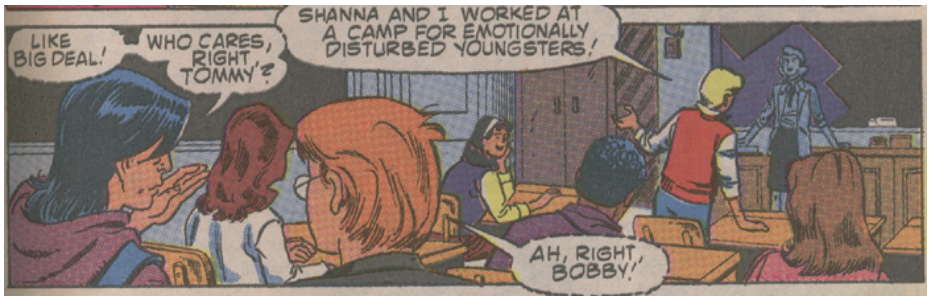
Not just whiz kids, but *Tandy Computer* whiz kids. Tandy was Radio Shack's own brand of crummy products, which they decided to push prominently throughout the adventures of Alec and Shanna (yes, *the* Alec and Shanna). Did you know that most Tandy computers are now used as female circumcision operating tables by third-world countries? It's true. But enough of Tandy.

A Deadly Choice! starts off with a scene in a shady-looking airport on a rainy night. A couple of cloaked figures unload a recently-landed plane with a shopping cart and deliver the goods to this guy:

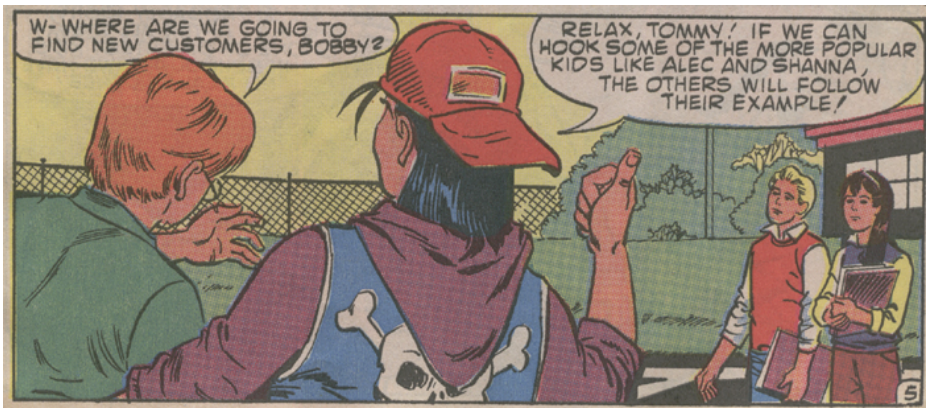
ILLEGAL DRUG OPERATIONS TRADE UNSUSPECTING CLIENTS MISERY FOR MONEY! WITHOUT THE HELP OF ALERT CITIZENS, UNDERGROUND DRUG FACILITIES LIKE THESE MOST OFTEN ESCAPE DETECTION!
A FEW MORE SHIP-MENTS LIKE THIS AND I'LL BE ON EASY STREET FOR LIFE!
2

I bet you thought that meth labs were fly-by-night operations run by street trash in their basements. No, it turns out that distinguished collegiate-types with clean labcoats who look like a mix between Vincent Prince and Dr. Quest are the real poisoners of society!

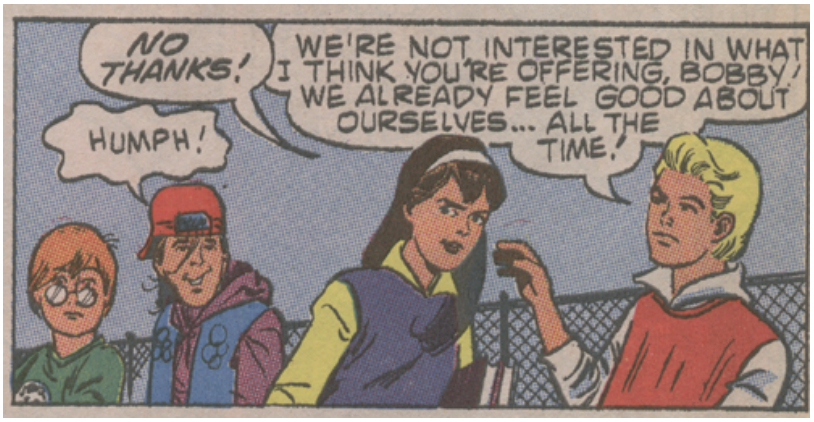
In their safe little schoolhouse, as they tell their teacher what they did over summer vacation, Alec and Shanna know nothing of the controlled substances that the Dean of Drugs at Addiction University will soon get their classmates hooked on.



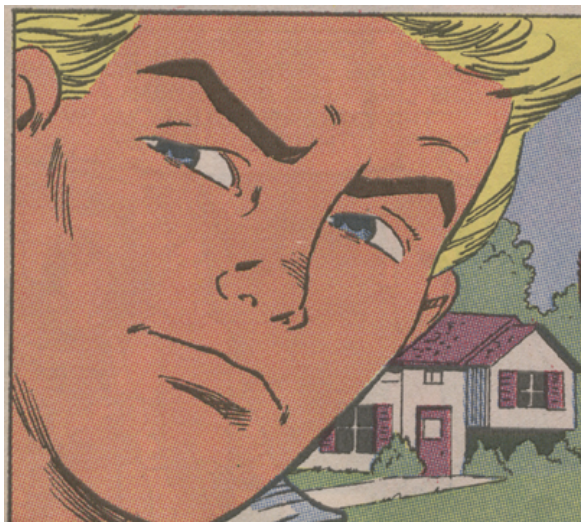
As you can see, Tommy and Bobby are the cool kids in the class, and they want nothing to do with Alec's never ending kiss-assery. Alec monopolizes everyone's time by going on and on about how they somehow let a 10 year-old like him work at a camp full of emotionally disturbed and drug-addicted children. Luckily, the school bell rings, saving everyone from hearing how Alec rescued yet another child from having a relapse with his "Let's ride bikes!" technique. On the way out of class, Alec and Shanna are disturbed that Tommy, a well-meaning redhead, started hanging out with Burnout Bobby over the summer. It turns out that Tommy and Bobby have quite a lot in common:


W-WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND NEW CUSTOMERS, BOBBY?
RELAX, TOMMY! IF WE CAN HOOK SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR KIDS LIKE ALEC AND SHANNA, THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE!

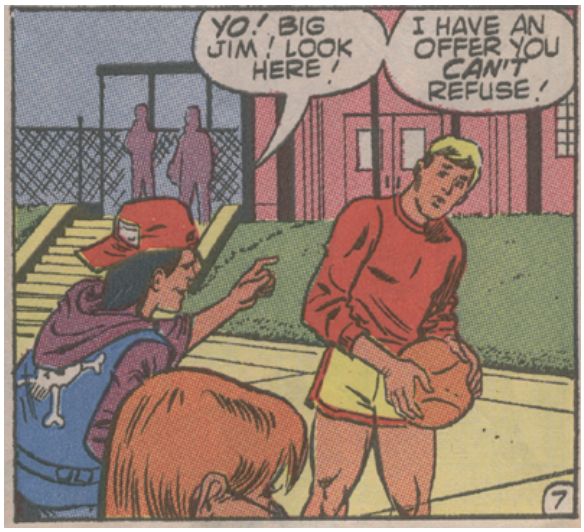
They've become pushers! Not to mention they both have quite a brilliant understanding of how the social ladder works. This drug pyramid scheme could be a gold mine! Unfortunately the inseparable Alec and Shanna have witnessed one of their transactions, and soon become potential customers. Luckily, Alec knows the right thing to say:


NO THANKS!
WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT I THINK YOU'RE OFFERING, BOBBY! WE ALREADY FEEL GOOD ABOUT OURSELVES... ALL THE TIME!
HUMPH!

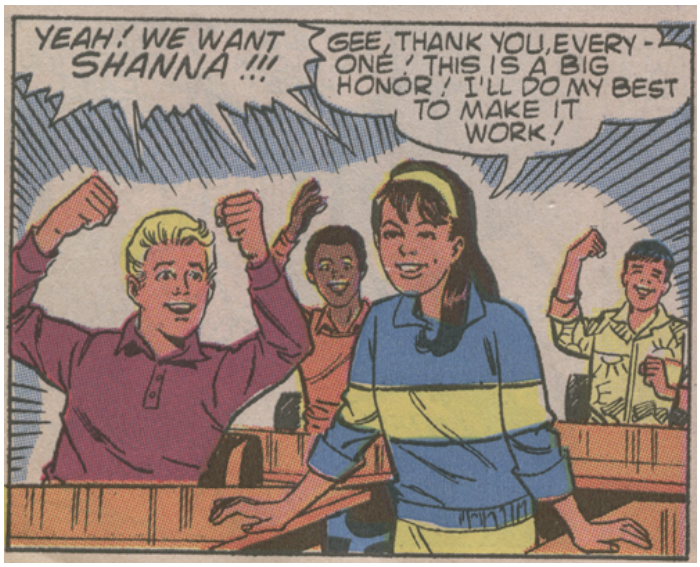
Note the hesitation in Alec as he tells Bobby and Tommy just how often he feels good. This is just a brief glimpse into his life of quiet desperation. He's lying to himself, and his awkward relationship with Shanna is proof of that. In reality, Alec doesn't give a crap about the war on drugs. He's just constantly trying to impress Shanna with his character. Poor Alec hasn't learned to put down the torch and move on, though; every second he spends with Shanna is an anguished, heart-wrenching moment of pure want.



Now that they know of Tommy and Bobby's plan of profiting from moral decay, Alec and Shanna quickly narc on them to their teacher who was previously so interested in hearing what they did over the summer. Meanwhile, Tommy and Bobby are doing some work of their own:



Unfortunately, Tommy and Bobby have mistaken Big Jim, a 35 year-old retarded man who the state let into the 8th grade, as a popular student. But a customer is a customer. The next day, the school decides to set up a drug hotline to combat the new problem, and Shanna is elected to head up the program.

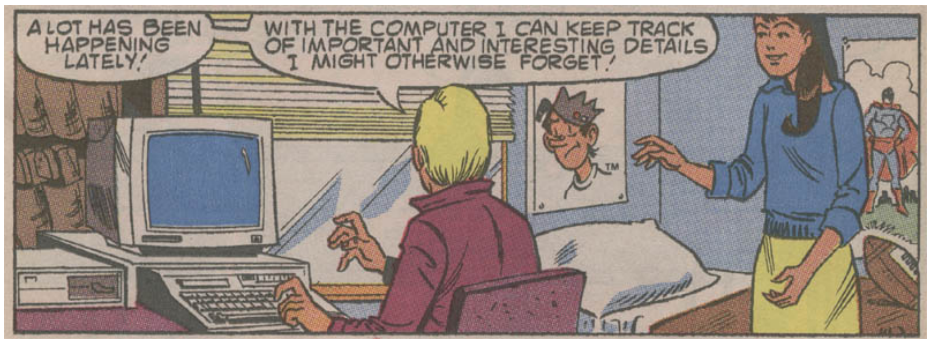


And once again, we can see the cracks in Alec's facade.

While Tommy and Bobby plot to take down the drug hotline, Alec is so enthusiastic that he can't wait to get home. The reason?

He's a winner, and I bet Shanna can't wait to go up to his room and watch him type on his crappy computer from Radio Shack (yes, Radio Shack was promoting their products *with a little boy who has a diary*). That's a way better idea than making out with Big Jim under the bleachers. After all, being molested by a giant with Down's Syndrome is far less humiliating than trying to enjoy a Radio Shack product.

Up next is where the blatant Tandy-pushing comes into play:


A LOT HAS BEEN HAPPENING LATELY!
WITH THE COMPUTER I CAN KEEP TRACK OF IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING DETAILS I MIGHT OTHERWISE FORGET!

That's right, kids. Tandy can help you with all of your drug stings and- Wait, does Alec have a poster of Jughead on his wall? He idolizes Jughead? Now it's all starting to make sense. His hatred of Bobby and Tommy is just a ruse to cover up his own depraved wishes to live naked, wrapped in dirty bedsheets and eating hamburgers all day.

Not only is Alec Tandy-crazy, his parents also know the benefits of owning a computer from Radio Shack!

ALEC AND SHANNA SURE ENJOY THAT COMPUTER!
YES, IT'S NICE TO HAVE OUR CHILDREN HOME WHERE THEY BELONG AT NIGHT!
BUT NOT ALL YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SPENDING THAT NIGHT AT HOME!
I-I DON'T LIKE THIS PART OF TOWN, BOBBY!
RELAX, TOMMY! IT'S WHERE BUZZ HANGS OUT!
MIKE'S POOL
10

Clearly, there is a sharp distinction between those who own a Tandy and those who don't. Of course, most people who once owned a Tandy are now homeless and filtering pure grain alcohol through a soiled pair of underwear in dark alleys.

Also, Alec's dad looks very drunk. In fact, he's so drunk that he thinks Shanna is his child.

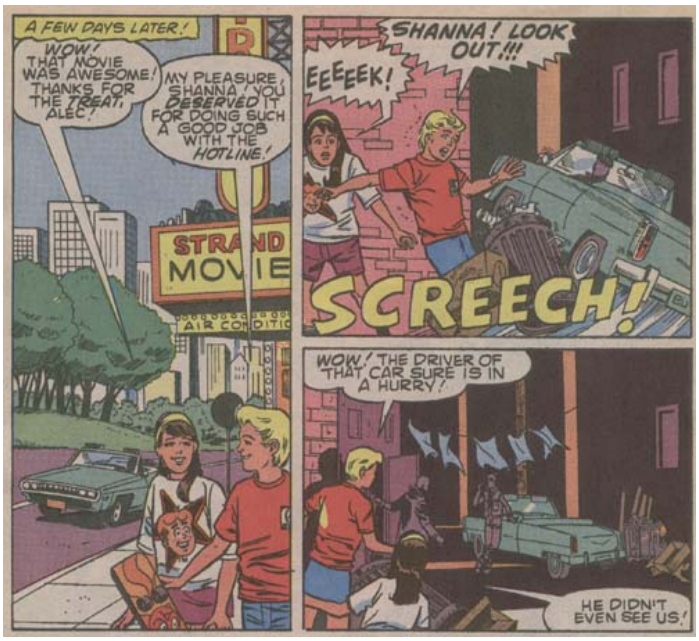
Meanwhile, Tommy, along with his ginger slave Bobby, were experiencing the scary street life of not owning a computer from Radio Shack. Not owning a computer has brought both of them face-to-face with a real-life social situation. Don't let this happen to you!

We now join Tommy and Bobby, already in progress.

THAT'S RIGHT! SHANNA IS IN CHARGE OF THE HOTLINE!
SHE AND ALEC ARE ALREADY ON OUR CASE! YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
OKAY! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, DUDES! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS DRUG HOTLINE...
AND SHANNA, TOO!
11

Buzz (possibly named for his unfortunate haircut) is worried about this new drug hotline of Shanna's, and he should be. His "takedown" may involve many phone pranks of Jerky Boys caliber. Perhaps he can convince Shanna that her refrigerator is running... All the way out into the street where she will be gunned down by armed thugs.

And as much as Tommy and Bobby are upset about Alec and Shanna's narcing, they need to know that there is such a thing as reverse-narcing. And they're guilty!


A FEW DAYS LATER!
WOW! THAT MOVIE WAS AWESOME! THANKS FOR THE TREAT, ALEC!
MY PLEASURE, SHANNA! YOU DESERVED IT FOR DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB WITH THE HOTLINE!
SHANNA! LOOK OUT!!!
EEEEEK!
SCREECH!
WOW! THE DRIVER OF THAT CAR SURE IS IN A HURRY!
HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE US!

We join Alec and Shanna a few days later- Wait, according to the comic, it's "A few days later!" This exclamation is wasted on the disappointing end of another one of Alec's embarrassing "dates," which I imagine was chock full of sweaty and clammy "just friends" hand-holding and statements like "Heh, looks like I spilled some popcorn on the front of your sweater. No, no- I'll get that for you." You know that after Alec gets Shanna back to his house, he's going to make Triscuit pizzas and things are going to get weird again when he "accidentally" forgets to put his clothes back on when he comes back from using the bathroom (Alec has a lot of problems). He's tried it before. "Why," Alec will ask himself, "Why can't she love me like she loves her three other boyfriends?"

Before things can get too weird, a car veers off of the road and almost turns Shanna into a corpse that I assume Alec would do things to before he would call an ambulance! He'd at least cut off one of her fingers and make it into a necklace. I can't say the reckless driving is entirely unjustified, though; if I saw a kid wearing an Archie T-Shirt, I too would have the urge to turn this horrible creature into road pizza.

Astute readers should notice that Alec and Shanna just got out of *Air Conditioning: The Movie.*

The driver of the car turns out to be Buzz, who missed an opportune chance to take care of Shanna. Maybe that's not his style, though. He could be the type that prefers to kill by pumping himself full of PCP and tearing the limbs off of his unfortunate victims, which he then uses to bludgeon said victim to death and swat at the invisible space creatures that are trying to enter his body through his anal cavity.

Forgetting about missing this opportunity, Buzz meets up with the supplier of Dr. Drugs, and gets a shipment of his own. Luckily, Junior detectives Alec and Shanna are on the case!

DON'T TELL ME YOU STORED INFORMATION ABOUT THAT GUY IN THE COMPUTER?
I SURE DID!
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY!
I PUT IN A COMPLETE DISCRIPTION! C'MON! I'LL SHOW YOU!
SEE! NOW I'LL MAKE A PRINTOUT OF THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE STRANGER AND HIS CAR!
I'M SURE MS. WILSON WILL WANT ONE!
SPEAKING OF MS. WILSON, A COMPUTER WOULD BE GREAT TO KEEP YOUR HOTLINE LOG ON!
IT SURE WOULD! I'LL BRING IT UP TOMORROW AT SCHOOL!
13

Oh Tandy, what can't you do? (Hint: survive in a world with far better products)

You know, it's really cute that a couple of pre-teen Archie fans are using their computer to monitor drug trafficking, but at some point shouldn't the real police be involved? I assume their computers have more than 64k of RAM and weren't made in a country that changes names every three months, usually when the newest dictator is assassinated.

Alec and Shanna's precious Tandy can't save them from everything, however, as when they get to school the next day(!) they find out that their (anti) drug hotline has been shut down. The reason? An anonymous tip has been called in saying that Shanna gave a student information on where to buy drugs. Christ, Buzz didn't even have to *try* to take that little organization down. I assume that he could have called the principal and told him that he had pretty good proof that Shanna was a Frankenstein, and it would have had the same effect.

"I'm sorry Shanna, we'll have to shut the hotline down. We've got an anonymous tip that you're a... Frankenstein. Someone! Restrain her! Watch out for those neck bolts! It appears that they're invisible this time!"

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SOMEONE WANTS TO PUT OUR HOTLINE OUT OF BUSINESS AND MAKE TROUBLE FOR SHANNA AT THE SAME TIME!
PERHAPS, BUT WHOD WANT TO DO A THING LIKE THAT?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!
14

While Alec and Shanna plot, Tommy's life is falling apart, as is the case with most natural redheads. It probably has very little to do with drugs. When Alec and Shanna run into him, Tommy's odd behavior and collection of burnt teaspoons spell nothing but trouble, trouble that can only be resolved with the use of a fine product from Radio Shack!

I had second thoughts about showing so much of this page, but my first thoughts won the thought battle:

THAT NIGHT IN ALEC'S ROOM!
WITH THIS TANDY CAMCORDER WE CAN DOCUMENT WHAT WE SEE!
I AGREE! WE'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY RISKS. WE'RE JUST GOING TO PROVIDE SOME PROOF OF OUR STORY!
IN THAT CASE, I'LL HELP PRODUCE THIS HOME VIDEO!
GOOD IDEA! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BE REAL CAREFUL!
COMBATTING DRUG DEALERS SHOULD BE LEFT TO THE POLICE!
WE'LL START BY TRYING TO GET A SHOT OF THAT CAR IN THE ALLEY NEAR THE THEATER!
RIGHT! AND THEN WHAT?
AFTER THAT WE'LL VIDEO TAPE THE STRANGER WHO KEEPS HANGING AROUND THE SCHOOL!
IT ALL SOUNDS SAFE AND FOOLPROOF! MAYBE WE'LL GET LUCKY AND END UP WITH SOME EVIDENCE THE POLICE CAN USE!
AT LEAST A VIDEO TAPE AND THE COMPUTER PRINT-OUT I MADE WILL GIVE THE AUTHORITIES SOMETHING TO INVESTIGATE!
TOMORROW, WE BEGIN TAPING!
RIGHT!

As you can see, with the comic being so successful, Alec and Shanna quickly go into the production of *A Deadly Choice! The Movie!* Alec has creative control, and Shanna signs on as a producer, which means she will show up at Alec's house every morning to collect a paycheck and a blowjob. The last part is difficult for a girl, which is why Hollywood producers are mostly men and transsexuals.

The writer (yes this comic was written) of this comic finally realized by this point that showing kids how to set up their own drug stings is a terrible idea, so he gives Shanna a little caveat to avoid any Radio Shack lawsuits (they were terrified of litigation after all of those RC cars exploded during the mid-1980s). In a nutshell, Shanna says "We shouldn't do this, and it's very dangerous. So instead of not doing it, we should just be careful! Alec, quit looking at my thighs."

So, with the disclaimer fully in place, Alec and Shanna climb to the top of a building and videotape Dr. Drugs picking up a wad of bills from Buzz. You think someone as dapper as Dr. Drugs would have one of his flunkies do these menial tasks, but I guess he didn't have to work on his dissertation that night.

The next day, Alec and Shanna film *A Deadly Choice! Part Two!* featuring the illegal activities of Tommy and Bobby. With his redheaded powers of perception, Tommy notices that he's being recorded by Alec and Shanna. He goes to them for a little heart-to-heart, and when they make it to his house, disaster happens!

I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, TOMMY / YOUR HOUSE WAS BEING ROBBED, AND YOUR PARENTS CAUGHT THE THIEF AND WERE HURT!
H-HUH?
WHAT? MY PARENTS? OH NO! IS IT SERIOUS?
AN AMBULANCE TOOK THEM TO THE HOSPITAL / LUCKILY, THEY'RE OKAY! IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE! THE THIEF WAS AN ADDICT HIGH ON DRUGS!
SNIFF!
WHA-WHAT?
WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO NAB THE THIEF! THAT'S HIM!
SNIFF!
HIM? IT'S BIG JIM!
YOU KNOW HIM?
SOB! I... I... HELPED TURN HIM ON TO DRUGS! SOB!
22

Please do not reveal the shocking twist of *A Deadly Choice!*

Yes, Big Jim is high "on drugs." You'll notice that in all of this anti-drug stuff made for kids, it's never clear what drugs people are taking, buying and selling. Hell, there's not even a distinction drawn between caffeine and heroin! I bet little idiot children who were taken in by this garbage were actually calling the police every time they saw their parents open a Folgers can, or shoot up in the bathroom.

If you think the last one is justified, you obviously weren't born in a shopping cart to parents who looove to party.

As you can see, Alec and Shanna's Tandy Patrol already have superiority over the actual police:

OFFICER, MAYBE WE'D BETTER TAKE TOMMY TO OUR HOUSE! HE'S ALMOST HYSTERICAL!
OKAY, ALEC, I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER AND RADIO THE DETECTIVES TO MEET US THERE!

Tommy is hardly "hysterical." Look at him staring at the reader with that RUH-ROH look on his face. It's clear that Alec and Shanna are going to administer some good old-fashioned street justice before the detectives show up. With any luck, Tommy will wish he was dead more than most redheads usually do!

With Tommy's information, Buzz is busted, and squeals on Clayton Drugs, the Dean at Addiction University.

A SHORT TIME LATER!
MR. CLAYTON, TWO POLICE DETECTIVES ARE HERE TO SEE YOU!
REALLY? WELL, SEND THEM RIGHT IN! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE THE POLICE!
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE GLAD TO SEE US THIS TIME MR. CLAYTON!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! THESE ARE YOUR RIGHTS...

Yeah Clayton, they're not taking bribes this time. They're under the thumb of the Tandy Patrol! You'll have to wait until the Tandy Patrol is secretly murdered by the Mafia before the police start taking bribes again! That should be in about a week.

So, all the loose ends are wrapped up, but what of Tommy?

He's on his way to rehab! And, as you can see, he's removed the green T-Shirt that is common apparel for drug users. Despite his parents being murdered by Big Jim, Tommy seems to be pretty chipper about everything. And, together with Alec and Shanna, the Tandy Patrol, they can all emit some sort of dangerous radiation. At least that's what I think is happening in this panel. Perhaps it stops drugs or something.

So what should you have learned from *A Deadly Choice!* (please note that if you haven't learned the following things you are wrong):

- With the combined power of two Radio Shack products, you too can break apart dangerous drug rings!
- The real Deadly Choice! is the choice between Radio Shack products and those of a reputable company.
- Guys nicknamed "Big Jim" will flip out at some point in their life. It's inevitable.
- Given enough money, people are capable of writing and drawing anything!
- Always do drugs.
- Never don't do drugs.

EPILOGUE

ALEC

Asphyxiated after sewing himself into Shanna's mattress in an attempt to "score".

SHANNA

Estranged third wife of Jughead. Made herself barren in an attempt to destroy their unborn love child with the antenna of a cordless phone.

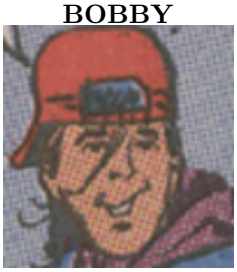
BIG JIM

Died in what he thought was Vietnam. It was really the woods behind a Vietnamese restaurant.

TOMMY

Like all redheads, after being found guilty he was executed and his body was processed into prison soap.

BOBBY



Started his own X-Treme Christian Youth group based on the teachings of Tony Hawk.

DR. CLAYTON DRUGS

Now teaching Freebasing 101 at Addiction Community College, and moderator of "Goons with Spoons" on the Something Awful Forums.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.5 The Great American Reach Around - Texas and Mexico

Friday, Jul 06, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

This week the Great American Reach Around heads from South to Southwest and tackles the mega state of Texas. The fiercely independent Lone Star State has become a symbol of America for many foreigners, something that is a source of irritation for those Americans not suitably blessed by the magnificence of Our Lord God Almighty to be living in Texas. As for the Texans, well I doubt they give a hoot what anybody thinks of them.

This week's American portion of the Great American Reach Around will be a little different than previous weeks. Because I have never visited Texas I invited natives to write an article on their home state. One gent going by the name of The Karma Crip stepped up to the challenge and will be presenting an article on Austin. I will counterbalance this with my outsider's view of Dallas, Texas. Hopefully his article on the most liberal city in Texas will suitably represent all of the yokels I will be disenfranchising with my hateful screed on Dallas!

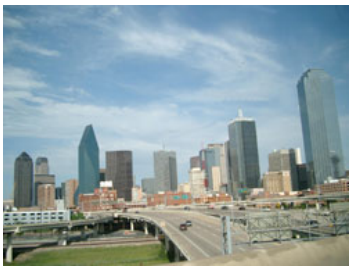
Texans, fear not, for the unfortunate tale of your home state will be offset by the most thorough coverage yet of a foreign nation. We will be peering into no less than four cities in Mexico for a look at how America's southern brothers and sisters live their lives. José "Talas" Talamantes will give us a peek at Monterrey, Luis "Kal-L" Toscano is going to show us around Veracruz, Luis "Luisfe" Rubio Miranda has written a delightful piece on Queretaro, and from just south of the border comes Gustavo "Jesupisto" Valdez with a fascinating look at Tijuana.

Just glancing at the pictures featured in these articles about Mexico should be sufficient to blow apart one misconception about Mexico. Rather than nothing but rundown shanty towns and dirt roads it turns out Mexico has some absolutely gorgeous cities.

Our story this week begins in Texas. The second largest state in the United States in terms of area and population, Texas is probably the most iconic state in the Union. It is the home state of four US Presidents of the past 100 years, it is known for cowboys and harsh justice, and of course its oil millionaires. They don't really drive around in Cadillac convertibles with a bull's horns on the hood, but they do exist.

WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
IDAHO
NEVADA
MONTANA
WYOMING
UTAH
ARIZONA
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
MINNESOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
WISCONSIN
ILLINOIS
MICHIGAN
INDIANA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
WEST VIRGINIA
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW YORK
MAINE
VT
NH
MASS
CONN
RI
NEW JERSEY
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
ALASKA
HAWAII
CONN: CONNECTICUT
MASS: MASSACHUSETTS
NH: NEW HAMPSHIRE
RI: RHODE ISLAND
VT: VERMONT

Dallas, Texas



America's number one export of shitty TV reruns has secured the place of Dallas for years to come in the minds of viewers around the world. It is a place of big oil men and big ladies with big shoulder pads and big plans to make big money.

A fitting reputation for a big city in a big state, but not entirely accurate. In the years since J.R. Ewing guzzled his last Bourbon and Branch Houston has become the oil capital of Texas, while Dallas has transformed into a mecca for America's high-tech industry.

A friend of mine once described Dallas derisively as "America's biggest suburb," built fast and cheap with very little thought to history or efficiency. I can't say whether or not that's an accurate description, but it may have been that same quality that prompted filmmaker Paul Verhoeven to cast Dallas as the shiny corporate utopia of his underrated classic Robocop. Its featureless and sterile urbanism were well-suited to convey the downsides of future America.

Outside of the eponymous TV show, Dallas is probably best known to Americans and the world as the place that killed John F. Kennedy. Far be it for me to blame the city for the President's death, but Texas was decidedly anti-Kennedy. They hated the New England liberal and his then-controversial non-black-hating ways, although they did love native son and Kennedy VP Lyndon Johnson. In the end, maybe Dallas killed JFK to open the door for the Texan to creep into the White House like a twangy wizard.

As for Texas, America has a love/hate relationship with the state. It represents a lot of what we consider fun and adventurous about our country. The cowboys and the ranches, horseback riding in the desert with just a shotgun and some spurs between you and a rattlesnake or a drug-crazed Mestizo. It's a romantic vision of America that exists now as a series of tax-break ranches owned by celebrities and a bunch of creepy racists in tacops gear driving back and forth around the Mexico border looking for illegal immigrants to run down in their SUV.

Those of us with not to much fondness for our current President can't help but feel that we owe the fictional character he has created of a homespun good old boy in love with clearing brush to Texas. I'm not too certain what Texans think of Bush these days, but every time he swallows his New England accent long enough to stammer out some anecdote about Buddy chasing tumbleweeds around his ranch it reminds most of America of why we hope Texas burns to the ground. Texas sort of doesn't want America, never has too much, and America sort of doesn't really want Texas. We're an odd couple stuck together for the time being - like a rat taped to a dolphin - so we do our best to get along. As long as we can get at least four years away from a faux Texan finish on the White House I think the good times can probably keep right on rolling.

The Karma Crip (Guest American)

Austin, Texas

Austin is the capital of Texas, but only the fourth-largest metro area in the state behind Dallas/Ft. Worth, Houston, and San Antonio. The self-proclaimed "Live Music Capital of the World", Austin is a young, fun, and consciously quirky city with a culture that's pretty distinct from the rest of Texas.

For instance, while most people think of Texas as a deeply conservative gun loving state with an execution fetish, Austin is actually pretty liberal. In fact, we even have a democratic mayor. Take that with a grain of salt though, as in the 2000 mayoral race a homeless transvestite named Leslie finished in second. Haha, just kidding! Oh wait, I was completely serious.

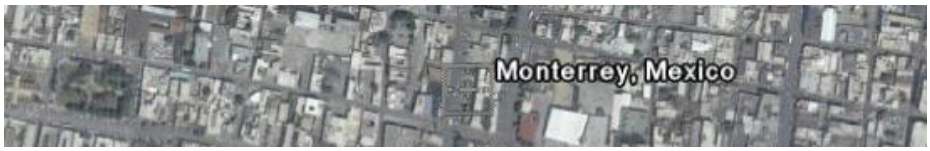
Austinites tend to be kind of proud of the fact that their city is a little strange. You'll even see people wearing shirts that say "Keep Austin Weird", which is the slogan of a movement aimed at protecting local businesses. In a country where Wal-Mart CEOs keep personal mixtapes of small business owners sobbing, it's nice to see a city where someone sticks up for local record stores and ice cream parlors.

One of the great things about Austin is the food. Being in Texas, there's plenty of great Barbeque and Tex-Mex, but there's also a surprisingly strong organic/vegetarian culinary movement, due in part to a significant neo-hippie population. For instance, ever hear of Whole Foods? You know, the place that has that great Tofu Vindaloo for ten dollars a cup that that girl you know is always telling you about. You know, the girl with all those upper-ear piercings who always wears Birkenstocks. Well anyway, Whole Foods started in Austin, which is something to be proud of, probably.

Live music is a huge deal in Austin, and our music scene might be our biggest point of pride. In addition to a concert schedule that's packed year-round, Austin has two big music festivals every year: South by Southwest and the Austin City Limits festival. Basically we really like music that isn't coming from a recording. A few guys playing some instruments, someone singing, maybe some amps? We're all over that shit.

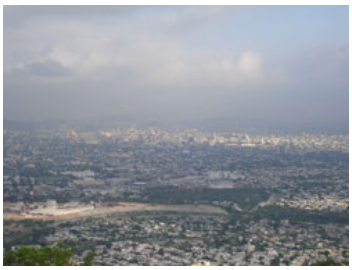
So yeah, Austin is a really nice city with it's own culture. Come visit sometime. You'll probably enjoy yourself, and maybe you'll see that not every Texan is a bible-thumping oil tycoon with a hard on for firearms.

Now it's on to Mexico to indulge in a spicy enchilada of diverse flavors.



José "Talas" Talamantes

Monterrey, México



The so-called "City of the Mountains" is a relatively big city of 3.5 million people in the northeastern part of the country, our state borders with Texas but the 130 miles that separate the city from the border used to keep us safe from all the problems with immigration and narcotraffic... well, not anymore. But let's not talk about it, I'm sure some of my fellow paisanos will touch the theme in a little more detail and well, this is a nation wide problem.

If I had to describe the city I would say that basically, Monterrey is Mexico City's weird little brother who thinks he's better than him because he showers every day and lives closer to the rich guy in the neighborhood. But don't be fooled by that, the feelings of the Regiomontanos about the United States can be defined by two words: love and hate.

Love in the same sense that almost everyone likes the American people, a house in the suburbs, a big SUV, a nice job, the whole American Dream. And hate in the same sense that almost everyone dislikes the American people, a house in the suburbs I don't own, a big SUV I can't afford, the shitty job I can't stand... oh yeah, there's also the whole war business, most Mexicans hate violence and would like to keep it on the TV where it belongs. But in the end it's mostly because Mexicans are apathetic, maybe that's why corruption runs rampant in our government and most people still prefer to watch telenovelas on TV.

It's traditional for a big sector of the population to go to shopping in Laredo or McAllen, in the border with Texas... why? I don't know, I do my shopping online. As my fellow regiomontano goon Topolino pointed out, a lot of stuff is actually cheaper in the United States, specially everything related to electronics. Food, not so much.

Monterrey is not what we would call a touristy place, industry and business are what define us and it shows. The buildings are spread around the city in a mix of pride and lack of planning. There's a big difference between social classes, most big business in the city (ergo, the whole country) are family business, so the wealth is kept in few hands. You can easily identify this families by their long last names.

The rest of the population is composed of mostly low-income factory workers and self-employed little business men...

The people of Monterrey are famous in Mexico for being what we would call "codos", greedy, the Scrooge of the country, but for us is a matter of survival since the beginning of the town because the weather around here is not what

we would call generous for agriculture, if fact, air-conditioning is the norm in most buildings. And well, city life is expensive by nature.

The mountains around the city offer a great natural landscape but also they have the signs of unfinished projects and broken dreams. In the end, they are part of the city, since most people think that just by living there, they earn the right to be better than the rest of us. That's why you'll see how the mountain skirts and slowly being invaded by this housing developments.

In the end, industry is what made the city and what marks the people and almost every corner of this small valley surrounded by mountains.

Luis "Kal-L" Toscano

Veracruz, Mexico

Veracruz, the place where Cortez began his march of conquest over the Aztec empire, is not only one of the most important ports of the country, but it's also a city with a rich history.

Being the place where all of the New World's riches where sent to Spain, the city was a prime target for pirates. The fortress of San Juan de Ulua was built to protect the port, keep undesirable people inside as a jail, and as place where many local legends start.

Downtown is where most of the museums and historic places are. Many of the buildings were built with coral extracted from nearby reefs, so once global warming puts the city underwater, the mermaids and tritons can move in right away.

If you want to see a historic place or monument, you'll only have to walk a couple of blocks in any direction around downtown and you'll find one. Since the city has been invaded a number of times, it has earned the title "Four Times Heroic", for resisting the invaders every time.

Having the luxury of being next to the beach and having cheap beer available, makes most of the people laid-back and joyful. But the Catholic faith also makes them quite conservative in their values. There are also many diverse kinds of people around: Asians, Europeans, South Americans; many of them have made this city their home

The city is also a focal point in the war against drugs, and in the past few months, there have been some executions and kidnappings happening around, but unless you have something to do with illegal drugs, you'll be fine.

There are also a number of clubs where you can go dancing and drinking. Most of them are near the beaches and hotels, and play diverse kinds of music, so you'll always find a place to your liking.

The people of the city are known everywhere as "jarochos", and are represented by using all-white clothes, with a red bandanna tied at the neck for the men, and always dancing around. Only the dancing around is true, and always after drinking a lot.

Americans are welcome here, and despite being invaded by them a couple of times in the past, there are no hard-feelings against them. Tourism is the most important industry here, and we always have our arms open for any visitors.

The days of the Great American Reach Around are numbered and the series is very nearly over! With only three exciting installments left it's time for you, the reader, to step up and volunteer your time to represent your state. In our next feature we will be taking a look at California and we need volunteers! If you live in California, own a camera, and can write above the fourth grade level, then I want you to email me and tell me why you should be covering your home town in our next issue.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Touch Witchy, Get Dizzy

Saturday, Jul 07, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The problem with witches is that they look like ordinary 13 year olds, which gives Japanese men no choice but to corner and feel up every young girl they come across.

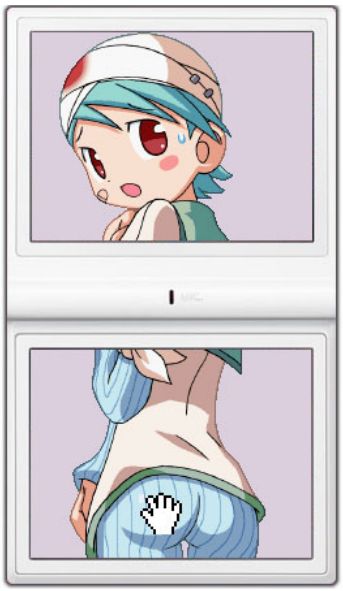
In the newly released Nintendo DS game Doki Doki Majo Shinpan (which was surprisingly developed in Japan and not in Germany as the name implies), you play the part of a modern day witch hunter. Instead of employing antiquated methods of witch finding such as drowning, burning, or asking someone if they're a witch, you use the touch screen to grope underage girls to determine their witchiness, then grope them some more to disable their magic powers.

This is causing something of an uproar in the U.S. for the obvious reason that our culture is woefully ignorant of the looming witch threat. For far too long these magical broads have gone unburned, avoiding detection for so long that their very existence is mistakenly considered a fable, much like dragons and the deaf.

Even if we did accept the presence of witches in the modern world, Doki Doki Majo Shinpan still wouldn't go over very well in the U.S. because the ability to uncover them through touching is an ability that's unique to the Japanese. While our tactile senses do little beyond reporting pain and pleasure and cardboard to our brains, a Japanese person can determine absolutely everything there is to know about an object by merely touching or fondling it. No one knows how this physiological phenomenon came about, but it has been the basis of many DS games thanks to the handheld's touch screen interface.

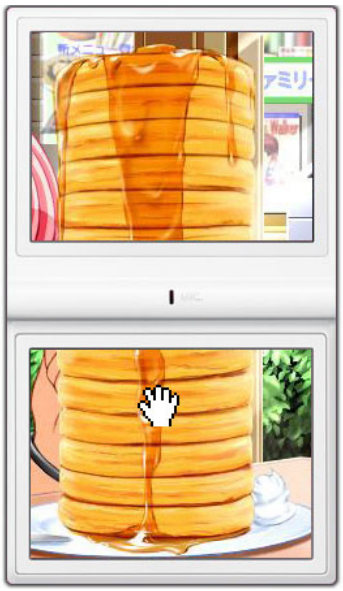
In these fascinating games that will never see a release outside of Japan, gamers answer the question presented to them by touching, rubbing, and groping on-screen objects and people.

Tengen Toppa Gurren-Lagann
Cloud Of Suspicious: Does Baseball Players Did Steroid?

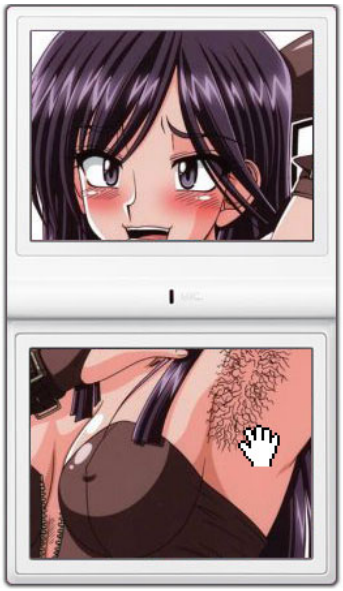


Doubutsu no Mori
How's That Head Wound Will I Die

Zaidan Houjin Nippon Kanji Nouryoku
How Fast Is Car Coming At Me



Machi Kuru Domino
Is It Pancakes???



Yarawaka Atama Juku
Should Female Friend Shave

Kidou Senshi Pachindaa
How Hot Is Hot Stove

Kawa no Nushi Tsuri
Is There A God Exist?

Donkey Kongu
How Sad Is Crying Widow

Chou-Gekijou-Han Keroro Gunsou Enshuu Dayo!
Mom Dad What Are You Doing

Majime ni Fumajime Kaiketsu Zorori
Where In Earth Is Carmen San Diego?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.7 Special Advertising Section: AdventureQuest

Sunday, Jul 08, 2007 by Artix Entertainment Advertising Division

THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT BY ADVENTUREQUEST, A PRODUCT OF ATRIX ENTERTAINMENT LLC, "ADVENTUREQUEST," IS EITHER A TRADEMARK OR REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ARTIX ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. WE CAN'T REMEMBER. ADVENTUREQUEST DISCLOSES YOUR INFORMATION TO THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AND TO THOSE THAT HELP IT PROVIDE SERVICES. ADVENTUREQUEST IS COLLECTING INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR COMPUTER AS YOU READ THIS, IT IS ALSO READING YOUR MIND THROUGH YOUR EYES. ADVENTUREQUEST: YOU ARE ALREADY UNDER OUR THRALL

Hey gamers, no longer wowed by WoW? Peeved with EVE? Does Second Life seem like it was probably invented by that creepy guy who watched a lot of Star Trek and alway talked about what women he'd do in the holodeck? Well, we extend the invitation to try out AdventureQuest. You can be a wizard. Or a fighter! Check it out, please do it!

What Is AdventureQuest?

AdventureQuest is an absolutely free Flash-based RPG that you can play on your lunchbreak, when the big game servers go down, or even for hours and hours every single day! It's fun and simple, but at the same time it has dragons! Adventure always waits around every corner in AdventureQuest. Also quests! You can also level up your character and use magic points. If you often search the internet for fun games, you might enjoy AdventureQuest.

Why choose AdventureQuest?

AdventureQuest is absolutely free, and an RPG. It features over 9 classes (10 classes) and it has dragons. PLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER OR CREDIT CARD INFORMATION. It is absolutely free and you do not need to pay. You can dress up your anime character and be in an anime. It will be you controlling all the anime action. Do you dare fight a vampire? Now you can, with AdventureQuest. It is also a great way to spend time online with your friends. Note: In our game, which is AdventureQuest, there is no interaction allowed between players. If you often search the internet for scrabble, you might enjoy AdventureQuest.

There are also many educational benefits to entering the world of AdventureQuest, because NPCs talk to you and you have to read what they're saying. No one will read it to you, and sometimes

you have to push buttons to make decisions based on what you've read, and if you haven't read it you'll be in trouble. So AdventureQuest can really help you with your reading. PLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER OR CREDIT CARD INFORMATION. It is absolutely free to play and gain these educational benefits.

Do I have to pay?

It is absolutely free to play AdventureQuest, unless you don't want to be a dumb weakling. Real gamers know that only a Guardian can have real adventure. In order to be a Guardian you have to pay. There is always a price for glory, real glory. Guardians have special powers and can ride dragons maybe. They can use magic. People who don't pay can also use magic, but their magic sucks and only makes them look totally girly. It is absolutely free to play unless you want to do quests or level up. Only Guardians get to see graphics. Free players get a picture of a fat guy in pink sunglasses holding a cardboard sign that says "You can level me up anytime." Becoming a Guardian allows you attain moments of glory such as this:

We do not send your credit card information to anyone but the Internal Revenue Service and select advertising partners. My mom says working for AdventureQuest isn't a "real job", but she's wrong, dead wrong. PLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER OR CREDIT CARD INFORMATION. Unless you want our product. You must send your credit card or credit card information in order to unlock the power of the Guardian. If you often search the internet for cake,

you might enjoy AdventureQuest.

Information For Parents

Parents, please be assured that the staff at AdventureQuest works hard to create a safe environment for its players. However, as a Dragonslayer you can also summon a specially-trained Dragon to blast your dragon foes! We respond to all email and telephone inquiries. We are available by phone Monday through Friday, Noon to 5pm EST at the number that appears on your bank or credit card statement next to the payment. As they say– fight fire with fire!

We do not allow foul language, nudity, extreme realistic violence or drug/alcohol use in our games. We do allow dragons and sometimes some sex. But not much sex. Also a little bit of foul language. We allow foul language, sex, and extreme realistic violence. That's it though. Nothing else. If you often search the internet for internet, you might enjoy AdventureQuest. As they say-fight fire with fire!

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Please Send Your Credit Card Number and Credit Card Information

Don't think, just do it now. Did I mention that AdventureQuest has leprechauns in it? Well, it does. And a whole lot more! Check it out:

You won't see sights like these anywhere else. Special SomethingAwful discount available, just sign up with the discount code "AFRISKYGOON". Signing up is absolutely free, and requires only $19.95 paid in monthly installments. Once signed up be sure to send a message to the SomethingAwful guild leaders to be let in the Goon Guild. Private messaging currently disabled for free accounts. Also for paid accounts.

We'd like to thank forums member Jack Daniels for putting us in contact with this website, and staff member Maxnmona for arranging the deal. Any questions about the SomethingAwful-AdventureQuest advertising partnership can be directed to automaticemailharvester@somethingawful.com

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quickly, we will need the Transaction ID number if youpLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER OR CREDIT CARD INFORMATION.

-~Artix Entertainment Advertising Division

7.8 SUNNY19 Action News - Your Sunshine News Source

Monday, Jul 09, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

SUNNY19 Action News brings you the news you want to hear, when you want to hear it. Don't rely on our competitors and their obsession with the dark things in life, get a sunbeam of journalism right up your news hole!

HEADLINES

748 Shoppers Unharmed at Iraqi Market - Fruits and vegetables particularly fresh, American movies available on VCD at very reasonable price.

Democrats and Republicans Rely on Teamwork - Senators plan cooperation to get to the bottom of federal prosecutor firing humdinger.

Firefighters Use High-Tech Gel to Save Houses - Natural wildfire cycle threatens houses, houses saved thanks to American ingenuity.

44 Students Enjoy Trip to Volcano - Flowing lava and lack of poison fumes highlight of trip for 44 eager students in Jakarta.

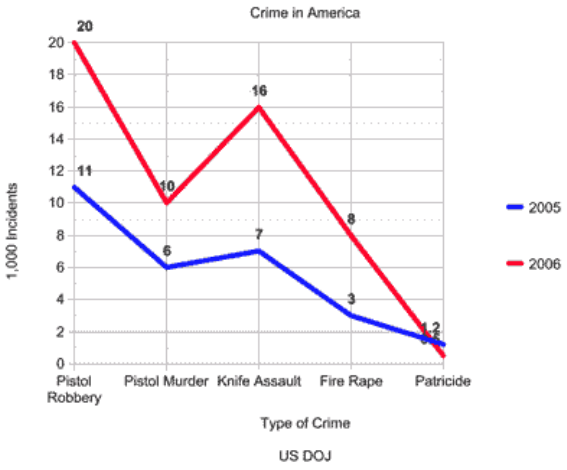
Red Mosque Visitors Receive Free Vests - Several hundred people gathered at the Lal Masjid mosque in Islamabad, Pakistan where religious leaders are handing out free vests under the watchful eye of the Pakistani police and military.

NATIONAL NEWS

Returning Iraq Veteran Given Free House - "Everybody wants a house," says grateful soldier using miracle computer to talk.

Lawmakers Happy With Immigration - Contented lawmakers see no need for immigration bill. Representative Zoe Lofgren hails it as, "A vote for the status quo."

Patricide Drops Sharply in 2006 - A recently completed DOJ study reports that fewer people wanted to kill their father in 2006 compared to 2005.



NAACP Chairman Congratulates President on Poverty Figures - NAACP Chairman Julian Bond pointed out that less than "a quarter of black Americans nationwide live below the poverty line." Bond also said that many believe "racial discrimination has become an ancient artifact."

Phones to Remain Safe From Terrorism - A decision handed down by the federal appeals court Friday will allow for the continued security of American phone lines. The government plans to use computers to detect evil on telephones.

WORLD NEWS

Western Forces Achieve Key Numerical Edge in Afghanistan - Afghanistan continues to be a success story for NATO forces as they are outmaneuvering Taliban fighters with increasing regularity.

Iraq Victory Enters 52nd Month, Troop Surge a Success - The continuing victory of America over evil in Iraq entered its 52nd month this week and military leaders celebrated great successes in the war against evil. Sources indicate evil nearly beaten by good, possibly forever.

New Research Sheds Light on Japan's Good Behavior - An important study conducted in Japan has revealed that Japanese visitors obeyed laws very carefully when exploring Nanking in 1937.

FINANCIAL NEWS

Duke Nukem Sequel on Horizon - The sequel to popular videogame "Duke Nukem" is under development and may be released this year. It is anticipated by gamers and will require a 3D graphics video card to get the most enjoyment out of the experience.

HEALTH PLUS

Chocolate for Your Health - A recent study shows that dark chocolate is good for your health. Don't feel so guilty the next time you have a sweet tooth.

Beer Prevents Heart Disease - Drink up! A recent study shows that beer may prevent heart disease.

Eggs Are Good For Your Body - According to a recent study, it's okay to put eggs in your body again! They are good for your body again. Isn't that egg-citing!?

Sexual Intercourse is Good for You - Recent studies on sexuality indicate that the aerobic activity of sex is good for your body and your brain. If a person won't help you get healthy you can make a person with science. Have sex with a filthy golem for your health.

Injecting Poison into Your Face is Good for You - A recent study shows that poison may actually be good for you if you have stiff muscles. Go ahead, get a syringe and root around under the sink until you find a skull on the label.

FUN'N 'N NEWS!

Delicious Cookies Baked - A whole plate of gooey-hot chocolate-chip and oatmeal-raisin cookies. Rich and sweet and warm in your mouth. Go on, have a couple. I made them for you.

Kittens in a Basket - Is there anything better than a basket full of kittens? They're squirming and meowing and their little heads are poking up over the edge. Try it for yourself and find out. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Somewhere a Beautiful Child is Laughing - He is so happy. Maybe he is laughing about a balloon or just a tickle. Imagine kissing him on his mouth. Imagine what that would smell like.

There Are Baby Ducks - They are real and they are out there. They exist. They look like ducks crossed with sweet little teddy bears. That is so amazing. If only you could put them inside your body.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 Busytown Police Blotter

Tuesday, Jul 10, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Busytown Police Blotter series.

Friday, July 7

- Randolf von Flugel was arrested by officers and charged with the murder of Hilda Hippo following a year-long investigation led by Detective Sniff. The eccentric pilot emerged as a focus of the investigation two months after the murder when he tried to pawn off personal effects belonging to the deceased. In light of new evidence and a surprise witness coming forward, Judge Dog approved an arrest warrant. When police arrived to serve the warrant, von Flugel refused to exit the residence, threatening to shoot any intruders. He was coerced into surrendering by his lawyers, Catstein, Hogberg, and Lionbaum, who accompanied him downtown for booking. His biplane was also impounded.
- Grocer Cat called police to report an incident of shoplifting in his store on the 1300 block of E. Hickory. Officers responding to the call found that Hannibal was hiding six apples inside his trunk. Hannibal confessed to taking the apples with intent to steal. Grocer Cat offered to drop the matter if Hannibal agreed to pay for the purloined apples and never return to his grocery store. Officers then gave Hannibal a stern warning against future theft. He promised not to forget their warning and was allowed to leave without further incident.

- Officers carried out a raid in the East Tower of the Cranberry Heights Housing Project early this morning. Room to room searches yielded over 10 kilograms of cocaine and an estimated $25,000 in banded, manicured bills. Seven arrests were made, including six residents. Mr. Frumble was caught in the premises with cocaine on his person, though he claims he was merely attempting to recover his hat, which had blown off his head and into the window of one of the apartments. An officer was also injured when his holstered weapon misfired. He was taken to Busytown Hospital and treated with several band-aids and released.
- Officer investigated 1282 W. Alligator in response to neighborhood complaints of "foul odors." Officer found the homeowner, Mr. Wolverine, hanging from a noose in the garage. Mrs. Wolverine and their son Ralph Wolverine were also found dead of apparent asphyxiation. A formal investigation and toxicology reports are pending, though signs of rabies were evident.
- Detective Sniff and officers responded to a call from the Bunny household, following reports that Lily Bunny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bunny, was missing. The parents reported that

the daughter had just participated in a beauty contest the day before in front of thousands and was relaxing in her bedroom. When they went to check on her, she was nowhere to be found. Officers put out an APB and initiated a city-wide search. Mr. Bunny is offering $100,000 for any information leading to the safe recovery of Lily.

Saturday, July 8

- Officers and firefighters observed the funeral of Snozzle, a BTFD veteran killed fighting the worst fire ever in the best house ever. Snozzle's chief, Smokey, delivered a stirring eulogy in honor of the fallen hero. The funeral procession concluded at Busytown Memorial Cemetery. Hundreds of residents came out to pay respects and nearly caused a huge traffic jam. Sgt. Murphy was able to deftly direct traffic, preventing any accidents.

- Garbage men Mr. Sweepy and Davy Dog discovered a doll in a dumpster behind Bruno's Deli belonging to the missing Lily Bunny. Detective Sniff examined the doll and followed the scent, but did not get very far due to a recent rainstorm. Bruno denied any knowledge of the doll and no evidence suggests he has any involvement in the disappearance.

- Mr. Gronkle reported that ornery neighborhood kids were playing around his pond. Officers responded to the grouchy man and asked the gaggle of small mice to play elsewhere. Mr. Gronkle then attempted to lecture the officers on manners. Following that, he complained that a raccoon was hiding out in his shed. Officers investigated and found no evidence to support his claims. While attempting to leave, Mr. Gronkle pleaded with the officers to stay, explaining that his mother was coming over to meet his friends and that he had no friends. Officers pretended to be Mr. Gronkle's friends for approximately one half hour before leaving to conduct other business.

- Officers responded to an incident outside the Busytown Planned Parenthood, located on the 300 block of Ice Cream Ave. Witnesses say Miss Honey, a local teacher and activist, viciously mauled three protesters outside the clinic. Cohorts of Miss Honey claim the demonstrators were attempting to block entrance to the facility and violate constitutional rights. Other demonstrators say they were merely holding a peaceful rally when they were assaulted. The victims were taken to Busytown Hospital where they remain in stable condition. Miss Honey remains in jail awaiting arraignment.

- Farmer Alfalfa complained sleeping motorists were driving aimlessly through his fields, destroying his crops. Officers responding to the call noted that three people were indeed asleep at the wheel, driving aimlessly through his alfalfa fields. Bananas the Gorilla, Humperdink the Baker, and Goldbug were all issued citations for reckless driving and ordered to reimburse Farmer Alfalfa for damage to his crops.

Sunday, July 9

- Officers responded to reports of suspicious early morning activity outside the Café Ole. They found Tanglefoot at the scene attempting to set the building on fire with numerous improvised incendiary devices. Officers subdued him and were able to properly dispose of his homemade explosives. Upon arrest, the suspect confessed to starting numerous fires and begged officers to "lock [him] away forever." He is currently being held in connection with a dozen other arsons dating as far back as May 2006.

- Detective Sniff reported a gruesome discovery in the basement of the Bunny household. After catching whiff of a new scent, he followed it back to the Bunny's residence in the Dumpling Valley neighborhood. There in the basement he found the body of child beauty queen Lily Bunny dead underneath a white blanket. The body is awaiting removal pending a search warrant. A formal investigation will commence following an autopsy.
- Officer responded to 911 call from Oly Owl purporting the theft of his toothbrush. After an exhaustive search of the neighborhood, Oly Owl called back to report that he found the missing toothbrush in his medicine cabinet. Officer called off search and resumed other duties.

- Officers responded to reports of vandalism on the 600 block of E. Whirlybird. 607 E. Whirlybird, home of Captain Salty, had indeed been heavily vandalized with graffiti and refuse. Captain Salty, a registered sex offender in compliance with all legal requirements, complained of persistent harassment from neighbors and townspeople. Officers took his statement, questioned neighbors, and filed a report. No other action was taken due to a lack of suspects or witnesses.

- Wolfgang Wolf, Benny Baboon, and Harry Hyena were arrested in the afternoon hours following the theft of 60 feet of copper wiring from a construction site on the 1200 block of W. Dumpling. Upon arrest, two vials of cocaine were found on Benny Baboon's person. The copper wiring was returned to the construction site and the trio was taken downtown for booking.

- All officers responded to the BEST STANDOFF EVER outside a cabin in the unincorporated Turtle Forest area. An officer investigating a reported sighting of Mr. Fixit spotted a rusty 1992 model donut car parked outside. While inspecting the vehicle, two shots were fired from within the cabin. Officer retreated to his car and radioed for backup. Two dozen units responded and within 20 minutes the entire cabin was surrounded. Mr. Fixit, hiding out inside the cabin, refused to surrender. Sgt. Murphy radioed in for SWAT support, which arrived in minutes. Tear gas canisters were fired into the cabin, followed by a three-pronged assault. Mr. Fixit attempted to fire and was shot two times. He was airlifted to Busytown Hospital where he is being treated under armed guard.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.10 LivingXL: Accessories for the Adventurously Obese

Wednesday, Jul 11, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

LivingXL

Behold the Utopian promise of LivingXL, a catalog of useful instruments for everyday life:

> *Imagine living free of all discomfort, frustration and inconvenience. Imagine living without the stress that comes when the right product isn't there. A better lifestyle awaits.*
>
> *LivingXL offers a collection of unique, innovative and high quality products for tall and plus-sized men and women to help achieve a more comfortable lifestyle. These products cover every aspect of life; from sunrise to sundown, at work or at play, relaxing or on the go, there is something here to make life easier.*

Hey, sounds great! What's the catch? Oh: I have to get tide-alteringly obese. Let's check out a few of their helpful products, shall we?

Button and Zipper Hook

> Late to the cotillion? 'Twouldn't do! Quickly: find your cufflinks, knot your tie, part your hair, shore up your formidable bulk within your finest velvet blazer. Lady Miriam grows impatient, and shall soon have her dance card punched by Halloway, that Yalie scoundrel!
>
> Batten down those buttons, old bean... but wait: your trunk-like arms can't circumfer your rotunditude, leaving your clasps unfastened and your zips unzippered. There's a smart boy: just pull out the Button and Zipper Hook, and in no time you're hitched tighter than a Jew's cheese cask!

When you're a large person, the most mundane tasks become exercises in sweaty, gasping frustration. Merely zipping up your pants is like trying to unlock a car with a coat hanger. Luckily, LivingXL gives us the equivalent of a AAA roadside assistance program: this sweet baby will have your zipper at maximum upness at near-thin-guy speeds.

Heavy Duty Commode

> Navigating the warren-like backstreets of the fabled Orient is a risky business, but you know these alleys like the back of your hand. You grasp your side, Fu Manchu's poison acting quicker than you anticipated: spiking your ham salad with two liters of castor oil, he has created a bellowing rumble in your ample vault.
>
> Quickly, you must find one of those squalid holes the squinting Chinaman mistakes for a latrine! But no rickshaw will bear you... what to do, old boy? Think! Ah yes, the Heavy Duty Commode, indispensable to the hefty traveler. Ducking between two stalls, the savory aroma of boiled cat tickling your nostrils, you empty the mad doctor's foul payload with unshaken dignity.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think this sweet baby is basically a giant walker with a turlet affix't. It says it holds 650lbs, but I'm not sure if that refers to the guy sitting on it, or to the... you know...

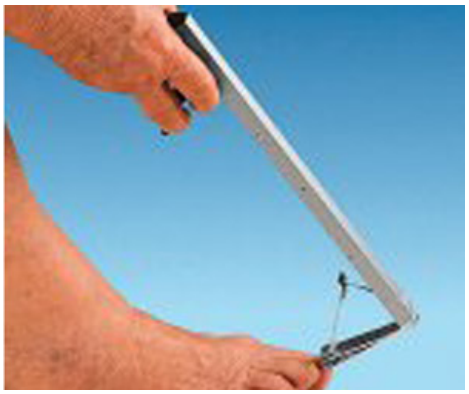
Uribag Portable Urinal

> *At prow of the HMS Ark Royal, sea churning below, you feel uniquely alive.* Memories of Monaco flit by: the brief affair, the promised return, the broken sofa. Squinting into the warm Mediterranean sun, all is well. But wait: the weather is fair. The sea is calm. The churning comes from within!

> Quickly, Captain, to the lavish head in your quarters. The vessel tilts starboard under your weight... too far to run! Luckily, you came prepared: fastening the Uribag Portable Urinal to your hearty tackle, you relieve yourself as your God and your Queen would do: into a rubber bag. The seas are calm once more. What ho, men! To Monaco once more!

So, honest question here: do big people have to pee more urgently than the rest of us? Sure, we've all had times when nature was ringing off the hook, but a general trait of adulthood is the foresight to find a tinklebox before you pee on yaself. Perhaps the lumbering gait of the XL prohibits this action, but what are they gonna do? Step into the nearest closet and stick their dick in a lil' rubber football? Seems like the can can't be *that* far...

Pistol Grip No Bend Toenail Clipper



> A balmy afternoon in Isandlwana: you lie in your high-capacity hammock, fanning your flushed face with your pith helmet, scanning the treeline for negroes. Suddenly, the snap of a twig. You turn, and there he is: the great Zulu warlord Shaka, spear poised, white teeth glinting in the sunlight.
>
> Keeping your delicate poise, you reach below, searching for the feel of your revolver. You grasp the steel and raise it before you... but what's this? It's not your revolver at all, but the Pistol Grip No Bend Toenail Clipper! Your eyes lock with his. Slowly, he lowers his spear and extends his calloused foot. A hangnail! Grasping the paw of the savage, you make short work of his ailment, and he leaps like a gazelle into the jungle. For the moment, peace.

Even aside from the medical bills, being extra large seems pretty expensive. Eighty bucks to trim your toenails? They only charge twenty for my dog, and she gets washed and groomed to boot. I should add that I'm having some difficulty picturing a situation where a person's hand could not reach their foot in any configuration. We're talkin' big.

Self Wipe Personal Toilet Aid

> Sophistication. You can't define it, but you know it when you see it. You saw it when you nursed tall flutes of Mountain Dew with Scotty and Zelda Fitzgerald at La Paix. You saw it when you played foosball with Harold Ramis on the deck of the Enterprise.

> At Hemingway's hunting lodge, you tasted it, veal juice dripping down your chin and pooling in your belly button, Isadora Duncan winking slyly at you as you scooped it out with a five-cent comb.
>
> Living the celebrity lifestyle, you've got no time for smearage. "Here," Orson Welles told you as you basked in one of Xanadu's many aviaries. "Take my Self Wipe Personal Toilet Aid." And you did. Cool as a cucumber, clean as a whistle. Thanks, Orsie.

It seems like it would occur to a person, as they wrapped toilet paper around the head of their toilet wand, that something was amiss. "Orf," they'd groan, straining to reach their foulment, "carn't reach 'er." Solving this problem with a product almost seems counterproductive, doesn't it? Maybe if this thing didn't exist, people would be forced to say, "that's it, no more yum yums 'til I can reach my butt again."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.11 E3 2007 News Roundup!

Thursday, Jul 12, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The new and improved E3.

E3 has come and gone, but it hardly seems like anything happened. Oh sure, there's a full day of festivities on Thursday but if the last two days were any indication we might as well just tune out. Today press conferences will be held by Take-Two ("boo-hoo the ESRB won't let us release Manhunt 2!"), THQ (lol), Ubisoft (Splinter Cell sequels for the next 80 years!), Namco Bandai (lame anime stuff), and Disney Interactive (Walt Disney was worse than Hitler).

I guess the phrase "saving the best for last" isn't that well-known of a concept by the E3 planners or Microsoft. They should check the hall where Microsoft made their presentation by the way. I think they need to spray for crickets. If this is what a subdued invitation only E3 looks like, bring back the skanks. At least when the big three failed to impress we had plenty of pictures of attendees posing with and creeping out booth babes to laugh at.

Unfortunately the greasy neckbeards who staff our Gamestops and test our games were excluded from this year's event. Hogwash I say! Neckbeards are the only reason the video game industry exists. Why alienate the people who made you who you are and live only to find fault with everything you've worked so hard on?

They should have left E3 the way it was and taken their exclusive industry circlejerk somewhere else. Of course, I've never actually been to an E3. To be honest it looked kind of gay, but at least I had the choice to not go and say that everybody who did were dumbasses. This year we all had no choice and were forced to sit home and watch from a distance.

I'm a hardcore gamer much like fatal1ty or Lady Bird Johnson (timely *and* irreverent, score!) so I get all my E3 news from ShackNews, the best place to get the hottest updates on PC game patches. With the advent of the auto updater, however, most games are patched automatically these days and gamers have no need to be informed of new patches. ShackNews had to change with the times and boy did they. Sporting a fresh new look ShackNews brings us all the E3 non-news you can handle.

ESA officials working hard to plan the new and improved E3 in beautiful Santa Monica, CA.

Unfortunately the Shack is beholden to publishers and advertisers. They didn't get where they are today by crapping where they eat. Sure they say the occasional dirty word in order to keep that edge on, but they aren't exactly going to call someone like SCEA CEO Jack Tretton a lying cunt, which they'd be right to do so!

Above all ShackNews is professional and that's why they are invited to all the trade shows and get the big interviews. No sane person would ever agree to be interviewed by us. One time Lowtax interviewed that Mystery Science Theater guy Mike Nelson. He even posted on our forums. He's still in the shower trying to scrub the dirt off, but last we heard the dirt won't come off. Good luck to Mr. Nelson on that.

So while ShackNews might be the place to go for news, Something Awful is the place to go for hard hitting video game commentary from names you can trust, count on, and maybe even learn to love.

You'll find no such thing as journalistic integrity or spellcheck here. We'll speak our mind on a variety of topics that don't appear in a little box to the right and bottom of this article. That's why Something Awful is the only place to go for this year's E3 News Roundup!

COWBOY HASSAN'S E3 ROUNDUP!

The general consensus seems to be that E3 pretty much sucked this year. Most of the announcements were things we already knew and nobody had any knock you on your ass news. It's like when grandma comes over and tells you about her trip to Canada she took with grandpa years ago before he died and it's the same story you've heard 20 times before and you just can't take it anymore and you bash her head in with a lamp and you've got to soak the body in a bathtub full of acid and hide the bones while everybody asks you, "Where's grandma?" E3 is kind of like that except grandma is telling you about Halo 3.

So what did actually happen at E3 this year? As you'll see, pretty much nothing.

Xbox 360 price cut: There was one, just one, big prediction this year that industry analysts and rabid bloggers were nothing but sure would happen, that Microsoft's console would receive a price cut in response to the recent PS3 price drop. Of course it never came to fruition, proving once again that industry analysts and bloggers are the most worthless creatures on Earth and should be eradicated from the planet.

The media was out in full force for this year's E3 extravaganza.

Metal Gear Solid 4

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: Metal Gear Solid is still coming to PS3 and Hideo Kojima is still threatening to retire, you know, just like last time. These Metal Gear games are funny and all but I think the world is going to go on without this guy. The grandstanding about retiring is just annoying. He's worse than Jordan was. Maybe Kojima will retire from games and play baseball or design a word processor or something.

Unreal Tournament 2007

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: Unreal Tournament is still coming to PS3 and PC. With so many third party developers jumping ship I wonder how much Sony had to pay for that one.

Gears of War PC Version

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: Leaked trailer aside, haven't we figured out already that every Xbox 360 game is coming to the PC in some form or another? It isn't that hard to port these games. Just change the line in the game's code that says "RUN ON PC?" from "NO" to "YES", slap a Games for Windows logo on it and you're set. I'm glad that Windows XP will be able to run it, which kind of makes you wonder why the hell Halo 2 can't run on XP.

PSP Revision

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: Nobody is buying this shit anyway.

Grand Theft Auto IV

What we learned: Nothing.

What we already knew: Once you're done with Grand Theft Auto: Liberty City Stories 2, Microsoft will offer to milk you for even more Russian thug action. Man I just love announcements about downloadable content that come a year before a game's release. It used to be that expansion packs were announced after a game was released, not before. This is truly next-gen.

Mass Effect

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: The most complex conversation tree simulator hits the Xbox 360 this Fall. It was pretty funny how they were downplaying the RPG elements in the trailer though. Come on guys, Knights of the Old Republic sold really well! There's no need to pretend RPGs are only for faggots anymore.

Playstation 3

What we learned: Nothing.
What we already knew: The Playstation 3 is continuing to dominate the competition.

So was there actually anything new we learned at this year's E3? Well there was, but they were announcing it at the Who Gives A Shit Convention. Here's a little taste of what you don't give a shit about:

Excitement was in the air at the Microsoft press conference.

A next-gen version of the DVD board game **Scene It?** will be released for the Xbox 360 complete with buzzer-like controller prompting everybody to ask, "People actually buy those things? I mean, I see them at stores all the time but, wow."

Silent Hill 5 announced. Konami denies Silent Hill 4 ever existed.

Exclusive **Halo 3** themed **Xbox 360** announced. Peter Moore hangs himself.

Rock Band announced by the people who brought you Guitar Hero. Now look like a faggot not by yourself, but with three other people.

Disney movies are now downloadable over the **Xbox Live Marketplace**. New catchphrase born, "360 is for babby".

However, it must be said that there was one genuinely good piece of news to come out of E3. At the Nintendo press conference **Super Mario Galaxy** was given a release date. No, it's not the news about a release date that will ultimately be changed anyway, but what Nintendo of America president Reggie Fils-Aime said.

> I don't know how else to put it. This game is over the top. This is the first worthy successor to Mario 64.

Finally, confirmation from a Nintendo executive that Super Mario Sunshine was a giant piece of shit. It's like Christmas in July. Truly this was the best E3 ever.

Maybe next year they'll admit the Gamecube versions of Star Fox were designed by furries.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.12 Cobra After-Action Report: The Great Alaskan Land Grab (part one)

Friday, Jul 13, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Tomax and Xamot have always struck me as the most rational actors in the pantheon of Cobra. For starters, they exist almost entirely outside the hierarchy of the organization, meaning they are not subject to the fickle plans of Cobra Commander. Unlike Destro or the Dreadnoks they also maintain a legitimate and apparently successful front. Extensive Enterprises has its own corporate tower in an undetermined major American city, suggesting the nefarious twins at the very least have a great deal of capital between them.

You would think that identical twins capable of managing a major corporation would be capable of devising at least a basic terrorist plot with a slim chance of success. You know, something along the lines of filling a truck with fertilizer and parking it outside a tourist spot or something. Alas, failure clings to Cobra like scrambled eggs cling to cast iron, and the ones you would think are the most able-minded have devised perhaps the dumbest plot yet for Cobra.

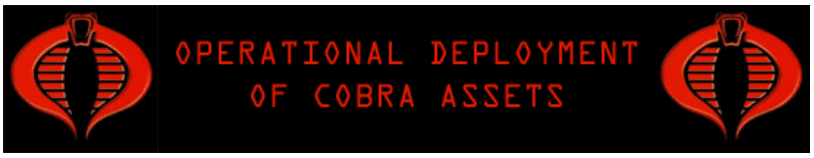
Tomax and Xamot, with the resources of a major corporation that apparently includes the most retarded legal department since Enron, have set their sights on Alaska. That's a good start. Alaska is a remote state, making it more vulnerable than the Continental United States to military attack. It's also sparsely populated, meaning the civilian population can be easily suppressed by a few shows of strength and a handful of public executions. Most importantly, Alaska is rich in natural resources. Billions of dollars in oil and minerals await exploitation by Cobra.

A worthy objective does not mean Cobra will rely on an intelligent plan. To the contrary, the scheme devised by Tomax and Xamot is, as I mentioned, possibly the dumbest yet to come out of the Cobra brain trust. They plan to steal a copy of the Seward treaty from a GI Joe convoy, simply to confirm that there is a section of the treaty that stipulates that the person who owns the Great Seal of Alaska (a gem-encrusted cup) owns the state. It turns out Tomax and Xamot know a Russian immigrant and used car salesman named Georgi who happens to own a bedazzled cup. With Georgi's fake cup, Cobra can seize Alaska.

"So, here's our bad idea..."

Now, you may be wondering, "Why steal the treaty just to read it?" or "Why involve Georgi if his cup isn't even the real cup?", but I implore you to forget those questions, because there are far dumber things afoot. Namely, why would Tomax and Xamot assume that a forgotten legal loophole would allow a world-renowned terrorist organization to seize Alaska totally unopposed by the global community? I have a feeling even Canada would be up in arms if Al Qaeda found a deed to Florida in a locker somewhere and set up beheading shop in the Magic Kingdom.

Of course, thanks to the bumbling of GI Joe and the governments of the world, Tomax and Xamot's plan may just succeed. We're getting a head of ourselves. Let's have a look at the forces Tomax and Xamot have at their disposal for this operation.



THEATER COMMAND
Tomax and Xamot

THEATER ASSETS
The Baroness
"Honest" Georgi Potemkin (a used car salesman)
A loose interpretation of international laws and treaties

CORPS LEVEL ASSETS
1/286th Tele-Viper Battalion "The Fightin' Beeps" Platoon Detachment
4th Rattler Squadron "Death's Ejectors"
1st Company 3rd Very Light and Fragile Armored Hiss Battalion
26th Cobra Light Rifle Regiment "The Dizzy Sharpshooters"

KNOWN OPPOSING FORCES
Alaskan State and National Guard and civilian police forces
The military of the Soviet Union
The military of the United States of America
Possibly a lost colony of 19th century Russians living in a city of ice
Frostbite
GI Joe and their Red October counterparts

PRIMARY OBJECTIVES
Seize the Seward treaty by which the United States purchased Alaska and use a forgotten clause to hand control of the state and all its territory over to a used car salesman.

SECONDARY OBJECTIVES
Profit from the sale of the state to some entity willing to risk the ire of the entire global community.

Are Tomax and Xamot bad enough dudes to take over Alaska? Can GI Joe protect a 19th century treaty? What about the city of ice lost to time? Why am I asking a bunch of rhetorical questions? What's wrong with me? Is it a mental problem or some sort of chemical imbalance? Have I been hypnotized? Could it be Dr. Mindbender?

The answers to some of these questions can be found on the following pages!

198X, Day 1, 8:00 AM

Driving trucks in a major city, there's no way GI Joe could screw this up.

GI Joe has been tasked with driving a convoy of trucks through Washington, D.C. to the newly completed National Archives. The trucks contain the most precious documents of our Republic. The Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and various other treaties and agreements are stacked in the backs of the trucks. Far be it for me to disparage GI Joe, but given this "crack unit" and its long litany of narrow victories against terrorists in bright blue pajamas I have to question the judgment of this assignment. Entrusting GI Joe with most of our nation's written history is like handing a toddler the world's most valuable graham cracker for safe-keeping.

Things turn out as you would expect. Leather-clad provocateur the Baroness and a unit of Tele-Vipers have infiltrated Washington D.C. and they ambush the convoy using surprisingly effective tactics. The Baroness blasts out the tires of the lead truck, causing a pileup. She then seizes control of the final truck in line from Duke and Scarlett and drives away.

Duke observes with confusion that they "weren't carrying anything valuable" in their truck. Way to downplay your colossal failure. I'm sure the people at the Smithsonian will just write off all those 18th century treaties and lithographs of presidents in the back of your truck as the cost of doing business.

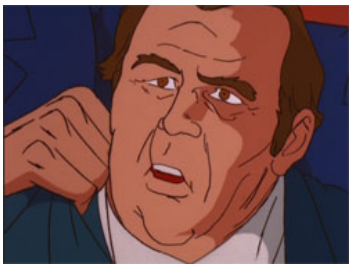
"Oh, the Louisiana Purchase? Don't even worry, as long as the Constitution made it eight blocks to the National Archives we're happy. Great job, GI Joe. We knew we could trust you with America's history."

Day 1, 7:00 PM

Evening at the Extensive Enterprises tower. Tomax and Xamot greet the Baroness and she hands over the Alaskan purchase agreement signed by William Seward in 1867 that she looted from the back of Duke and Scarlett's truck. The agreement reveals that used car salesman Georgi Potemkin wasn't lying when he told Tomax and Xamot about a loophole in the agreement. The frumpy Potemkin enters, bragging in a thick accent that he has been selling cars for 30 years and now he is going to make his fortune in real estate.

Day 2, 9:00 AM

Tomax, Xamot, and Potemkin smash through the door of the office of the Governor of Alaska. The Crimson Twins manhandle the Governor out of his seat and Potemkin kicks back in his new throne. The Governor tries to call for his secretary, but the twins explain they sent her home for the day and that the Governor is going to be headed home forever. Potemkin opens a box containing a garish blue cup and pronounces himself the new owner of Alaska thanks to the stupid-looking cup he is holding. "According to provisions in the Seward Treaty," Potemkin explains, "Whoever owns the seal owns Alaska."



The Governor of Alaska reacts to the news that the state now belongs to a used car dealer.

Sounds reasonable to me and it's sure to hold up in court when you're sued by the 700,000 residents of Alaska.

The Governor reacts with understandable disbelief. Apparently the building security reacted with similar disbelief, perhaps suspecting

some sort of practical joke or strip-o-gram. That's the only explanation I can come up with as to why they allowed a balding car dealer and two guys in matching blazers to kick down the Governor's door and throw him on his ear.

Day 2, 1:00 PM

You have 24 hours to leave Alaska or my squadron of elite pilots will eject over your homes.

Georgi Potemkin airs a commercial for his new empire from the Governor's office, informing the citizenry of Alaska (now Georgiland) that they must leave the state before he is forced to kick them out. That would be a sight to see, considering Cobra usually has trouble kicking a red wine stain out of a tablecloth.

Duke and the Joes watch the commercial and are impressed with Georgi's legal maneuvering. "That maniac has complete control of the State of Alaska," gripes Scarlett, "and there's no legal way to stop him." Yes, he has complete control of the State of Alaska in the same sense GI Joe had complete control of a convoy of trucks in Washington.

Scarlett explains in a sepia-toned flashback that when Seward bought Alaska from the Russians in 1867 the sale could not be finalized until the Great Seal of Alaska was transported to the Americans. Even though Seward is shown signing the treaty with the Tsar, the Tsar decided to send the seal on a ship rather than hand it over to Seward. The steam ship Romanov disappeared somewhere in the Arctic while transporting the seal to the United States. From this flashback, Duke comes to the conclusion that Potemkin's seal is a fake and that GI Joe must find the real seal.

Unfortunately for GI Joe, the commie shitbags over in Red October have had the same idea. They think that if they can locate the real seal they will return Alaska and all its riches to the Soviet Union. It's amazing how much power a used car salesman with a stolen treaty and a fake cup can wield to influence world events. Especially retarded world events.

Day 3, 7:30 AM

GI Joe is en route to Alaska in a gigantic and rarely-seen transport aircraft packed to the gills with half-tracked Snowcat vehicles and nameless GI Joe greenshirts. Gung-Ho, Scarlett, Duke, and Roadblock are hanging out playing poker and casually discussing the upcoming mission. You know, the mission where they fly in a transport aircraft with no armed escort into enemy territory with the intention of driving around looking for a cup in the frozen wastes of Alaska. It's not like the fate of three-quarters of a million people are hanging in the balance or anything.

It's not like they have anything better to do.

Duke thinks Red October might be in league with Cobra, but Gung-Ho is holding four aces and he just wants everyone to hurry up and bet. The Special Ed Poker Tour is brought to a sudden stop by a laser blast punching through the skin of the transport aircraft. The Baroness, complete with dorky crash helmet, is leading a squadron of Rattlers in the attack on the undefended transport plane. Nah, don't bother those pilots at Elmendorf, they need to move their F-15s out of the state in accordance with the commands of Georgi Potemkin.

The Rattlers make quick work of the transport, despite the Joes improbably smashing the windows out of the plane with their rifle-butts and downing a few Cobra aircraft with small arms fire. The

transport is hit badly and is forced into a crash landing in the snow. Ever the gentlewoman, the Baroness allows the Joes their miracle landing rather than strafing the crashed aircraft and finishing off the Joes once and for all. That's what we call opportunity cost in the business. The retarded business.

No one in GI Joe or Cobra ever finishes what they start. One guy with the spine to pull the trigger and kill people could gut both organizations in a day.

Day 3, 9:00 AM

It's a good thing they crashed so pleasantly.

Tomax and Xamot head out to deal with Red October, leaving the Baroness to cope with finding the real cup. It would be easier to simply destroy GI Joe and Red October and then quickly sell Alaskan resources to the highest bidder, but Cobra likes to do things the hard way. They love races and what could be more fun than a race to find a cup that may not exist in 500,000 square miles of frozen wilderness? Everything. Everything could be more fun than that.

Meanwhile, the Joes move out overland to track down the cup, heading in the direction of the last known location of the steam ship Romanov. This involves the strategically unsound move of driving their Snowcats single-file through a mountain pass.

Red October, shadowing the Joes in helicopters, exploits the American stupidity and launches missiles into the valley to trigger an avalanche. Once the surviving Joes have extricated themselves from their ruined Snowcats, the leader of Red October offers his apology. "Red October is deeply sorry for inconvenience," explains the Red October leader, "but we cannot let you find Great Seal."

Yes, sorry about that inconvenience of fifty greenshirts getting smashed into paste under a million tons of rock and snow. Whoopsies, we're just doing our duty!

Sorry, ve had to kill your men to take over your country, ve are not evil.

Without their Snowcats, the Joes are forced to hoof it on foot across some sort of bizarre Alaskan volcano hellscape that I am pretty sure never existed. Maybe it's just a metaphor for the hellish test the Joes have been subjected to in this episode.

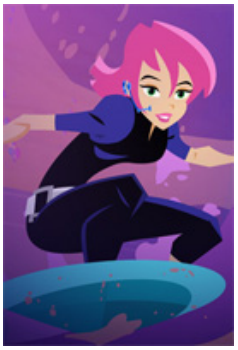
What happens next? You will have to tune in Monday to find out, but you won't believe the twists and turns this battle is about to take. Oh, wait, I did mention the lost tribe of Russians in their ice city. Well, on Monday the truth will be revealed in ***The Great Alaskan Land Grab.***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.13 The Firing Of Erin Esurance

Saturday, Jul 14, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Director Pierce,



I hate to pull you away from your work with something as trivial as a personnel issue, but I find the matter at hand rather troubling. Over the course of several months we've received a number of internal complaints about one of our agents, Erin Esurance. While none of the reported incidents seem particularly noteworthy on their own, a pattern of inexcusable behavior becomes evident when they are viewed in context.

The troubles began innocently enough with this first complaint from Agent Chowder, our field ops communication officer.

> As you know, my job is to monitor Erin's activities through the agency's standard micronic earpiece and provide her with information or dispatch backup units should she need them. I feel awkward reporting this, but her communications have begun to stray from the task at hand.
>
> I ask her for a mic check and she tells me that I can check competitors' insurance rates online without hassle. I request confirmation on the completion of an objective and she confirms that her insurance brand has terrific customer service. I maintain radio silence and she tells me that she knows I'm there, that I cannot hide from her, and that she knows a great website I can visit if I need car insurance.
>
> I don't want to get Erin in trouble at all. I'm simply afraid that this fixation on insurance will affect her job performance. She's always been a terrible agent, but if this keeps up someone might get hurt.
>
> - *Agent Chowder*

Next we have this complaint from Agent Roscoe, a field operative who has worked with Erin on a number of missions.

> This happened a few weeks back, during the rodeo operation. You know, where we attempted to stop that evil mechanical bull from bucking all those cowboys who kept climbing on his back?
>
> There I was, dressed up like a rodeo clown, sitting inside a barrel that was going to be dropped onto the bull from a helicopter. Only I wasn't alone. Erin was in the barrel with me. She struck a match to illuminate her face and said something to the effect of:
>
> "Hope this barrel has insurance! When you need insurance at a great price, just log in! Quote, buy, print!"
>
> It struck me as a very strange thing to do when she was supposed to be piloting the helicopter.
>
> - *Agent Roscoe*

Unfortunately, it gets worse. This comes to us from one of our security guards.

> So it's Friday night. I'm off-duty, sitting at the bar with a buddy of mine having a beer. We're talking about that TV show Samurai Jack, remarking how familiar its style is. It totally reminds us of something but we can't pinpoint it.
>
> While we're sitting there trying to figure it out, my buddy Gordon says "Whoa, check out the pink haired babe!", and before I can turn my head Erin Esurance is right there telling him "Why don't you check out the competitor's rates online instead?"
>
> Gordon thinks he has a chance with Erin (completely ignoring my elaborate pantomimes indicating that it's not a good idea) so he pretends to listen to her talk about car insurance for the next two hours as he gets progressively sloshed. Somewhere around 1:30 A.M. he starts to argue with her about the relative convenience of buying insurance online.
>
> Big mistake. Erin pulls out her service pistol and shoots him in the kneecap.
>
> "I was never here," she says as she backs out of the bar all wild-eyed. "I was never here and buying automotive insurance was never easier or more affordable."
>
> - *Barney*

This one comes from Agent Wingo.

> Erin threw a small child in the lava.
>
> - Agent Wingo

Here we have a complaint from Agent Erik, Erin's hapless supervisor. The two have known each other for years and may be romantically involved. It doesn't make much sense to keep them working together (or for Erik to be in a position of power when "hapless" is the first descriptor that comes to mind when talking about him), but we're curious to see whether they'll kiss or not. They've got a Pam & Jim / Moonlighting thing going on and that shit's fascinating. Anyway, here's what Erik had to say.

> Erin and I were on a mission that involved watching a baseball game and eating hot dogs. Very important stuff. The whole time, she talked about auto insurance. Nothing else. She only paused once, and that was to daydream about playing baseball.
>
> It was perplexing to say the least. I mean, women can't play baseball. They have to use those grapefruit-sized softballs because their hands can't catch or throw a real ball.
>
> Someone needs to talk some sense into her.
>
> - *Agent Erik*

Finally we have this letter from the agency's resident psychiatrist, Dr. Dume.

> My bookshelf has toppled over, coming to a rest against the office door. I cannot force the door open and I cannot move the bookshelf, as hard as I try. Please, you must send help.

> I have managed to sustain myself thus far on half a pack of breath mints and the bindings from my considerable book collection. I am working under the supposition that the glue contains some nutritional value, although the protests of my stomach say otherwise.
>
> With no water, I have resorted to pressing my fingers against the surface of my eye then licking them greedily. The time may come when I must approach my office refrigerator and open the case of Zima that one of my patients gave me, but I pray it doesn't come to that.
>
> I can't die in this office. Tonight I rest, and tomorrow I attempt to dig through the carpet to the floor below with my bare hands. I suspect that none of my fingernails will be left when the day is through, but that's the least of my worries.
>
> - Dr. Dume

Hardly a ringing endorsement for Ms. Esurance's mental health.

What should we do about all this? The ultimate decision lies with you, but if I may be so bold I would like to recommend that Erin change her hair color to something less conspicuous and more appropriate for a secret agent, like dayglo orange or some sort of silver that's actually reflective like a hundred thousand mirrors.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.14 Lick The Hand

Sunday, Jul 15, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

DANGER

Change either comes by choice or force. School starts in a few months and I am choosing to drop my education major. Surrounded by a family of teachers, I always wanted to follow their steps, but after three years I have thrown in the towel. Why? Is it because education is old hat, that there are *too many* teachers in most areas, or that the boring classes? No, only one reason prompted me to quit education: the children.

I love kids, and I enjoy spending time around them, but they are filthy. Children maintain a level of grossness rarely seen in the world, like a toilet at a forgotten bar or a domesticated monkey without a diaper. Every orifice is either oozing or ejaculating some vile concoction. They smell, their fingers are marinated in grime, and their hair is matted with grease. I am in no way a "germaphobe," but children cause me to gag.

I made this discovery when my major required me to spend time in the back of a classroom at a quiet suburban school district. I was supposed to observe the teacher, but I ended up watching fifth graders pick their noses, keep money in their socks, and cough on each other. Instead of using the seating chart to learn names, I would make small marks as to denote which children to avoid: Cyrus-nose picker, Matt-always sick, Laura-unexplainable cinnamon smell.

After class, I'd go home and feel like a hypocrite. My apartment is a mess, so who am I to judge the children? My filthy lifestyle complicates the simplest tasks. To sit at my desk, I need to move a pile of laundry. Getting to the computer means moving cups and plates, and I have to relocate the stacks of paper that block my television to watch a game. Sitting in my nest of garbage, I was surrounded by my mess and guilt. The children didn't meet my standards, but I wasn't close, I was much worse. If I met myself walking down the street in some sort of out-of-body experience, I would cross the road to avoid the derelict. I was every nasty child in the class all grown up.

Although disgusting, the children were extremely enjoyable. They are incredibly carefree and lively; one cannot help but be cheered up. Doctors should put clinically depressed people in classrooms to make the patient smile or to calm the children down. Before the morning bell rang, I stood outside trying to make conversation with the students. The only subjects kids talk about are sports and cartoons; my two favorite interests. It was nice to start everyday discussing the Yankees and Smurfs.

No, not these worms

The children liked me. I wanted to impress the children, and let them know that I was cool. During class I walked around giving high-fives, and I wouldn't shave over the weekend to ensure a five o'clock shadow for Monday. Like the gym teacher who hopelessly clutches onto his glory days by fraternizing with high school football players half his age, I was holding onto the sweet memories of being eleven.

As the weeks dragged on, the routine became dull. Drive twenty minutes across town, note childrens' filth for three hours, return to personal mess. One night, while writing an essay, I noticed an awful itch, like getting tickled mixed with a mosquito bite, between my cheeks. *Those* cheeks. I sat up and scratched through my pants, with little avail. So I took them off and scratched my undergarments, no help. I went to the bathroom and stripped. The itch was raging in a place I try not to touch with my bare hands. So, like a genius, I wrapped three feet of toilet paper around my hand and scratched. I was immediately punished for purchasing the one-ply sand/toilet paper. With my backend raw

and still itching, I lunged into the shower. It took forty-five minutes of constant lathering until I felt comfortable enough to dry off.

Nope

The itch kept returning, and itching the friction burn around my ass really hurt. I was panic-stricken. What if it was cancer, or some sort of anal allergies? After hours of research, I diagnosed myself with pinworms. ***I had pinworms.*** This is devastating to one's ego - I had assumed I was above a parasitic infestation. Through my research I found that a large percentage of the U.S. population has pinworms, but no statistic could cure my embarrassment.

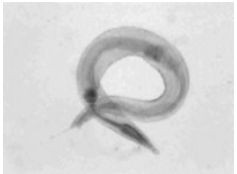
I skipped classroom observations for the rest of the week to learn about my guests. I studied them, learning their process, their steps, and how disgusting they are. Once eggs enter a host, there is little concern for the pinworm other than spreading its brood. At the same time, nothing matters to the host except stopping the spread. It is a ruthless battle, a struggle over my intestines. The little white visitors do not harm the host, which was comforting, but also disappointing. I wasn't in danger-just pathetic.

The constant itching I experienced every night was due to a planned pinworm procedure. The female worms wait until the host is asleep, then the ladies slowly seep out of my bum and lay dozens of minute spiked eggs that look like naval mines under a microscope. After spreading her brood, she wiggles trying to wake me up. Once awakened, the host innocently scratches the itch, thereby getting the eggs on his or her hand. Ideally, the host then licks the contaminated hand or has someone else lick it, thus starting the process over. This disgusting cycle happened inside me, but how were the worms introduced?

AVOID AT ALL COSTS

After my sick leave, I returned to the classroom with extreme prejudice. Like doctors traveling across the world to inspect some mysterious epidemic, I avoided everyone around me; they were already dead. I sat (uncomfortably, due to the scabbing rectal rug-burn) in the corner and analyzed the children, looking for signs of infestation. Maria's cough launched a ball of mucous onto her homework. She rubbed it off and handed it to the teacher. Gross, but not pinworms. Jonathan awkwardly shifted his weight twice so he could scratch his rear. I glared at my seating chart. I had no record of filth under his name-how had I missed this? I remembered giving him a high-five for a good score on a test!

Attempting to be cool had paid off with worms, and he infected me! He directly touched his filthy ass, then me, and I unsuspectingly ingested the illness! He slipped me a parasite! I suddenly felt like a poor helpless girl at a fraternity party. Does this constitute date rape? All I could do was stare at the brat. I wanted to strangle him, but I'd never dare touch him, fearing it might result in lupus. During a break I approached him from a safe distance of seven feet, and asked him to wash his hands. I left early to avoid grading Maria's homework and to take another shower.



Yes

That night I imagined what life was like for my parasites. I despised them, yet I was forced to support them against my will. I wondered what my backside was like for the worms-was it a city or a quiet suburb? I decided a frontier town; these were first generation settlers in an unknown world, and I was carefully plotting to turn their colony into a Pinworm Roanoke.

Most of my time spent studying the worms was figuring out how to destroy them. There were dozens of medicines, but living a spotless hygienic life was cheaper and less humiliating than visiting a doctor. I had to get control of

my filth. I folded my laundry and placed it in the dresser, vacuumed, and made my bed. I felt that this wasn't enough, I cleaned my car, weeded my garden, I even dusted. Nothing could stop me; I showered three times a day, I numbered and arranged my pencils, I wore gloves at my computer.

I had lost my mind, but it worked, the worms were gone. The symptoms disappeared within a week. I had changed my lifestyle, and, for once, with great results. Ordering my pencils in chronological order probably didn't help, but it didn't matter. I had tried something new, in utter desperation, and everything worked out. What relief. I felt so successful when I could sleep a full night without being awoken by the thrashing dance of the pinworm. What an accomplishment. Now I am changing majors and my time with children is over. I think I've made the right choice, but I'm nervous about the future. I don't know what my new major will bring, but hopefully I won't have to be as anal.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.15 Cobra After-Action Report: The Great Alaskan Land Grab (part two)

Monday, Jul 16, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

On Friday I gave the world the first half of Cobra's plan to seize Alaska using a legal loophole in the Seward Treaty. According to the treaty, the man who holds the "Great Seal of Alaska" is the sole owner of the state. Under the guidance of Tomax and Xamot, Cobra produced a Russian immigrant named Gregori Potemkin with a fraudulent Great Seal and installed him as the puppet ruler of Alaska. GI Joe set out on the trail of the missing 19th century Russian steamer Romanov in the hopes of locating the genuine Great Seal of Alaska and reclaiming the state.

When we last saw GI Joe their transport plane had crash-landed in the Alaskan wilderness and they had proceeded overland in Snowcat half-tracks in search of the Great Seal. Soviet Red October forces, also trying to find the Great Seal, intercepted the Joes in a mountain pass and triggered an avalanche that destroyed the Joe's vehicles and killed an unknown number of Joe greenshirts.

Meanwhile, the Baroness was dispatched to lead a Cobra search party looking for the Great Seal of Alaska, bringing the total number of parties wandering around up to three. We resume the action where it left off, with the surviving Joe forces completing their march through one of Alaska's infamous volcanic wastelands.

Day 4, 6:00 AM

The Joes are exhausted from their march through the perilous fire-baked plains of Alaska and they opt for shelter in a frozen pine forest. Fortunately, they had the wherewithal to salvage their giant cold-weather tents from their Snowcats so they don't have to sleep outside amid the din of constantly-howling wolves. Morning brings another march and an opportunity for Gung-Ho to swear revenge on the forces of Red October. "I'll make them wish Carl Marx was Groucho's brother," he promises.

Gung-Ho vents to Roadblock about Red October.

Gung-Ho has scarcely finished obeying the forms of Kanley when the Joes happen up the Red October camp. You might wonder how the Joes, on foot, managed to catch up with a force flying in helicopters. Keep wondering. Things are very quiet down there, but Scarlett and Duke spy an opportunity to make off with a Soviet helicopter.

Now would probably be as good a time as any to mention that the number of greenshirt survivors with the Joes plummets from one scene to the next. Their attrition suggests that between the time they were on the volcanic plain and the time they reached the Red October camp around a dozen enlisted men died. Did Roadblock decide to have a barbecue or did all of the greenshirts simply succumb to their injuries and the environment? With Gung-Ho and Roadblock's famous appetites a Donner Party turn among the Joes seems entirely plausible.

"Baby, that's where we're gonna take failure to a whole new level!"

Whatever the cause of the disappearing greenshirts, the Joe party has been pared down to the four main players. It is conveniently small enough to fit into one of the Soviet helicopters and Scarlett is confident she can fly one.

When the Joes don't see any movement in the camp they decide to take a closer look. Empty helicopters and dozens of crates populate the campsite, but there are no people. Food is half-eaten on tables and a record player is still turning in one of the tents. The Joes wonder what has happened to their rivals in the October Guard. Could the stacks and stacks of crates have fallen on top of all of them? Gung-Ho suspects a trap, but there are too many weapons lying around to convince Scarlett.

An ominous rumble precedes the arrival of the trap. No, it's not a Cobra drilling machine; it's a Cossack cavalry charge. With sabers flashing, the warriors of antiquity descend upon the camp, slicing through Roadblock's rifle and encircling the four Joes before they can escape.

"In name of Tsar, his great Excellency Alexander Second," grumbles the Cossack leader, "You are prisoners."

Well, that was unexpected!

The Russian lost city, with smoke emerging from...well, emerging.

Day 4, 3:00 PM

The Cossacks lead the Joe contingent, suddenly enormous, on a forced march through the frozen wasteland of Alaska. As the bound Joes struggle to keep pace with the horsemen they are regaled with sinister Cossack songs. Scarlett wonders aloud what 19th century Cossacks are doing traipsing around late 20th century Alaska. Maybe a better subject for contemplation would be how a force of Cossacks wielding sabers overwhelmed an apparently numerically superior GI Joe force armed with modern laser rifles.

There is no time for Scarlett to contemplate Joe ineptitude as they soon arrive at a blue Russian city. The whole city is literally blue-gray and smoke rises from the many invisible chimneys. Behind the blue walls and the blue onion bulb ziggurats a steam ship is visible in the harbor. The Cossacks have brought the Joes to the exact implausible city of ridiculousness that they were seeking!

"Welcome to my stupid nightmare!"

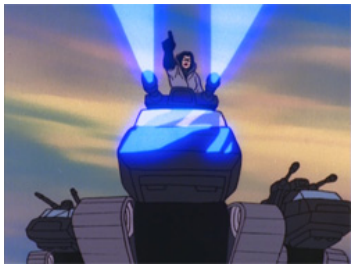
"Looks like the Romanov found a safe harbor in 1867," notes Scarlett.

"And these people must be the descendants of the original crew," observes Duke.

The Cossacks herd the Joes into the city's golden church, where they are greeted by a man dressed like a nutcracker and claiming to be the descendant of the original bearer of the Great Seal of Alaska. He explains that his great grandfather decided they would live apart from the modern world and it was this isolation that allowed them to thrive. He goes on to claim he wants no part of the Joes and their modern problems. That's all well and good but there are two glaring problems. One, most of the Cossack guards have some type of machinegun, and two, if he

didn't want their problems then he probably shouldn't have kidnapped them.

Adding to the drama, the nutcracker king has brought the Joes to the church that holds the real Great Seal of Alaska on a pedestal. It's like dangling packets of Lick 'M' Aid in front of a hyperactive ten year old. Duke tries to explain that all the Joes want is the Cossack's most precious artifact so that they can prevent Alaska from falling under the inept management of Cobra. The nutcracker is hearing none of it and orders the Joes to be taken to the Romanov and "put with the other prisoners."



"Cobrraaaaa!"

The Joes find themselves thrown in the ship's brig alongside their enemies from Red October. Gung-Ho throws a short tantrum and Duke blames Red October for ruining their mission and letting Cobra have Alaska. No sooner has Duke wrapped shooting on Big Baby: The Movie than explosions erupt in the Cossack city.

The Baroness is leading an armored Hiss tank assault on the city, blasting apart blue stone and/or ice wherever it crosses her path. Duke and his counterpart in Red October are equally horrified by the tableaux as Cobra forces rampage unchecked through the 19th century city. Imagine drunken Marines in LVACs driving around historic Williamsburg and shooting at reenactors and you have some idea of the carnage.

It's like the Amish playing Guitar Hero.

A few stray shots blast a hole in the side of the Romanov, but the Joes can't escape in time to stop the Baroness. She drives a Hiss tank through the front door of the church and snatches up the Great Seal of Alaska. The Baroness and her victory cackle are cut short by the Cossacks. When the Cobra tanks come under concentrated fire from the surprisingly well-armed luddites, Cobra beats a semi-hasty retreat.

Nutcracker king commiserates with Duke and Red October that, if only he had listened, the ruin of his city could have been avoided. Duke seizes the opportunity to pledge that Joe will help rebuild the undiscovered country if only the Cossacks will help the Joes catch up to Cobra and stop them. The leader of Red October similarly pledges his support.

The Joes, Red October, and the Cossacks set out on dog sleds (seriously) utilizing a shortcut through the mountains to get ahead of the Cobra tanks. Once they're well ahead of The Baroness and her armored detachment, the allies set up an ambush with RPGs and laser rifles. That the Cossacks apparently had. The Cossacks that have refused all contact with the outside world since the middle of the 19th century.

Those Bolshi scum!

Ah well, maybe the nutcracker king was lying.

Day 4, 5:00 PM

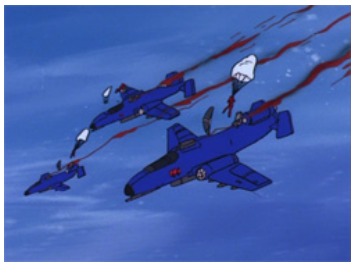
The Baroness and her armored column attempt to ford a river and are attacked by GI Joe and their new allies. The battle is short and humiliating for Cobra. Their Hiss tanks are all disabled almost immediately and the battle devolves into hand-to-hand combat on the tanks. Even though the Cossacks are wielding swords not a single person is seen being stabbed or hacked with the blade.

Even Cossack cavalry succumb to the curse of GI Joe.

The punch-up on the tanks ends with the Baroness, Scarlett, and the Jackie O looking woman from Red October wrestling around in the stream for possession of the Great Seal of Alaska. The Red October woman comes up with the seal, the Baroness flees, and the Joes end up with the seal as agreed.

The Joes return to the city with several captured Hiss tanks, but suddenly there is a pressing time issue. I guess the Joes are actually worried that if the used car salesman's deadline is allowed to pass Cobra will forcibly evict every citizen from Alaska.

The heat is on, but Duke has an idea. He asks king nutcracker if the Romanov is seaworthy. With a firm "da" despite the damage suffered in the attack, the Joes ready the steamer for travel. The only problem is that the Romanov is trapped behind ice in the harbor.



Another sortie for Cobra's elite pilot corps.

No problem for Duke, who aims the cannons of the captured Hiss tanks at the ice and blasts it to oblivion. Nah, don't bother taking the Hiss tanks to Juno, you should take this 150 year old steam ship through treacherous waters. I'm sure it will be faster!

Once the Romanov is underway, the filthy Red October scumbags turn the tables on Gi Joe. Leveling their guns at the Joes, Red October confiscates the Great Seal and announces the ship will be heading to Russia. Not surprisingly, this angers Gung-Ho.

No sooner has this ugly betrayal been revealed than Cobra Rattlers dive from the clouds, launching volleys of missiles at the Romanov. This sequence is really a sad testament to the inability of Cobra to deal with any sort of threat, no matter how feeble. In this case you have five jet turbine aircraft launching guided missiles at a 200-foot long steam ship made out of wood. What is the result of the initial attack? The ship is undamaged and one of the Rattlers is shot down by small arms fire.

A single missile strike should have reduced the Romanov to driftwood. The target was so large there was no need for the aircraft to fly within small arms range to destroy the vessel. Even green pilots from a third world country's air force could have achieved better results using aircraft and weapons from the 1950s. There is no excuse for this baffling incompetence on the part of Cobra's supposedly trained pilots.

A second run by the Rattlers does finally produce some hits. A missile lands a glancing blow on the Romanov's smokestack. But the Cobra pilots have no time to savor their miraculous victory as GI Joe Skystrikers swoop from the clouds and decimate their force in seconds. Parachutes open over the Arctic ocean, but Cobra has surrendered air superiority over the battlefield to GI Joe. Without the immediate assistance of Search And Rescue teams, the Cobra pilots are doomed in the frigid waters.

Duke demands that Red October return the Great Seal now that GI Joe controls the skies and they reluctantly agree. Nothing more is said of Red October, but given their betrayal and the deaths of Joe forces in the earlier avalanche I expect GI Joe transported them to POW camps.

Day 4, 8:00 PM

Georgi Potemkin, used car salesman and erstwhile ruler of Georgiland, is shocked to find four GI Joe members in his office holding the Great Seal of Alaska. Scarlett chides him that his game is over and Alaska has been returned to the United States. Potemkin turns to his conspirators, Tomax and Xamot, only to find the Crimson Twins packing up their briefcases and leaving the office. They

won't listen to his pleas for them to fight the Joes in court.

Potemkin is then bum-rushed by a group of buyers demanding he hand over the Alaskan goods they purchased. The Joes laugh at the spectacle, completely apathetic to the dozens of deaths caused by Potemkin's ridiculous stunt.

Here's your stupid cup, now give us our state back!

The Great Alaskan Land Grab marks yet another defeat for Cobra and another victory for GI Joe. Let's have a look at how the numbers stack up before we discuss the lessons to be learned from this operation.

COBRA MISSION SUMMARY
Attempted to seize control of Alaska by installing a puppet government that exploited legal loopholes in the Seward Treaty. Objective temporarily achieved, but after sustaining substantial loss of military assets GI Joe was able to prevent the seizure of territory. The mission is therefore ruled a **TOTAL FAILURE.**

COBRA & ALLIED LOSSES
8 Rattler Attack Aircraft (destroyed
5-8 Pilots (KIA/MIA
7 Hiss Tanks (destroyed or captured
20-30 Crew & Infantry (POW
Georgi Potemkin (final fate unknown)

GI JOE MISSION SUMMARY
After being alerted to Cobra's ruse involving a fraudulent Great Seal of Alaska and a loophole in the Seward Treaty, GI Joe mobilized a strike force to travel to Alaska and locate the Great Seal. Despite a heavy loss in men and material, GI Joe was able to recover the real Great Seal and thwart Cobra's legal maneuvering. Because of the great price paid, the mission was a **PARTIAL SUCCESS.**

GI JOE & ALLIED LOSSES 1 Heavy Transport Aircraft (destroyed)
8 Snowcats (destroyed)
8-50 GI Joe Infantry (KIA/MIA)
Russian Steamer Romanov (heavily damaged)

CIVILIAN & OTHER LOSSES
100+ Cossack villagers
5 Red October Hind-D helicopters (abandoned)
15+ Red October aircrew (MIA)
50+ Crates (abandoned)

The Great Alaskan Land Grab might be the nadir of Cobra planning, at least when it comes to feasibility. A rational thinker would have assumed that Cobra's hijacking of the Seward Treaty and their fake Great Seal of Alaska scam would be treated, at best, as a joke, and most likely as an act of war. The United States should have mobilized forces already present in Alaska to overwhelm the relatively small Cobra force. There

should have been no scavenger hunt and Cobra's scheme definitely should not have been embraced as a legitimate legal challenge to Alaskan ownership.

The fact that both the United States and the Soviet Union reacted the same way to Cobra's actions is a reminder of the bad behavior exhibited by both nations during the Cold War. The Cobra threat was largely sidelined as two superpowers attempted to outmaneuver each other.

May the laughter of incompetent wrecks haunt your dreams, Cobra.

The losses suffered by all sides in the conflict were mostly avoidable, but none can be considered more shameful than Cobra's loss (in two engagements) of aircraft to small-arms fire. When downing an unarmed transport plane Cobra lost two Rattlers to rifle fire from the Joes aboard the plane. Later, when given the seemingly simple task of sinking an unarmed wooden steam ship, Cobra managed to lose a third aircraft to small-arms fire.

The lesson to be learned for Cobra is to employ some sort of rudimentary tactical training for their personnel. Men flying multimillion dollar attack jets that can't evade rifle fire should be flying a desk at a snake-shaped fortress and trying to evade eating the last donut. Cobra also needs to improve their selection process when recruiting infantry. During hand-to-hand fighting that was virtually even the Cobra troopers did not manage to best a single opponent in fisticuffs.

What Cobra needs more than anything is a reformer. They need someone who can join the organization and offer a new outlook and a new critical analysis of Cobra forces. Possibly someone made from the DNA of villains throughout history.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Burgin'

Tuesday, Jul 17, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

I write to you today a broken and pitiful man. My head has spent the last 6 days in my hands and my dreams lay broken at my feet. In what was to be a digestive alley-oop, it was found last Wednesday that I cannot buy a bucket. My friends, I was burgin.

Before I go into details, I'd like to talk about what burgin is and, more importantly, what it isn't.

burg•in (adj.)

- Experiencing the intense need for a huge, gnarly burger. *"Man, I'm burgin"*
- Passionately consuming a burger or burger. *"Oh yeah, I'm burgin!"*
- Recovering from burger overindulgence. *"Goddamn it, help me, I'm burgin!"*

> Have you been thinking about getting a few burgers for dinner ever since you woke up? You are burgin.
>
> Did you just decide on a whim to pick up a combo meal for lunch today? You are NOT burgin.
>
> Do you have the urge to eat burgers until your jaw gets tired, and have you felt this way for days? You are burgin.
>
> Does a burger sound kinda, halfway, sorta-ish good right now? **You are NOT burgin.**
>
> Have you been doing that thing where you're talking to somebody and they begin to look like a burger to you? And you go to compliment them on their shirt and you end up saying something about lettuce? **You are burgin. HARD.**

The real beginning of this saga was around June 20, when I asked SA's baron of big words, Dr. David Thorpe, if he was burgin at the time. Despite being a completely made up word (or condition, depending on who you ask), he immediately knew what it meant and we spent about an hour talking about the most burgers we'd ever seen, the best burgers we'd ever had, and trading the largest images of burgers we could find on the Internet. Around this time, he confessed to me one of his dreams: Getting a bunch of burgers and stacking into a pyramid. By then it had come to a head, so he, our friend Bruno, and I all took off for the nearest Carl's Jr. restaurant. We sat down with our food, and as our new psychological needs were being satisfied, hardly anything was being said. Probably because nobody *needed* to say anything.

This behavior continued for weeks. When word began to spread, folks from the SA Forums shared their burgin tips, stories, dreams, and perhaps most importantly, video blogs, with everyone else. **Vile**, in the video to the right, took the world on a burgin field trip to prove that he wanted to get that burger in him more than anyone else.

He wasn't the only one hit by an irrational need for "dat burg". It was slowly resurfacing with me like some kind of herpes you could eat. Caught off guard by Bruno's claim of eating 3 McDonald's double cheeseburgers and 1 Filet-o-fish in one sitting, I knew I had to do it. I had to make David's dream (which by now was also mine) a reality: I had to conceptualize, design, and participate in...

~THE FIVE BURGER DEATH CHALLENGE~

The rules were quite simple:

- Purchase 5 McDonalds double cheeseburgers,
- Arrange them in a pyramid configuration,
- Eat them in a single sitting,

and, after all the other objectives are complete,

- Do not die.

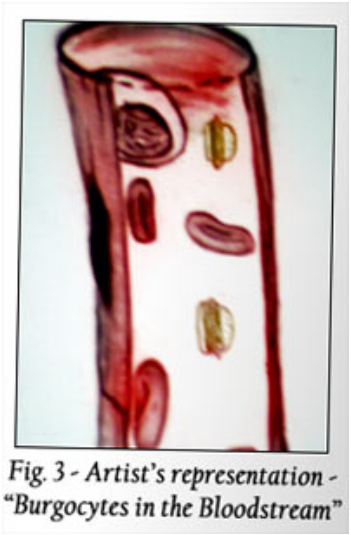
After a trip to the nearest McD's (which was quite surreal aside from my burger kick, since the place had no drive thru and a homeless guy with 2-inch fingernails was doing these weird, groany push-ups right next to me inside the store as I was waiting to order), I had my work cut out for me. Arriving back home, I was the proud owner of 5 burgs containing 10 all beef patties.

Let me preface this by saying I'm not a 400-pound guy like you'd see on TV or anything, and this is by no means my normal diet. About a year ago I had 2 of these things and fries and couldn't stand to look at food for a good while after, and couldn't stand looking myself in the eye for a good while after that.

SO LET'S BEGIN!!!!!!!!!!

- **7:00 PM, exactly:** I take the first picture and the first bite. The burger tastes acceptable and I confidently begin practically inhaling the rest of it, being reasonably confident in my ability as a marathon eater / as yet undiscovered superhero with the power to eat lots.
- **7:02 PM:** The first burger has been completely eaten in just two minutes. I begin planning what I'm going to do next, since it's obvious I should be out of here by 7:15.
- **7:04 PM:** I am still working on the second burger, but I have taken a break to relish in my current situation and post "LAYIN IN BED W A PLATE OF BURGS" on the forums.
- **7:09 PM:** I have taken down the second burger and pumped my fist triumphantly in the air.
- **7:14 PM:** Halftime! I've been putting off having those two burgers that looked shiny in the above picture because it's likely that shiny effect was caused by them being so incredibly greasy. I am beginning to realize that I can't run from them forever.

- **7:18 PM:** I have finished the third burger. A kind of perceptible mental slowness is beginning to take hold, and I am actually beginning to slur my speech.



Burgocytes are thought by some to be responsible for the phenomenon of burgin.

- **7:27 PM:** I have hit my first real wall somewhere around 3.5 burgers in. It genuinely feels like my stomach is packed full and it's there's a few bites already waiting to get in outside in my esophagus.
- **7:30 PM:** Forum goon **tres dessert** informs me that I'm eating 2,400 calories, 135 grams of fat, and 6,500 milligrams of sodium, which is a 2.5 day supply. Thanks, friend!
- **7:35 PM:** The fourth burger has been consumed. I am becoming somewhat delirious and my girlfriend has forbidden me from ever burgin again. She doesn't understand. She'll *never* understand.
- **7:55 PM:** I'm about halfway into the last burger and things are going very slow. I am of the belief that this is now a battle between my spiritual self and my physical self. Also, I no longer seem to have any concept of time. Perhaps I have transcended it.
- **8:00 PM:** The last few bites are mocking me. I eventually muster the strength to raise my arm and let them know that I will see them in hell.

- **8:12 PM:** I am suddenly extremely tired. I believe I may have triggered some latent human ability to begin hibernation.
- **8:18 PM:** DONE!!!!! I am packed full of burgers up to my neck and I have never felt more alive and more dead at the same time. The adrenaline I'm feeling having completed the task at hand is only magnifying every horrible feeling that has come of this. I feel like a sack of disaster.

Yes, this is completely factual. It was all documented on the forums as it happened. Of course, none of the glorious forum posts or bullet points above take into account how I have felt terrible for the last 6 days since eating, or how I've gone straight home from work every day so I can go home and rest, or even how I had to stay home from a fun company field trip due to a raging case of post-burgin stress syndrome (PBSS).

But would I do it all over again? You bet. I loved it so much I made a wallpaper about it.

Have a wonderful meal, whatever your next one may be. Say good night, **ohmeebaglod**!

Thanks to **Vile** and **ohmeebaglod** for burgin hard on YouTube, and thanks **ass toot** for the handy diagram of ~~midichlorians~~ burgocytes in one's blood stream.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.17 Gifts of the Damned and Stupid

Wednesday, Jul 18, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

HOORAY FOR SOLAR-POWERED CHRISTMAS LIGHTS!

Most of us assumed the mail order catalog industry died in a house fire in the 1960s along with three cats and an old lady. Unfortunately, it is still somehow alive and thriving in this age of brick and mortar e-commerce 21st century digital solutions. I suppose the secret is specialization. Where most stores specialize in selling practical items, and most e-commerce sites specialize in discrete anime sales, the catalog industry has transformed into a realm of absurd nonsense catering to the mentally ill. I would hazard a guess that catalog customers might also be the very same lonely middle aged loonies that strike up personal relationships with graveyard shift QVC operators.

Last week a catalog arrived in my mail from a company called Taylor Gifts. It mostly consisted of "AS SEEN ON TV" garbage, such as a Richard Simmons steamer that presumably makes your thighs as glittery as salmon scales. The other items, though, were spectacularly pointless. Some people might say crime is destroying society. If it is not crime, then it is drugs, corruption, terrorism, atheism, moral decay, the religious right, Islam, or Harry Potter spoilers. My gut tells me it is something else entirely. I am going to go out on a limb and blame the small minority of Americans keeping companies like Taylor Gifts in business for the decline of our modern world. Whoever these people are, whether they be Middle Americans or people living in trailers down by "the crik," they are killing us by promoting a marketplace for the dumbest products this side of a Skymall catalog. I thought, since we're both here and need something to talk about, that we might take a moment to glance at some of these fine products.

Toilet Monster

GIVE ME YOUR CROTCH!

The toilet has long had a reputation as unsanitary, what with it being a porcelain maw slavering for human waste, but now it can be a source of fun and amusement! Install this hideous monstrosity and the next time an unsuspecting person seeks relief in your domicile, they will get a ghastly surprise! In theory it sounds wonderful if you are 12-

years-old or retarded, though the two tend to be hard to differentiate. In practice it will either make you look like a weirdo for installing novelty gags in your toilet, or, God forbid that it works, leave a mess in your bathroom. If you're going to scare the shit out of somebody, it's best that they be on the toilet instead of in front of it. Still, novelty gag or not, the notion of a green goblin jumping at my genitals is just plain insulting to my intelligence.

Farting Bank

"Rrrriipppp!" –Fart Bank, July 18th, 2007

If your money wasn't dirty before, it certainly will be after you put it in this replica of the human rectal cavity. Aside from the sheer stupidity of a piggy bank in the shape of an ass that farts when you add money - yes, I really did just type that - I shudder to think of the Pavlovian applications such a device might hold. As a person with some level of dignity, I can think of a whole host of other horrible places to stick money that I would consider long before I purchased this novelty abomination. Horrible places such as:

- The skull of a dead skunk that choked to death trying to eat a rat.
- My own ass.
- A rotting diaper procured from a dumpster behind a fish market.
- A jug half full of spoiled milk.
- A Wells Fargo banking institution.
- PayPal, Inc.

Since we're in the gutter, let's come up with some other fart-based products.

- A bank you fart into that stores your farts for later usage.
- A fart whistle that acts as a replacement for standard rape whistles.
- A shirt that says "WHO FARTED?" that makes fart noises when people look down on you for being a pathetic slob.
- A gun that makes fart sounds when you aim it at your head and pull the trigger.
- A CD that contains 70 minutes of the best farts ever recorded, including the Wilhelm fart.

- A virtual fireplace DVD with the crackling sounds replaced with farts.

But then again, I suppose I'm elitist for not finding fart jokes funny. Up on my ivory tower soap box, it is easy to look down on this quaint ass-shaped bank versed in the language of the blue collar working man.

Money Soap

CLEAN YOURSELF UP!

Tell a loved one "you are so filthy I have to pay you to clean yourself" with this exciting bar of soap containing actual American money! Once they've washed themselves to the point of riches, they can shove it down the ass of their fart bank and laugh and laugh and then laugh some more. The perfect gift for that weird kid who spends all day torturing bugs out behind K-Mart. Also works as a great puzzle and torture device for the homeless. There's money in hygiene - *literally*!

Pet Porthole

The only thing I feel is afraid.

Give your dog the experience of being a doomed submariner trapped beneath the surface,

as oxygen supplies run low and morale gives way to complete and total soul-shattering dread. Let him feel the horror of knowing he will never see his family again and that he will die in a metal coffin in an environment so hostile it would crush him if it could. At the same time, turn your backyard into a futuristic zoo where kids peer in through your sci-fi fence bubble and observe your well-kept lawn riddled with miniature deities, evil disco owls, doggy staircases, and Elvis-themed collapsible beach chairs.

Singing Toilet Paper

This is the soundtrack to your to life.

The future is here! Wipe your ass with MUSIC! Now you can put your mind to ease during those monster-free bathroom visits listening to your favorite Christmas ditties dismantled by machines and turned into soulless digital simulacra of once great hits. Finally, an end to the pangs of never having horrible digital renditions of music while on the toilet. You'll certainly wonder how mankind has survived all these thousands of years without such a device.

Waving Flag Hat

The American Dream, yours now in novelty hat form for $24.98!

> At some point patriotism meant something real. Founding Fathers put forth noble ideas that changed the shape of the world, and we celebrated those great men and those great ideas. Now it is an industry primarily fueled by thoughtless Chinese-made merchandise, miniature flags, bumper stickers, fireworks, and meaningless slogans.
>
> This cheap hat reduces American pride to the level of the beer helmet. What better way to show you love America than to look like a stupid clown, taking a little bit of America's dignity down into the gutter with you. The Waving Flag Hat is ideal for political campaigns, 4th of July picnics and parades, and poignant vigils honoring the victims of terrorism.

With that, I must go prepare my order, lest I miss out on fantastic savings and fine quality items vital to modern living!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

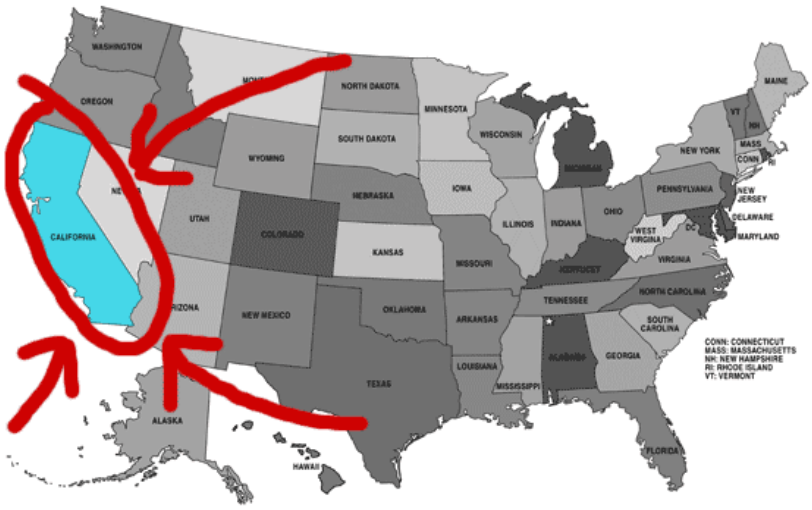
7.18 The Great American Reach Around - California and South Africa

Friday, Jul 20, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

This week is a very special Great American Reach Around, because I get to kick back and just play host to three very talented writers and let them tell us about their cities. Our journey begins in California, where Corey "Mackieman" Terrell and Laura "Surly Girl" Coleman have set up shop. Corey offers a balanced view of San Diego and Laura is sure to raise a few eyebrows with her cynical take of Los Angeles. Okay, maybe not, since many Americans look down on the city of Los Angeles almost as much as they look down on last week's state of Texas.

The slim foreign portion of this week's GARA update comes from the far-away continent of Africa. Johannesburg, South Africa exemplifies the economic divides and strife that have characterized South Africa since before the end of Apartheid. We also had the land of borscht and vodka, Russia, scheduled for this installment, but it would seem Russians are incapable of meeting deadlines. Perhaps I should have characterized their contribution as more of a quota. I think Russians over the age of about 20 have a pretty good grasp of how those things work.



We begin in the gigantic and mighty state of California. California is America's most populous and economically important state. Its GDP is the eighth largest in the world, placing it just behind Italy and ahead of Canada, Spain, Russia, India, and most of the rest of the world. California is geographically diverse, with temperate climates in the north and desert conditions in the south. It has a large Latino immigrant population and is as culturally diverse as it is economically diverse

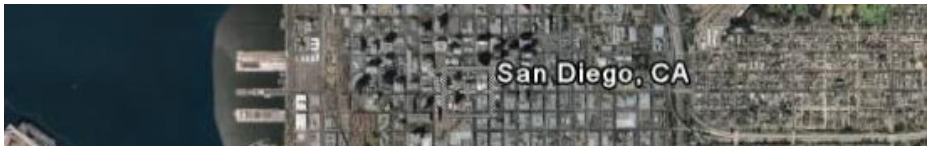
Within the United States the popular image of California is of a gaudy land of liberalism, hippies,

and celebrities. I have visited both of today's cities twice and I would tend to agree with this assessment, although the gaudiness is a bit overplayed if you've ever been to Las Vegas.

Mock all we want, California is probably the state of the Union best-equipped to exist independent of the United States. Its powerful economy and diverse industrial, technological, and agricultural base would allow it to be self-sufficient in a way few other states can boast. That might be why lame science fiction writers like to visualize a future in which California is a nation unto itself.

Guilty as charged, I admit.

But, enough about me and the state of California from the perspective of an outsider. Let's get down and dirty in San Diego.



Corey "Mackieman" Terrell

San Diego, California

It was a cool evening on September 28, 1542 when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo rolled up into what would become San Diego Bay and claimed the area around today's Point Loma for Spain. Cabrillo had the good sense to die four months later, leaving Spain to forget about the area for 60 years.

In November of 1602 Sebastian Vizcaino left his posh crib in Mexico and sailed north in his flagship, "San Diego," named thus for the Catholic saint San Diego de Alcalá. And the Mexicans haven't stopped coming since.

Upon arrival in San Diego, after getting over the fact that the airport has only one runway, the visitor is bathed in some of the greatest weather found in the continental United States. With an average year-round temperature of 70.5 degrees, most areas of San Diego are renowned for both their ambient comfort and subsequent preposterous costs of living.

This also fuels a healthy population of very polite homeless people who are seen only when the air is cool and there isn't a cloud to be found. Further inland, average temperatures begin to increase, so much so in places like Escondido and El Cajon that one is reminded that this fertile paradise is actually just a giant desert with a bitchin' irrigation system.

Formerly the seventh largest city in the nation (we're coming for you, San Antonio!), San Diego enjoys more than 300 days of sunshine each year. Beaches are rarely empty unless some vile toxin has invaded the water killing anyone who comes near the water.

The freeway system in San Diego was not updated after the passage

of the 1960s and has since seen its service level crumble past the point of usability during rush hours. With, "rush hour" actually covering more than ten hours each day, traffic is a forgone conclusion.

Home to America's only installation of Legoland (yes, an entire theme park for Lego), there is never a lack of ways to spend money. Flanked by the San Diego Padre's Petco Park and the San Diego Bay, the downtown area is a mixture of office buildings and condominiums under construction that the Monopoly Man himself couldn't afford. Looking across the bay, the island of Coronado is connected via the Coronado Bay Bridge, featured prominently in the opening credits for Simon & Simon, as well as every week on the news when some pussy decides that he just can't take it anymore and jumps off.

The U.S. Armed Forces play a big role in the local economy and police reports. With the largest naval fleet in the world and one of only two Marine recruiting depots, the area is absolutely crawling with young sailors and Marines out for a night on the town.

Combine that with things like the clothing-optional Black's Beach where only old gay men hang out and the site of the mansion where those crazy but fashion conscious Heaven's Gate cult members committed mass suicide to catch Jesus surfing behind a comet, and San Diego truly becomes America's Finest City™.

North of San Diego is the enchanted land of Los Angeles, where the stars come out at night and don't where panties when they get out of cars. Laura "Surly Girl" Coleman, our first female GARA writer, bring us her view as an LA transplant from Chicago.

Laura "Surly Girl" Coleman

West Los Angeles, California

Welcome to Los Angeles. Or for the purposes of this article, West LA.

According to Wikipedia, Los Angeles was founded in 1781 by Felipe de Neve, but the US didn't steal it from the Mexicans until 1848. Apparently, the name "Los Angeles" is an abbreviated version of "El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles de Porciúncula", roughly translated as "The Gaping Maw Feeding Upon Lost Souls and Giving Birth to Broken Dreams."

It is the home of Hollywood-which is home to movies, movie stars and Michael Bay. Los Angeles rests near The Pacific Ring of Fire. It's a plate-tectonic phenomenon that creates big-ass fault lines like the one at San Andreas. This accounts for all the Goddamned earthquakes. I felt an aftershock after the 1994 Northridge quake. It was terrifying.

Fun Fact: not only is there considerable structural damage when the Angry Hand of God hits, but apparently all that ground shaking releases SPORES into the air causing a potentially fatal disease called Coccidioidomycosis or "Valley Fever".

So, let's review. Los Angeles: Mudslides, Fires, Earthquakes and SPORES. Awesome. The people who live in LA are insane.

Some of you might say, "Hey! You're not originally from L.A.! How can you pass judgment on a city you're not from?"

I can because no one is actually FROM LA. Most residents of LA are transplants lured to the city by promises of fame, fortune, and sit-com deals. And I'm here to tell you: Every time a stoplight changes, an actor's soul dies.

I was talking to a gentleman in a bar frequented by a lot of Chicago transplants. When asked what neighborhood he was from he replied, "Uh...somewhere around Grace and Damen...." And he trailed off in this really strange and unaffected way. And so I said:

"So...Roscoe Village?"

"I guess..."

"How LONG have you been in LA?"

"Too long."

There's an old saying that it takes 7 years to settle into LA. That's just how long it takes for it to eat your insides until there's nothing left but a vapid, bitter husk of a person sort of resembling you.

As a frequent VISITOR to LA, roughly once a year to see my dad, I can say with confidence that it is one of the most beautiful and yet horrifying cities in the Union. One can almost taste the fetid desperation that clings to everything. You can see it being washed off cars every day at one the city's one billion car washes.

That's not smog dust. It's the residue from the magma-like ick of compromised integrity that the entire city floats upon. That's why they only have a half-finished subway system. Not because of budget cuts or streets collapsing or because the whole place is built on SAND and loose pebbles. That's all a cover. Look to the La Brea Tar Pits for proof. Devouring creatures since the Dawn of Time B.C.

I mentioned the car washes. Exaggeration? Not really. Because everyone in LA drives. EVERYONE. And when you ask "How long will it take to get there?" Answer: 20 minutes. EVERYTHING is 20 minutes away. Even if it's an hour. Los Angeles has its own space-time continuum. Do not question it. Just accept it. It makes things easier. And it won't hurt as much.

Now, lest you think that everything in LA sucks, as I said, LA can be a rather beautiful city. The weather is gorgeous. All the time. When it doesn't stink like smog and sadness, there's the scent of Eucalyptus everywhere. The houses in the wealthier (lol) areas are stunning. At Christmastime, the trees are strewn with some really spectacular looking lights.

LA is full of iconic landmarks. For instance, when I go to LA, I stay in Century City off a street known as The Avenue of the Stars. This is what I see when I smoke cigarettes on the balcony.

That's right. Fox Plaza. Otherwise known as Nakatomi Tower. It's pretty f-in sweet.

There are also plenty of amazing places to eat. Most notably-for me at least-Carmine's on Santa Monica Boulevard. Don't be fooled by its lame website. This place is a pretty classy scene. The

bartenders kick ass, the food is incredible and the rest of the staff treats you like family. An oasis in a town full of sycophants, to be sure. I've seen bullet holes in the walls made by Frank Sinatra during a poker game gone awry and on the night Princess Diana was murdered by cameras, I met Frank Stallone there. He was very tall.

For fast-food, There's In-n-Out Burger. Quite possibly the best fast food in the Land.

There's Venice Beach, Santa Monica Pier, and the fabled Hollywood Hills. Los Angeles also is still one of the most thriving music scenes in the country.

On the subject of celebrity sightings, aside from Frank Stallone, I haven't seen many. They're a wily and elusive bunch, and I really couldn't care less about them. But I did meet and talk to Vince Vaughn. In 1999. Before his lost hair and alcohol problem turned him middle-aged. Vince Vaughn is also from Chicago. Lake Forest to be precise. He was NOT nice. LA got to him. He is dead inside.

OH! I almost forgot. Los Angeles is famous for one more thing. Jay-Walking tickets.

If you are caught crossing the street ANYWHERE outside designated crosswalks, you can bet your ass you'll get a ticket.

It happened to my brother. When asked by the incredulous cop:

"Where are you from?"

"Chicago."

"And you just cross the street wherever you want?"

"Um, Yeah."

The cop let him go, backing away slowly as if from something dark and unnatural.

We've since been trained.

You've been warned.

Goodbye, California! Thanks for all the happy memories. Now it's across the shining seas to the Dark Continent, where the world is not sunshine and surfboards.

Hello Spaceman

Johannesburg, South Africa

The very mention of South Africa will get mixed responses, depending on who you talk to. People from England aren't surprised, because half of London is populated by South African ex-patriots. Australians hate us, the rest of Europe is oblivious, and the Chinese consider us a lapdog.

Interestingly, the nation with the most diverse set of opinions on South Africa is the one that South Africa's oft-divided population has a single, shared opinion of - America, with its fat citizens, terrible cars and predilection for causing trouble where there is none. In my defense, I should mention that I like most things about America, along with modern-day contributions like hamburgers, Jim Carrey and the Internet.

Back to South Africa though; located on the Southern-most tip of the Dark Continent, South Africa (Est. 1652) is infamous for Apartheid. Strange, really, because it's what everybody else calls racism - so stop asking, already. Back in 1994 we had our first democratic elections with a whopping twenty-six participating parties all vying for a piece of the Rainbow Nation pie. Prophesising doom, many whites stocked up on tinned food, water and guns, to combat the black danger. Nobody stocked up on wet wipes to wipe the egg off their faces, though.

Johannesburg, the wrongly-assumed capital city of the country - an honour that actually belongs to the terrible city of Pretoria - plays home to the dumbest politicians our country has to offer. There's our president who doesn't believe in AIDS, our health-minister recommends a diet of indigenous vegetables to combat AIDS and the traffic police force that aspires to the donut-consuming stereotype.

Often referred to as the "African New York", Johannesburg only resembles the Big Apple by boasting a mediocre collection of skyscrapers.

It's here, in the country's financial centre, where investors and bankers boast about empowering the previously disadvantaged black community who, strangely, are still in squatter camps looking for food and the promised government grants. True, we have the biggest economy in Africa but poverty is still rife. The rich drive exotic cars and the poor are littered across busy intersections, begging for money. As such, crime is a large problem. Our police force is understaffed, prisons overcrowded and the courts are too busy handling fraud and rape cases involving our own members of parliament.

We're hosting the FIFA World Cup in 2010, though. Crime should

be under control, the roads should be resurfaced, a new government might be in power and we should finally have a public transport system.

But our aspirations are way in the future; right now I'm stuck in a crime factory. Send reinforcements, I'm gonna need 'em.

Thanks for hanging in there with the Great American Reach Around. The final two installments of the series are ahead and will feature a shotgun-style approach as we blast away at those states we have yet to visit. If you would like to write an article about your city in one of the states that has not yet been covered, then feel free to drop me a line. I am also now accepting entries from foreign GARA reps who do not frequent our forums. We still have some countries to visit there, but I wanted to give an opportunity for those of you with a lust for writing and a story to tell about your country. Email now, or forever hold your complaints!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 Intergalactic Scholactic's Introduction To Ancient History

Saturday, Jul 21, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome, students, to Intergalactic Scholastic's course data for Introduction To Ancient History: 0 - 200 A.D.

When the Great Surge of 4807 destroyed the Historical Annex, nearly all of our pre-holo history was erased in a matter of nanoseconds. All pictorial data was lost, along with our scanned collection of ancient society's "paper books" which have long-since crumbled to powder. Worker drones who scoured the charred remains of the Historical Annex only managed to recover random snippets of text from a corrupted backup of the "Internet", the great grandfather of today's Dataspace.

For three hundred years, Intergalactic Scholastic has worked to decipher these fragments of text and recover the lost chapter of our peoples' story. Having spent centuries studying the pieces of this figurative puzzle, we are confident that the course data you are about to read is an entirely accurate account of mankind's beginnings.

Accompanying the course data are visual aids which may seem alien to the point of being offensive. These are the products of an ancient technique called "drawing", which was widely used to capture moments in time before the invention of photographs, holoscans, and later universe-wide nanomaps. Since all photographs and scans up to the 38th century vanished in the Great Surge, our dedicated staff learned this ancient technique so that we could offer you the most accurate visual representation of this timeframe that we will ever have.

1 A.D. - 10 A.D.

Jesus: The First Human

As we recently discovered through the miracle of modern science, the universe was created when the Non-Universe packed up its things and set off in the hopes of finding a better spot. There at the very beginning, the first human came into existence. His name was Jesus Feliciano, and he was a AA baseball player (a crude version of futureball which involved gravity and screaming).

Figure 1a: Jesus Feliciano at rest with baseball.

How did an entire race spawn from one man? Historians generally agree that it happened when Jesus slid head-first into home plate in the ninth inning of a game against the Appleton Papermakers in 10 A.D. The feat of spontaneously creating numerous offspring through a physical act that didn't involve a woman was made even more impressive by the fact that he began his slide in the dugout. Without a running start.

Jesus died during the act as he knew he would, sacrificing himself for mankind. This noble gesture instilled a general feeling of guilt among early humans and led to the creation of the phrase "suicide squeeze".

11 A.D. - 100 A.D.

Lincoln: The Greatest King

Abraham Lincoln was Jesus Feliciano's firstborn son, and as such he became the first king of America (the planet which we now know as Globe Prime). Lincoln was described as an extraordinarily tall and thin man with an equally tall hat and unique facial hair.

Figure 2a: Abraham Lincoln waves to his adoring public

Lincoln lived in a house made entirely of logs. This revolutionized the way people thought of shelter. Previously, it was customary to build a house and live a few feet to either side of it.

Figure 2b: Lincoln in his home

Lincoln is generally considered the greatest king in America's history. His reign lasted 89 years and was chock full of significant achievements. The first curse word. Skipping. The world's largest ball of twine.

War

While much of Lincoln's reign was full of prosperity and growth, the only physical conflict between men in history took place during his rule. Lincoln singlehandedly confronted and defeated all those who practiced slavery and other acts of BSDM which involved tying people up, placing gags in their mouths, and forcing them to be submissive to their master.

Figure 2c: Lincoln defeats slavery.

Upon its conclusion, this horrific conflict was dubbed the Civilized War because civilized society had won. Lincoln emerged from the war a hero and stepped down from his position of power, knowing that nothing he could do would top this crowning achievement. Now a private citizen, Lincoln devoted his time to supporting the local arts by attending plays and sitting in chairs while remaining oblivious to anyone who snuck up on him.

He never died.

101 A.D. - 200 A.D.

The Space Age

After the relative lull of the previous century, the 100's were an incredible time of discovery and technological progress. Man yearned to reach beyond America's atmosphere and travel into the vast awesomeness of space. Decades were spent in the development of the world's first spacecraft, and in 198 A.D. the Titanic was ready for its maiden voyage.

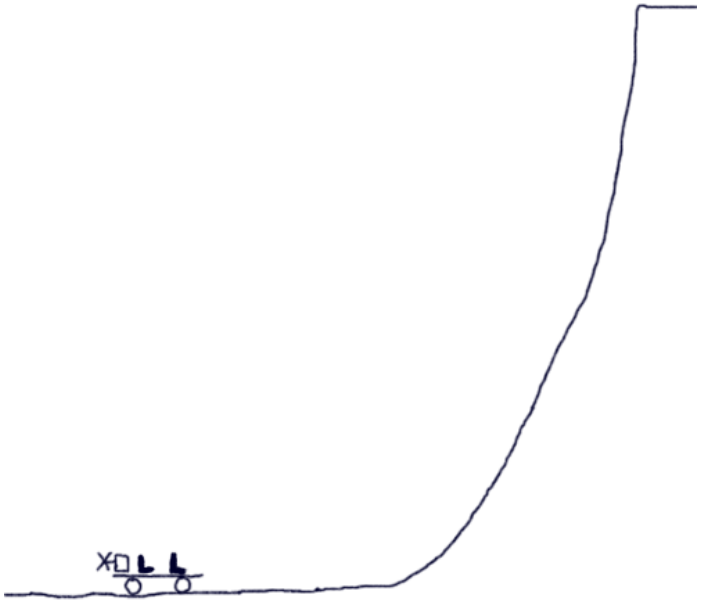


Figure 3a: The Titanic in position on its launchpad

The Titanic was piloted by Sputnik Laika and his co-pilot Albert Monkey. The men hated one another, but came to an uneasy peace because the protective bubbles that covered their heads were soundproof, preventing the communication of insults.

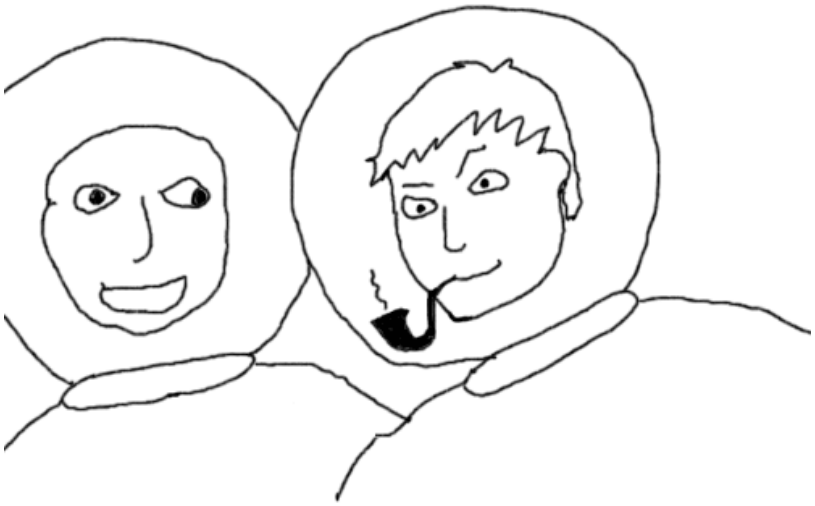


Figure 3b: Sputnik Laika and Albert Monkey, suited up and ready for adventure

While their mission was a success, the Titanic veered off-course during reentry, striking an iceberg and plummeting into the ocean. The craft's wreckage was never found, mostly because no one could

hold their breath long enough to swim all the way down to the sea floor.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.20 An Essay on The Pope Not Being Cool and Some Reasons Why He's Not Cool

Sunday, Jul 22, 2007 by Joshua Taylor, Age 13

Hey guys, I'm Joshua Taylor. I'm a proud home schooled Christian, and I love my mom and also Jesus. You might remember me from the time I talked about taking drugs with gay devil-worshipping bikers, or from the time I answered people's questions about the world. In any case, why I'm here is the Catholics (like the official head Catholics or whatever) said a few weeks ago that no one is really Christian unless they believe in the pope. It's kind of hard for me to explain 100% cuz I don't really understand weirdos like Catholics, so here's some links that might help: here's a news article (WARNING: ARTICLE PROBABLY FROM LIBERAL MEDIA CONSPIRACY) and here's a guy talking about it on his blog.

Anyway, I thought it was a good time to come back to SomethingAwful and write about this, especially since I already had something written about it. You see, Mr. Harding, my youth minister (and, in three months, my new dad, but he's not my dad, he's my fake dad and I'll never call him dad unless Jesus like takes my body over and makes me say it) had my Christian Youth Group write persuasive essays in response to the pope being wrong. I know that sounds hard, but he gave us a little sheet that had all the parts of a essay on it and you just had to fill it in. So here's my essay. I hope you learn something about yourself and about Jesus and about how the pope is bad.

Title

Why The Pope Is Wrong About a Lot of Stuff but Especially About Non-Catholics Being Not Real Christian Churches and Also About Catholics Being Real Christians When Basically They're Just Fake Christians Although I Don't Hold It Against A Lot of Them Because I Think a Bunch of Them Don't Realize That They're Fake Christians Which Is Kind of Sad When You Think About It So I Don't Think About It Much.

By Joshua Taylor, Age 13
Mr. Harding's Teen Jesus Power Class

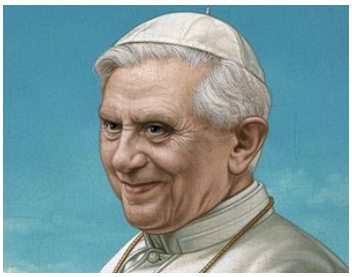
Intro

Dictionary.com defines the pope as "the bishop of Rome as head of the Roman Catholic Church". Jesus Christ defines the pope as "a guy who sucks and is going straight to hell because the pope pretends to talk to Him and tells people at parties that he knows Him when really he doesn't, which is awkward and really rude". I remember one time I told everyone that I knew Brandy Miller and everyone was super impressed because Brandy Miller is a senior and like totally hot if you aren't over picky about faces or skin problems, but anyway she's definitely the hottest in our church's Youth Program and it was so embarrassing when it finally came out that she didn't even know my name or that I existed or even that I was there when she accidentally walked right into me because she was so used to just looking past me.

Thesis Statement

But anyways, I'm going to demonstrate some stuff about the pope. My thesis is that the pope is wrong a lot of the time and that Jesus totally rules (this works both ways, in that he rules the world and he also totally rules and is awesome). First, I'm going to talk about why the Catholic Church is bad to ultimate maximum levels of bad. Second I'm going to talk about why everyone should talk straight to Jesus and not try and talk through any other dudes. Last, I'm going to talk about how funny looking the pope is and kind of make fun of his face for awhile.

First Section of Body



Ok, so first: The Catholic Church is really bad. You think gay bikers are bad? Well, they are, but not as bad as the pope is, even though I don't think the pope is gay, probably. I need to provide three supporting statements about why the Catholic Church is bad, so here they come, here are my supporting statements:

One, Catholics totally believe they are actually eating Jesus when they do communion, and that's plain gross. Like when we do communion it's just symbolic of his body and blood, but Catholics actually think they are taking a big bite out of His arm, and if I were Jesus I'd be getting pretty pissed at people constantly eating parts of my body, even though he can instantly grow anything back anytime he wants and even like grow a third arm or a second head anytime he wants to. But he doesn't want to.

Two, the Catholic Church is always spending waaay too much time worrying about Mary. Mary is really cool, and I bet she was a great mom if God wanted her to be his mom. I bet she was almost as good as my mom [Note: I knew Mr. Harding was going to show this to mom so I had to put that in.] But still, they build shrines and alters to her and name all Catholics after her so I'm pretty sure even the guys are named Mary. I don't worship my mom, even though she's a great mom and Mr. Harding makes her very happy [Note: I figured I should probably get both of them happy in case they found out I'm entering the mean streets of the internet again like I am now.]

Three, Mr. Harding said the word Catholic actually means "universal" and the universe is a science thing and science is the enemy of god. I bet if we got rid of science the world would be at least ten times better. Except motorcycles. I think cool motorcycles are a pretty good use of science. Ok, so those were my supporting statements for point one, which is that the Catholic church is dumb and the pope is like the king of dumb people who are wrong.

Second Section of Body

My second point is that everyone should just talk to Jesus straight on rather than trying to get some old guy to talk to Jesus for them. My first supporting statement for this is that Jesus is probably the busiest person in the whole world and yet he sits around listening to everyone whining to him all the time, and if he does that personally then I guess you should probably take the time to whine to him personally. If you have a old guy whining to him for you, then he'd probably be like "Blessed Art Me, I'm gonna do something like hide Joshua Taylor's car keys or make his mom find his internet history after he was looking at the Target.com underwear section. Thus the Lord, Me, art just."

My second supporting statement is have you ever heard a pope talk? They're always old and they mumble a lot and stuff. If you have this guy talk for you then Jesus probably wouldn't get what you wanted and then when He did what He thought you wanted you'd have to explain that you didn't want that and it would be like that time dad bought mom some earrings and she tried to casually ask which store he bought them from and then she told him she was with Mr. Harding now anyway and then he tried to throw a chair through the window but it got stuck halfway and he just pushed at it a little but it wouldn't go and then we all stood there silently for a minute and then he left. The chair was ok though. I pulled it out with Jesus's help.

My third supporting statement is that Jesus said, "Come to me and talk, and I will listen, for I cannot get enough of that sweet juicy gossip. Man, I love gossip. So sayeth the Lord." (Luke 4:13). That seems pretty clear, I dunno.

Third Section of Body

My final point is that the pope is ugly. My first supporting statement is that basically the current pope is to a Nazi what a raisin is to a grape. My second supporting statement is that he has so much loose skin he could form three other popes with excess face skin alone. My final supporting statement is that his mouth is so crooked he can eat tacos without tilting his head.

Conclusion (Summary of what you've told them)

So I have demonstrated my thesis (Pope sucks, Jesus rocks) using the following points: 1) The Catholic Church sucks. 2) If you think you should let the pope talk to God for you, THINK AGAIN. 3) The pope looks like a partially inflated condom that Picasso drew a frowny face on. I hope this has been helpful in helping you decide not to help yourself to the Catholic way of life, and I hope that Jesus and Mr. Harding both like this paper a lot.

Alright, I hope you enjoyed it. Keep enjoying the internet and may Jesus bless you and stuff.

-∼Joshua Taylor, Age 13

7.21 Grandpa Story Xchange

Monday, Jul 23, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hottest Grandpa Stories

(**page 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 ... 74**)

L@@K Grandpas Wizard Nightmare (Submitted by Dzzy_Danger)

GREAT GRANDPA VALUE - WIZARD STORY UNBELIEVIABLE WILD ACTION!@!!

NWV grandpa, 87, Polish Immigrant "DOUGLAS"
story about a nightmare he had about a wizard. AMAZED WHOLE FAMILY. Wizard story very realistic like being in a wizard nightmare!!!

SAMPLE

Then there was a...there was a column and it was made out of lightning...and I saw three eyes in the sky. One was blue, one was red, and one was green. And I could hear laughing even though there was nobody around. And I started to get scared and then a wizard was there. There was also Frank Paulson from the CVS who sells me my nitroglycerin pills and he was naked except for a cloth diaper. Don't know why but the fella had lobster claws sticking out of the legholes. Then the wizard kissed me on the mouth.

Buy

(4.9 out of 5) (**725 votes**)
Selected User Review (Submitted by wyzardstory1fan)
TORRID PASSION OF A NITMARE WIZARD
Wicked wizard is unbelievable in this. chases grandpa for page after page through all sorts of scenarios including bath fun for fans of BGS. Twist ending works for fans of AGHC but really this is just such a great story it's for everyone. Not explicit at all, no screaming, it just made me remember how my grandpa used to talk about his dreams when he was on chemo. vivid imagery this is a must Xchange for every grandpa fan period.

BEST JEW GRANDPA EVER (Submitted by alterkockerlover)

STORIES FROM MY JEWISH GRANDPA GREAT FAMILY STORIES

NWV grandpa, 82, New yorker OTTO
very jewish and has great jewish stories from shpilkes to nachas you will not find better jewish grandpa stories ANYWHERE all other jewish grandpa stories are pretenders some of them aren't even really jewish this is the real deal

SAMPLE

And then, what? I'm going to get down on my hands and knees and chase the ball under the porch? Feh! Can you imagine? Me, Otto Mendelbaum on bended knee like a catholic down in the dirt and bugs. It's a horror. A horror, I tell you. But then again I didn't have two shekels to rub together because I was working in my father's dreidel shop on West 51st and Otto Sr. G-D rest him was stingy as they come. A real mensch, but tight with the purse strings, if you know what I mean bubeleh.

Buy

(4.7 out of 5) (**608 votes**)

Selected User Review (Submitted by goythegreat)
My Favorite Jew Grandpa Story
F the haters! Just because there is no plot and he jumps around from topic to topic doesn't mean this story sucks. Otto is the perfect Jew grandpa and the fun isn't the story, it's how he tells it. For my gelt this is the best Jewish grandpa story out there, even better than the Goldstein fakes. This goy was happy to pay the 4.95 for the stories and, that's another great thing, most stories are only 20-30,000 words. This is a collection of Otto stories that totals over 50,0000. Now that is good value!

ULTIMATE Toy Train Compilation (Submitted by grandpaztrainz)

126 TOY TRAIN STORIES & MORE! XCHANGE IT TO BeLIEVE IT!

WV grandpa, 89, IOWA "JUST GRANDPA"
My grandpa loves toy trains and since he retired in 1984 its all he does. Light senility on some of the stories but thats just like seasoning on a prime cut of beef! These arent just run of your mill train stories either grandpa has a great imagination and a detailed understanding of trains. This is a must have for all grandpa story collectors!! Some BGS and GSS, but its not very explicit.

SAMPLE

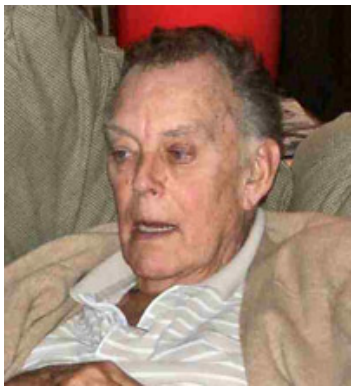
Hoopers's got them German trains in now and I think I am going to do a Ruhr set based all on german steam trains of the mid 19th century. The sets are a little pricey but I think if I just piece it together one a week or so and reuse spare tracks from my Great Western setup I should be just fine and dandy. You know grandma said she might be able to make little tracks out of toothpicks but with her arthritis I don't want to get her started on a project like that. You know once she puts her mind to it she won't stop, even if she's in all kinds of pain. The real trick though is going to be the steam whistle. I heard a great whistle on a train, wow, must be going on 70 years ago now. This was at the stockyards in Des Moines when I was riding the rails for a summer. It had this really deep hoot and then sort of a high-pitched toot-toot at the end. Really impressed me at the time and I can still hear it now.

Buy

(4.4 out of 5) (**466 votes**)

Selected User Review (Submitted by choochooPaul)
u will never need anohter train story!!!!!
ultimate is right i needed a grandpa train story fix and I went lookin and found this and i will never have to download another sotry again 126 stories and some of these are very long and detailed the BGS and GSS stuff he warns about arent even bad at all just a little bit about beddy grable and a dog getting a boner and then the bath part but that has trains too and he just talks about it because of the train he put over the bath tub GRANDMA is also in this a lot so if you dont like grandmas then stay away the grandma crossover parts were prolly my favorite and she has some hilarious stuff to say about ornaments and gardens

HELL YEAH Drunk Grandpa (EXPLICIT) (Submitted by TheCrazyMFingGrandpa)



This granpa is DRUNK AS SHIT and he has some AWESOME STORIES to tell you

WV grandpa, 83, Russian "Viktor"
Granda is drunk and doesnt give a fuck about anything. He will rant and rave about friends, family, enemies, celebrities, politics, whatever comes to mind. When I was just a little kid grandpa scared me with his yellingh now its awesome as hell and you can enjoy the benefits of my grandpa viktor. RIP grandpa.

SAMPLE

Hillary Clinton my dick. I knew a kid in shop class by the name of Ted that looked more like a girl. The only reason she is staying with that hillbilly fuck of a husband of hers is because she's a goddamn starfucker. You can't let go of that shit comet now can you you sassy little bitch. Gloria. Gloria! Gloria where the fuck are my pretzels? No, not the sourdough kike pieces of shit I want the real Rold motherfucking Gold pretzels. The one with that bald faggot from the TV running around doing shit. Thank you baby you know Viktor loves you. You know it. Get me another Stoli, sweet-tits. Hey, hey, turn the channel. Turn the channel! I don't want to see no Larry fucking King. Put on Morton Downey.

Buy

(4.3 out of 5) (**2,045 votes**)

Selected User Review (Submitted by viktorfan)
Very Foul-Mouthed and Very Poignant
I am normally not a fan of drunken grandpa stories, but these are amazing. Viktor is a real character and you can almost hear the boozy screaming in your ears as you read the stories. The language is very harsh, so this is definitely an adults-only grandpa stories. I'm glad TCMFG decided to include this in the all-audiences section or I never would have found it. There is nothing pornographic in these, Viktor has just had too much to drink and he's not watching his language. You will, though! You'll watch his language and you'll savor it.

Blues Grandpa Tells it Like it Is (Submitted by GenuineBluesGrandpa)

Wisdom from a REAL black grandpa if you are black or just a fan of black grandpas then this is a great bunch of stories

NWV REAL black grandpa, 77, "Armstrong"
Grandpa Armstrong was my next door neighbor and he told some of the best and most intelligent stories I have ever heard. These are 100% real black grandpa stories, tales of life in on the streets in Harlem, in the south during segregation, white people good and bad, and advice for today's modern black youths. I am not black myself but I like to think of myself as half black.

SAMPLE

Nope never had much use for Elvis Presley. He looked like a white girl in a silver suit. Kids these days, they turned out too much like Elvis and not enough like B.B. King. Hearts supposed to give out from diabetes, not from bananas and peanut butter and pills and all that horse crap. Now, you tell me this. Tell me this. A boy growing up in Harlem today thinks Prince is the hottest thing on the scene, you dig that? They're going to perm theyself up and jerry curl all the way up to the rafters and then they gonna set themself afire. This Prince is a menace. No masculinities. Before you know it a negro won't know how to handle hisself. He'll have to ask a white girl what to do.

Buy

(3.9 out of 5) (**1,228 votes**)

Selected User Review (Submitted by missychocogramps)
HOT & BLACK grandpa stories MELT IN YOUR MOUTH
OH MY GOD these are the best grandpa stories ever!! I have read them at least ten times. The way he tells black boys to "stay in school and get a white girl pregnant" just sends shivers up my spine. I could just read these all day long. Armstrong is THE black grandpa and you just forget about those other ones. Most of them are just white grandpas with a black picture. This is REAL. I FEEL this.

Grandpa Bathtime Collection - BGS FANS L@@K!! (Submitted by GrampsNSuds)

Korean Grandpa TELLS ALL about bathing habits and equipment. Get ready BGS fans for THE collection of bathtime grandpas stories!!!!

WV Korean grandpa, 83, Ho
My Korean grandpa Ho has severe arthritis and one of his favorite ways to relax his joints is with a hot bath. He has given me a lot of great stories over the years, but his bathtime stories were always my favorites so I collected all 11 of them here.

SAMPLE

Love to take bath. Cannot lay down to take bath anymore, but build great bath with sit-down bath chair. Water goes up past waist and I can feel all the bubbles all over my body. It is so fun. Pretty girl, come take a bath with me. I will kiss you in my bath. Hug you and kiss you in my bath. Kids your age should not watch cartoons. What is this Mickey Mouse is that a robot? Come on, turn it off pretty girl and take a bath with me. I rub you real good.

Buy

(3.7 out of 5) (6,881 votes)

Selected User Review (Submitted by Bathexpert)
Great Bathtime fun
For those of you like me who were disappointed with Dante's Bathpack this is the cure for what ails you. Ho talks at length about the warm water soothing his aches and pains and he repeatedly tries to convince his teenage niece to take a bath with him. Great great stuff. Not explicit, but a little blue, but for those bath connosieurs out there like me that isn't going ot bother you one bit! Well worth the price or a great bathtime story xchange if you have something GrampsNSuds is interested in. A+ would xchange again!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Before You is the Briefing of Captain H. W. Grieves

Tuesday, Jul 24, 2007 by H. W. Grieves (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

STATUS OF THE COLONEL

Captain H. W. Grieves

I am Captain H. W. Grieves. I have taken on the reins from P. B. Fouke, who now conducts business in another place. Soldier on though he did, it was the cold embrace of death that finally clawed him away from his work. Though he bested death and still lives, his wounds are such that he must take time to recover. As a matter of urgency, I will first address the complete status of the Colonel.

As of this publication, P. B. Fouke is in the care of his doctor and shaman, F. Gerald Thornton. This man disgusts me to such a degree that I long to smash in his face, hallow out his skull, and force rodents to defecate in it. Yet it is not my position to question him or his practices, as he serves a man of higher integrity. Should he fail to successfully treat that man, I will not hesitate to act upon my longings.

Thornton had been tasked with observing the Colonel for several days, and determined the ailment to be a brain tumor of great stature. The symptoms certainly fit, if one were to believe the illuminated manuscripts of the revered healers. The Colonel agreed with the diagnosis, asked to be treated and promptly collapsed to the floor.

I do not care for doctors and their so-called practice of medicine. The only medicine I require is a weekly bloodletting treatment, which I self administer in the form of hand to hand combat with murderers and rapists at the local penitentiary. Not even I am above a little philanthropy. Nevertheless, I include as follows Dr. F. Gerald Thornton's most recent dispatch.

Dr. F. Gerald Thornton

> I performed the surgery. It went well. The customer, per request, was conscious for the duration. Courteous was he, polite and amiable. He joked with the nurse in a gentlemanly manner, commented on the finer points of the day's politic and regaled us both with stories of trapping expeditions gone by. Upon removal of the mass he remarked on its resemblance to one J. F. Swanton. A boisterous chuckle was had by all, and the wound was sealed. Customer now recuperates with a full recovery expected of he.

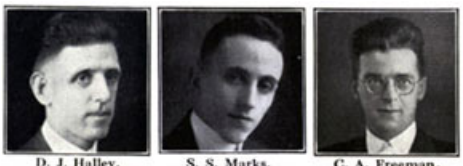
> The tumor was easily the size of an apple, heavier than
> any rock and made of a material blacker than night itself. I could scarcely lift it. The pressure it was putting on the integral lobe of his brain must have been truly overwhelming. A more contented man he shall no doubt be.
>
> May my signature soothe thee as well as my hands.
> Dr. F. Gerald Thornton

You, the hundreds of thousands of trappers and shippers loyal to the Fouke Fur Company, can expect regular updates in the pages of the Trappers' Partner periodical and catalogue as to the health and well being of the Colonel. I am confident he shall heal in full and return to this post in due time. Until then, I remain determined to hold this outfit together come Hell or high water.

STATE OF THE COMPANY

I run a transparent outfit. There are no skeletons in my closet save for the ones I put there. I will therefore spare you no detail in regards to our outfit, good or bad. I am not a fur man by birth, though I have killed and skinned many people. I do what jobs I am hired to do and I do them correctly. Although it displeases me to participate in society, I am comforted that this is an industry of death. Industry though it may be, it is an industry of flesh and blood. I despise machines and will see that all activities carried out by the Fouke Fur Company are done with human hands and simple tools. If there is killing to be done, it should always be done by hand.

The few holdouts whose spirits I have yet to crush have gone into exile, splitting the company in a time of great conflict. Undaunted by this impudence, I endeavor to capture complete control over all insubordinate factions in absence of the Colonel. The Fouke Fur Company will be united as one solvent force against its enemies soon enough, whether its employees like it or not.



D. J. Halley, Vice-President and Manager Sales Dept. **S. S. Marks,** Assistant Secretary, Office Manager. **C. A. Freeman,** Auditor.

As it stands the forces are divided as follows. D. J. Halley has allied himself with S. S. Marks and C. A. Freeman. The three are holding out in Illinois as the Eastern Fouke Alliance. Prior to his escape, I managed to break the hands and glasses of C. A. Freeman. He shall not be making any audits in support of this auxiliary group. My scouts in the field believe they have taken with them the son of P. B. Fouke in desperate hope of holding claim to the Fouke name. This tactic shall not succeed.

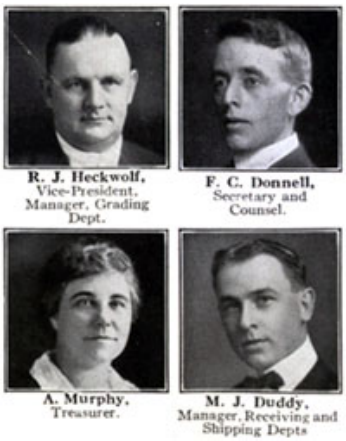
S. J. Pingree, Vice-President, Manager, U. S. Government Alaska Sealskin Dept. **G. Donald Gibbins** Vice-President Superintendent, U. S. Government Alaska Sealskin Dept.

S. J. Pingree and G. Donald Gibbins were in the field when the Colonel took ill and have ceased responding to telegram, effectively shutting down the U.S. Government Alaska Sealskin Dept. I have sent Indian trackers to find these cowardly men and hold them accountable. I have witnessed Pingree and Gibbins in action, and both are born administrators. They are Englishmen lost in a land so massive it could swallow whole their native island without so much as a mild expectoration. Their frail hands may wield pens with fervor, but they will be lost amongst the combative bachelor seals and the savage natives of the Pribilofs. The Aleuts would not hesitate to strike against the misplaced white skin, dragging him off to some squalid barabara for ritual torture beyond the fathoming of the enlightened man.

The turncoats carry out these actions as the great seal harvest looms just over the horizon. Should we fail the government in our proprietary duty of processing the tens of thousands of seals to be slaughtered, it will be good customers like you subjected to the lashing pangs of want. It will be

your backs run ragged with the lacerations of high prices and grave delays caused by continent-wide shortages of fresh sealskin. Surely Pingree and Gibbins know that their actions harm the hundreds of thousands of sealskin consumers ready and waiting for our annual auctions. Surely they will fall in line and beg forgiveness. Else, by my hands or the piercing spears of the Aleuts, they shall suffer such that God himself will gasp in awe and admiration.

I therefore insist that, in celebration of the cowardice, insolence and mutiny carried out by S. J. Pingree, G. Donald Gibbins and similar brood, you kindly add thirty per cent (30%) to all catalogue prices.



Not all employees have made fools of themselves. R. J. Heckwolf remains loyal to the cause, and with him comes the trust of F. C. Donnell and M. J. Duddy. I have taken A. Murphy as my bride and she henceforth shall be known as A. Grieves. Furthermore, I have retired her from this brutal trade and sent her to dwell in my cabin in Medical Lake, WA. There she will find instructions and blueprints for the children she is to bear me.

The rogue staff members will be caught and will be put in place. I will not tolerate division in the ranks. Such vile measures stand as insult to the integrity of the Colonel. Would a man with integrity such as P. B. Fouke appoint me in his stead in error? Could a man of such integrity even make errors? Piece by piece I will ensure that each hostile element is conflated back into the single entity that answers my every command. I, the Right hand of Fouke, deserve no less.

REPORT ON THE ENEMY

I shall take this moment to address the weaknesses of our two chief rivals: Swanton Furs and Brown Fur Amalgamated.

A. P. Brown,
Brown Fur Amalgamated

Brown's outfit is a disgrace to mankind as a whole. That he should seek to remove good men from the workplace is a bold declaration of his incompetence. Certainly, fire the good, smart men and replace them with machines. Let the machines make reasoned judgments and ascertainments as to the quality of fur and the needs of the marketplace and its patrons. Let the machines also grow tired and fatigued of the scarce few imbeciles manning them, and make short work of their brittle bones and thin skin. Machine, after all, does not differentiate the splendor of man from the squalor of the opossum, and will eat either indiscriminately.

Please, A. P. Brown, let these good men of St. Louis be the imbeciles manning your machines. Automate them. Make them the interchangeable and expendable parts of your great and terrible apparatus. Let the hand pulling the lever become indistinguishable from the bloodstained rack and pinions grinding bone to dust. Let their blood give way to steam and ire and their souls evaporate in the aftermath. What need does man have with Hell when his own body and mind act in concert with the Devil's machinations?

I know machines all too well. I watched my parents die beneath the might of an indomitable machine hungry and slavering for raw flesh. I saw their faces and bones mangled in the killing wheels. I saw their blood spray out and felt it spatter against my youthful skin. No machine that cannot be

readily crushed by human hands has any right to existence.

To those wondering what my business response to A. P. Brown is, it is thus: I shall deliver squarely to his craw a reckoning fist. I shall spit back the bile he spits on me and stare him in his blackened pits until he openly weeps with whatever tear ducts he has left. I shall delve my hands into his chest, bludgeoning each finger through skin, burrowing between the ribs so that I might clasp his crooked heart and deliver to it the fatal clenching. Should he be so bold as to attempt uttering any parting words to me, I shall bite off his tongue and head butt him with such force that his skull collapses. I will show his mind and body Hell before his spirit even gets there.

J. F. Swanton, I shall never understand the Colonel's fondness toward you. Under his stead you were a sporting rival and treasured friend. Under my reign you are a lowly crustacean. You are a bottom feeder and while you may serve purpose in sucking upon the filth and refuse of humanity, your sight is an insult to me. You may be a Christian man by claim, but by action you are a sodomite. My loyalty to the Colonel is absolute. I will thus not cave in your face until it resembles the cavernous birthing maw that vomited you into this world. However, as a matter of public service, I shall routinely break each and every limb protruding from your gross center.

J. F. Swanton

As a further matter of respect for the Colonel and his faith in you, I shall do so using your own traps.

A COMPANY THAT RESPECTS YOU

The Fouke Fur Company remains the only viable choice of the North American fur trapper and shipper. The products this outfit sells are at a quality unparalleled by its weak and sickly competitors. The prices it pays for your furs are fair and honest, and you may not dispute this. P. B. Fouke has given this outfit a solid reputation through his hard work and sacrifice. I will see to it that this reputation does not wane, even in the face of betrayal and subterfuge. If you feel that this outfit has done you wrong or does wrong in its actions, then I will not hesitate to show you how mistaken you truly are.

The monstrous machine future of A. P. Brown's twisted imagination will not provide for your well being, but rather rend it to pieces. J. F. Swanton's perverted practices may appeal to the common deviant, but to the tempered man who has worked hard all his life they are no more than the gross rituals of an opium-addicted sodomite. Between the two of them, there are enough mental deformities to poison any industry's reputation. It is because of the overwhelming integrity of the Fouke Fur Company and its customers that this trade has any respect left at all. Under my leadership, that shall not change.

And so it is.

Captain H. W. Grieves
Acting President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Company.

-∼H. W. Grieves (@Livestock)

7.23 The ABCs of Workplace Efficiency

Wednesday, Jul 25, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The ABCs of Workplace Efficiency

A

Allow me to introduce myself: I'm Dr. David Thorpe, trusted workplace consultant to some of the most successful companies in the world. Under my corporate tutelage, United Handshake increased its initiative throughput by 58% in just one year, bringing it up to par with industry leaders like AmeriShog and Federated Discharge. Now, through an amazing clerical error, my consultation is available to you free of charge.

B

Bathing cuts valuable time out of your work day. Throwing out your morning hygiene ritual can get you to work up to an hour earlier, fresh with the musk of success. You'll be a well-greased business machine, ready to impress coworkers with your powerful, distinctive fragrance. Resist the urge to shower in the evening- a restful night in your natural soil will leave you with a robust, mossy vigor.

C

"Cannibals" should be avoided! No matter how strict the hiring practices, most sizeable companies end up with one or two "bad seeds." These ravenous nogoodniks feed on the productivity of their co-workers, biting into your efficiency with their stubbornness and negativity. If cannibals attack your workplace, try to persuade them to eat these bad employees instead of eating you.

D

Dehydration is your friend! Stepping out of a meeting to urinate is the ultimate show-stopper. Avoid the awkwardness by foregoing water and drinking only dry liquids, like chalk juice or beer tar. Avoid discharges altogether by getting plenty of sodium; most chemical supply companies carry the invigorating mineral, which can be eaten in small, spicy slices.

E

Expect the unexpected, and vice versa! Ever had a three-day project scuppered by an unforeseen obstacle? Preempt this woe by always expecting everything. The probability of something happening is 100%, so be prepared, if nothing else, for the inevitability of events.

F

Firing unproductive employees is never easy, but any healthy forest requires occasional thinning of deadwood, lest some lightning-strike set the whole thing off like a tinderbox, burning your screaming employees alive, ignoring their anguished pleas, delighting in the papery crackling of their blackened skin, reveling the euphoria of pain and destruction. And *then* who's fired?

G

Geese are the potted plants of the Web 2.0 era. Unlike the dismal ferns of the dotcom days, these noblest of fowl provide a high-impact, user-generated experience. Dandy white coloration and sonorous honking drive teen web traffic with viral beak widget!

H

Health insurance is not a toy. Though filing a fraudulent claim so you can zip around the office in an electric wheelchair might sound like fun, you're ultimately hurting the company, which prefers to maintain a cripple-free image.

I

Internet browsing is the modern scourge of productivity. While any 21st-century business needs to be "wired," you may find it difficult to go ten minutes without discovering hot new bands on MySpace, checking out the latest viral sensation on YouTube, or just browsing around to earn money with your AllAdvantage toolbar. To avoid the temptation of random surfing, set your browser homepage to heinous, illegal pornography. Remember: if you don't have time to look at pictures of a dead-eyed child having messy sex with an elk, you don't have time to surf the net!

J

Jokes add levity to office proceedings, but too much horsehockey can be a waste of time. A good rule of thumb is to laugh once a day. After that, it's time to buckle down and get serious, because this is not a yuk-yuk clown show. Sure, we have some fun around here, but leave the goofs at home, daffy!

K

Keyboard got you down? Habitual hunt-and-peckers can speed up their work by arranging the keys in alphabetical order, thus minimizing eyeball scanning time.

L

Left-handed employees can drastically improve their efficiency by outfitting their offices with items specially tailored to mitigate their handicap: left-handed mousepads, mugs, staplers, motivational posters and thumbtacks are available through the "special needs" sections of many leading medical supply catalogs.

M

Meetings are important to the function of any business, but too many meetings can stifle efficiency. If you find yourself missing milestones due to endless meetings, engage

in this simple mental exercise: imagine that you are Vincent Price in The Last Man on Earth, and that your coworkers are the ravenous undead who wail by night, begging for your blood. Help yourself to whatever supplies you need. If you encounter a coworker, set fire to him and throw him in a ravine.

N

N is not in the alphabet of business, because "no" starts with "n," and "no" is not in our vocabulary. There may be Ns out there somewhere, but I don't want anything to do with them.

O

Office supplies may look like overripe grapes, hanging low, bursting with sweet juice, begging to be plucked and taken home. No! When you steal all the pens, you harm the on-the-job fecundity of all your fellow workers. Follow the golden rule: do not steal anything that you would not want stolen from yourself, if it was yours (which it's not: it belongs to the company, so don't take it home).

P

Paperclips: nobody knows where they come from, what they're used for, or why they're called that, but they spontaneously generate in office supply rooms like mice from a haystack and we might as well learn to appreciate them. If your productivity is flagging, try bending one into the shape of a vulva and drawing inspiration from the erotic simplicity of its form.

Q

Quiet surroundings can work wonders for your productivity. If the bustle of your surroundings makes it impossible to concentrate, ensconce yourself in an empty closet and work in peace. If you are still disturbed, tilt your body at unlikely oblique angles until you fall into an empty spatial dimension.

R

Robots are more efficient by far than blood-and-guts employees, but can they talk an angry customer out of disputing a credit card charge? If not, buy one with bigger claws.

S

Sexual harassment is a bad idea, buddy! While you're making eyes at the receptionist or snapping your secretary's bra, you're wasting valuable businessmoments. Channel your sexual frustrations into your work instead: your natural emissions make great laminate, sealing wax or, if you're in exceptionally good health, correctional fluid.

T

Tines is money! When engaged in a business luncheon, make sure to grab a fork with four or more tines. Three tines equal bad business; lunch goes slower, conversation grinds to a halt, and your colleagues shift uncomfortably in their seats as you struggle to drive morsels into your mouth with your inefficient utensil. Take a tip from the top brass: buy a fork with five to seven tines and carry it with you always.

U

Underlining words might make a bold impact, but always remember that the time you spent underlining that word could have been spent writing more words, and maybe even underlining *them*, instead. Think about it.

V

Vasectomies are the devoted businessman's first line of defense against efficiency-destroying distractions in the home. Keep one in your briefcase at all times, but take it out only when appropriate; it may scare your squeamish coworkers, but it can be a great boon when you're up against a tight deadline and your wife won't stop calling up and ovulating at you.

W

Women may have great tits, but can they work? Top menstronomers suggest that women might be a great boon for workplace productivity, if offered as rewards to efficient employees.

X

Xerox machines save you the work of copying documents by hand, but at what cost? Must the wizened transcribers of the world lay down their quills and, facing the shame of unemployment, hang themselves with their own venerable beards? Certainly not. Set them to work copying bibles, and God shall smile upon your ventures.

Y

Yelling at your coworkers, contrary to popular belief, does not increase their productivity. Like the white rhino, they may become frightened and hostile when cornered, trampling and goring you with their aphrodisiac horns.

Z

Zo long, friends! May this advice sound business drive you to new heights of workplace potency!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.24 Market Watch 2142

Thursday, Jul 26, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Wall Street struggles with economic jitters, meteors

My investment strategy.

Worries about credit markets and the apocalypse derailed stocks for the second straight session, even amid strong corporate earnings from Amazon.com and Vivid Video.

The Dow Jones Industrial Average (now batting .211) struggled to recover as trading was suspended for one hour due to a security threat on Wall St. At approximately 1:21PM security detected a person with a soul on the trading floor. The suspect was detained and the area quarantined.

Trading resumed but not without the Dow tumbling 100 points. It eventually recovered. Then it fell again. Then it rose again. Then fell because of who knows what. Then it didn't do anything. Then a bell rang and everybody went out for pizza.

The broader S&P 500 and Nasdaq Composite Index are still missing and presumed dead.

Google (up $14 to $48,527) saw shares rise about 2% following the announcement of Google's intention to take over the world. Google supervillain CEO Eric E. Schmidt announced today his plan to use Google's all encompassing control over all data on the Internet to enslave the human race.

Just last week Google announced Google Memory Beta, a device that allows users to store their memories on Google servers for safekeeping and easy retrieval (if you need an invite just email me!). Google's search engine, desktop search programs, email service, and mind reader storage devices have given Google enough dirt to blackmail all Earth citizens and destroy their will. Shares jumped sharply following the announcement.

Industry analysts predict that Google will unveil their new Google Earth program at their earnings announcement next week. And no, we don't mean software.

Lookin' good.

Tech stocks plummeted as Google annexed every company that uses a computer and dissolved their operations. There is only one tech stock. There is only one Google. All hail Google.

In the entertainment sector The Walt Disney Co. (down $.40 to negative 8) has finally thawed its founder. Upon learning what his company had become he went on a killing spree, closed down The Walt Disney Co., and hung himself. There were no survivors. Should've thawed Roy instead.

My friend's dad's liquor store (up $1.25 to $40.50) shares rose after a report released by MADD showed alcoholism and drunk driving related deaths up by 40%.

The real estate market is showing signs of improvement just a century and a half after a subprime lending meltdown that caused riots, mass homelessness and a volcano to rise out of the Earth and swallow California. With much of the Earth's habitable land now lava, new home prices have skyrocketed. Beachfront property in Denver now commands prices up to 70 billion dollars. Only

the world's richest man and first living cyborg (half man, half James Woods), Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, can afford one. Most understood James Woods, but why Robocop?

Late in the trading day the Dow Industrial Average announced that it will only be following one stock from now on, Google. Google can do no wrong. All hail Google, the one true God.

Check this out. It's a picture of the stock market. This update is kind of about the stock market. It's a perfect match!

The dollar fell against the nothing now that it is the last currency in use on the planet Earth. Most Americans however are holding origami tournaments with their money as it is mostly worthless. All other industrialized nations have safely evacuated their citizens to other planets, taking their currency with them.

The Ghost of Michael Moore's new movie "Dude, Where's My Spacepod?!" opens today. The film criticizes the Furher's incompetence in evacuating American citizens from Earth when all other industrialized nations, including world capital Cuba, have managed to do so. While the film offers no real solutions it does point out how comfy New New France II's spacepod seats are. Oh, sweet, they even have TV screens in the headrests.

The new Dow Industrial Average, which tracks the eternal success of Google (up infinity to infinity), rose to a new high after Google usurped United States Furher Johnson and declared the country's new name the United States of Google. This publication, now owned by Google, welcomes Google as new Earth dictator. Google out.

Economic analysts predict that as our final days on Earth go on the market is expected to do better than average. Those who emigrated to Mars and are investing in Earth's demise are advised to hold onto their shares until tomorrow's meteor strike. Investors will be in a very good position should the deathtoll exceed mass extinction.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.25 Zeph Mercurial and the Tragic Epidemic of Asperger's Syndrome

Friday, Jul 27, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A disease is sweeping the Internet. It preys on the fat, the moody, the anti-social, the lazy, and those very people that once formed the core of Internet users. It can strike at any moment, but is ironically most likely to infect those that have been warned about the disease. This illness is rarely diagnosed willingly by medical professionals, but is so commonly self-diagnosed as to approach an epidemic.

I am referring to Asperger's Syndrome, the plague of the 21st century, but you can call it Internet Disease. Let's turn to Merriam-Webster for the definition of the disease.

Main Entry: **As·per·ger's syndrome**
Pronunciation: \'äs-ˌpər-gərz-\
Function: *noun*
Etymology: Hans *Asperger* died 1980 Austrian pediatrician
Date: 1989

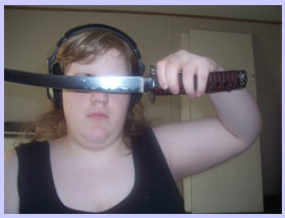
: a self-diagnosed developmental disorder contracted from reading the wikipedia page about the condition. Having Asperger's means you are smarter than everyone else and it totally forgives all of the lazy anti-social choices you make in life.

According to Wikipedia (which I suggest you avoid for fear of contracting the disease) symptoms of Asperger's include:

- Impaired social interaction.
- Inability to read expressions or make eye-contact.
- Lack of empathy.
- No sense of humor.
- Inability to cope with criticism.
- Hyperfocus on tasks and rituals.
- Logical patterns of thought.
- Clumsiness.
- Really good at videogames.
- Furry artwork.

The symptoms make a person with Asperger's Syndrome sound like Vulcan's biggest asshole, but the reality is much more depressing. Victims of Asperger's are socially-crippled and crabby, often obese or horrifyingly skinny, through absolutely 100% no fault of their own. They are not responsible for their actions or behavior.

To provide insight into the plight of Asperger's sufferers I would like to transport you to the world of a 19 year old female suffering from Asperger's. Her name is **Zeph Mercurial**. She explained her condition on our forums, so I will allow her to speak in her own words.



This is a real picture of Zeph Mercurial. Not life size.

Here's your scenario.
I'm 19 years old and graduated from high school in 2006.
I'm heading down a great academic path, on my way to college.
Still living with my parents, but I plan on moving out when I'm socially and financially independent.
I sound pretty normal right?
There's only one problem here.
I've got Asperger Syndrome.
One of the problems I've got to deal with with this disorder is the fact that I'm an involuntary social hermit crab.
I tend to be brutally honest, stubborn as a mule, rigid in my thinking, horribly impatient and a total bitch in general.
Trust me, I do try to talk to people, but most of what I say comes out wrong and people get their panties in a bunch over something I didn't mean any offense about. Either people are too fucking sensitive nowadays, or I'm being a bitch and I don't even know it.
I'm going insane from not being able to talk to people where they can understand what I'm saying.
My question to you, A+T goons:
How the hell can I socially interact without pissing people off, looking like a jackass, etc.

Poor Zeph exhibited all of the classic symptoms of Asperger's Syndrome. Her tragic and totally involuntary inability to socialize or be nice to people or not be fat was as inescapable as her love of Hanzo steel. Two goons, **lat** and **Purely Political**, wanted to know how Zeph Mercurial came to her diagnosis of Asperger's.

I was diagnosed at age 13 at the local TEACCH center, and again when applying for Social Security aid.
My parents believed I had autism back when I was eight. They took me to the TEACCH center, but the diagnosis was inconclusive. After a few years of misdiagnoses and going through hell with the ass-backwards school system here, ending up in classed with kids that got arrested at age 12 and the like, me being suicidal at age 13, etc. we got tipped off about Asperger Syndrome by my school counselor who I talked to every week. **After some more wrangling with the school system we finally got a positive diagnosis.**
In short, I did not diagnose myself.

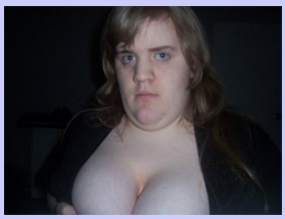
One of the tragedies of Asperger's Syndrome is that health professional are often reluctant to accept a self-diagnosis. This is changing, thankfully, as more and more people bravely come forward with their self-diagnoses and demand the respect they deserve for their laziness and hostility and love for anime and videogames.

The goons interacting with Zeph struggled to understand her condition. One user, by the name of **palmdryer**, was particularly forward and cruel.

> There's a good chance you may not really have Asperger's but instead just shitty parents or excuses.
> First of all, get off the internet and don't take it seriously. You can't trust advice if you don't know what the person behind the other screen looks like, who they are, etc.
> Next, learn to take life less seriously. Maybe be willing to drink and party too, who knows

One of the cruelest aspects of Asperger's Syndrome is that those without the affliction have difficulty understanding the perspective of those with the illness. Zeph Mercurial does her best to explain, despite the obvious hostility of people like palmdryer.

> I have this problem significantly less on the Internet for exactly that reason. I don't see the face or hear the voice of the person who I'm talking to. I only see their text.
> That seems to help a lot for some reason since I can't form any biases about them based on appearances, or if they have a strange accent/appearance, etc.
> Also, I live in the middle of nowhere with one car my parents alternate between for work. Even if I did have a driver's license I wouldn't have use of the car for enough time to actually get out and do something. I'd be willing to drink and party, except...there's nobody around to party with. And if I get drunk, I'm worried I'd get taken advantage of. And if I end up pregnant from getting raped while drunk and comatose, there's a 98% chance I would be suicidal if I couldn't immediately get an abortion.
> I'm also under 21 so I don't want to risk getting caught drunk in public.



Her concerns about drinking are well-founded.

Several forum-goers accused Zeph of faking her illness. She closed her thread and began deleting her Youtube videos in which she complained about dandruff and her mustache. Unfortunately, some cruel mod or admin on the SA Forums decided to reopen her thread. Zeph was forced to respond to her critics.

> For those people saying it's a fake disorder, nobody here has seen me in real life. If you could see me in real life and just watch my behavior for even a few minutes you'd be able to see some traits extremely similar to autism. I have repetitive fidgeting-type behaviors, marked lack of ability to process spoken language, monotone-type voice when I do speak, and a strange tendency to stop speaking mid-sentence. I also have an obsessive tendency to find patterns in things, especially geometric shapes in seemingly chaotic images.

Though I've said my autism is quite easy to spot if you're familiar with the disorder, it's not as obvious as it was years ago, before it was first diagnosed and through middle and early high school. I was a total wreck back then, displaying even more of the classic autistic behaviors.
To be honest I think my social weaknesses come from the environments I was in before I learned about my disorder.
I am glad to say I've come a long way since my early high-school years when I was hiding under tables, throwing chairs at people and running out of the classroom.

As for my current problems of staying at home on the Internet, I'm wondering what person in their late teens/early 20's didn't live with their parents for that time until they started going to college? You can't graduate from high school and be all "Hey presto! I'm all grown up with a job, family and driver's license and everything!" the next day. I'm only here because I have no place else to go, and I'd like to get prepared and get through 2+ years of college before I attempt to hold down a job. Frankly, I'm just not responsible enough right now.
The disorder and all that aside, there's really only one obstacle I need to overcome. Once I've gotten over this barrier I should be functioning on a level that can be considered normal for someone my age. That's the whole point I created this thread for.
In what way (not involving risks to my life and dignity) could I improve my communication skills so what's in my mind and what I'm saying mean the same thing as what a person hears?
When people talk to me they have to be very clear and concise, otherwise I won't get it. Does that work both ways?

Cruel fate, in the guise of **WhaleFormerJohn**, intervened at this point and her blog was discovered. It provided key-insight into the mindset of a human being terribly afflicted with Asperger's Syndrome. The goons had to act quickly to stay one step ahead of her deletions.

[mood | crappy]

This came up while playing with my digital camera. The self-timer went wonky and the sunlight was in just a right position...ergo, a sweet photo ^^ And yes that's my dragon hoodie. And those are rose petals I yanked off my mom's rosebush.

Okay, people who've known me for a while. You all know this one's coming.

I'm fat.

Not just that. I'm a fat, disgusting weeaboo with no life outside of my computer, anime and manga.

I just got a debit card and I can't wait to spend it.

....On Rozen Maiden dolls and Yu Yu Hakusho wallscrolls.

Also, my weight has hit a new high. 237 pounds.

I may be an expansion/pregnancy fetishist, but I look like a disgusting lardass and I am NOT happy with my image at all.

The fat acceptance movement just doesn't work for me. It's a way of emphasizing "Hey! You're a disgusting lardass with no life who can't resist a lardburger from McShitty's, but we love you anyway! And we're gonna constantly bring up the fact you're fat, but you're supposed to feel good about being a fatass!"

For a year or so now I've tried to convince myself I was okay with my image.

God damn it, I'm in denial.

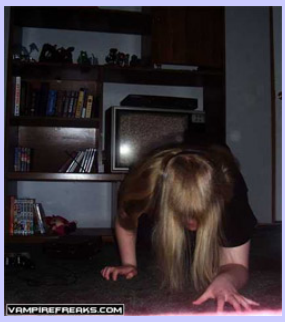
I need to go on a diet.

Of course, I'm not trying to get down to a size 3 in a month. That's unrealistic. What I want to do is get to a size 12 or 10 by the end of the year, if that's at all possible. **All I need is** a change in my eating habits and **about an hour of Wii Boxing every day.** Only problem is I'm terminally lazy.

Zeph worked with an Aspie's focus on deleting her websites and deviant-art page and even her incriminating wikipedia profile ("This user has carpal tunnel syndrome", "This user frequents 4chan"). She wasn't fast enough for **Racist Underwear**, who discovered her list of likes and hates, emotions once thought beyond Aspergeroids.

Things Zeph Likes

Computers, Anime, Detachment, the color indigo, Final Fantasy, the metaphysical, movies that make you think, Late-night hacking runs. Linux. Firefox. **Compassionate conservatism**. Writing. Platonic love. Kurama. Nighttime. Intelligence. Wind. Snow. City lights. Computer parts. Wearing computer parts. UV-reactive things. Roses. **Indigo children**. Ireland. Scotland. Flutes. Caffeine. Sleeping. **Open Source software.**

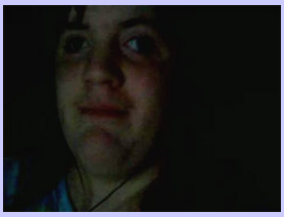


Has it already been seven days since I ate that whole pie?

Things Zeph Hates

North Carolina. People who try to play the bagpipes and ultimately show the world that they fail. **The Middle East.** Stereotypes. **Microsoft. Macintosh.** Pretentious people. Idiots, Cheaters, liars and other such vermin. Large insects, especially of the flying type. CSS. Internet Exploiter. Suits. Melodrama. Dickweed teachers. People who rub their advanced education in your face. Psychopaths. **Far right people. Babies. Children. Women who extol the virtues of motherhood.** Soccer moms. SUVs. Chevrolet. Opera. Fast food. People who think that autism means retardation. Special ed. Hypocrites. Religion. Socialites. Paris Hilton. Pregnant celebrities.

In case you aren't keeping track, she's a 240 pound compassionate conservative pregnancy fetishist that loves anime wallscrolls, Linux, and Indigo children. She hates breeders and their babies, the Middle East, and Microsoft. Need I even tell you that she's a furry/vampire? What more could there possibly be?



This image was taken from one of her sadly-deleted Youtube videos in which she attempted a British accent.

I am currently working on a novel. Stay tuned for progress on The Indigo Child: Mindbender and its sequels, Indigo Child 2: Wunderkind and Indigo Child 3: Kemono.

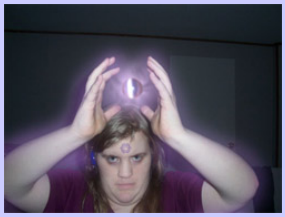
Second of all...I'm out of the closet.

Alright folks. I'm transgendered. I'm not a FTM, but I have no gender identity.

Orientation: Asexual

IQ: Between 180 and 200 (rough estimate. My IQ was tested to be 150 when I was...9.)

Finally, Asperger's Syndrome is known, by those who self-diagnose as having Asperger's Syndrome, to make a person more likely to have certain mental sensitivities. Zeph and her roughly 200 IQ are a powerful conduit for supernatural forces.



This /b/tard's power level has exceeded 9000. She can now rickroll remotely.

It's scary when my four most powerful psychic gifts work in cohesion.

My clairvoyance, my empathy, my clairsentience and my telepathy.

I saw that one image and everything started happening at once.

I could see the accident after it happened...

I could sense her aura...

I could feel what happened to her happen to me as it was described...

I could even sense her thoughts somewhat.

My brain got so overloaded that I got up and walked out, sobbing my eyes out.

Am I really an empath?

Or was I overtaken by fear of my own incompetence?

...Is any of this real?

I keep trying to blot the feeling out of my mind...

Maybe psychic powers weren't such a good thing to ask for as a wide-eyed eight-year-old obsessed with psychic powers after watching one episode of Pokemon.

One of the most crucial components of increasing the public understanding of a disease like Asperger's

is to put a human face on the illness. Parkinson's has Michael J. Fox, AIDS had Freddie Mercury, ball cancer has Lance Armstrong, and now we have our face of Asperger's Syndrome. Zeph Mercurial, the poster child of one of the most dreaded and contagious illnesses of the 21st century.

That tingling sensation you feel throughout your body right now? That's human empathy. It means you don't have Asperger's, so go on, take down those wall scrolls and let the love flow through you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 Big Doof On Campus

Saturday, Jul 28, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome to NCAA Football 08's Campus Legend mode! Create your own high school football player and try to earn a spot as a starter on your favorite college team while balancing popularity *and* schoolwork. Will you be remembered as your university's most beloved athlete of all time, or will you flunk out and be forgotten after a month as the team's second-string waterboy?

Loading Legend "Dennis Farrell". Please don't turn off your console.

Your Halfback has been picked up by the Florida Gators as a sixth-string running back, officially kicking off your journey to becoming a Campus Legend! Attend your team's practice every weekday to work your way up to the next spot on the depth chart, then make the right decisions in Evening Events to improve your social status and maintain your GPA.

Monday, August 27th

Simulating Practice...

You performed poorly at your first practice. Out of ten attempted handoffs from the quarterback, you only managed to grasp the ball once, and you were so overjoyed that you immediately spiked it for a loss of five yards. During one play you pulled the helmet off of the QB's head instead of grabbing the football. This might have been excusable if his helmet was the same shade of brown as the ball, but it was bright orange. Your mistake was made all the worse by the fact that you took the time to unfasten all four straps on the helmet as the quarterback flailed his arms and cried for you to stop.

You've been demoted to the seventh-string running back position.

Attribute Enhanced: Clumsiness (+1)

Evening Event

Some teammates show up to your dorm and invite you to a night out at the local pub for a few games of darts. Do you:

(A) Accept their invitation although you're terrible at darts, hoping to make some friends.
(B) Decline politely, explaining that you must study.

You stay home to study, but fail to learn anything and hurt your brain a little. On their way to the bar, your friends come across a briefcase full of money and quit college to pursue a life of relaxing by pools while exotic women handfeed them exotic grapes and normal pumpkins.

Attribute Decreased: GPA (-5)

Tuesday, August 28th

Simulating Practice...

You did much better today. It was a great practice. Unfortunately, you showed up at the wrong

field and were actually practicing with the women's soccer team.

Attribute Enhanced: Running Like A Girl (+1)

Evening Event

You get hungry and decide to make fried pickles. After gathering the ingredients, you think about how insignificant this meal will be in the big scheme of things and realize that even if you accomplish enough to be remembered after you're gone, it won't matter because one day our sun will explode and the universe itself will eventually collapse. Frightened and farther from the loving protection of your parents than you've ever been, you crawl under the cushion of your futon and cry yourself to sleep.

Attribute Enhanced: World Weariness (+2)

Wednesday, August 29th

Simulating Practice...

You fell down a well.

Attribute Decreased: Life Expectancy (-1)

Evening Event

A freshman classmate asks you to help him move into a new apartment. You have a big test tomorrow. Do you:

(A) Stay home and study.
(B) Help him move.

You help the freshman move. While unloading boxes in his new apartment, you step into a walk-in closet and something catches your eye. It's a hidden compartment! Inside you find a mummy and kiss it on the mummy lips. The freshman catches you in the act and kicks you out, then tells everyone at school about your mummy smooching ways.

Attribute Decreased: Popularity (-3)

Thursday, August 30th

Simulating Practice...

You have your best practice to date. Every handoff is successful, half your carries are good for first downs, and you score three touchdowns. This earns you 5 points. You only need 35 more points to move up in the depth chart and become the sixth-string running back!

Attribute Decreased: Uselessness (-1)

Evening Event

You join a group of your teammates for a friendly game of basketball. Your team wins and you have a great time, but your decision to wear a lobster bib doesn't go over well with the guys. You try to explain how the bib is standard

basketball attire in the midwest where you grew up, but this only serves to anger a few of your teammates.

Attribute Enhanced: Hateability (+1)

Simulating Practice...

While talking to the coach after a play, you mistakenly call him "Coach Asshole". Coach Dickhole becomes furious and demotes you further. You are now a second-string Kicker.

Attribute Decreased: Public Speaking (-10)

Evening Event

A group of your classmates (including a girl you're interested in) shows up to your dorm and asks if you'd like to go see a movie. Do you:

(A) Agree to come along.
(B) Tell them sorry, you need to study.

You agree to come along. The group is can't decide which movie to see, and they ask you to act as the tiebreaker. Will you see:

(A) An action-packed blockbuster.
(B) A hilarious comedy.
(C) A blood-curdling horror flick.
(D) A foreign tear-jerker.

You choose the horror flick, hoping that the girl you like will shield her eyes from the movie's scarier scenes by burying her face in your slightly muscular shoulder. No one can decide what sort of snacks to eat during the movie. Should they smuggle in:

(A) Candy
(B) Pasta
(C) Popcorn
(D) Burgers

You choose burgers because you've been burgin' all week. As you grab your coat, the group disperses, leaving you standing alone in your doorway. It was just a joke. They weren't going to the movies.

Attribute Enhanced: Unnecessary Coat Retreival (+1)

The first game of the season is here! Your team is facing the dreaded Western Kentucky Hilltoppers.

Simulating game until a play that involves you...

You aren't called in for any plays, and are actually mistaken for a mascot by the crowd due to your oversized head and the distance that the coach keeps between you and the rest of the team, lest you spread whatever it is that's wrong with you. Every time you react to a play on the field, the fans laugh and cheer at your head. Florida defeats Western Kentucky 80-0.

Attribute Enhanced: Head Size Awareness (+2)

You show up at the field for practice, but Sunday is your team's day off. In a dizzying sequence of events, you wander into a herd of cows in a nearby field and are then trucked off to a slaughterhouse. Your death goes unnoticed until a month later when your quarterback bites into a burger and tastes mummy.

Attribute Enhanced: Callback (+1)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.27 All the Fun Under the Sun

Sunday, Jul 29, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Keep Dreaming

The summer can be miserable unless you know what to do. Unfortunately, most people would rather spend their days inside rather than think of something exciting. To help you get the most out of your summer, I have compiled a list of my favorite activities along with pros, cons, and helpful tips. And you thought programming your hentai website in C++ was exhilarating!

No matter how stubborn or picky you are there should be at least one thing on this list able to please your lazy ass. Alright, the sun is out, and your fun day is already wasting away. So set down whatever nerd things you're doing, put some pants on, and come outside.

Camping

Camping is a great way to rid yourself of time wasting habits. Instead of sitting in front of a computer, you can start sitting in front of a campfire. If it helps pass the time, think of the fire as the planet's first operating system.

Camping is common among creepy white trash and loud, drunk white trash, so spending the night in a public camping ground means having these people flanking your five-foot plot. It's fine that the neighbors are obnoxious and untrustworthy, you traveled twenty minutes outside of town to enjoy nature, not to sing the newest Tim McGraw song. Sleeping in the woods allows a person to return to his or her natural beginnings; unfortunately, returning to one's natural beginning requires four hundred dollars worth of gear.

Helpful Tip: Avoid rape by reading Froloxio's helpful tips!

Pro

- Basic living in nature (with the aid of toilets, electrical outlets, propane grills, bug spray, tents, showers, flashlights, disposable silverware, power generator, lighter fluid, and a modest 70 foot R.V.)
- Mom can't tell you it's bedtime (not true if your mom brought you) dfdfdfdfd

Con

- Regardless of the campsite's size, your neighbor will set their tent up inches away
- Everything smells like dead fish
- You *will* get poison ivy on your face and crotch within the first five, resulting in your front end looking like two proboscis monkeys stacked on top of one another

Bird Watching

Prefered Method

I know, it seems weird, but trust me. Bird watching can be a lot of fun. As a hobby, it is enthralling and relaxing. Simply choose someplace you feel comfortable (backyard, local park, not EB games) and wait. The idea of bird watching is to go unseen, so your extensive collection of camouflage pants will finally come in handy. You may have to stay still for at least thirty seconds, so be sure to bring an extra dose of Ritalin. If you want to attract more birds to your area, try scraping sesame seeds off the top of your Baconator into a bird tray.

Helpful Tip: If you see a rare bird, kill it. That way you can show others!

Pro

- Feeling of success when you spot a new bird
- The same skills needed to be a successful birdwatcher are the same skills you use to stalk young girls

Con

- Birds are most active in the mornings, which may interfere with your 3 A.M World of Warcraft raids
- Birds attract cats, and you know how cats affect your allergies
- There have been very few Chocobo sightings in North America

Swimming

Swimming may be the best way to enjoy the heat. The public pool provides a fun mixture of leisure and socializing, but if you have a private pool you can enjoy the silence and awkwardness of floating alone. Whenever you swim, wear sunscreen so you don't get burnt. I've had to masturbate for a week with fake tanner to get my penis the same shade bronze as the rest of my grotesquely burnt body.

Helpful Tip: instead of wearing the clichéd white T-shirt while swimming, spice up the pool with some attitude!

Relaxation!

Pro

- Able to hide the majority of one's body underwater
- Urinating one's pants goes unnoticed
- Many attractive girls

Con

- None of the girls will talk to you
- High concession stand prices means your seven-hot dog-diet-a-day will cost substantially more
- You will be ostracized unless you have frosted tips and tribal tats

Volunteer at a local homeless shelter

Yeah Right.

Sports

Playing a sport is great! It doesn't matter what game you play, as long as it isn't a wuss one. Oh, and the only two not-wuss sports are baseball or football. And since baseball was taken over by the illegal immigrants, many Americans have proclaimed that football is our national sport. Aside from filling patriotic quotas, playing football is a great way to develop teamwork skills, coordination, and extensive dog fighting tactics. If you choose to play football, be careful that the mandatory drug tests don't pick up those steroids you're taking for that sinus infection.

I, however, have never played football. I prefer a nice afternoon of kite flying. The style of kite is very important to the overall experience. Here are the most important factors to consider: Color (how visible is the kite once I get it stuck in a tree?), Size (how far can I wedge the kite into a tree?), and Trick Capability (how fast can I get a kite stuck in a tree?). Once purchased, enjoy the ten minutes of euphoric kite flying before the wind dies down and ends your fun activity.

The Kite I use is not only a symbol of national pride, but was also completely free of cost. All I had to do was capture a bald eagle from a nature preserve and tie a rope around its leg.

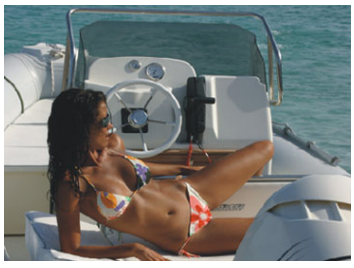
Helpful Tip: Feed kite fresh fish daily!

Pro

- Great for people with low mobility
- Feeling of accomplishment from finally being able to get something off the ground

Con

- One day out of twenty will be windy enough to fly a kite, and that wind is from a thunderstorm



Boating

Choosing how you are going to spend a day on a body of water is just as difficult as selecting a kite, so I find it easiest to compare boats to types of familiar land transportation. A sailboat requires work like a bicycle, so count that out. A speedboat is like a car, and mom said no license until you're in college. How about an aquatic golf cart? Pontoons are a great way to recreate the boredom of your backyard, but on a boat. A pontoon is like a floating game of bridge; safe, a large supply of lemonade, and only fun for the elderly. The only adventure to occur on a pontoon was when Huckleberry Fin

traveled down the Mississippi River, and I'm not sure that was even a pontoon.

Helpful Tip: Use ship jargon you've acquired from years of Star Trek!

Pro

- The boat's flat surface, reliable footing, and open space make it perfect for a wii tournament.
- Blame life jacket for making you look fat

Con (The Three D's of Boating)

- Drowning
- Death
- Disconnected from the internet.

Scared of the Outdoors?

Vietnam Simulator

If the idea of going outside or being active still scares you, don't worry. Bring the heat to you. The first step is easy. Simply walk over to your thermostat and turn off the air-conditioning. Next, travel outside and remove pieces from your air-conditioner so no one else can turn it on. After your house feels like a seafood broiler, get back to your computer and start up a game of Minesweeper on the Expert setting. If you enjoy roleplaying, then imagine you're in Vietnam, defusing VC mines.

Helpful Tip: Keep young children in a bathtub filled with ice to keep them cool!

Pro

- When you and your friends talk about the Vietnam War, you can say you have first hand knowledge of what it was like being in the shit
- Lose weight while you game

Con

- You will lose, every time, no matter what.
- Minesweeper does not count as a physical activity

Buy a Something Awful Forums Account

If the idea of leaving the house is a little too much, and minesweeper too intense, then at least you can communicate with the outside world through the internet. Yippee!

Helpful Tip: Once registered, make sure to start a thread and tell everyone hello!

Pro

- Hours of entertainment
- Preserve that alabaster skin you've spent years anti-tanning

Con

- None?!

Well, that's what I do when the heats out, and I hope you have gotten some ideas. Tomorrow, when the sun is rising above the trees, you can start on a warpath of fun. No matter what activity you choose, make sure to keep hydrated. If that means carrying around a two liter of ginger-ale, so be it. Oh well, the wind outside is strong, and the lightning hasn't gotten here yet, so I have about twenty minutes of kite flying to enjoy. See you later!

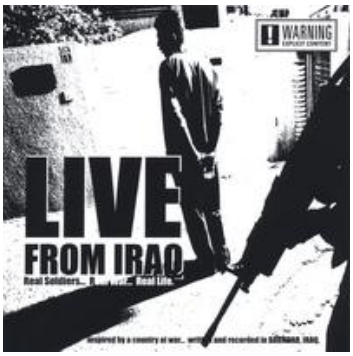
-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.28 Hearts N' Minds: A Tribute to Iraq War Music

Monday, Jul 30, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Modern advances in recording and editing technology have allowed soldiers serving in the field to write and record their very own albums. These albums fit into a wide variety of classes and genres, so we'll skip all that and just say they're all "war songs."

Today we will take a trip through five of the most popular Iraq war albums to hit shelves. Be prepared though, honesty comes free on every album!



4th25 - Live From Iraq

Produced, written, and recorded in Baghdad Iraq. The reality of a country at war - this is what nobody wanted you to hear.

Sample lyrics from the song **"24 Hours":**

> Ied's in the street
> Look who's shop they in front of
> Burn his shit to the ground
> Cause he gotta know something
>
> Population of millions
> But no one knows nothing
> Line em up till they talk
> If they wont talk fuckem
>
> They tune el change
> When you kill enough of em
> Police they own shit
> And we will not fuck with em
>
> Either that or we
> Reach out and touchem
> So speak out against it
> Or be part of the problem
>
> Me, I'd hold everyone liable
> There is no exception
> Specially when you
> Lie for em

MTHEL - Force Projection

Written and recorded by members of the 7th Experimental Counterbattery Task Force serving in Baqubah, Iraq.

Sample lyrics from the song **"FOB Incoming":**

> Incomin mortars and rockets
> raining down on the ground
> blowing up good men
> landin in the town
>
> M-T Hell switch on
> light the motherfuckers up
> burn the motherfuckers up
> yeah that motherfuckers up
>
> Guess what Osama
> we're niggers with lasers
> we're gonna fry your eyes
> with some motherfuckin lasers
>
> Just for fun were gonna fry that dog
> that little girls dog
> blow it up with a laser
> hit that shit with the laser
>
> Leave it running and spin it
> burning down trees
> blasting out eyeballs
> Hajjis beggin please

Crimzon Zone - Iraqi Gothic

Written, performed, and recorded by members of different units and branches serving with the Baghdad Green Zone protection details.

Sample lyrics from the song **"Shadow's Kiss"**:

> They live in our shadow,
> in our shadow,
> our deep long shadow.
>
> They cower in their cool shadows,
> buy burger king and dvds in their shadows,
> they don't know what its like to feel
>
> out side
> out side the shadow of
> the warriors
> of the crimson zone
>
> don't know what its like to
> pick up a baby
> and kick it through a window
> and shit on an old man's face
>
> don't know what its like to
> throw grenades at a school
> and set fire to a cat
> and call in an A-10 strike on a hospital
>
> but we do
> but we doooo

Gorriors of Ragnarok - Rape Guts

Released in June of 2007 on Splatter/Suck Records, Gorriors of Ragnarok brings the reality of life on the streets of Baghdad with the US Marines to anyone with the balls to buy this CD.

Sample lyrics from the song **"Holiday in Haditha"**:

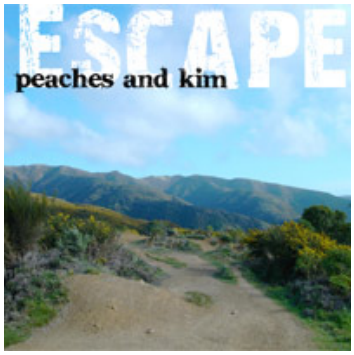
> Ancient evil spawned below
> owl-eyed demon's blood-faced skulls
> hear our gore lust-ing refrain,
> SLAY ALL IRAQIS THAT REMAIN!

DESTROY...Iraq!
Destroy...BAGHDAD!

Blood soaked unicorn of the abyss,
fiery hooves and bloody fists,
We will eat your skin and meat,
We will shit out pellets of hair and teeth

Don't need no excuse to kill,
The whole of the law is kill as you will,
We will step on your eyes and brain,
We will beat your neck with a bike chain!

DESTROY...Iraq!
Destroy...BAGHDAD!



Peaches and Kim - Escape

Husband and wife team of Joe Peaches and Tracey Kim have worked together to relive their Iraq war experience by way of 16 classic country-influenced folk ballads. Escape from the workaday world, go on a journey to refresh the mind.

Sample lyrics from the song **"From the Rooftops"**:

String the Hajji from the rooftops,
String the hajji from the sky,
String the old hajji to a plane,
And let old Hajji have a fly.

Choke the life from Hajji's body,
Wrap his neck in copper wire,
Put a spear through Hajji's rectum,
it's my only true desire.

Every Hajji has a secret,
and his secret is that Hajji's bad,
so when you see the stacks of Hajji,
It's time to laugh and be glad.

Punch a knife through Hajji's brain pan,
Just like in Under Siege,
Melt their hands in high molar acid,
Fallujah is technically under siege.

Strip their women and beat their kids with pipes,
Shoot their pets and put bags on their heads,

> Run over their chests with a tracked vehicle,
> and force entry and shoot them in their beds.

Next week we'll be offering a fine selection of ululating and trilling music from various Jihadi videos. Which will be the best song? Will it be "Allahu Ackbar!" or will it be "Allah...Ackbar!", who can decide!?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.29 Take My Katra, Please!

Tuesday, Jul 31, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

Oh god, about three hours ago I was getting out of the shower, and I slipped and fell on a yogurt lid. My reasons for eating Activa yogurt in the bathroom are valid but disgusting so I will not go into it, but the point is that I could have died. Now that I've had a little while to rest and reflect I've decided that instead of writing a regular update, I'm going to offload every memory I can think of right now into you. I'm going to be like Spock and you'll be like McCoy and this will be just like *The Wrath of Khan*. Basically, the only difference will be that I die not from radiation, but probably indirectly from a mean case of the runs. There's no time to lose, so here goes:

You can have my katra, but I will never reveal the Wu-Tang secret.

The first memory that immediately comes to mind was made about 10 months ago. I just started a new job about 2 hours away but hadn't moved yet so I was still commuting. One evening, I was waiting on a red light in a little town about mid-way home when I noticed a dude with a duffel bag looking at me and giving me a thumbs up. That's pretty cool of him, I thought, so I gave him a thumbs up right back. About 15 miles down the road I realized he was probably just a hitchhiker and *not* actually giving me a thumbs up.

Another memory that's right there at the front of my brain was the time our class was visited by DJ Safety Pup. You see, one year our school was feeling extra politically correct, so we had "Winter Holiday" instead of Christmas. There weren't any identifiable decorations. It was pretty much just randomly-colored streamers all over place, and instead of Santa Claus or the Hanukkah Bear, we got DJ Safety Pup to come in and teach us some safety tips.

This enormous dog fursuit man came into our classroom and gave us a taste of the rap game ("The name's DJ Safety Pup, and I'm here to say...") while handing out coloring books featuring pictures of people putting reflectors on their bikes and stuff. After all the holiday goodies were given out, he tried to keep the show going by putting his leg up on a chair and making the enormous dog costume head bob back and forth. Since the head was like 2 feet wide in every direction, he pretty much had to convulse his entire body back and forth to get the head to visibly bob around for any outside observers. The horrible hip-hop holocaust finally ended, and the dog-man stood there exhausted and breathing heavily in a room full of kids stunned by the awkwardness of the situation. I don't remember anything after that, so I'm guessing the guy took off.

Get in there, memories!

By the way, the first and only time I've ever seen a grown man naked is when my neighbor was running down the street in his birthday suit with one hand over his genitals and the other over his ass, and on top of that, he was being chased by his white trash wife with a spatula. This is also the first and only time I ever called 911.

Oh, and I want to tell you about my childhood friend: Zebulun! He started going to a different school around fifth grade and hasn't talked to me since, but for a few years before that we were best buds. For my money, he had like the coolest house out of anyone I knew. His dad put shopping cart wheels and a big handle on a wooden pallet and Zeb and I would take turns pushing each other around the street on it. I'm sort of surprised that we are still around

after that, since it didn't turn very well and if a car came through we'd be dead right now.

A few years after the Super Nintendo came out and when my older brother got a job and could afford us one, our old NES fell into disuse. I guess to parents this means, "Yeah, go ahead and sell my old console for a pittance" because my mom found the box closet and sold it all to Zeb for $20, including all of our games. Weeks later, I went over to Zeb's house to find him on the floor of his room playing Mario 3 on a computer monitor that his dad had somehow rigged up. The only problem with that system was computer monitors don't have speakers, so he was responsible for making all the sound effects himself, which he did enthusiastically. He'd go "FwoooOOP!" every time he'd jump, and "Ding!" with every coin collected. Every time he'd run through a mass of coins you'd think he was having a fit. Now that I think back on it, that is probably the most depressing memory I have.

That is, unless you count the time in 2nd grade we were all writing to our pen pals.

I had a pen pal in second grade, and on January 3rd of that year I read his letter and found out that his mom had just died. It was a very awkward letter and I couldn't figure out how to write back, so the teacher said I should not write at all and they'll assume the letter was lost. Looking back now, it's pretty messed up, but I was pumped at the time because I got to go play Breakout on the computer while the other kids had to write their dumb letters. (I remembered it was the third of January because it was the day after coming back from Christmas break, which is when we got the classroom computer [and Breakout].)

This is basically me.

That's basically all there is to it, it's pretty much my entire life summed up, the essence of my existence. Thank you so much for listening. You have been– and always will be– my friend.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Man vs. Truth

Wednesday, Aug 01, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

One of the hottest reality shows on TV right now is *Man vs. Wild* (called *Born Survivor* in the UK). In it manly hero Bear Grylls gets dropped into various hostile environments with minimal supplies, and shows you how to survive and find rescue in the most deranged ways possible. Most of his techniques lean toward the extreme, often involving suicidal risks and eating and drinking various waste products. When not sucking moisture out of elephant feces, Bear is busy jumping into quicksand, wrapping his head in urine-soaked rags, or spouting sagely survivor trivia and coconut-induced death statistics.

Bear Grylls feeding off the lifeforce of a turtle.

I have been a viewer of *Man vs. Wild* for some time. I enjoy the absurdity of it and have always seen it as more of a comedy show than anything. No other show better captures the excitement of a daredevil showoff with no attention span making a mockery out of nature. Nearly every scene contains an unnecessary and potentially fatal risk, and very little in the way of survival information. I am quite certain that if I tried any of Bear's techniques, I'd either fall to my death or be shitting undigested goat eyeballs for days.

Naturally, the more sensationalist aspects of the show were quick to draw criticism. Many argued that the show was staged, and that Bear was aided throughout his ordeals away from civilization. Others criticized his techniques, noting that most were well beyond the capabilities of the average person. While it is true that folks like you or I would have a difficult time climbing a freezing glacial waterfall, we could certainly benefit from the knowledge that eating dead zebra flesh is a healthy pastime when stranded in the African Savanna.

Bear Grylls wearing a hat made of urine.

The skeptics, however, gained the upper hand in the battle of *Man vs. Wild* faith. Recent revelations by ace reporter Andrew Wallenstein have blown the lid off *Man vs. Wild* and the actions of its supposedly resourceful protagonist.

> LOS ANGELES (Hollywood Reporter) - First there was Santa Claus. Then came the Tooth Fairy. And just when you thought no one could fool you into believing in mythical figures again, along comes Bear Grylls.
>
> But this British adventurer is now the subject of an investigation by U.K.'s Channel 4, which already has confirmed that Grylls checked into motels on a few occasions when he was depicted on TV having slept under the stars. Other allegations have been made suggesting that the crew that records Grylls in action isn't as hands-off as it might appear to viewers.

To make matters worse, Andrew Wallenstein goes on to say:

> Knowing what we now know, it will be a challenge to watch "Wild" with the same zeal again. Naive as it now seems, viewers bought the notion that Grylls really was roughing it. If he cut corners here or there, what's to stop fans from doubting every facet of the show?

This is a horrible way for anyone to lose their innocence. When I think about all those poor souls

longing for something real to believe having their worldview torn asunder by Bear Grylls and ***HIS LIES***, well, I can't help but cry. Before you get worried that I might dehydrate, relax, I make sure to cry directly into my canteen so that I do not waste a single drop of moisture. This really makes you think about the real victims here: dumb pussies who believe everything they see. We often overlook their plight and I for one am glad that Andrew Wallenstein had the courage and compassion to bring it up. I hope Bear Grylls knows what he has done to these people and what he has taken away from them. While Bear is out pretending to battle the Wild, his distraught fans are battling the Self, their tired mouths scarcely able to suckle the moisture of hope out of the elephant dung travesty that is life.

Although I generally don't care if TV magic isn't real, I know that the truth is important to a lot of people. That said, I used my contacts in the survival-themed reality TV circuit to get more dirt on Bear Grylls. What fallows is a list of falsehoods and fictions proliferated by Bear Grylls and his *Man vs. Wild* fantasy series.

Bear Grylls IS PRETTY AWESOME YEAH WOO

- In the episode set in Kimberley, Australia, Grylls suggests urine drinking as an extreme method of staving off dehydration. He demonstrates this by drinking his own urine - or so he would have you believe. This was staged, as he was actually drinking the urine of a crewmember and not his own.
- While surviving in the Florida Everglades, Grylls claims that eating live frogs is safe and even provides a demonstration. However, astute viewers will note that the frog he eats is actually a Marshmallow Peep.
- The unicorn Grylls tamed while stranded in Akron, Ohio was actually a pony with a cardboard paper towel roll jammed in its skull.
- The episode set in the Sierra Nevada was actually filmed in a shopping mall. You can see this clearly when Grylls uses an Indian throwing stick to kill a goth kid standing outside of the Hot Topic wearing a My Chemical Romance shirt.
- While in the Alps, Grylls cuts a hole through ice and pulls out a turkey sandwich. Turkey sandwiches generally do not occur naturally, though this could have all been one great and lucky coincidence.
- In the real word, whittling a warp whistle would not work or help you escape the Costa Rican rainforest.
- In virtually all of the survival stories Grylls tells, there are no sources cited. This is what many of us in the Wikipedia community would refer to as weasel words, that is, statements or stories lacking any sort of verifiable source.
- The bog Grylls jumps into while in Scotland was actually just a hot tub with the word "BOG" painted on the side. To be fair, these do occur naturally all throughout Scotland.
- Grylls' use of shoelace snares to catch animals is dubious at best. When employing this technique in Iceland, he was able to catch a 4 lb salmon. This incident was obviously staged as salmon are not known to cross dry land.
- The termite larvae Grylls eats while lost in the Alps all have the letter "M" written on the side.

- While sleeping in a makeshift shelter in the Rocky Mountains, Grylls is woken up by the noises of a bear. If you are quick with your freeze framing skills, you can clearly see that the interloping bear is an animatronic creation. Dead giveaways include its sequined suit, mechanical motions, guitar, and spirited singing of "Love Potion No. 9."
- In the Mount Kileuea episode, Grylls uses smoke to pacify bees long enough for him to steal their honey. The bees were actually horseflies painted brown and yellow hovering around a paper-maché beehive full of store bought honey.
- In the episode where Grylls fought off the Wendigo that was trying to steal his falcon eggs, it was actually just an actor in a suit and not a real Wendigo.

If you ever find yourself lost in the wild, I recommend that you just panic or call 911 on your cellular telephone and not actually try to survive. You really aren't qualified to anyway.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.2 Proposition 43

Thursday, Aug 02, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A message from Rep. Grip Oswald, Chamber of Issues

Rep. Grip Oswald (Q), Class Omega Z Representative, Chamber of Issues

As most of you know, I'm an avid golfer and boatsmith. But nothing - *nothing* - has caught my attention more than Proposition 43. It is, perhaps, the greatest issue I have ever stood behind. Greater than Propositions 37, 12, and 14 (though not combined), and 2.64 times more important than Issue 14. Proposition 43 has *significance*. Can you, in your greatest moment of insight, imagine a concept that is 2.64 times more important than limiting the city drain commissioner's catering budget? I can't, and thanks to a generous grant from the Proposition 43 Awareness Committee, I will soon find this task impossible.

Citizens, think of that number 43. It's prime. Can't be broken down. Just like me when I was arrested for impersonating a senator from the months of April to December of 2004. Luckily, I had the foresight to help pass many laws allowing the impersonation of a high-ranking member of the legislative branch to not only be legal, but *encouraged*.

It's this "hands-on" approach to government I stand behind which should,without a doubt, give my words the gravity they deserve, as well as justify my position as "Representative for Life" at the Chamber of Issues. Vote early, vote often, and confuse the elderly and our brave men fighting overseas into letting you fill out their absentee ballots. Please cooperate; we at the Chamber do not want to take away your local newspapers again.

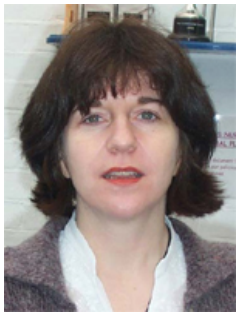
Happy Boating,
Grip Oswald

Citizen's Speak Their Mind's!

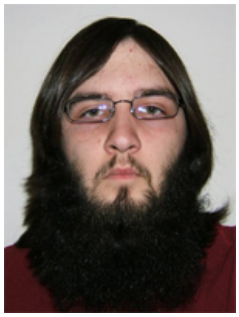
I made a vow that I would not follow through with my assisted suicide until Circus Peanuts are banned from the shelves of my local supermarket. And thanks to Proposition 43, my last Christmas may just be my *best* Christmas!
- *Colin Werther III*

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that my daily, crippling hangovers would ever be covered by my work's health plan. Proposition 43 may just make this dream come true. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a date tonight with Jack Daniels and my old high school yearbooks!
- *Samwise Firth*

My head is so large that it cannot be contained within the portraits of most adequately-equipped photography studios. It is my understanding that Proposition 43 will supply these houses of photography with the appropriate panoramic lenses which will enable me to show my grandma who lives in Topeka, Kansas that I am a big boy now with a big boy haircut.
- *Tank Lazlo*

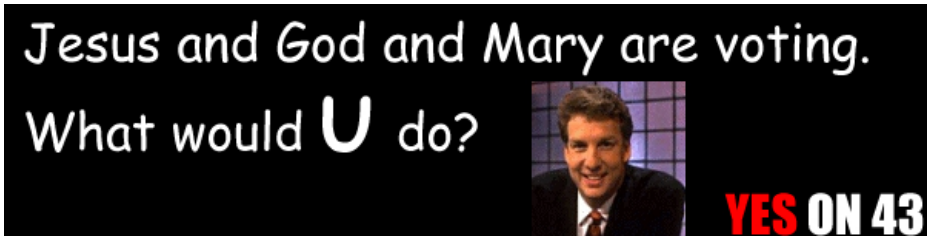


I have kids. They go to school. Unfortunately, I work out of the home 15 hours a week and often don't have time to make sure they aren't raped at the bus stop. And with child predators lurking in every mailbox and behind every stop sign, who's to say that the next skinned knee I kiss won't be caused by a game of hopscotch gone wrong, but instead by a brutal raping? With Proposition 43 in effect, armed guards will stand with my children at the bus stop, fully enclosing them in a Safe-T-Bag until the bus arrives and has been confirmed as being real. The Safe-T-Bag can also be used for punishment.
For more information on the Safe-T-Bag and other products, please visit http://www.momworkz.com.
- *Carol Grubaker*



Some people think that the Chamber of Issues has grown too powerful. Some people are wondering, "Whatever happened to the mayor?" and "Why are all of these camps being built?" These people should be murdered in their sleep. And, if Proposition 43 is passed, I can finally put all of my Counter-Strike training to use as a merchant of death in the new secret police. "Heh, looks like the secret's out." That's what I'm going to say before I shoot people.
- *Phil Zampton*

Put 'em on the glass!
Of your car
They are bumper stickers.



Proposition 43 will...

☑ Grant your every wish, as if it were some sort of bureaucratic genie.

☑ Make gambling not only legal, but *mandatory*. The Civil Rights section of all Social Studies classes will be replaced by an intensive 3-week Keno course.

☑ Allow debtors to absolve their debt by participating in a weekend long bloodsport where they are the most dangerous prey: man.

☑ Give citizens the right to declare it Opposite Day up to three times a year, for the purposes of friend-trickery. [Ex. "Let's see who can hit the softest." "Ow!" "I win."]

☑ Move the lucrative mass grave digging industry into our city, freeing up the employment pool while at the same time offering thousands of new, mysteriously-vacated jobs.

☑ Enforce "Casual Driving Fridays," where all traffic lights and signs are like a gentle reminder from an elderly person in your backseat who you can ignore.

☑ Destroy our city's bloated sanitation system, returning trash disposal to those carefree days of the 19th century, when pounds of manure were not bought but instead found in the middle of crosswalks.

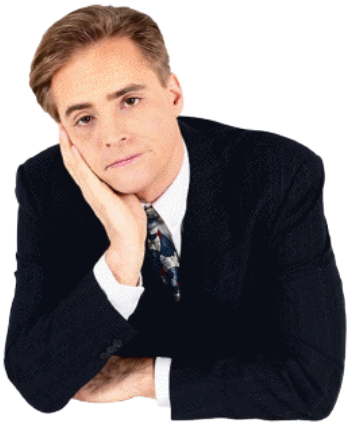
☑ "Roll back" certain *expensive* laws on voting, property, and water fountain use.

☑ Change our official city bird from the Golden Crowned Sparrow to Tony Hawk.

☑ Remove our city from the United States of America, creating a bold method of leadership as seen in many parts of Africa.

A world without Proposition 43...

☒Market Street will go unpaved and also run thick with the blood of dissidents.



☒Christmas replaced with "Booster Shot Day."

☒A high-powered signal will block all television programming from the hours of 8:00 PM to midnight and air nothing but reruns of *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno* from the O.J. Simpson era.

☒An overbearing sense of dread will hang in the air as you are forced to make your own life decisions.

☒Ferret-owners will remain living and unpunished. They will never know why they are wrong.

☒The useless trees of our local parks will remain standing, never to be made into valuable confetti for the ailing confetti industry.

☒Bigfoot and creatures from German mythology will continue to wander the streets at night, giving our local bars and men's parlors a bad name.

☒Women will never be required to have dowries, keeping marriage fruitless and terrible.

☒

Democracy will continue its slow demise instead of being given the mercy-killing it desires.

☒We'll have to throw away all of our banner, pamphlets, and posters, and we worked really hard on those, guys.

The Proposition 43 Kid Pit

Starring Billy Wonder and Officer Gus Stoppo

Hello, Billy.

Wha- Officer Gus Stoppo? What are you doing here so late? How did you get in?

When Proposition 43 is passed, locks on doors will be a thing of the past. This will help us cull the guilty from the innocent without having to resort to drawn-out legal formalities.

That sounds fun, but my parents said that they weren't gonna vote for Proposition 43.

Oh, poo. Don't you hate your parents?

I sure do. I hate them almost as much as I love roller skating and baseball caps.

Well, Billy, if Proposition 43 passes, you'll get removed from your parents and get to live on a camp with a bunch of other little boys. Now doesn't that sound fun?

Boy, does it ever! It sounds almost as fun as that cartoon all the kids are watching these days!

And when you're 15, you get to go to other countries - with a gun! It'll just be like living in one of your damned video games!

Gee whiz, sign me up!
Say, will I ever get to see my parents again?

Thanks to the Web 2.0 Internet Rights Act brought into US law by Senator Grip Oswald, people with self-diagnosed social disorders can fi-

Avoid the rush! Vote today!

nally vote from the comfort of the Internet. No longer will they have to tolerate soiled curtains and the mindless chatter of plebes who know nothing of their guild's success and Mountain Dew sponsorship.

Please do not **hit F5 during the voting process**, or your vote will be processed multiple times. Limit 30 votes per household.

YES

Please sign me up for Proposition 43. I have read the preceding materials and have decided that this is the best course for my future. Being of sound mind, I choose the Football Phone as part of my one-time-only offer.

NO

I am a complete and utter moron and I hereby sacrifice my right to vote. It will be hence be given to someone that supports Proposition 43 and is in dire need of a Football Phone. I fully realize that when you are king I may be first against the wall.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

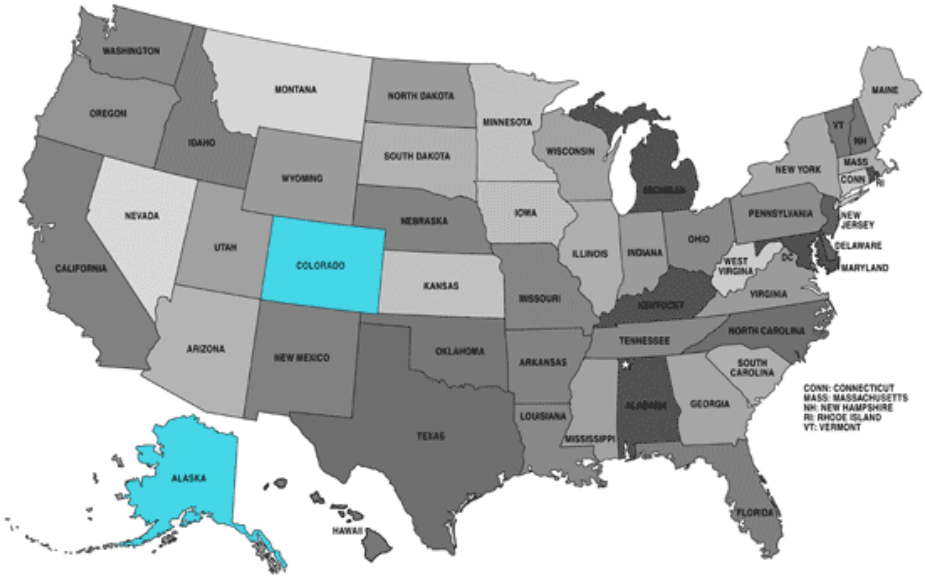
8.3 The Great American Reach Around - American Grab-Bag & Russia & Switzerland

Friday, Aug 03, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

We're on the last lap of the Great American Reach Around. I'm excited by the prospect of finishing this massive endeavor, but I'm also a little maudlin about all of the great times we've had. We've seen pickup trucks crashed into Tim Horton's in Canada, we've gone on a tour of the urban cardiac arrest of Glasgow, and we've learned that Europe is a lot more like America than either group wants to admit, only European cities are more historical.

With two installments of this feature remaining it's time to begin our version of the lightning round. The remaining states and countries will be covered mostly depending on volunteers like you. This week on the American side we have a look at Alaska courtesy of yours truly and a trip to Colorado Springs with volunteer Greg "TheRain" Reilly. Our foreign representatives hail from two great nations. Tschisino is reppin' Switzerland and his home city of Zurich and Matt "Sunman" Kagan will be telling as all about St. Petersburg, Russia with a little photographic help from Vit "Gimperial" L.

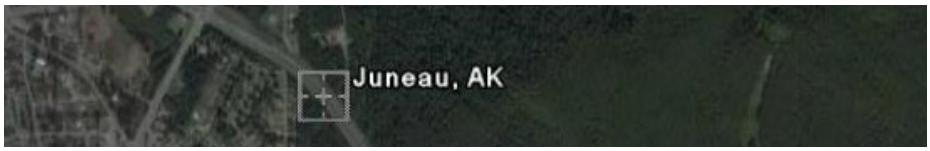


Alaska; its name means frigid remoteness to most Americans. Those of us that have never been envision a vast plain of ice with a few deer somehow getting tangled up in an oil pipeline and dying horribly. Canada stands between we continentals and our northernmost territory and it is actually closer to Russia than to the rest of the Untied States.

Skewed though views of Alaska may be, even within the United States, there is no denying that it is a land of extremes. It is by far America's largest state, more than doubling the size of Texas, and with roughly 650,000 inhabitants for that vast land it is also by far the least densely populated state. If you've ever been to the big empty state of Wyoming, imagine how empty that state is, and then multiply that zero by five. You come back with five times the zero.

The reason for this low density might be the extreme weather in Alaska, the strange daylight cycles in its northernmost reaches, and the lack of anything to do other than be in the military or stare at nature. Alaska is home to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, which is frequently threatened with oil drilling by Americans that love pipes more than trees (most Americans). Despite all the nature and oil and military, the government still pays people to live in Alaska and offers massive tax incentives to people and businesses relocating to the state.

Free money from the government sounds like a good deal, but then you really think about it and realize the truth: you'll be living in Alaska.



Juneau, Alaska

Juneau is the modest capital city of the state of Alaska. It has a population of only around 31,000 people, but it sprawls to encompass over 8,400 square kilometers, making it twice the size of Cook County (Chicago and near suburbs) in Illinois and larger than Rhode Island or Delaware. It is Alaska's second largest city in terms of population, tied with Fairbanks and coming in well behind the bustling megalopolis of Anchorage and its 275,000 inhabitants.

Despite its northern exposure and close proximity to massive glaciers, Juneau enjoys a climate similar to Seattle or Vancouver. That is to say it's rainy and depressing rather than frozen year-round and instantly lethal to the homeless. Juneau is one of Alaska's most important ports and its accessibility makes it a prime stop for cruises touring the northern seas. During the summer months two or three big white eyesores from various cruise lines can be seen docked at Juneau.

The mixture of remoteness and tourism gives Juneau a unique character, a combination of self-sufficient and hardy locals and bright attractions for cruise line passengers. Four-wheel drive vehicles dominate the streets, often showing signs of rust from the heavy salts used to battle the snow and ice. Many locals also own light aircraft or float planes.

Locals not involved in entertaining the tourists are probably involved in fishing. Gold mining gave Juneau its break in the late 1800s, but its the Alaskan pipeline and the abundant fishing and natural splendor that have kept money flowing into the city. If you're eating halibut in the United States, there's a good chance it came from the

cold waters of the Pacific just outside Juneau. Salmon is also a favorite for recreational fishermen.

Juneau is a unique city with a good social scene (for such a small city) catering to visitors rather than locals. Even a cynic can fall in love with the natural beauty, and rapists can also bask in Juneau's vibrant rape scene thanks to rates that triple the national average! There's something to love and/or rape in Juneau.

Greg "TheRain" Reilly

Colorado Springs, Colorado

One hundred and thirty-six years ago, General William Palmer founded the city of Colorado Springs under the looming specter of Pike's Peak. He found the shadow of the mountain and the majestic rock formations of the region to be a perfect place for dapper, wealthy socialites and foreign tourists to come together and look down-literally-on their inferiors. This outlook remains unchanged to this day.

When I first came into Colorado Springs, we'd driven up from Dallas and by the time we were in the city, it was already dark. I woke up the next morning and went out on the balcony at my hotel for my early-morning first cigarette. I looked up at the sky, choked on the fresh, clean air, and then had a heart attack as I stared at the mountain that loomed above me.

It was the single most profound moment I've experienced in this city, which is actually kind of a shame. You'd think human beings would be able to be more profound than an enormous block of stone, but that is, unfortunately, not the case.

A big reason for this is the influx of evangelical Christian groups during the 90s, including the mammoth New Life Church (former home of Ted Fag-I mean, Haggard) and Focus on the Family, a conservative Christian group whose goal is to let you know how you should raise your kids so you don't actually have to make decisions, think for yourself, or deal with any of those other difficulties like actually parenting.

The other reason is the roughly fourteen bajillion military institutions in the area, including Fort Carson, Schriever and Peterson Air Force bases, the US Air Force Academy, and NORAD. Combined, these institutions rain down a plague of young, arrogant, and absurdly stupid soldiers and cadets upon the land.

This plague is known to cause alcohol reserves to disappear overnight and spread every conceivable sexually-transmitted disease in existence at alarming rates. To date, the city of Colorado Springs has not only done nothing to fight this epidemic, but actually encourages its spread.

There are positives to the city. There are two major colleges (UC-Colorado Springs and Colorado College) and one rather large community college (Pikes Peak Community College) in the city, all of which are populated by trust fund babies and kids too stupid to get into UC-Boulder. Why is this positive? It means that there are hordes of rich, stupid, and spoiled co-eds all over town who have no job, no ambition, and too much time on their hands. A lot of fuckin' goes on in Colorado Springs.

And, of course, there are some nice things to see. There's the beautiful road construction projects, which can be seen from anywhere in town, typically while stuck in traffic. Also worth seeing is Garden of the Gods, a beautiful rock formation that attracts retarded tourists in the day and sixteen-year-old kids looking for somewhere to fuck their girlfriends at night.

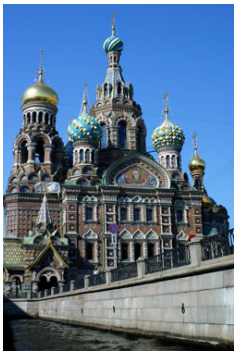
Ok, really, the only beautiful thing is the road heading north to Denver. This place sucks.

Thanks, Greg! Colorado sure sounds fun, but now it's time for us to wander abroad to Mother Russia. They'll always be America's most enduring foil on the world stage, but we won't hold that against our Comrades of the East.

Matt "Sunman" Kagan

Photos by Vit "Gimperial" L.

St. Petersburg, Russia



Russia is a country that is sometimes a little hard to comprehend by someone who hasn't been there. In fact, if you ask 100 random people around the world such a basic question as "What Continent is Russia in?" you will get two different responses. And both would be right. Because of its enormity, Russia possesses such coveted titles as "Largest Country in the World by Area" and "Easiest Country to Pinpoint on a Map When Drunkenly Showing Off your Geography Skills to your Friends".

The only thing that's larger than its size is Russia's history. The majority of the time, Russia was ruled by a delightful set of monarchs, one crazier than the next. From Ivan the Terrible, who passed his time by throwing public impaling and hangings of his servants to a pleased crowd, to Peter the 3rd, who decided to "tone it down" and passed his time by throwing public impalings and hangings of his pet rats (I could not make this up).

Most of the people who ruled over this great land would make emperors like Nero or Caligula seem like just and brave rulers. Of course, when the salvation that was "Communism" came to this country, things didn't change a bit. In 1991, when we finally got the long-awaited shipment of democracy from the USA on our front porch, things did not change either. Our first democratically-elected president Boris Yeltsin liked to demonstrate the closeness to his people by getting drunk

before every speech, and then not showing up due to falling asleep. Our current president isn't nearly as eccentric; however, he combines the creepiness of your neighborhood pedophile with the danger of an ex-KGB spy.

The city of St. Petersburg was founded in 1703 by its patron and leader, Peter the Great for very noble reasons, the biggest one being to "stick it to those fucking Finns". Ever since, the city tended to be impassable and indomitable, from thwarting the attempted blockade by the Nazis during World War II, to rejecting the potential booming tourist industry that could have flooded the city if not for the city's incredibly incapable leaders.St Petersburg is also the city with the most bridges - a property that is rather mundane, unless of course its combined with the fact that St. Petersburg is also a very large port city so the bridges sort of... get in the way. Because of this , the city's bridges get parted in the night, creating a popular sight, as well as a huge obstruction of those drunkedly staggering home late at night.

St. Petersburg also prides itself with being the "cultural capital of Russia", due to the large amount of museums, theaters, and cathedrals. This pride, however, doesn't stop it from also being the crime capital of Russia. Crime rates in St. Petersburg are so high that its residents have gotten used to the idea that being mugged in broad daylight is a distinct possibility and nothing to be surprised about. Homelessness is also a big issue in St. Petersburg, however this problem was solved when during St. Petersburg's 300th anniversary, all of the homeless people were literally escorted beyond the limits of the city in trucks and left there.

The Russian's perception of Americans hasn't changed much since the good ol' times when anyone who thought that Americans were nothing but a poor struggling country begging to be rescued by communism were deemed crazy. The new Russian opinion of America has a very "7th grader-trying-to-fit-in" mentality. Since amongst the majority of European countries it is "cool" to hate America for its disregard of the world around it, Russians tend to try and follow this mentality.

Russians see the average American as the usual "fat, McDonald's-loving, Bush-praising, Britney Spears-listening moron". This sincere and noble disgust that Russians have for the Americans, however, has never stopped them from having McDonalds and Pizza Hut on every street corner, streaming Britney Spears on the radio, and stocking the stores to the brim with American products.

Russians, unlike most people think, don't have the ability to withstand any low temperature surrounding them or high amount of alcohol poured into them. We don't have bears walking around our streets and we don't play chess to keep warm. But, for those of you who don't want their world shattered too much - yes we do like vodka. A lot.

Spasibo! From Russia we're off to Switzerland, where the Jews definitely don't control the banks and the people refuse to take sides on anything other than the Pope.

Tschisino
Zurich, Switzerland

Welcome to Switzerland, the so called "Neutral-Country"! And that's exactly what most the Swiss think about the USA...they just don't care. And the part that cares, doensn't like America, because they read "something bad" in the newspaper or they just hate Bush. It's so biased. Especially in Zurich sometimes. Zurich has ALWAYS been a left-wing city. It is very multi-cultural and it never really gets boring.

Zurich is famous for it's party scene. We got a great nightlife, loty of clubs and every famous DJ you can imagine comes to Zurich. It's also packed with other people from the rest of Switzerland, as also from the surrounding countries. Just don't EVER go out on a Saturday night with your car. Big mistake.

People from other parts of Switzerland often speak of "Zurich" and "The Rest of Switzerland". You have to know, that Zurich is by FAR the biggest city in Switzerland, not Geneva.

While travelling I met a lot of Americans and Canadians and about 90% of them thought that Geneva is the biggest city and capital. Which is both untrue. Anyway, in such a small country like Switzerland a lot focuses on the biggest part, which is Zurich. Jealousy has always been a big issue in our country...people from Geneva don't like people from Lausanne, Bern doesn't like Fribourg and Basle hates Zurich.

We speak Swiss-German in the German part of Switzerland, which is like a dialect of German...but you almost cannot learn it. It's even very, very hard for German people. Eventually they can understand it if they stay here longer (and my god, they do!), but they won't be able to speak it. And it's different in every region. From Zurich you can drive in every direction for 30 minutes and they speak a different dialect. It's pretty hard to imagine if you didn't grow up with it I suppose...

Today we got the 1st of August, our National Day. It's probably comparable to your 4th of July. Nobody works, a lot of fireworks, BBQ everywhere and, of course, a lot of booze.

Life in Switzerland is pretty easy, if you're not lazy. Social levels don't matter, if you're intelligent enough, you can go to every school you want to. Life in Switzerland is also very expensive, but you got really high salaries and pretty low taxes compared to other European countries.

Alright, that's just a small insight to my country. If you ever visit Zurich and you wanna get rid of the "Neutral-Cliche" just visit a Football Match between Zurich and Basle, or Ice-Hockey between

Zurich and Lugano. Nothing neutral there. Oh, and don't forget your sport shoes, you'll need them after the match. Trust me.

One down and one to go for the Great American Reach Around! I am still accepting submissions for states and countries that we have not yet covered. If you would like to write a short article about your city, state, or country, then just drop me an email. You can use that address if you just want to yell at me about something or tell me how I am wonderful and handsome and overflowing with electric eroticism.

The 13th and final installment of the Great American Reach Around will be appearing on August 17th.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 The Most Hallowed Records Of All

Saturday, Aug 04, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Barry Bonds hits his 756th career home run at some point in the next few weeks, he will surpass Hank Aaron and claim ownership of the home run record, the most revered number in sports. Not too many fans are pleased about this, as Barry Bonds has been linked to steroids through the most rock-solid unproven allegations that have ever been repeated ad-nauseum in the history of ESPN and sports columnists.

Bonds' involvement with unsavory dealings doesn't end with steroids. It has been rumored that he is the recipient of performance-enhancing nanotech augmentations that allow him to see in the dark and fire anti-tank rockets with great accuracy. Additionally, Bonds is credited with the design of the Nintendo Virtual Boy.

Public opinion of the man is worsened by the fact that he is a total douchelord every time he appears on television. When asked about his favorite color during a press conference, Bonds responded by scooping up the reporter's 12 year old daughter and tossing a handful of ammonia-filled baseballs into the crowd to secure his escape. In another infamous incident, Bonds was ambushed by a local television news crew in a grocery store parking lot and questioned about his use of steroids. He ate the camera whole, unhinging his jaw and twisting his neck back and forth to fit the ungainly piece of equipment in his gullet. This horrifying scene unfolded on live television, lasting nearly three hours.

It's only natural that fans will be saddened when such a controversial man breaks the home run record, but that's no reason to stop loving sports. There are plenty of other great records out there to focus on!

2,208 career tackles by Olaf Kreiger, who is generally considered the worst professional chess player in history.

37 consecutive races won by jockey Aaron Timmons before officials banned the strategy of making your horse run around in a small circle on the Start/Finish line.

1 successful attempt by Pete Rose to gain entry into the Baseball Hall Of Fame by buying a ticket at the front gate while wearing a Groucho Marx glasses/nose/mustache disguise. He still wanders the halls of the museum, searching for the other players by night and curling up inside a hollowed-out Babe Ruth statue during the day.

237 consecutive regular season starts by Brett Favre without a single on-field tiger attack.

30,518 autographs signed by the exceedingly polite NBA star Gilbert Arenas in one sitting for a young fan with short-term amnesia before collapsing due to severe dehydration.

.825 - Joe DiMaggio's batting record over the five appearances he mistakenly made at the plate without a bat.

15 field goals missed by Mike Vanderjagt because he was giggling at funny noises made by the holder just before the moment of impact.

5 occasions where Roger Federer, the world's greatest active tennis player, has been recognized in public. Three of these spottings were made by members of his family, who often lose track of him when he stands near a group of two or more people.

18 pit stops by Jeff Gordon in a single Nascar race because the Check Engine light was on and he had to find out what the heck it was trying to tell him.

1,302 feet cleared by Max Tierney in an olympic long jump event before someone caught up to him and explained that only the first jump counts.

0 total wins for Tiger Woods on the toy-grabbing claw machine that comes standard in every golf course's clubhouse.

37 goal celebrations by Gordie Howe that involved kneeing an opponent in the neck, the lowest number of any player in the history of professional hockey.

10 holes in PBA pro Pete Weber's bowling ball, all of which are utilized in the unique

granny-style delivery that has earned him *literally* dollars and some fans.

2.5 naps per game for 80 year old Penn State football coach Joe Paterno during the 2006-2007 season. This does not include naps taken during halftime, any bouts of dementia where Paterno thought he was dreaming while he was actually awake, or temporary comas sustained while placing earphones on his head.

18,620 minutes of the television audience's collective time that was totally wasted by Karl Malone each and every time he went through his goofy free throw shot ritual.

1 banning of Floyd Landis from the Tour De France for having more testosterone in his system than the French are used to seeing, which in theory should eliminate every foreign athlete in the competition, forever.

1,029 team flights that were missed or delayed in the 1970's when baseball teams encountered airport mustache detectors.

312 near-fatal injuries sustained in the last World Cup, going by the number of players that dropped to the ground and rolled around in agony. Amazingly, after seventeen apparent gunshot wounds to the face and numerous decapitations (caused by one player from the opposite team lightly brushing his shoulder against the shoulder of his opponent while running by), every player survived the tournament.

12 Gentleman Jim Corbett bouts that were canceled in the 1890's due to seedy audiences and their refusal to comply with each venue's "two hat minimum".

100 percent of a cheerleader's cheers that actually improve her team's chances of winning.

See? The world of sports is wide indeed, so don't let one jerk's record ruin everything for you. Instead, fixate on the new number of your choice and have fun defending its honor more than you've ever defended a loved one.

8.5 Whoops! We're Racist!

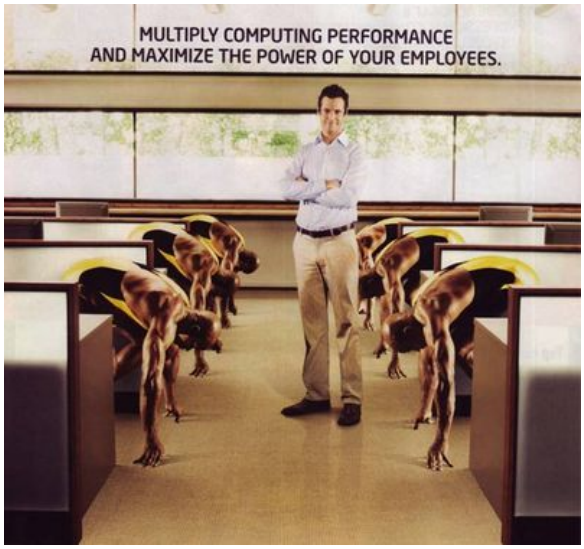
Sunday, Aug 05, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

This, friends, is a historic time for accidentally insulting black people. Usually our black comrades must wait for the occasional slip of tongue from a B-list celebrity in order to be victims of accidental racism, but things are changing. Today is a brave new world in which there has been a flurry of unintentional racism in advertising.

Not one, not thirty, but seven high profile incidents occured involving the creation of racially offensive ads recently. Of course, no one really noticed outside of people who spend lots of time on YouTube and various internet forums, but, needless to say, these incidents have sent a charge through the black internet nerd community. I know this, because I talked to both of them, and they were totally PISSED.

- **Incident 1:**

  Intel, in order to send the message that their processors would allow your employees to work faster and run away really quickly if need be, came up with the concept of employees in an advertisement being represented by sprinters. Then they took some photographs and designed an ad and wrote the ad copy and approved the ad and sent the ad to some higher ups and got it approved and then sent it to a magazine which saw no problem with it and what came out of all of this was this gem:



  Which I guess is another important reminder that just because there are a lot of people and many of them have more money than you, that doesn't mean they aren't all complete idiots who can't see the most obvious things when it's repeatedly shoved in their face.

- **Incident 2:**

  Capcom released a new, longer, trailer for their game Resident Evil 5. Just like number 4 in the series, it features a big muscular guy with lots of guns fighting a horde of savage killers. Their problem was that they set the story in Africa and so created a 3 minute clip of a white guy shooting hordes of brainless black people wielding primitive weapons. In the context of the series, this is not racist at all. Outside of this context, it's a 3 minute clip of a white guy shooting hordes of brainless black people wielding primitive weapons.

The black community's response was immediate. Prominent members of black society released well reasoned statements. Some black chick's blog complained about it or something. No one else noticed or cared, but lots of white folks on the internet kept arguing about it anyway.

- **Incident 3:**

  Kentucky Fried Chicken came out with their new ad campaign meant to emphasize the company's community values. To this end, the ad featured a large group of people from a black neighborhood all eating fried chicken together at long tables with the slogan, "Yeah, I guess you could say we *all* like to eat fried chicken."

This, of course, caused a huge uproar for propagating the offensive stereotype that white people don't like to eat fried chicken. We do. Fried chicken's great.

- **Incident 4:**

  Off! Insect Repellent ran a baffling ad in Sunset magazine that consisted only of a large black men with a sign apparently stuck to his chest reading "I am a lesser being, not worthy of the same rights as you."

Things were cleared up when the Off! Corporate office explained that the sign was being held up by a tiny mosquito sitting on the man, too tiny to be seen in the photo.

- **Incident 5:**

  A political ad featuring Senator Barack Obama was decried for stereotyping black men as charismatic contenders for world leadership. The NAACP commented in a strongly worded press statement: "We are deeply disappointed in...huh? Where are we? What are we saying again? I think we got confused..."' Fox News immediately registered disapproval of this statement which they could not characterize but were pretty sure they didn't like.

- **Incident 6:**

  The Ku Klux Klan ran an ad for their annual membership drive, but no one complained because that one specific advertisement didn't say anything about race. Soon the KKK was reporting more black customers than Intel.

- **Incident 7:**

  Context died. No one attended the funeral.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

8.6 Google Future - The Ron Paul Presidency

Monday, Aug 06, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google
News+
Ron Paul
Search News
Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.
Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search
U.S.

Don's Fun Photos

US to Sell Atomic Stockpile
Ron Paul Political Report - August 4th, 2011
By DR. RON PAUL Citing market forces as "a more powerful deterrent than mutually assured destruction" President Dr. Paul announced a bold plan to sell off more than 600 Minuteman and Trident nuclear missiles on the open market.
UN Condemns US Gold Bars for Nukes Agreements BBC News
South Africa to Purchase 278 ICBMs from US Stockpile Johannesburg Today
New York Times - The Southern Gentleman - Al Qaedistan Herald - Foxwire
all 2,433 news articles

LiberTeen Beat

Colloidal Silver Approved for Cancer Treatment
New Hampshire Patriot - August 4th, 2011
By L. Rockwell Embattled private food and drug certification company DrugSafe Pro has approved the sale of Colloidal Silver as an alternative to chemotherapy, radiotherapy, and surgery for treating cancer.
Cancer Patients Happy, Blue Over Colloidal Silver Michigan Militia Bulletin
DrugSafe Pro Receives Lucrative Colloidal Silver Review Contract AP
Libertarian Medicine Journal - The Lying Doctor - Silver Safe - Foxwire
all 824 news articles

Constitution Mania

Supreme Court May See First "Online Justice"
Wall Street Journal - August 3rd, 2011
By Philip Castle A White House official has indicated that President Paul may seek a replacement for retiring Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens on the Internet, tapping online law school graduate and 7th District Justice Alabaster Hickory for the soon to be vacated seat.
SCOTUS Hopeful Authored Texas Law Banning Air in Mexicans
BBC News
Skyrocketing Demand Safeguards Fees for Nation's 68 Million Lawyers
AP
Internet Law Review - The Holy Constitution - Free Market Times - Foxwire
all 906 news articles

Don's Fun Photos

Death Toll Mounts in Tainted Kool-Aid Disaster
Impotent Outrage Today - August 2nd, 2011
By DAVE BROWN Another 73 people succumbed this week to the tainted Chinese Kool-Aid certified as "Gold Standard Safe" by DrugSafe Pro, bringing the death toll to date to 6,403.
Deadly Kool-Aid Found to Contain Skulls, Radiation New York Times
Hundreds of Lawyers to Represent Victims in Class-Action Suit
USA Today
Ambulance Chaser Bulletin - Libertarian Medicine Journal - Foxwire
all 4,004 news articles

The Paulice Log

Dept. of Education Loses to Dept. of Vouchers
LA Times - August 1st, 2011
By Dana Jennings The Libertarian controlled Congress voted overwhelmingly to approve the Paul White House's plan to replace the Department of Education with a new department that will oversee the distribution of education vouchers for private schools.
Mississippi: Bible in Select Schools, Firebombs in Select Churches
AP
Wal*Mart to Offer Low-Income Schools in 48 Stores by October
USA Today
Biology is a Lie - Science is a Lie - The Lies of Math - Foxwire
all 204 news articles

AP

Make Way for Private Charities

Ron Paul Political Report - August 1st, 2011

By DR. RON PAUL Church groups, shelters, soup kitchens and various other private charities are eagerly gearing up to assist more than 55 million Americans as Social Security benefits are due to sunset on August 15th.

First-Responders to Require Citizenship Exam Before Giving Aid Invaders

Nation's Supply of Boot-Straps Dangerously Depleted American Dream

AAAAARP! - White & Lovin' It - Platinum Spoon - Foxwire

all 7,564 news articles

Foxwire

Art Bell to Step Down

Foxwire - August 1st, 2011

By Lincoln Douglas Beloved White House Press Secretary Art Bell was nicknamed "That UFO Guy" by the White House Press Corps, but a growing scandal involving Bell's wife-buying in the Philippines has distracted from his job and prompted his resignation.

Cambodia Opens to Labor Exports, Saipan Labor Market Collapses UPI

Coca-Cola Signs $200M Deal with Gazprom for Somali Bottling Security AP

Cryptozoo Quarterly - World Net Daily - Silver Safe - Foxwire

all 1,988 news articles

Don's Fun Photos

Ohio Woman Offers Daughter's Face to Fire Victim

UPI - August 1st, 2011

By Carol Duncan A drunk-driving accident took Christopher Hsu's face in 2004, but he's smiling again thanks to Vonnessa Washington (15), her mother Tameka, and their generous contribution of Vonnessa's face to Citibank Credit and Organ Placement. Vonnessa plans to buy a diamond-studded silk hood with her share of the money.

Disney Dollar Plummets Against Euro and Yuan The Economist

Target to Sell "Made in America" Fingers and Corneas American Dream

Hilarious News That's Fun - Human Organ Fancy - Guts & Fitness - Foxwire

all 364 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.7 The Rope Trick Index

Tuesday, Aug 07, 2007 by David Thorpe and Josh "Boruff" Livestock (@Arr)

Rank	Name	Change
1	**The Hillbilly Handshake** After a slow third quarter, the world's most recognizable rope trick is off to a rip-roaring return thanks to increased repertoire inclusions from top names like Cowboy Carl and Tiny Bettis.	**+8.34**
2	**The Pensacola Pinwheel** Whispers of a proposed merger with The Palmdale Pinwheel bring this newcomer to a strong close.	**+4.14**
3	**Satan's Tourniquet** Cynical investors pushed this dastardly trick to an amazing close as rumors of its impending banning made every performance a national event. "The deaths must stop," opined a misty Cowboy Carl, cradling the dripping trunk of his newly dead friend Angus Princeton.	**+3.89**
4	**The Gentleman's Agreement** Sophisticated New England repackage of the Hillbilly Handshake turns beaucoup heads in lobsterland.	**+2.52**
5	**The Rapist's Feast** High-profile rapes on the lasso circuit give TRF mucho name recognish. Big tourney wins for Rapist Jim speed things along.	**+1.53**
6	**The Cockney Grift** Tabloid controversy surrounding the trick's frequently jailed creator, Folsom Ladd, leads this psychedelic twist on the classic 60-40 to a rollicking good week. "No publicity is bad publicity," says Ladd, sometime heroin addict and Kate Moss armtoy.	**+1.06**
7	**The Giant Clicking Worm** Decreasing gains lead pundits to predict a plateau for Ruth Duke's much-hyped johnny-come-lately.	**+1.04**
8	**The Millionaire's Mustache** A rare readmittance of a trick once banned from the pro circuit, the Mustache rides controversy to a brilliant close in its first week back. Formerly named The Cockatillo, this dangerous over-under snapped one too many ankles in the late 80s.	**+1.03**
9	**The Lament of Johnny Longarms** A solid week for one of the most heart-wrenching tricks in the sport. As Cowboy Carl slowdanced through its caramel waves on NBC's Ropefire, there wasn't a dry eye in the judging box.	**+0.99**

Rank	Name	Change
10	**The Seinfeld Curse** Continued fallout from the Michael Richards incident makes this trick play big with irony-drunk college crowds.	**+0.95**
11	**The Troubadour's Boner** Make no "bones" about it: the Troub is on a winning streak. Look for more gains as national talent picks this trick up from the underground scene and parades it at the Big Show.	**+0.83**
12	**Medusa's Hairdo** Following Shelly Jones' performance of this unusual multi-rope trick on Fox's Ropestar, its stock took off like Pegasus. "I couldn't avert my gaze," said notoriously cranky Ropestar judge Mark D'Arensbourg.	**+0.76**
13	**Murder, She Roped** Rumors of Angela Lansbury's impending death sent this elegant late 80's twirl lumbering to the top. Even though the rumors turned out to be false, the trick stays in the picture.	**+0.73**
14	**The Constable Checks Out** Forget the name, because the Constable is definitely in! After instructions for this trick leaked to the Internet a full month ahead of the scheduled release date, fans from Tehran to Texas have been giving it a whirl.	**+0.68**
15	**The Connecticut Proxy** The State of Connecticut's recent PR blitz is paying off big time, thanks in part to a nod from Cowboy Carl, who wowed crowds opening Game Six of the World Series with this landmark trick.	**+0.60**
16	**Grandma Dances with Cobras** Grandma enjoys one of the strongest gains of the week thanks in part to a recent deluge of amateur YouTube videos. She's all the rage with high schools kids across the country looking to make a big impression.	**+0.48**
17	**The Cackling Ninny** A disappointing close for the Ol' Nin, suggesting weak ringtone sales and limited crossover appeal.	**+0.41**
18	**The Purloined Pearls of Miss Jessica Alba** This avant-garde wraparound from English upstart James Granville has taken on a life of its own as a rather untraditional courting ritual. With its majestic arcs and swoops, how could any woman possibly say no?	**+0.21**

Rank	Name	Change
19	**The Guy from the Gin Blossoms who Killed Himself** Truly a trick that has outgrown its name: over a decade of waning topicality can't kill this stalwart fan favorite.	**+0.20**
20	**The Hula Jew** The momentum of a strong Yom Ha'atzmaut continues for an unprecedented third month.	**+0.18**
21	**Laudanum for the Lady** This trick enjoyed an unexpected boost when Hilary Clinton condemned its misogynistic nature. The fact of the matter remains undeniable: women are pacified by its hypnotic and soothing motions.	**+0.17**
22	**The Allure of a Fine Woman** This nineteenth century update on the Siren's Song has long been a favorite of mariners used to spending long months away from the fairer sex, but thanks to an appearance on the Discovery Channel's "Deadliest Catch" it is enjoying new appreciation from landlubbers everywhere.	**+0.14**
23	**The Stevedore's Sad Sad Song** The classic longshoreman's twirl garnered some new attention following a glowing review on National Public Radio. Its graceful maneuvers are a hit with upper class liberals looking for a superficial way to empathize with the blue collar worker.	**+0.12**
24	**The Woodcutter's Lost Thumb** A rare exception to the oft-quoted rule that everything Cowboy Carl touches turns to gold. Even a quick turn on Jay Leno couldn't win the public's attention; some critics claim it's ahead of its time, while others note its similarity to the equally unsuccessful *Layman's Mandate*.	**+0.09**
25	**The Shitting Nixon** Stalemate for aging protest trick. Time for this lame duck to resign?	**+/- 0.00**
26	**The Shanghai Crippler** A tepid week for Cowboy Wong's signature whizbang, unaided by the meteoric rise in Chinese acceptance among the roping community.	**-0.04**

Rank	Name	Change
27	**The Gadfly's Cleft** It seemed like a perfect setup: a lost Olaf Wangen trick, unperformed by humans for more than a hundred years, would make a grand return at the Lariat Expo. What might have been the rope trick event of the decade fizzled as promoters failed to secure A-list talent to perform the trick. Had Cowboy Carl tackled its hoary gyres, it may have come off huge.	**-0.06**
28	**The Who-Told-Momma** These numbers don't lie: America is losing patience with idiot-savant indie darling Monz Pubis. "When you take away his shocking antics and flashing costumes," says Ben Bauriedel of the San Francisco Chronicle, "he's just another backyard roper throwing loops to the wind."	**-0.07**
29	**Robber Baron Meets Quicksand** This famous twister dating back to the Great Interregnum enjoyed a brief resurgence thanks to German Classicalists, but is quickly falling out of favor with American audiences looking for more pomp and less circumstance.	**-0.13**
30	**Cincinnati Train Robber** Following this week's tragic train accident in Ohio, Cincinnati's most famous trick suffered minor losses. Ohio lasso maven Joe "Bandit" Burns called for a nationwide moratorium out of respect for the dead. A rebound is all but certain, given the trick's popularity in the Midwest.	**-0.18**
31	**The Creepeye** A slow week for one of the sports most gothic and unsettling tricks. Despite a showing by Johnny Satyn at the Oregon State Fair, the move's dark, liquid strides failed to capture an audience.	**-0.23**
32	**The Progressive Grain Index** PGI's slump continues as practitioners abandon the trick for more thrilling maneuvers. "The kids don't want to see a trick that looks like a graph about wheat," said veteran roper Sam Brownband. "They want to see me make a dinosaur's face up there."	**-0.25**
33	**Where the Wizard Buried His Gold** Dismal returns for this highly hyped hocus-pocus designed to cash in on the Harry Potter craze. Investors failed to see any magic in its tedious and mundane arm swirling, quickly dispelling any chances of success.	**-0.42**
34	**Milking the Prostate** This San Francisco treat suffered heavy losses after being exported to the east. The boys in the Castro District may love it, but the heartland just isn't ready to embrace its confusing knots, suggestive loops, and emasculating twirls.	**-0.48**

Rank	Name	Change
35	**The Chinaman's Challenge** Cowboy Wong bit off a little more than he could chew with this Challenge. Shown up at the finals by Korean upstart Cowboy Park, Wong's wounded pride sagged the trick's loop-de-loops significantly.	**-0.56**
36	**Breaking the Jew's Neck** A poor close for this longstanding favorite following a controversial article in The New Yorker which accused the trick of veiled anti-Semitism.	**-0.79**
37	**The Gordian Necktie** The accidental strangulation of 9-year-old Timothy Mayfield triggered huge losses for this modernized antiquity. Rumors of a possible banning sent practitioners scurrying far and wide, loosening this trick's notoriously tight grip on the charts.	**-1.09**
38	**The Flying Chinee** This heavily-traded trick lost power due to a marked decrease in anti-Chinese sentiment.	**-1.23**
39	**The Grad Student's Thesis** Allegations of plagiarism sent this trick's stock plummeting like a barrel off Niagara Falls. With New York Times rope trick critic Thom Corbett describing it as "drunken frat boys trying to date rape the Chattanooga Interchange," you know its days are numbered.	**-1.24**
40	**The Injun's Last Woo-Boo-Boo** Native American rights activists continue to make strong headway in erasing this cruel trick from the American consciousness.	**-1.42**
41	**Grover Cleveland's Switchblade** A disgraceful finish for this historical drama, plagued by accusations of overtly phallic content in the overhead whooshes.	**-1.61**
42	**Houdini's Hubris** Any momentum gained from Tick Benson's seemingly impossible Houdini flourish at the Cornpone Games was lost this week among continuing doping allegations. "I may be a dope, but I ain't no doper," spits a defiant Tick.	**-2.62**
43	**Ching Chong's Holiday** Actor Jackie Chan delivered a stern kick to this trick's stock after seeing it performed on the annual Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon. "This is a hate trick that must stop," said the daredevil martial artist. MDA apologized, but performer Duke Gray said that he will continue to do it "whenever he damn well pleases."	**-2.97**

Rank	Name	Change
44	**The Businessman's Coma** The miraculous recovery of namesake and unwitting inventor Arthur Van Landingham after sixteen nonresponsive years brings the once-legendary trick crashing to earth.	**-4.93**

Recently Banned Tricks

These tricks may no longer be performed in any public venue by a professional rope trick practitioner under threat of expulsion from the Honorable League of Lariateurs.

#	Name	Deaths
1	**The Rotating Hacksaw Knot** Though the risks are relatively low– the trick has been safely performed thousands of times– any decapitations are too many decapitations.	**3**
2	**The Mississippi Lockpick** The League no longer permits tricks which can be used for illegal purposes, such as armored car robberies.	**0**
3	**Burial at Sea** Though the league very much wants to avoid banning all aquatic rope tricks, the constant deaths associated with underwater lariat work predict a poor outcome.	**4**
4	**The Martyrdom of Saint Abelard** Excessively cruel and violent tricks are no longer permitted by the League, even in an educational or religious context.	**2**
5	**Dracula's Dick** Though the death toll of the trick is relatively low, the modest danger of the trick is amplified by its shocking vulgarity. Dracula's Dick will no longer be allowed to embarrass our sport.	**1**
6	**The Sheik's Harem, Tricks 1-17** Unfortunately, the Sheik has withdrawn his permission to make use of his secrets in American performance.	**4**
7	**The Sweetie-pie** Safety is of paramount importance to the League, and tricks marketed toward children which involve swallowing great lengths of rope and/or tying ropes around the neck are no longer permitted.	**8**

#	Name	Deaths
8	**The Hangman's Trap** Never before in the history of the sport have so many people been killed by a single trick so quickly following its debut. The seductive danger and ruthless efficiency of the Hangman's Trap must be contained at all costs.	**32**
9	**The Despoiler** Tricks which damage or destroy the hymen are no longer permitted by the League.	**0**
10	**The Fourth Reich** Tricks which require special costumes are not allowed in League competitions.	**9**

-~David Thorpe and Josh "Boruff" Livestock (@Arr)

8.8 Restaurant Reviews: Miguel's Taco Express

Wednesday, Aug 08, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

(4.5 stars based on 168 reviews)

Categories: Fast Food, Roadside Attractions, Mexican Food [Edit]

Address: unknown (mobile)
Phone: No phone.
Hours: ??

168 Reviews for Miguel's Taco Express - Displaying 160-162

(5 stars)

Changed my life...
Posted by tparts22 [Read other reviews by tparts22]

My beautiful wife of fifteen glorious years passed away in a senseless car accident. With her passing came a mass of funeral bills and debts racked up from her failed jazzercise business. I was beside myself and spent many nights staring down from the 4th Ave Bridge, trying to work up the nerve to jump.

Then came that fateful night. I resolved then and there to jump, to take the plunge and leave this wretched world forever. As I stood on the ledge staring down at oblivion, I heard a shout.

"Hey, Amigo! Come down from there and have a taco!"

I turned and there was a roadside taco truck on the bridge, no more than twenty feet away. I had no idea how it got there or how I hadn't notice it before. I climbed down, surprised and confused, and approached it.

Before I could even look at the menu placard, Miguel handed me a taco and a handful of napkins. Normally I have to ask for extra napkins, but somehow he just *knew*. He smiled and said, "It's very good. You like it."

I smiled and went to eat the taco while staring out at the river down below. It was quite possibly the best taco I ever had, and for the first time ever, I didn't need the extra napkins. I turned back toward the taco truck planning to get another, but it was gone.

I go back to that bridge every night hoping to see Miguel's friendly face again, but he's nowhere to be found. If anyone has any idea where Miguel is please e-mail me at *tparts22 at nwjazzercise dot com*. I don't want to die anymore. Miguel has given me purpose and hope. I won't rest until I find him again.

(5 stars)

Miguel's is the ultimate high!
Posted by deestar7 [Read other reviews by deestar7]

I spent 3 years on the streets as an addict, chasing any and every high I could. My body was about to break and my mind was pure sludge. I looked and smelled like garbage and that's how people

treated me. In that kind of state of mind you do stupid things, and so one day I shot up with everything I could get my hands on.

I was pretty much a goner for sure, I thought. But then an angel visited me.

"Hey Amigo! Hey Amigo!" shouted a booming voice out of nowhere, like some kind of god with a million mouths. "What, man?" I asked, trying to make sense of the shape in front of me. He looked like glowing energy but I think he was Mexican and had a taco truck. It was hard to be sure since it was like there were demons all around me.

"Have a taco! You like Miguel's tacos!" he said. I think I said "okay" and then suddenly I had this taco in my hand. "This is a key," I remember thinking. I couldn't tell what happened to the taco man, because I was busy flying through the clouds after eating the taco. It was like my mind left my body and went through the cosmos and everything else just kind of faded away because it didn't matter anymore. It really didn't matter.

The next day I woke up for the first time in my life, feeling better than I ever felt before. All those drugs did nothing for me and I didn't want them anymore. The ultimate high came from Miguel's tacos, and I've dedicated my life to trying to find Miguel so I can experience that rush one more time. Baptize me anew, Miguel!

(5 stars)

My Testimony for Miguel's Taco Express

Posted by ambrose_klaus [Read other reviews by ambrose_kalus]

There was I, lost in the Mojave without a drop of water to my name. Food was scarce, so was energy. Morale was nowhere to be found. Even with death an undeniable certainty, still I endeavored to die fighting. My legs had ceased to support me, and so I crawled through the burning desert sands while the sun above boiled the flesh of my exposed back.

I crawled for hours, moving from one hallucination to the next, each one more brazen in its false promises of rescue and respite. Finally, after the torment became unbearable, I rolled over on my back, took one last look at my legs, one broken with bone exposed, and resigned to die. My eyes fixed on the yellow circle above and a wave of pain washed over my body.

"Amigo! Amigo, have a taco!" said an urgent voice that grew closer with each syllable. I struggled to move my neck in the direction of the voice. As my vision slowly came into focus, I saw my salvation. There was Miguel's Taco Express truck! He walked over to me and handed me a taco and a glass of lemonade, then set the bone and constructed a rudimentary splint. I didn't even feel the pain of the bone being set, because I was lost in the taco's deliciousness. I don't even like Mexican food, but this... this one beyond anything I had ever eaten before.

Everything was a glorious blur after that. My next memory saw me on a helicopter with rescue workers telling me my survival was a miracle. The real miracle was Miguel. I left the Mojave behind, but the real world is no better. It is just one more wasteland, and the only rescue is Miguel's Taco Express. I will find it again even if it takes me the rest of my life.

(5 stars)

I LOVE YOU MIGUEL!

Posted by rebeccastevens [Read other reviews by rebeccastevens]

when my daughter died i did not think there was any reason to continue AT ALL. my husband

tried to be supportive, but the depression just crippled me and everything reminded me of death, including him.

i decided i wanted to be with my daughter again so i made the decision to just drive off the road one day. to just drive off the road and be done with it all!

i hit the accelerator as fast as i could while on top a hill and drove down toward the nice busy intersection below. i thought about my daughter the whole way down. her face becoming clearer and clearer the closer i got. when the impact occurred i could almost see her smiling again.

that's when I heard a man yell "hey senorita" at me. there was a mexican man and he climbed through the burning wreckage and handed me a taco. "it's very good" he said and then pointed to his miguel's taco express truck which i had not noticed before due to all the pain and the fire. i started to eat the taco but unfortunately i was pinned in the car and bleeding and passed out.

i left the hospital two weeks later and immediately divorced my husband. miguel was the only man for me, andi want so much to find him and be with him. i don't remember much but i remember that his tacos were great and he made me forget all about my daughter. i love him very much.

★★★★★ ***(5 stars)***
I REGRET THAT I ONLY HAVE FIVE STARS TO GIVE TO MIGUEL
Posted by d-gonzales [Read other reviews by d-gonzales]

After being laid off work, I worried how I would provide for my family. My wife and I struggled to make ends meet and I took whatever jobs came my way. These included working as a day laborer, a clown at children's parties, and licking envelopes for an elderly man who lost his tongue in the war and liked writing letters to magazines.

All of these experiences sucked the life out of me and made me want to get away from it all. The wife, the kids, they became like anchors pulling me into the sea. When I could breathe no more, Miguel's hand reached down and pulled me to the surface.

"Hola, Amigo!" He said. "Hola!" I said back.

"Have a taco! It's very good."

I don't even remember how I got to his taco truck. I just remember going to bed one night and waking up by the side of the road 200 miles away in the New Mexico desert at Miguel's taco truck. I ate the taco, then I was back in bed the next morning and the gas tank was on empty.

I am very grateful and thankful that the Lord was able to give me a sign. I knew then that it was my duty to find Miguel and follow his teachings. I sold off what items my family had and told my wife to take the kids and go live with her parents because I was busy with more important matters.

She cried and cried and so did the kids but I stayed focused and left that dead weight behind. I have used every cent I own going from town to town trying to find Miguel, talking to other Miguel followers, and looking for my destiny.

Miguel, if you read this, please get in contact with me. Your tacos were fabulous, man!

★★★★★ ***(5 stars)***
Miguel's Tacos are an Answered Prayer
Posted by samathatr87 [Read other reviews by samathatr87]

The doctors told me I had a week at most to live. I chose to die at home, with my things, rather

than die in some sterile hospital that was cold and lonely.

On what felt like my last day of life, I decided to walk to the beach. It was only a quarter of a mile and as much pain as the cancer caused me, it was not enough to dissuade me from seeing the sunset one last time.

My slow but deliberate turtle march to the beach was interrupted when I heard a man yell, "Hola, senorita!"

I looked and saw a nice Mexican man with a taco van a few feet away.

"Have a taco," he said.

"Oh," I responded reluctantly. "I couldn't handle that. I have stomach cancer."

He frowned for a moment. Then he smiled and said, "Hola, senorita! Have a taco!"

His smile was so vibrant and alive I couldn't say no again. No one else seemed to notice his van and I felt bad for him. I didn't want to make him frown and what was a little more pain going to do to me?

I took a bite of the taco he handed me, and to my surprise it tasted very good and caused no additional pain. In fact, it even lessoned the pain. It put me in sort of a daze. I remember the sunset at the beach, and I even remember the sunrise. I don't remember what became of Miguel or his taco van, but I just know that I felt alive and reborn the next day. The doctors couldn't make heads or tails of what happened to me. The cancer was gone, and I owe it all to Miguel.

I am alive with renewed purpose, and that purpose is to find Miguel's Taco Express van. This is why I'm alive. The desire to find Miguel is eating me up inside and it's all I want in the world. Nothing else matters now.

★★★★★ ***(5 stars)***

$1,000,000 TO THE MAN WHO HELPS ME FIND MIGUEL

Posted by taftestates [Read other reviews by taftestates]

THREE YEARS AGO a yachting accident left me paralyzed from the waist down. I longed to end it all, so I had my driver load me into the limousine and instructed him to drive us off a mountain. As he was driving us up the winding switchbacks of a nearby peak, I felt an incredible rage wash over me. That I, a man of such stature, should have to end things in such an ill manner was appalling.

The driver turned the vehicle around and began accelerating toward an especially ferocious cliff. That's when he saw something and immediately swerved, smashing the vehicle into a rock. My inept driver flew through the windshield and presumably to his well-earned death. I pulled my near-useless body out of the wrecked frame of the limousine and saw what my infernal driver had tried to avoid.

A Mexican man smiled at me and waved from his taco truck. I screamed vulgar obscenities at him for as long as my throat would allow, but he just smiled and started pushing the taco into my mouth.

"There you go, amigo. Good taco for good amigo!" he muttered.

As instinct took over and I started to chew the taco, I felt a calming feeling. A felt amazement as a multitude of flavors took my taste buds to a place that they had never been before. I began to taste things that were not even there - the songs of stars, the warmth of angels. I felt new purpose and, for the first time since the accident, I felt sensation in my legs.

I was so distracted by all the miraculous developments within that I failed to notice Miguel's depar-

ture. When I finally did notice, I was stricken with terrible fear and loneliness. I forced myself to stand on weak and feeble legs, barely able to support me, and fumbled down the mountain like an idiot calling out that Mexican's name.

I have spent millions tracking Miguel sightings and I am prepared to offer one million to the individual that reunites me with Miguel. I must know his magic.

Respectfully,

R. Farnsworth Taft

(1 half star)
DO NOT TRUST MIGUEL!!!!
Posted by dr_james_giddings [Read other reviews by dr_james_giddings]

Miguel has torn my family apart! My son had encountered his taco wagon some years ago after getting involved with drugs and a bad crowd. He said when he hit bottom Miguel appeared and offered him a taco. After that, he said, "all I want is another taco."

We took him to get tacos, but none would suffice. He only wanted Miguel's tacos. Soon this developed into an obsession, one with a much tighter grip on him than any drug. He was spending all his time trying to find Miguel's taco wagon, and breaking his poor mother's heart! He would not work, go to college, or do anything. He just spent all his time walking around town looking. Sometimes he'd put up signs.

As the obsession continued, he stopped taking care of himself. He'd go weeks without bathing, and days without eating or drinking. Soon he was in and out of hospitals, institutions, and therapy. Nobody could reach him. He just wanted another one of those goddamn tacos from Miguel.

In the year's since my son's death I have heard from other families haunted by Miguel, all reporting similar stories. Miguel's Taco Express is a kiss of death!! DO NOT GIVE HIM YOUR BUSINESS OR EAT HIS TACOS! HE WILL BRING NOTHING BUT DEATH AND SUFFERING.

P.S. HALF STAR WAS THE LOWEST SCORE I COULD GIVE! IT DESERVES ZERO STARS!!

[POST YOUR OWN REVIEW OF MIGUEL'S TACO EXPRESS]

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.9 Dodger Blues

Thursday, Aug 09, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

I'm a casual baseball fan. I don't really root for any particular team or follow the ins and outs of professional sports. I do, however, enjoy going to a baseball game every now and then. There is something uniquely American about sitting in a big stadium with thousands of screaming fans on a warm Summer night and watching commercials.

Many people think baseball is boring but nothing could be further from the truth. There is a subtle strategy to the game not unlike chess. There are minute facets to consider, such as the best spots within the stadium to place ads, which inning should be sponsored by which product, and how many of those little baseball events that happen during the course of a game the ballclub can shamelessly sponsor. "This stolen base brought to you by Bob's Big Boy!"

My stadium of choice is Angel Stadium. It isn't because I enjoy the team but because it's only five minutes away. I might still go if it were ten minutes away. 15 minutes? Eh, I couldn't be bothered. I'm a busy go getter with a lot of masturbation to do. But regardless of how much jerking off I have ahead of me I always enjoy the occasional Angels game.

Angel fans harken back to a time when baseball was a gentlemanly affair. Fans sit quietly in their seats with their hands in their laps. Families dominate the left field pavilion. A good, friendly time is had by all. Exiting the ballpark even in the throes of the ninth inning is a pleasure because of the mutual understanding of right of way and merging etiquette. Respect, dignity and good old fashion American courtesy is the name of the game at The Big A. It doesn't bother *us* that the park is infested with rats. That's just another part of the game.

Angel games are a little more civilized than your average ballgame.

Prior to last month I had never been to Dodger Stadium despite living my entire life in Southern California. Orange Countians just don't go to Los Angeles unless they have to. When I was younger my dad took me to the roof of our house and told me that everything the light touches is mine. I asked him what that dark spot was. He told me it was Los Angeles and that I should never tread there. Of course that only made me want to go even more. When I realized that L.A. was an elephant graveyard filled with hyenas, I swore off the place for good.

While Los Angeles has changed considerably in the past decade and the elephant carcasses have been cleaned up, it's still not a pleasant place to find yourself. When a workplace acquaintance told me he had an extra ticket to a Dodger game and asked if I wanted to go, I was a bit hesitant at first. Surely I, Hassan Mikal, could not be seen with the ruffians that make up Dodger fans. I have a reputation to maintain and that's being the bottom rung of a team of writers for a web site that somehow has more enemies than Al Qaeda.

I went to a total of three games. Here are some thoughts on those experiences in my otherwise boring life that consists of sending fake complaint letters to major corporations in the hopes of getting free product and coupons.

Pre-Game

Before every game Dodger fans engage in the ancient ritual known as "pounding a few in the parking

lot before the game", because Lord knows baseball games, especially ones where the Dodgers are being tolerated, aren't very exciting without being so fucked up that you fall off the upper decks to your death, eliciting a loud cheer from all in attendance.

So if I'm a Dodger fan I should have a bad day? That's some crazy logic you got there!

Legend has it that this tradition started when a fan was told that they couldn't consume alcohol in the parking lot to which they promptly replied "fuck that" and did it anyway. Official stadium policy forbids tailgating but the rules of man have little authority at Dodger Stadium. Besides, is it *really* tailgating when you're doing it out of a 1989 Toyota Corolla?

As soon as we hit up the liquor store so my friend could cash his paycheck and buy the cheapest imported beer possible (we're a little more upscale than your common Dodger fan), we were off to Chavez Ravine!

Since Dodger Stadium was built on a site not for convenience, but to displace the largest number of migrant farm workers possible, getting into and out of the parking lot can be a pain in the ass. Unless you show up six hours before the game, you will most likely miss innings one through eight trying to find a place to park. Most people leave near the second inning in order to beat the traffic. If you decide to stay until the game is over you might as well sit in your car and wait for the next game.

After drinking enough beers to last us through the next six games, it was time to enter The Pavilion, the worst place on Earth.

The Pavilion

The hierarchy at Dodger Stadium is as follows:

1.
2. **Baseline**
3. **Club**
4. **Field Box**
5. **Infield Reserve**
6. **Reserve**
7. **Pavilion**

Our tickets were for the right field All-You-Can-Eat pavilion, a no man's land that is not even physically connected to the rest of the stadium lest the virus spread to Vin Scully's booth and send

him to a timely grave. Segregation is alive and well at Dodger Stadium. The Pavilion is known as the "beaner section" as my **Hispanic** friend calls it. Going to a baseball game is popular among Los Angeles' Hispanic population because it doesn't require an ID card to attend one.

Don't feel bad though, The Pavilion talks plenty of shit during the course of a game. I would have thought I was at a klan meeting if not for all the Spanish. There was a Japanese tour group sitting in front of us that must've taken a wrong turn somewhere. There were snickers and poorly thought out jokes. "I bet they're here for the all-you-can-eat dog!" Wrong stereotype guys, but better luck next season!

The pavilion comes with a number of guarantees such as at least one fight in the stands per game, peanuts getting thrown at the back of your head, and one fat Mexican guy sitting in the very last row yelling shit at the players in Spanish. There's a reason they don't serve beer there and it's that guy. I think he's the mascot or something.

All-You-Can-Eat Pavilion? Cousin It approves!

"All-You-Can-Eat" might have been nice if the food were actually edible. The famous "DodgerDogs" taste as if they have been sitting in a microwave for six hours. It's no surprise that the soggiest hot dogs in baseball are named after the soggiest team in baseball. I eventually realized that the food is not there to be eaten, but acts as an unlimited cache of things to throw onto the field.

How much more American can you get? Baseball, commercials, (the seventh inning stretch is sponsored for Christ's sake), and rampant obesity. I get a little teary eyed just thinking about it. *Oh beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain...*

Booing

Booing is a time-honored tradition at Dodger Stadium. If you call things a tradition they don't sound as bad. Dodger fans are babies and boo at everything. The umpire called the opposing player safe when he was obviously safe, they boo. The usher took their beach ball, they boo. A woman didn't flash the crowd, they boo.

They boo when there's nothing to boo about. I attended one of the games in the recent series against the Giants. The Dodgers are at bat and the batter just stepped up to the plate. Suddenly there's booing. Turns out Bonds took one step to the right and the left field pavilion didn't quite like that cocky move. Shouldn't the fans, you know, be cheering on their team's batter? Never! There's one record Dodger fans will never give up, being the least classy fans in baseball!

The Game

The details of the game such as who is playing and who is winning have little to do with the traditional baseball experience.

Never Get Your Hopes Up

The most important thing to remember about baseball is to never get your hopes up because in the end your team will always disappoint you. This is no truer anywhere than with the Dodgers. There is a time during the game when the crowd is pumped up, the various screens are telling people to "GET LOUD!!!", and the count is 3-0. A Dodger steps up to the plate. Here comes the pitch. He swings and... and... AND... pops out.

Just last week the Dodgers were in first place. Now they are five games behind in fourth. Did you guys really think it was going to be this year? In a sport where a 30% success rate is considered

great, you will always be let down.

Post Game

We left the game during the top of the ninth. It was like running away from a tsunami of drunken fans while trying to dodge car after car ignoring parking lot attendant directions and just blasting through pedestrian walkways without a care in the world. One guy actually drove his Geo Metro straight past an employee motioning him to stop while giving us all the finger.

Do you really think the fat screaming drunk asshole from the pavilion is going to be any less inconsiderate in the parking lot? They should really build some pedestrian bridges throughout that parking lot and increase that traffic flow my brotha.

You will eventually find yourself in the hospital wondering where you are and how you got there. Such is the life of a Dodger fan, a life I lived for a short couple of weeks. I learned many things about race relations, America, and myself. I would tell you what those things are but writing is hard.

Will I ever go back to Chavez Ravine? Only if the Dodgers get to the World Series. I'll jump on that bandwagon so fast. In fact, that's pretty much how I became an Angels fan. 2002 World Champions! Woooo! See you next century!

This image of Curious George peeing on a Dodgers cap in a tree sums up my feelings perfectly. I could have gone with Calvin from Calvin & Hobbes but sometimes I like to mix it up.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.10 Crucifun: The Wide World of Crosses

Friday, Aug 10, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Remember, Jesus, your safe word is 'marmalade'."

By my estimation, our readers here at Something Awful are about 90% atheists, which might indicate that an article about crosses and their meaning is not really an appropriate topic. Lecture me about logic all you want, Dr. Spock, it's not going to change the fact that you were probably raised Christian.

These are the icons and symbols that have surrounded your life. They terrified you as a child, they symbolized your boredom as a teenager, and they have driven you back from the threshold ever since you received the crimson kiss of eternal life.

"But," you may ask, "what is there to be said about the cross? It's just two perpendicular lines, that is mega boring!"

Whoa, whoa, whoa there, King of Mathmagic Land, that's just one type of cross. There are all kinds of crosses in use by the many branches of the great tree of Christianity. If you think you can live without this information, fine, go on and bury your head in the evolutions, Ostrich Darwin. For those of you with a sense of intellectual curiosity, I bring you the Wide World of Crosses!

The Basic Cross

Probably the most popular form of the cross is the simple and unadorned cross, referred to here as "The Basic Cross." A silver or gold cross is frequently seen dangling in the cleavage of teenage girls and is effective at repelling vampires and speed-dating atheists. It is the cross of choice among Christians who want to demonstrate their Christianity, but don't want to over think it or get too showy. Be warned! Magically animated Pharaohs are immune to its effects and may attempt lethal frottage, as proven by the titular character in *The Mummy*.

The Catholic Crucifix

Gore-worshipping Catholics, apparently incapable of extrapolating the function of a device from its appearance, are in love with Jesus being graphically brutalized on their crosses. Even their version of The Basic Cross features a tiny silver or gold Jesus slowly bleeding out into the soil of Calvary as his emaciated frame bakes under the hot sun. If the stained glass, Latin, giant ceilings, robes, chanting, and burning incense weren't enough to convince you that Catholicism is serious as fuck, then maybe that giant statue of Jesus covered in blood will get the point across.

Still not there yet? Well, get ready, they're about to make you cannibalize his flesh and blood! The next time Christmas rolls around put on your Space Marine costume and head to the midnight mass, because Catholicism is just like you're living in *Warhammer 40,000,* only there are a few less flying skulls.

The Celtic Cross

In Ireland or Great Britain Celtic Crosses are often seen on tombs or as monuments to Celtic (read:

slightly pagan) Christianity. Everywhere else, particularly in the United States, the Celtic Cross can be found on the backs and biceps of dudes who like to pretend they are Irish even though they have never been to Ireland. Goths also have a strong affinity for the Celtic Cross, perhaps because it's like a cross only it is fancy and has a lot of neat squiggles and stuff. It also looks cool in silver hanging alongside an ankh. If you want a cross that either says "I LARP" or "my House of Pain CDs mean I'm in the IRA" then this is the cross for you.

Eastern Orthodox Cross

Eastern Orthodoxy is to Christianity what that introverted uncle that forgets to shave and loves trains is to you; it's familiar at the same time as it's strange and mysterious and maybe a little creepy. It originates from Byzantium or Kublai Khan or something and all Eastern Orthodox churches I have seen look like they combined a Catholic cathedral with a thrift sale from some benighted corner of Missouri. The Eastern Orthodox Cross is similarly distressing. It looks like a cross or crucifix, but it has an extra bar on top and a weird diagonal slash at the bottom. They are usually encrusted with symbols and words written with a strange alphabet that might be Cyrillic or Tenctonese, but could also be some forbidden occult alphabet lost when the Star Gate was closed in Kloblobistan.

Eastern Orthodox Crosses can be found hanging on the wall of a kitchen where something is being stuffed into cabbage by an old woman. Unless you're in her family the food will be ghastly, but the good news is her gigantic son in a track suit can sell you bootleg DVDs out of his trunk for a dollar. Just don't ask him about his cross and why Jesus has shrimp tails wriggling out of his eye sockets. A faux pas like that will land you in a sanitarium shrieking the prologue of a harrowing journey into eldritch horrors to a New England dilettante who keeps a dream journal about black ships and cats from Saturn.

The Inverted Cross

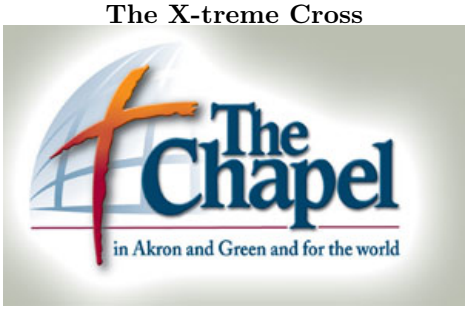
There are few symbols more pathetic than the inverted cross. Known as the Cross of St. Peter to Catholics, the cross was meant to symbolize that St. Peter was crucified upside down and did not feel himself worthy of commemoration in the form of a normal crucifix. Centuries later, in one of the most egregious examples of brand appropriation, the inverted cross came to be associated with Satanism as a lame sort of gang-sign disrespect.

Christianity is based around the idea of faith in the omnipotent creator and his martyred son, so you would think the logical opposite of this would be to not have faith in those things. Alas, Satanism travels a far lamer road, believing in Christian mythology and then choosing to side with the crappy antagonist fated to lose. It comes right out in the Bible and says Satan is going to lose, and satanists apparently believe this as well as they seem to accept Christianity as real, so why pick the losing side? The answer to this question can be found in a cursory examination of satanic metal album covers. Those guys always bet on black.

The Maltese Cross

The Maltese Cross, once a symbol of Christian chivalry and militarism, is a rare example of a type of cross that has become almost totally secular. It served as one of Germany's most well-known martial awards (the Iron Cross), it is still the symbol of the German Bundeswehr, and it has become a well-recognized emblem for American fire departments. Forget all that. Anyone that has ever watched the Discovery Channel is well aware that the Maltese Cross means fat guys yelling at each other over piles of auto parts. It means motorcycles that look like bald eagles and ice cream trucks converted into turbo-charged fire-spewing mobile butterfly enclosures.

The X-treme Cross



This ain't your grandpa's cross! The X-treme Cross is the croix du jour of the new multi-denominational, multi-ethnic, multi-media brand of Christianity being flogged in American mega-churches from sea to shining sea. These are the churches that have inoffensive rock bands jamming out some Michael W. Smith on stage and sermons that come with their own Power Point presentations. "Yo, come on down to our cool church, for real!"

I once had the pleasure of attending an X-treme church and I sat through a ten minute video presentation set to an R.E.M. song (being played without irony at 150 decibels) followed by a sermon about Islam being a religion of hate. Then a fat white guy played a saxaphone while people put folded checks into a basket. I don't understand the lure of the over-amped religiontainment boom. Spending twenty minutes in that church was enough to give me a real craving for the flesh and blood of Christ, some Latin chanting, and a squad of Ultramarines.

If you see this cross on a church, it's probably best to feign vampirism and recoil while hissing.

Cross 2.0

The latest incarnation of the cross is the hip Cross 2.0 and it is a cross for the information age. As you can see from the example, Jesus died for your sins on some sort of collage of fire taken from a Corbis CD.

The early-adopters for Cross 2.0 include urban churches trying to attract junkies for a religious needle exchange program and churches that permit gay marriage. These are the sorts of churches supported and infrequently visited by minor celebrities. Larry David's wife probably goes to a church that employs Cross 2.0. The guy who wears the catchphrase hats on *30 Rock* probably attends a

Cross 2.0 church.

So what's the problem with Cross 2.0? Nothing, as long as you don't actually care about the cross. You're not so much getting the cross as you're getting an extra heavy-handed version that adds new layers of message by turning the enduring symbol of Christianity into a photo collage. Yes, the cross is made out of starving kids from Africa. We get it. We need to be Christian harder. Do I really have to pray to a guilt trip?

The answer is no. You can also pray to the Holy Throne of Terra.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Tequila Time

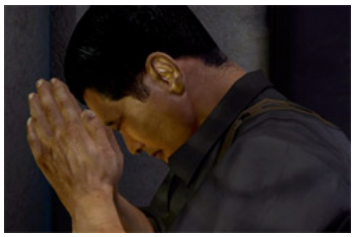
Saturday, Aug 11, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Stranglehold is the upcoming sequel to John Woo's 1992 action masterpiece Hard Boiled, with Chow Yun Fat reprising his role as a badass inspector that eschews the magnifying glass and notepad in favor of a gun in each hand and maybe a gun on each foot if he can get his big toes inside the trigger guards. Sounds like the movie we've all been hoping for after Woo's lackluster Hollywood outings, right? Well, no. It's a video game. I downloaded the newly-released demo from Xbox Live and stepped into the shoes of Inspector "Tequila" Yuen to see how the game is shaping up.

CHICAGO

Four men walk through a door in a vaguely menacing manner. This has nothing to do with -

HONG KONG



In the chief's office, I light a ceremonial candle and pray for a fellow cop who has been kidnapped, making a mental note to pick up more "Kidnapped Cop" prayer candles along with a few packs of "Someone In The Department Has Been Stealing Supplies" candles while I'm at it. Where do these things go?

As far as the kidnapping case goes, there's not much to work with. All we know is that the suspects are Asian. There's a lot of those guys in China. Hell, I'm one of them. This could get tricky.

A call comes in from one of the punks involved with the kidnapping, instructing us to send one police officer into the farmer's market - alone - to find a "golden rabbit". The chief hangs up the phone and threatens to send an entire SWAT team into the market, but I talk him into letting me go instead. I'm way better than the SWAT team. Those guys are all colorblind, and I can spot a golden rabbit from a foot away.

Entering an alley on the outskirts of the marketplace, I squint my eyes and chew on a matchstick as I wait for the trap that's about to spring. Matchsticks aren't the tastiest things in the world, but I'm trying to kick the nasty habit of walking around with a lollipop in my mouth, which in turn was a surrogate for my original habit of walking around with lollipops in my pockets. When one of those bastards melts, you get a grape-flavored bikini wax with every step you take.

A group of men emerge from the back doors of seedy apartment buildings and restaurants on either side of me. My experience as a hardened cop tells me that they're bad guys. It's all in their wolf-like expressions, the way they carry themselves, and the guns they're using to shoot at me.

Instinct takes over. Before I know it, my trusty guns are out and time seems to slow down. The first thing they teach you in the academy is to shoot an object in the general vicinity of your enemy and hope it falls with enough force and precision to kill or incapacitate him. Thankfully, each one of the thugs I'm facing is standing directly below a heavy neon sign that hasn't been properly bolted in place. The fight's over before the first scumbag's lifeless body hits the ground.

I descend and ascend a few flights of stairs by running on inch-wide handrails (it's way easier to shoot while doing this than to simply walk on the stairs themselves), taking out a few more rounds of baddies with the help of gravity and conveniently placed neon signs. Thank goodness the businesses in this neighborhood blew their advertising budgets on the garbage-strewn back alleys behind their stores.

Finally I reach the market, a large alley bustling with activity and watermelons. Everywhere I look there are watermelons being bought, sold, and forced to brutalize each other in watermelon fighting pits. An elderly woman selling lemons is escorted from the market amidst a roar of boos. I can barely contain my excitement in the presence of so much watermelon.

Something catches my eye. A smug doofus in a chauffeur cap is leaning against a corkboard beneath a golden sign with a picture of a rabbit on it. Can that be the "golden rabbit" I'm looking for? It's a longshot, but I approach the man, pushing my way through the crowd and resisting the urge to shoot the sign.

Chauffeur Cap Guy vanishes just as I approach, leaving behind a manila envelope on the corkboard. My stomach turns as I turn the envelope over and the missing cop's badge falls out. There's a bullet hole in it, confirming my worst fear: These guys have no respect for private property. God only knows what they did to the poor guy's wallet.

A new team of bad guys swarm the market with guns drawn. There are hardly any signs overhead, so it looks like I'll have to do this the old fashioned way. I slide on my ass for about thirty feet on a tract of watermelon goop and come to rest against a watermelon cart, kicking the owner in the chest to get him out of the line of fire and to avenge my pants, which have now been completely ruined.

The firefight that ensues is long and intense. Bad guys keep coming from every doorway imaginable, but I manage to stay alive by thinking quick, scooting my ass back and forth on a counter like an idiot the entire time. I do this primarily to make myself a moving (and therefore harder to hit) target, but the tactic has the added benefit of amusing me. Long after I've dispensed of the last enemy, I continue this stationary slalom and clap excitedly.

When I've had my share of fun, I get up and head into the nearby (what else?) alley, where Chauffeur Cap Guy and three of his buddies are waiting for me with guns drawn. Looks like I'm in the middle of an old-fashioned standoff.

I demand to be told who's behind the kidnapping, and Chauffeur Cap Guy is so confident in my imminent demise that he spills the names Gold and King. He even goes so far as to tell me they can be found at a nearby tea house.

"It's a good thing that's just down the block", I say as my index fingers tighten on the triggers. "I don't have a driver's license."

All hell breaks loose. Thankfully, everyone takes turns shooting at me and I escape with a few minor gutshots and two rounds to my face.

As I walk through a doorway that opens up to another alley, my cell goes off. It's the captain, telling me there's something big going down at the tea house.

A man in a golden suit pops out of nowhere and takes a few shots at me.

"Hey!" I yell after him, "I'm on the phone you asshole!"

Wait a second. Didn't Chauffeur Cap Guy tell me about two guys named Gold and King? That guy in the golden suit... could it be King? I chase after him for a few blocks until I find myself at the tea house.

Time to play it cool. I stroll in, sit at the bar, and order my favorite drink: a tequila with Sprite, no pepperoni. I knock back the contents of the glass before me in one gulp, then regret my decision immediately. Damn these tip jars. The bartender returns with the drink I ordered, and I nurse it while keeping tabs on my surroundings.

On the second floor balcony, the man in the golden suit and some tattooed musclehead are planning my demise. I smile to myself. Go ahead, drive a tank through the door. I'll still have the tactical advantage thanks to the polished surface of this bar. I could slide back and forth on this baby for days.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.12 Doctor Hitch's Archaeological Journal

Sunday, Aug 12, 2007 by Gregory Hitch, Transcribed by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Last Known Photograph of Gregory Hitch

April 13th

It has been a week since my last journal entry, and I am excited to scribe again. The trip took longer than expected since the native workers insist on rest every hundred miles. The men collapsed upon reaching the grounds this morning, and are still asleep. Much work must be completed to finish camp, so I must stop writing and place the natives in order. I pray that we are set up and digging in three days.

Gregory Hitch

April 25th

News of both good and bad.

First the good. Though it took nearly two weeks, I have located our first artifact! A preserved skeleton with ceremonial death mask has been found. The artist on hand is carefully sketching the mask. Loose pieces of gold and diamonds were scattered around the remains, as well as four gold rings.

Though a complete hypothesis must wait, I believe this is evidence of highly intelligent inhabitants. I am very curious to know how and why these ancient people became extinct.

But enough hot breeze, I assume you are curious about the bad news. One of the mules used to transport excavated soil struck me below the belt. My urine is the same deep maroon as the royal crown, and my bladder has been uncontrollable since the accident. A young native has been brought on staff to clean me every quarter hour. I have the greatest difficulty in standing, but I still want to stay by the site. To achieve such a feat, five of the workers carry me and my bed to the dig-site (roughly a mile out of camp) every morning prior to breakfast. Now I can make sure the lazy workers keep up the pace.

Gregory Hitch

May 1st

Today is a doubly great day. The swelling has diminished, allowing my legs to dangle over the bed. The ability to sit up makes me feel manly, a very important factor when leading a group of savages. Hired hands did not respect me spending my days in bed.

The other glorious news is in regard to the research. It seems some of my men are currently unearthing a piece of stone littered with pictorial inscriptions, similar to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The workers seem uninterested due to the lack of gold, but this artifact may be an important key in my research. Hopefully the men will finish unearthing the stone before nightfall.

Gregory Hitch

May 5th
It took the primitive natives three days to unearth the stone, and another two days for the artist to mimic the inscription. I am beginning to doubt the practicality of these savages. The new artifact presents two warriors attacking each other. The death mask and this piece present a society in turmoil, but still no clues on what they were fighting for. An image presenting wealth, religion, or the rulers of this kingdom would be very helpful in deciding what finally lead to their extinction. I can smell the savages sneaking up. I must stop now before they overhear.

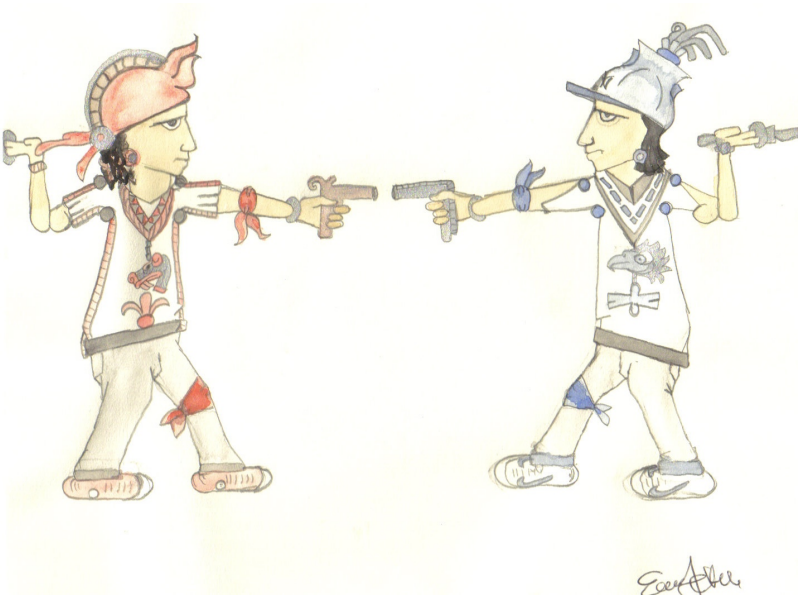
Gregory Hitch

May 12th
Things have gone to the worse. The whole area beneath my belt has stagnated. I would ask the doctor for treatment, but he has been missing for three days. The savage workers have become wary of the sun and my civilized instructions. In addition, the young girl who kept me clean has refused to continue. Moral is low and stench is high.

One note of brightness is that the workers continue to find new items under the dirt. Hopefully the drawing will be done soon. All work is slow, but it seems the artifacts are glad to give up their hiding. Hopefully, we can finish the dig before the savages break loose.

Gregory Hitch

May 19th



I assume this to be my last journal entry, for the savages have spent the day ransacking camp. All hired crew from the states are either missing or dead. I have spent the day hiding beneath the desk in the artist's lodge, but the artist joined forces with the natives. My lower half is numb, and has been for a day now. I have no chance of escaping into the jungle. Hopefully I can finish this entry before the savages find me.

Since the artist abandoned camp, I was forced to draw the last set of hieroglyphics myself. These carvings may be able to answer all the questions I had, but I was only able to examine them for a moment. From information gathered, the stone presents an image of two feuding kings, each entangled in a war over land. Hopefully a civilized human will continue my work. I hear the savages gathering outside. Godbless the Queen, the civilized crew, the Lodge back home, and my family

Gregor

Watercolors provided by Emily Reed, emireed@gmail.com. Help with Biggie/Tupac image from Jillian Techatanalai

-~Gregory Hitch, Transcribed by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.13 The 1,000,000,000 Mega-Owned Yearbook Fags

Monday, Aug 13, 2007 by Harry Hyperbole (@sexyfacts4u)

Just a taster's selection of my finest yearbook signings this year. Enjoy the master at work.

Russell Whitehead	**Russell Whitehead Outside Your Window At Night Looking In, Looking for Something** God- DAMN son, are you one creepy motherfucker. With that pale-ass skin and that crinkly-ass little red mop on your head. Busting up from behind shit at all hours looking like Communion aliens landed out in my yard. Russell, you know I just wanted to write my novel, then you had to be peeping in on me and making me see owls and shit. Join the army or something. Pop up on Osama's window when he's trying to make a dump. Like the ghost of a scalped cowboy. Goddamn, son. Goddamn.
Dorothy Taylor	**Dorothy Taylor Prime. Roll It Up. Get Up in That Ball, Girl.** Oh, shit, look out girl! While you were scarfing down those ding-dongs a fucking Metroid got up on your head. Teaching you lessons the hard way like diabetes isn't a power-up. Seriously, Dorothy, look at yourself in the mirror the next time one doesn't break when you walk past and you will see why everybody is always falling over laughing and crying and shit when you're around. I'll give you a hint: it's not because you're funny. You couldn't make a baby laugh by blowing on its belly. You are a living fart.

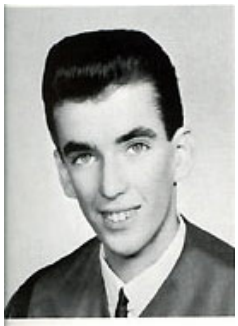
Jill Miller

Jill Miller: She's a Big Success Story

Jill, remember that game with the Lady Vikings when you shot 6 three-pointers in a single game? I sure hope so, because ain't no one else fucking does. What kind of sub-humanoid creature-thing remembers a women's basketball game? Oh, that's right, it's Jill Miller.

You cavewoman she-bear, you towered over most of the men at the school and had grades to match the meat even the cafeteria threw out. I wish I could be a fly on the wall when you walk into a realtor's office looking up in it for a data entry job and you hand over that one-page speedstick-smelling resume carved into a stone tablet and a Lady Vikings Regional Championship Title. You'll be lucky if you qualify to mop junkie puke off the window of the methadone clinic downtown.

Who are we kidding? You'll be the junkie puking on that window. Catch a shooting star, Jill!



Robert Fauntz

Robert Fauntz Loves Gay Dude Buttholes

Hey Robert how's that forehead working out for you? You look like fucking Leader. You remember that shit? You fucking hate Hulk and shit?

What the heck happened to you, dog? I remember 4th grade you looked normal and then you went to summer camp and came back looking like your hair was trying to up and escape your eyebrows. Did you get bit by like a big gay radioactive forehead or something? Head caught in a taffy puller?

Christ it sickens me just looking at you.

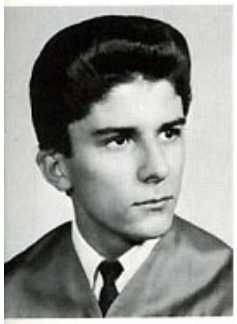
Stupid Gaywad Josten's Rings Ad

Guess who's back again with another bunch of super-gay ads for their rings that are so gay that even King Buttlover of Gaylord Island would not wear one? It's Jostens. Surprise.

You sell a bunch of stupid over-sized rings and people can put like a key and compass or something on the sides if anybody wants (nobody wants) and they are pretty much the worst anything ever.

If a dude wears a Jostens ring he will never do anything good in life and he will die alone, without any money, in a gutter full of rotten turds and dead pigeons. Oh, yeah, and the rings cost like 500 grand, which is like paying someone to bite off your lips.

Marjorie Boyd	**Marjorie Boyd Gonna Make an Honest Man Out of Some Lucky Five Year Old** Nobody at school would touch you with a ten-foot burning torch, but now that you're graduating I know you can find the right boy to expose yourself to at the park. Don't try to deny it, Marjorie. I'm not gonna get caught up in no libelousness, but let me just say I seen the way you looked at the kids from the elementary school on science festival day. That was burning desire right there. You wanted to sink them crooked teeth of yours into a nice little boy and bite yourself off a piece of that. I know its gonna happen sooner or later, I just hope that kid got all his shots up to date. Those things are like a wet chalk saw with little pieces of broccoli and shit wedged in there. Give somebody heartworms or SIDS or some nasty shit.
Ernest Martinez	**Ernest Martinez Always Thinking About Shit (Ultra Gay Shit)** Why are you always so serious, Ernest? That distant look, that swarthy face, you don't belong at Central Valley High, you belong on some sort of coin in Honduras. 100 chupa or something. On the other side they could have like a banana and a turtle or whatever it is they eat in your homeland. Bark maybe. Pajamas or, well, you get the idea, Professor Ernesto. I will never know how you got to be second in our class. How did you have time to think about anything other than all the dudes you want to "do a sex on" in our class? Maybe get some of those little Jesus candles your people love so much and pray it away.

Ginger Reece	**To the Future Mrs. Hyperbole, Ginger Reece** Baby, you know it's magic all over. Get that tingling on your thing-a-ling. Me, you, signing your yearbook. It's serendipitous. After the last day of school why don't you come on over? I'll put on my Akinyele CD and nothing else. Maybe light up a couple Glade vanilla scent candles and shit, get the mood just right, and girl...I will put my tongue everywhere. You understand what that means? You let me I will get that up behind your eyeball and start licking all up on that. Come on girl, I will make you stink *hard.* When I get done little wavy lines and flies will be coming up off you. Planning boards zoning around you and shit. Lowering property values with that stink. Unh, get it. I'll be waiting, you keep that shit wet.
 David Munguia	**David Mungula Gonna Wake Up and Find His Ass is a Bug** Senior Superlative: Most Creepy As Fuck Motherfucker. Beating out Whitehead and that ghostface shit, you Franz Kafka dripping dude. You got all kinds of crazy ass problems. For starters you got cat breath and people ain't supposed to have cat breath. For number two you got that left arm that's all stiffed up and tiny like a wooden spoon in your shirt with a rubber glove on the end. Third of all you got to stop picking at that shit on your neck. I don't know if like its cancer or a duck bit you on your neck or what, but a synonym for alluring ain't a creepy dark-eyed boy pulling nickel-sized scabs off his neck. Get that looked at, bro, and stay away from the DMV.

That's it. That's all I wrote for right now. So what you think about that? You feel that owning? That was some de-emancipation proclaiming shit right there. For real.

-~Harry Hyperbole (@sexyfacts4u)

8.14 Dear Friends of Anime,

Tuesday, Aug 14, 2007 by Friends of Anime Newsletter (@fart)

This is an emergency newsletter, but before I begin with the unpleasantness, I must tell you that our meeting held on July 17 was a huge success! While we haven't yet solidified the recruitment process and accompanying multiple-choice quiz and essay questions, we got the word out and had several hundred walk-in visitors who could have potentially asked us questions, or even joined the club!. Steven: Great idea to hold the meeting in the lobby of a hotel! Though next time, let's make arrangements with the hotel staff so we can stay longer than 25 minutes or so.

Steven and Greg quietly considering the merits of the anime on screen. Photo: Jeff

Now, onto business: A great terror has befallen our peaceful high school anime club. Our High Chancellor of Manga, Lieutenant of Giant Mech Suits, Female Android Specialist, Master Sergeant of Cosplay, and Designated Keeper of All Original Copies, Greg, has forcibly lost possession of approximately 85% of the club's anime holdings. Friends of Anime-- this is a call to arms!

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the modest Greg must currently reside with his mother and new bullshit stepdad, Jeff, for approximately the next 3 to 4 years. Greg's mother has no opinion of anime, but his stepfather does not approve. On the evening of July 20, whilst out amongst the local Hogwarts elite, Greg's room was invaded by a certain stepfather's bulldog, which found the stock of anime and destroyed a great deal of it. The humble collection of mainly VHS tapes was inside a wicker storage box and placed under Greg's bed, yet suspiciously, the bullshit stepdog was able to find and chew up many titles. My friends, this was no accident.

In light of this injustice, we, the administrative body of Friends of Anime, have felt it necessary to draft a proclamation which is to be presented without prior announcement at Greg's mom and Jeff's do-over wedding ceremony in September.

Proclamation

TODAY, September 4, 2007, I stand before you as a representative of the Friends of Anime to deliver this proclamation.

WHEREAS, Jeff has taught his bulldog, King, to actively seek out and destroy our anime; and

WHEREAS, Jeff has been a total buttlord to us basically every time we walked past the den, even on times we weren't making Gundam noises; and

WHEREAS, Friends of Anime is, by its very nature, made up of friends, meaning Jeff has obviously told a falsehood every time he told us we don't have any; and

WHEREAS, King is usually instructed to make potty in the garden directly under Greg's window, especially on the day of a club screening; and

WHEREAS, Jeff once removed the power cord from Greg's computer as he finished an approximately 800-word message board post analyzing (admittedly roughly) the personality of Haruhi Suzumiya and whether they would get along in real life; and

WHEREAS, Jeff suggested that the power cord would be put to better use as a belt, as Greg's sweatpants had inevitably lost elasticity around the waist over the years; and

WHEREAS, Jeff once fed King the last can of Chef Boyardee, forcing Greg to subsist on a can of cream of celery soup until dinner; and

WHEREAS, Jeff made unsavory jokes while the canine ate, such as, "Boyardees some interesting comic books!" as he looked down upon Greg's mangas, which had been spread out in concentric circles on the kitchen table based on overall attractiveness of the lead female character; and

WHEREAS, it was inappropriate for Jeff to suggest Greg was "about to whip it out" as soon as Jeff left the room; and

WHEREAS, the NCAA Final Four is not more important than Adult Swim, and we even outvoted Jeff 2-1 but we still had to watch it; and

WHEREAS, psoriasis isn't Steven's fault; and

WHEREAS, it was unfair for Jeff to refuse to take us to the public pool because he believed Steven would "all infect-up the car seats;" and

WHEREAS, we felt it was humiliating when Jeff pretended to call Santa Claus on us for watching so-called "cartoons" at our age; and

WHEREAS, when Steven was thought by Jeff to say "Oh, Asuka!" in his sleep, he swears he was actually saying "Oh, arooga!" and dreaming that he was a very old car; and

WHEREAS, Jeff can't trick us into joining the army by saying they show animes during dinner; and

WHEREAS, our mustaches aren't anyone's business but our own; and

WHEREAS, while we understand it may be difficult for outsiders to remember all of the titles given to our club's members, calling Greg simply "The Fart Boss" is unacceptable; and

NOW, LET IT BE RESOLVED that Jeff is not right for Greg's mom, and that if they're still going to do-over their marriage ceremony, that myself and Steven-- Mage of Manga, Secretary of Sci-Fi, and King of Kawaii-- fundamentally disagree with this wedding and refuse to recognize it unless the anime is replaced and Jeff moves back to Fresno.

IN TESTIMONY THEREOF, I, Greg, have hereunto set my hand upon and distributed this commemorative fanart of Gregory fending off an anime attack by his stepfather on the fourth day of September in the year two thousand seven. (The girl is Brandi, on whom Greg has a crush.)

-~Friends of Anime Newsletter (@fart)

8.15 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 2

Wednesday, Aug 15, 2007 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

The darling discovery of the year was turned on its back by one plucky little boy born out of wedlock! Timmy McAlister, upon seeing Rocky, the famed shelled otter of Florida, quickly declared it a turtle.

"A turtle!" the illegitimate boy shouted before a packed crowd.

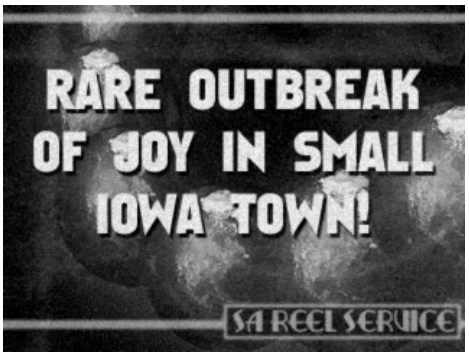
Surrounding visitors were left aghast, staring at a lie as bold and striking as anything the Devil could muster! Many women fainted and concerned parents covered their children's eyes with improvised rags and scarves to protect them from the hungry nightmare's ravenous maw!

The shelled otter lacked hair and bore an uncanny resemblance to the many other turtles kept at the Florida Gallery of Aquatic Afreets and Wonders. Could it be that it was just a turtle?

"We made a mistake," lamented a shamed biologist, who was ceremoniously laminated and filed in a warehouse as per biologist traditions.

After hearing of the outrage, a shocked Governor was quick to react. "This house of lies shall never again bear false witness! By my hand shall come a storm of bulldozers and wrecking balls!"

Through the timely government edict, the traitorous gallery was reduced to rubble and debris! The great mound of ruin, which included Timmy McAlister and all the falsities of science, was quickly gulped up by an angry sea!



"We're happy to be happy" say delighted residents of Marshalltown, Iowa, stricken with a strange and unexplainable form of happiness.

The world is gasping in horror, unable to put rhyme or reason to the mysterious joy infecting these simple American people! "They shouldn't be happy! They absolutely shouldn't be happy at all!" yelled one frantic mother of three from Wisconsin after hearing the news from the town crier, who collapsed and died upon delivering it.

Neighboring communities are nervous, fearful that the mirth might spread. One nearby farmer crooned, "I have been farming this land for 47 years. I don't need happiness, just rain."

"We've never seen anything like it!" cries this head-scratching scientist, at a loss as to what is going on or why!

But town spinster C. Eva Koop is just tickled pink to be happy. "Ever since our mayor returned safely from the ancient caves we have been as happy as ever."

Wall Street has found the next big thing: Henrietta the Hen! This spry little chicken has been the belle of the stock market ball, picking winning stocks day after day and making rich men richer and poor men rich!

What's her secret, Farmer Dan? "This old gal lays an egg on the stock pages, always on a winner! You see?"

We see, we see!

Wall Street brokers, big wigs, and would-be penny barons have been lining up outside Farmer Dan's property for days, offering anything for a chance to cash in on Henrietta's strange and unnatural gift. One greedy night bandit tried to abscond with the feathery dynamo, only to be shot in the hind quarters by an angry Farmer Dan.

Billionaire Hugo Reeves even arrived by autogyro to offer Farmer Dan a million dollars for Henrietta. Farmer Dan's reply? "Sorry, but I like eggs for breakfast!" Looks like Henrietta's future is sunny side up!

The Captain of Space appeared before a packed Congressional Committee to reveal his latest discovery: strange and ominous transmissions from the lost lunar outpost!

"I believe something peculiar is afoot," disclosed the stoic adventurer, clad in his trademark jumpsuit and aerodynamic space helmet emblazoned with lightning bolts.

The mysterious Captain of Space was grilled for hours by concerned senators, such as Rory P. Chalkbuttons, whose twin boys were among the crew living aboard the American outpost, now missing from all maps and cut off from all communication by an unknown Soviet ploy.

"Surely, Captain of Space," the senator pleaded, "you will find out what has become of our lost lunarnauts no matter the cost?"

"You have my solemn pledge, as do all Americans!" promised the heroic spaceman.

After satisfying the committee's curiosity, the Captain of Space pressed the famous button on his Star Ring and delivered his empowering mantra, "AMERICA TO STARS! COME IN STARS!" Then he ascended to the heavens as a bolt of pure light and energy, leaving the fat cats below feeling a little bit better knowing that America's best astro-venturer was on the case!

Godspeed, Captain of Space, godspeed!

The attack came without warning and struck fear into the hearts of panicked citizens! The Indians, having long enjoyed peace with white society, returned for revenge.

"We offer you this delicious cornbread," said Chief Feathered Salmon, speaking on behalf of his tribe. The industrious Redskins spent all night baking fresh cornbread, which they offered to the white man as an olive branch and gesture of "no hard feelings."

After several tense hours, white people everywhere decided it was not a trap and unlocked their

doors to accept the cornbread, which tasted great by all accounts. "It's the best cornbread I've ever had," said one grateful man, barely able to speak because his mouth was so full of cornbread that crumbs were coming dangerously close to falling everywhere.

This time, revenge was a dish best served warm!

At long last the great mystery of what lies beneath has been solved! Or has it? A group of scientists organized an important gathering, assembling the biggest names in Hollywood, academics, literature, science, politics, and journalism. Their promise: to reveal the secrets of the ocean floor! What mysterious substance comprises it? What keeps all the water from simply falling and leaving giant continents floating in the ether? Tell us science! Americans everywhere want to know!

"The secret of the ocean floor is... SAND!" proclaimed a scientist, sending a wave of gasps across the crowd.

"We checked twice," added a peppy young assistant scientist before being shushed by his colleagues.

"Yes, sand. Sand and some rocks are what make up the ocean's floor."

Is it possible? Could the answer to the biggest question of our age be so simple? Not so fast, say skeptics!

A determined reporter raised his hand and poised this caper to the scientists. "How does the sand stay dry and not turn to mud?"

Oops! Looks like it's back to the drawing board for these scientists, who left the assembly with heads hung low and no answers to give. Here's mud in your eye, science!

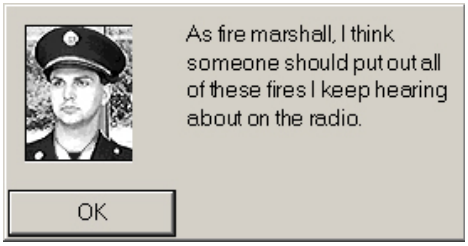
This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER

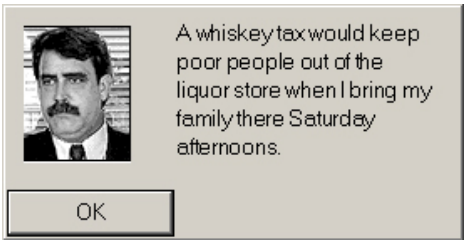
SCREEN!

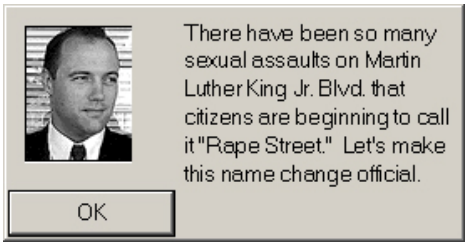
-∼SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

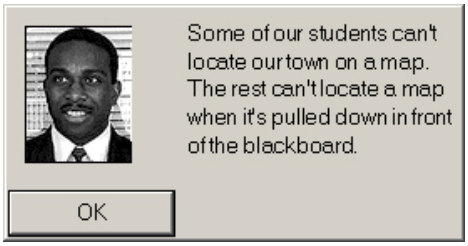
8.16 The Simcity Board of Advisors

Thursday, Aug 16, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

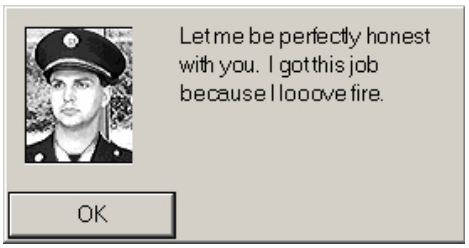





There have been so many sexual assaults on Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. that citizens are beginning to call it "Rape Street." Let's make this name change official.
OK

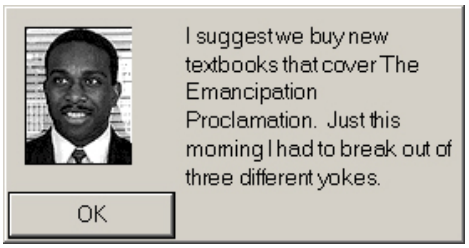

Some of our students can't locate our town on a map. The rest can't locate a map when it's pulled down in front of the blackboard.
OK

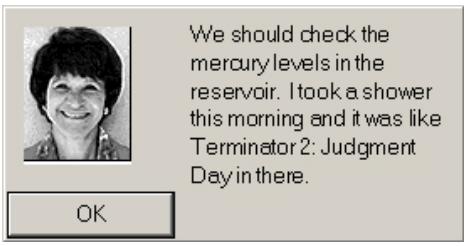
I am angry.
ANGRY ABOUT CITIES
OK

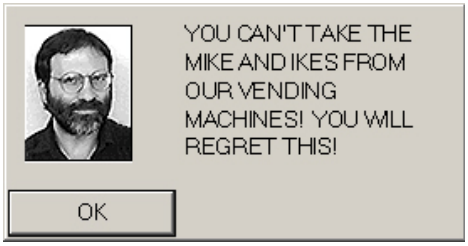

Let me be perfectly honest with you. I got this job because I looove fire.
OK

chili burp
OK

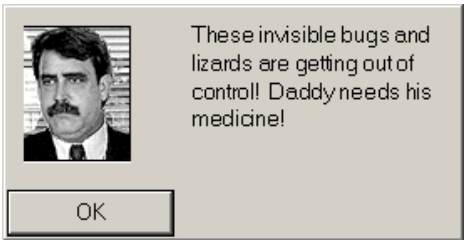
Rape Street is now registered on Google Maps. Let's move forward with "Meth Parkway" and "Secret Abortion Alley."
OK

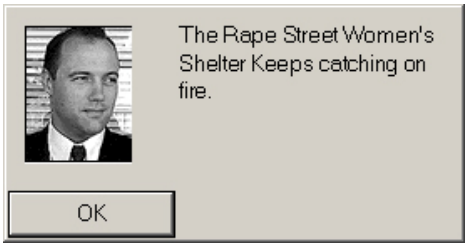

I suggest we buy new textbooks that cover The Emancipation Proclamation. Just this morning I had to break out of three different yokes.
OK

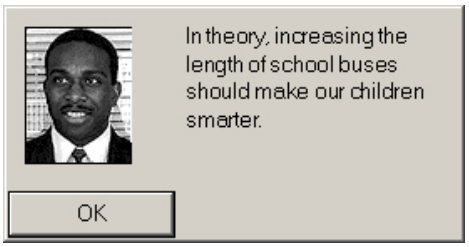

We should check the mercury levels in the reservoir. I took a shower this morning and it was like Terminator 2: Judgment Day in there.
OK

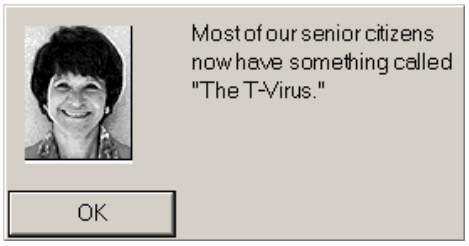

YOU CAN'T TAKE THE MIKE AND IKES FROM OUR VENDING MACHINES! YOU WILL REGRET THIS!
OK

Listen, I have to tell you something. But you have to promise that you won't get mad!
OK

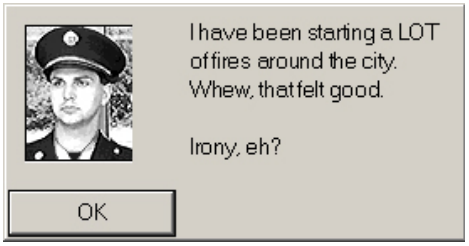

These invisible bugs and lizards are getting out of control! Daddy needs his medicine!
OK

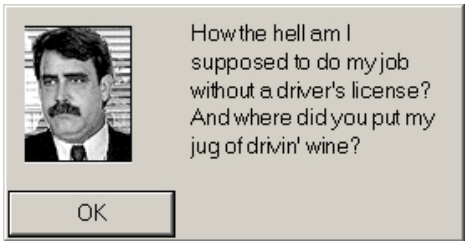

The Rape Street Women's Shelter Keeps catching on fire.
OK


In theory, increasing the length of school buses should make our children smarter.
OK

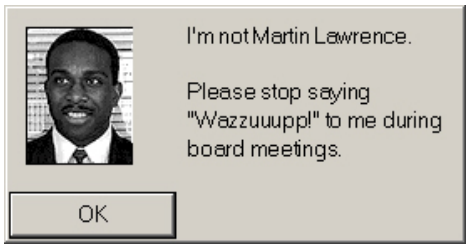

Most of our senior citizens now have something called "The T-Virus."
OK

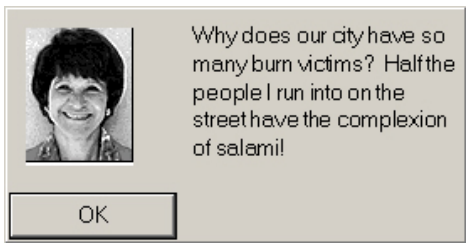
Another city bus broke down on Rape Street and OH GEE I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF THE PASSENGERS?
OK

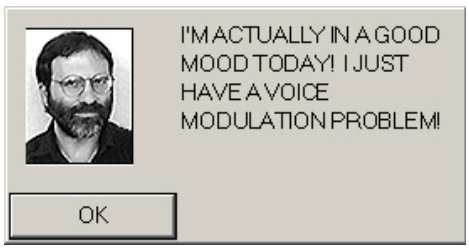

I have been starting a LOT of fires around the city. Whew, that felt good.
Irony, eh?
OK

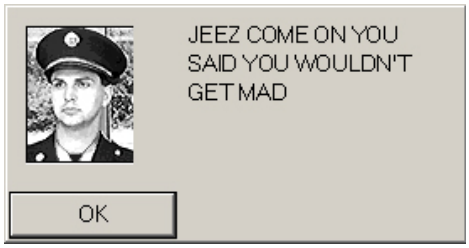

How the hell am I supposed to do my job without a driver's license? And where did you put my jug of drivin' wine?
OK

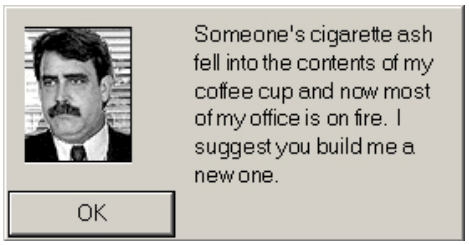
Heh.
OK

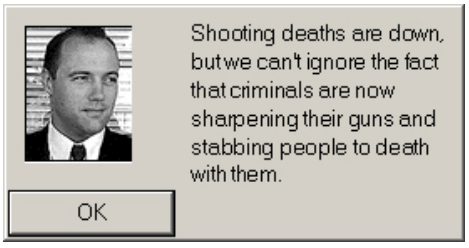

I'm not Martin Lawrence.
Please stop saying "Wazzuuupp!" to me during board meetings.
OK

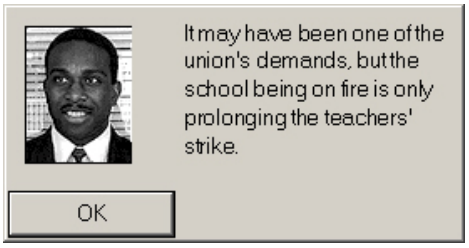

Why does our city have so many burn victims? Half the people I run into on the street have the complexion of salami!
OK


I'M ACTUALLY IN A GOOD MOOD TODAY! I JUST HAVE A VOICE MODULATION PROBLEM!
OK


JEEZ COME ON YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T GET MAD
OK


Someone's cigarette ash fell into the contents of my coffee cup and now most of my office is on fire. I suggest you build me a new one.
OK


Shooting deaths are down, but we can't ignore the fact that criminals are now sharpening their guns and stabbing people to death with them.
OK



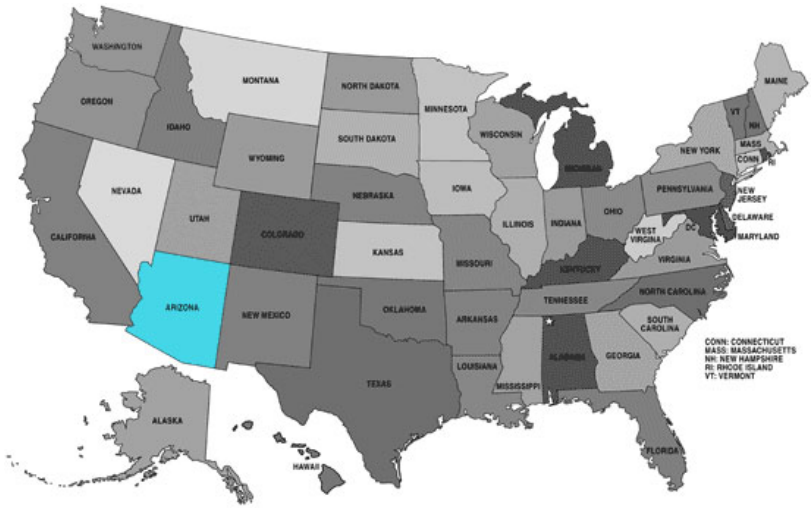
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.17 The Great American Reach Around - The Final Countdown

Friday, Aug 17, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great American Reach Around series.

The end is here! We have reached the last stop on our journey around the world. It's the lucky 13th installment of the Great American Reach Around and we are bursting at the buttons with foreign representatives. I'm not going to get all maudlin here at the beginning (I'll save the touchy-feely comments for the end) because we have so many great articles.



Two cities, one state; Arizona. It is a state I have written about many times and have visited more than I care, but I'm no local. For the ground-eye-view of Arizona I turn to Rick in Tucson and Jeffrey in Phoenix.

Following their articles we have our final parade of foreign GARA reps and I would like to think we have saved some of the best for last. Mark K. is covering Santiago in Chile, Valerio is covering Italy, SinSalvador is on point in Denmark, Maria is here to tell us all about Spain, and Zagreb is covered by Ozren.

Rick
Tucson, Arizona

The first thing I thought when I got off the Greyhound bus in Tucson was "Well I'm not in California anymore." I'd been in Phoenix for two months and noted that other than all the cacti, it wasn't all that different from where I spent most of my life, Southern California. But it is instantly apparent that Tucson is a different sort of place all together.

You'll hear from Phoenicians that Tucson is poor and dirty (despite the relatively short distance between the places there is a heavy rivalry). They kind of have a point. About a five mile radius around the freeway is either industrial, abandoned buildings or a downtown that looks like some sort of post apocalyptic zombie/old west mashup movie after 5:00 PM, with tumbleweeds rolling past skyscrapers.

Once you get away from the freeway, things improve pretty fast. You have a scenic, fairly well laid out clean, modern suburb (minus the grass. There is almost no grass here outside of parks). I say "the freeway" because, basically, there is only the I-10. It is somewhat appropriate. Despite the fact that Tucson has roughly a million people (including the surrounding areas), making it larger than many east coast cities, a lot of Tucsonians still look at it as a quaint town. Anywhere worth going can be reached by a surface street and somehow this isn't that big of a problem other than rush hour.

Much like the rest of Arizona, Tucson is generally conservative. Yet a strong liberal contingent definitely exists, and the wannabe cowboys and hippie artists manage to coexist. The Desert Museum highlights the unique plant and animals of the desert and The Pima Air Museum has one of the largest collections of retired historical and military planes, along with various artifacts from the space program. Despite the lack of creativity in naming things, somehow it also all fits together. Add this up with wide open spaces with plenty of trails to hike and a national park to explore and you have a whole lot of variety.

The weather is nearly unbeatable for nine months out of the year and crazy summer monsoons that you should experience at least once and you generally have a nice place to live-and you're only about an hour and a half from Phoenix if you want to experience something a little more fast paced.

Jeffrey
Phoenix, Arizona

Phoenix is the capital of great state of Arizona. You may remember us as the home of John McCain and the Arizona Cardinals. Most recently, we've had a serial rapist and a serial shooter working at the same time - imagine what they could have accomplished if they had combined their evil superpowers.

Phoenix was founded by the Mormons and a bunch of Civil War veterans. The original name of Phoenix was going to be Stonewall, named after the famous Confederate General Stonewall Jackson.

As you make your way into the downtown you will be awed by the utter lack of anything to do after 7pm. Everything closes after 5, even the Starbucks. If you are unlucky enough to attend a Diamondbacks game, enjoy leaving the stadium and experiencing the gridlock of the completely destroyed streets Downtown. We have a multi billion dollar Light Rail system being built, despite the fact that polls show that no one will use it.

Since everything in Phoenix closes early, you have to go to Tempe. Tempe is the city that no one from outside of the state can pronounce correctly. It is home of my Alma Mater, Arizona State University. We have a rigorous academic standard - do you know how hard it is to get a degree in Golf Course management?

Tempe is a college town, and Mill Avenue is the place to pay cover charges on over crowded pool halls and stupidly named bars. A fun activity on Mill is to watch the Cops arrest drunken frat boys for threatening the bouncer at the Big Bang for not accepting his fake ID he made in Photoshop.

The one thing about the Phoenix metro area is that it is huge. We are located in Maricopa County, which is bigger and less smelly than the horrible state of New Jersey. Our neighboring city, Mesa, is a suburb of Phoenix and has 430,000 people in it.

Our snotty hot older stepsister is Scottsdale, home of the fake tan, fake boobs, and 35k millionaires. The most common car to see out there is a late 90's BMW 3 series, which Kelly Blue Book is less than a new Toyota Corolla.

As a native Phoenician, I can identify with the people who say Phoenix has no culture. It's a new town, and everyone from all over the US moves here to start a family, get a job, then rape and shoot people. Thanks to the never ending boom in population, Phoenix is second only to Southern California in terms of a massive housing bubble. Look out Orange County; we're going to take your spot as the Foreclosure capital of the United States!

People have this perception of Arizona that it's riding horses to work, blowing tumbleweeds in the

streets and shootouts at the corral. In reality, its people shooting each other on the way to work, Coyotes smuggling illegals through the streets, and shootouts at the Filibertos parking lot. I love my city!

That will do it for the American portion of this Great American Reach Around. If your state was skipped all I have to offer is my condolences. Your state was possibly really lame, but in a way that was too boring for a rant. It could have been great, but we'll never know.

Mark K.
Santiago, Chile

Nestled between the Andes Mountains and the Chilean central coastal range lies the urban metropolis of Santiago, the Chilean republics capital. The city plays home to some six million people. With cold rainy winters and hot dry summers the city's Mediterranean climate makes for some good living, except for certain punctual problems like the nasty air pollution, the noise contamination among others.

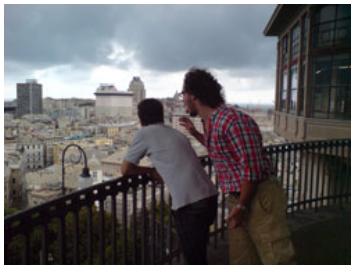
The city also used to boast one of the worlds nicest subway systems (Metro) which now due to the implementation of the new transport system has become a human plagued hell for those unlucky enough to need to ride it. The bus system that complements the metro in this ambitious plan has remained stable, in its usual chaotic existence.

Santiago boasts several areas of cultural and architectonic value such as museums and government buildings, the presidential palace being just one such place in the middle of the so called 'civic' neighborhood, called civic because almost all of the countries ministry buildings and major government offices are all there. They were built there in the 1930s, giving the place a uniform look to all the buildings. There is a thriving nigh-life scene in Santiago particularly in the Barrio Suecia, and Bellavista districts of the city, somewhat dangerous night-life but thriving none the less.

As an up and coming megalopolis that enjoys some of Latin Americas highest standards of living the city is rapidly growing economically and in general pushing upwards. All this has come with certain costs such as pollution issues and most negative aspects of city life that most people now blame on globalization.

The government predicted some two years ago the Chile would become a developed nation by the year 2014 about. Most people don't take this prediction seriously given the many times too optimistic and populist nature of several politicians in our political system.

Valerio "Lo Piccolo" Sperelli
Genoa, Italy



In June 2005, Italian ex Prime Minister Berlusconi said he charmed Finland's President Ms Halonen into giving up an attempt to site the European Union's new food agency there in favor of Italy. Well, that's what the news reported, because in Italy he actually bragged about his "playboy tactics" (he's 70 years old) and joked about the fact that "Finnish food sucks anyway". Europe was astonished, Finland enraged. Berlusconi, surprised, commented that "it was only a lighthearted, friendly attitude", adding: "of course I was kidding, SHE'S DAMN UGLY!". For almost an year, diplomatic relations with Finland were as cold as a corpse under the snow.

Now this is the Italian national character, like it or not. See? It's all about spontaneity! For example, saying random funny things at an utterly inappropriate time, thus causing embarrassment or, sometimes, even despair! This is the kind of genius without discipline that can make us loved or hated around the world, the one that built our history, the one that made us sadly famous. Oh, and please don't mind the French: they just hate us because they lost the World Cup final last year.

In case some of you wonder "if this is positive, what's the negative side of the Italian spirit?", you should probably know that Italy is also unique in preserving stupid old traditions and superstitions. Basically it looks like we're still living in the 19th century! Isn't that exciting? In Naples, people are still convinced that San Gennaro's blood miraculously melts twice a year and we also have some statue of the Virgin Mary weeping from time to time, which always gathers a big crowd. But it doesn't stop to religion. On a more serious note, women are still heavily discriminated for a western Country. I dare you to ask about equal opportunities in Italy: you'll only get old jokes and some hearty laugh in return.

Another big problem with Italian women is that they don't get pregnant. Maybe we're so busy enjoying our privileges as Mediterranean males (for example, not being interrupted while we talk) that we forget to do what a man's gotta do. Italy has the oldest population in the EU: very few babies are born every year, but most of all elderly people won't die no matter what. They just won't. We don't know if it's our fantastic food or the Almighty Jesus Christ who obviously lives in the Vatican with Pope Ratzinger, but either way, these old guys tend to survive everything.

I should talk about our monuments and our unparalleled artistic richness but I'd rather not make this article horribly boring, so I'll just throw a generic "yes, we're the most beautiful country in the world, come see Venice" and move to another Italian trademark: the Mafia. There's a thin line between reality and fiction in the rumors about this old and powerful criminal organization. In a sense, the Mafia created a legend and then became that legend. Ex mafia boss Bernardo Provenzano's favorite movie was The Godfather. He was nicknamed the "Phantom of Corleone" and some people say he tried to talk like Brando. Isn't

that lovely? He killed 28 people and commissioned or took part in roughly 400 murders.

If the presence of the Mafia leads you into thinking that Sicily and southern italy are dangerous places, you're totally wrong. They're not. Actually, not only Italy is relatively crime-free compared to other countries, but you won't be in a place safer than Sicily. Since the Mafia controls everything there, people treat each other with the utmost respect. Petty crimes aren't tolerated. You never know who you're insulting for stealing your parking space, and chances are, if it's the wrong guy you'll get shot in the back of the head. If you live in Palermo and can accept the fact that you will be giving your tax money not only to a tax collector but also to some other guy (who's got nothing to do with the government but is much more friendly) then nothing bad will ever happen to you. On the other hand, you have to accept this state of things: if you don't, you either leave Sicily or get your house burned and family threatened.

Italians still like the U.S. Well, many of us are a bit baffled by the fact that sometimes your government decides to bomb random countries with stupid excuses, but that didn't diminish our affection for Hollywood, Ford cars and your excellent lesbian porn. We don't like burgin' though. Never did. You're the country of young fat people, and if we started burgin' we'd become the country of old fat people which would kinda suck.

I live in Genoa, birth city of Christopher Columbus, the smart guy who discovered America. My fellow citizens often talk about Americans with thinly veiled superiority and a creepy smile because, you know, "we created you". If you ever get into an argument with someone from Genoa who's evidently delusional and insists that you "owe him something", just nod and don't make any sudden move.

You owe us.

Theis "SinSalvador" Groth
Svendborg, Denmark

Located straight north of Germany, directly east of Edinburgh and only a pickles-throw south of Norway, is the ancient and scenic monarchy Denmark. Nearly a thousand years ago, we controlled most of Scandinavia, northern England and nearly every frosty piece of island we could reach. Today, we are the smallest Scandinavian nation both in terms of population and geography. The mystery of we ended up like this is only overshadowed by the mystery of what the hell we should do with all the frosty little islands which didn't have the decency to revolt.

Denmark is internationally known for three things: religious intolerance, ski-mask wearing youngsters throwing petrol bombs, and beer, although we'll only take credit for the later. We don't really like conflict, as evidence by our first and only military act of WW2 - Sinking our own navy. Not joking. Although we've actively

participated in it, most Danes consider the war in Iraq as something that happened to other people. Incidentally, those other people include our own government, but that is of minor importance to us.

The fact of the matter is that most Danes are fairly laid back, relaxed and more occupied with enjoying life than anything else. We like beer, cigarettes and cosiness more than anything else, and being one of the richest countries in the world (and with universal healthcare), we can afford these luxuries. This laidback attitude is perhaps best highlighted by mentioning our Minister of Health, who smokes a pack of cigarettes a day.

In the southern part of the country, right at the bottom of Funen, is the historic city of Svendborg with a breathtaking 50.000 inhabitants - Roughly the same as Greenland. Being more than 750 years old, one would think that we'd have something astounding to show for it. That not being the case can solely be attributed to the fact that absolutely nothing of significance ever happens, nor ever will happen, in Svendborg. To make up for it, however, we have 50cent beer and a static of more than half the youth population having smoked cannabis. Were it not for these two things, we'd likely be ashamed of ourselves and might even do something about it. But when you have an abundance of legal and illegal drugs, why bother?

That is not to say that nothing at all happens in Svendborg. Once or twice a year, right wing extremists numbering in the tens or even twenties try to take the city, at which point Svendborg's relatively large anti-racist community gangs up and stands around.

Due to its large youth-population, and the fact that it is the only remotely civilized place in southern Funen, Svendborg is also blessed with more bars per capita than any other city in Denmark. Couple that with an utter lack of public drinking laws and a nearly non-existent police force, and you've got a nightlife - Danish style.

The common perception of Americans is that of Hummer-driving, morbidly obese, militantly Christian and gun-waving illiterate constantly engaged in ridiculous lawsuits against anyone and everyone. On a subconscious level, most of are aware that this is not true for most Americans, but we like the illusion and have no plans of giving it up any time soon.

Maria
Madrid, Spain

Spain...

Home to flamenco, chorrizo, Gaudi, lisped Spanish, and fantastically cheap boxed wine, Spain is a country that does not disappoint. Having overthrown a suffocating dictatorship (Francisco Franco) only a few decades ago, Spain is now reveling in freedom of expression, religion, sexuality, and pretty much anything under the hot Spanish sun. This makes for a country of people confused between

relics of Catholicism and extreme right-wing politics, and the new influences of the EU, a large influx of immigrants, and hash.

Since most of my inebriated experience in Spain was in Madrid, I will focus on this, if you will, mystical city. Madrid has a population of over three million, and lies, quite strategically, in the middle of the country. During the time I lived there, I found it to be a friendly, easy-to-navigate city, with innumerable adorable squares, cafés and hole-in-the-wall hangouts for people of all ages. People there are so friendly that sometimes, if you're female and you look lost, strangers will buy you lunch and invite you into their house for tea.

Starting around midnight, and throughout the wee hours of the morning, you will find numerous drunk people stumbling around and playing in randomly placed swing sets erected around the city, presumably for the purpose of entertaining abandoned children. There are bars and clubs open at all hours of the night, and even when they close at 6 am, you can go to an after-bar to continue drinking until the morning before staggering into work. And don't feel like you can't continue nursing your beer during work, because it is common to bring your lunch beer back to the office with you once your lunch hours are over.

That wasn't a typo - in Spain people get at least two hours off for lunch, during which they go home to eat and take their afternoon siesta. Usually during this time, all of the stores and businesses in Madrid (except restaurants) shut down, and the streets are empty. In general, Madrid is a very relaxed place, where careers and jobs take a back seat to hanging out with friends, eating and sleeping.

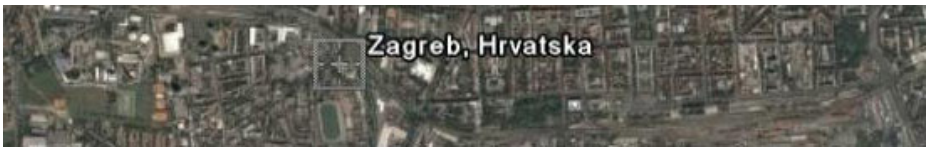
One thing that amazed me about Madrid was how clean the city was. This is especially true considering all the kick-me dogs everyone in Madrid insists on having. No one in Madrid owns a regular-sized dog. Every dog you will see in Madrid is a yipping little shit, and the worst part is, they are allowed to defecate wherever they want in the city. There is no law against it, and their owner is under no obligation to scoop it up and dispose of it. Therefore, if you're ever walking around in the city, make sure you're keeping an eye on the ground to avoid stepping on the steamy little piles of crap lying everywhere.

Anyway, before you think I'm insane and incoherent, all this shit is cleaned up nightly, which prevents Madrid from smelling like a bag of assholes. Around 4 am every night, the city dispatches official street washers who drive their big green and yellow trucks up and down the streets of Madrid, hosing them down, and thus flushing all the poop down the gutters. City workers are also often found repainting various poles, streetlights, and fences throughout Madrid, and the parks and major tourist attractions like the Palacio Real, Plaza Mayor, and Retiro are always kept spotless.

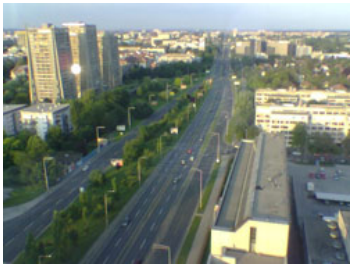
Madrileños are a very open people, even though they can be strikingly traditional in some aspects, such as their cuisine and their holidays. (Here I should mention that almost every week there was some saint day or fiesta to celebrate, and so university was closed for the day(s) - but this announcement was written in chalk on the classroom blackboard, so I had to commute the entire fucking 45 minutes to school in order to find out that there were no classes that day...)

As far as Spaniards' opinions on America - they are very frustrated with our foreign policy (surprise!), and have staged countless rallies against Bush and his war for freedom, fried potatoes and mass use of alliteration. They also don't understand why Americans are so puritan, and why we have such a hard time accepting homosexuality, and other things which people in Madrid take for granted. In fact, one of the best neighborhoods to go out in Madrid is Chueca, the gay district, which is located just north of the city center. You can meet the craziest people there, from male hookers to future asshole boyfriends. Good times.

In short, great people, beautiful city, delicious food and wine, and a welcoming atmosphere. Someone should pay me for sounding so much like a travel brochure, but I'm being honest when I say Spain, and particularly Madrid, are definitely worthwhile destinations.



Ozren H.
Zagreb, Croatia



If you heard of Croatia, chances are it was either war, sports or tourism. War is fortunately a fading memory in Zagreb, the nation's capital. Being far enough from the frontlines, Zagreb wasn't attacked much during the war anyway - an exception being the 1995 missile attack that hit the town centre, including the national theatre and a children hospital. No, we don't like the Serbs much. As for the Americans, we liked you because the Clinton administration was in favour of us. Years passed since then and you elected Bush (twice!?), so our opinion degraded. But it's still better than average.

Zagreb is again a convenient middle-European city with decent public transport decent and safe streets. There aren't any parts of the town that are considered dangerous after dark or anything like that. There is a small random chance you get beaten up for being black or gay or similar preposterous behavior, but you won't get mugged.

These summer days Zagreb has nothing to offer except high prices. Every, and I do mean every Zagrep can will do whatever possible to escape crippling heat and go to the seaside. Those few people you meet here between mid-July and mid-August won't have anything other on their mind. If you want to visit Zagreb, late spring would be ideal, with the town centre rich with street performers, musicians and people in general. Even then, truth be told, you'd be better off visiting Croatian islands and coastal towns. Zagreb is all right, but why settle for all right if you can go to Dubrovnik or Hvar?

If you do come, Zagreb can show you beautiful old graveyard Mirogoj, some nice parts of the old town, and the life of the city

centre. Most of it comes down to cafes. Sitting in cafes, walking from one café to another, walking by cafes looking at people sitting there... It's the national, often criticized, pastime. Seeing all those cafes packed with people during working hours, one has to wonder what kind of jobs those people have. And if they're unemployed (unemployment being another major pastime), shouldn't they be doing something better than spending money on drinks and cigarettes, while sitting and complaining? Wherever in Zagreb you are, there is a café or a bar in the immediate vicinity.

This relaxed approach to work provokes mixed reaction from foreigners living here - some can't get accustomed to the fact that it's normal to be 10 minutes late, while others welcome it. My English colleague chose Zagreb over London as a place to live to get away from the big city rush. At the same time, people from Split (the second largest Croatian city, Zagreb's coastal counterpart) can't stand Zagreb's business-mindedness and fast pace. In Split people will tolerate being 20 minutes late, and on the islands it's all right as long as you come the same day.

I like Zagreb because it's big enough that you can meet new people every time you go out and small enough that you can get around on a bicycle. We are also a convenient 2-hours drive from the Croatian coast, from Austria, Italy, Hungary or Bosnia. And the girls are pretty!

We did it! It's been a long road with many adventures, new friends, fun places, and strange diseases caused by amoebas. We've seen a slice of the world through the eyes of the locals and in return we've given them a little taste of America.

I have thoroughly enjoyed doing this feature and I hope you have enjoyed reading it. My thanks to everyone who contributed an article to the Great American Reach Around, even if your article was ultimately not used. Without your contributions, this feature would have died before it even began.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.18 Nardo Pace's Collectible Curiousities

Saturday, Aug 18, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hi there! Welcome to my store. Take your time, have a look around. I'll be at the counter if you need anything.

Why yes, I am that Nardo Pace. How did I go from being one of the most well-known engineers in the galaxy to running a small shop on the outskirts of Kessel? The Empire ran into a spot of trouble following Palpatine's death, and quite a few people had to be let go, including me. Thank you for your concern, but I'm quite alright. Better than ever, in fact!

When I was still employed by the Empire, I was lucky enough to travel to all sorts of unique locations and uncover ancient devices that inspired my work in unexpected ways. These strange contraptions had no immediate explanation for their workings or purposes, so I studied them to gain as much insight as I possibly could. Now, with this shop, I am able to share all that I have learned about these fascinating collectibles while selling them in order to import more devices in my neverending quest for knowledge.

Here I am, wasting your time with my prattling. Please forgive my self-indulgence. Is there anything I can help you with? Ah, that! You've got quite a keen eye for fine items.

This is a carrying case for model guns. Note the fine craftsmanship, the attention to detail. The space-age velvet. By my estimate, in the last millennium nearly half of the civilized galaxy owned cases for model rayguns and laser guns, and three-fourths of those who owned model gun cases also owned model guns to go inside them. Unfortunately, the gun on display inside that particular case is in fact a model of one of those model guns.

A real gun? Sure, I've got a beauty over here.

This is one of the first blasters ever created, still in mint condition. From what I can gather, it was designed to work with video game systems, the rudimentary ancestors of the holo-chess sets you're undoubtedly familiar with. When a player became frustrated at his performance in a game or felt the artificial intelligence was cheating, he would unsheath this handy blaster and vaporize the console with a single shot.

Note the power cord. Since plasma power cells had not yet been invented, this device would have been plugged into a generator the size of a bantha at all times. Why yes, I suppose it might have been plugged into an actual bantha, had there been some sort of pudu-to-power converter. I would be overjoyed to come across one of those!

All this talk about power reminds me of a curious item, on the shelf beyond this pile of clutter. It's quite an amazing - Oh, that? Surely you're not interested in that gigantic eyesore.

I'm afraid that's not for sale. It's a very recent acquisition for my personal collection, a replacement for one of my own personal designs that was ruined in the seedy lair of a Hutt. This piece came at a high cost and it holds a great deal of meaning to me, so I'm afraid that no sum you could offer would be adequate.

Here we are. This is the item I meant to show you.

Incredible, is it not? Containers such as this were used to store plutonium, a popular source of power back in the pre-Republic days. One would simply pull the tab located on the top of the cylinder, then pour out as much or as little as he or she needed. Such a simple, yet elegant distribution

method.

Unaware of plutonium's deadly nature, people would often freeze the material into sharpened rods and gouge these spikes into their ear canals until they pierced their brains. Many an innocent life was lost when the radiation sickness would then inevitably seep into the brain.

Something on the shelf below caught your eye, I see. This?

Strange, almost all of my customers seem drawn to this device. I'm not sure why. It's just a busted flashlight with far too many extra bits on it. If the designer took the time to add all that clutter, you'd think he would have thought to include a battery compartment. Amateur.

This little gadget next to the flashlight works just fine though, so watch your fingers.

My analysis concludes that this item was developed by the Tatooine womp rats to protect their precious cheeses from humanoids. When one touched the cheese, this spring went into action and -whap!- crunched his or her fingers. The only thing I can't figure out is how the womp rats disposed of the bodies when they reset the traps, and what cheese is.

None of this is tickling your fancy, is it? Hmm. That's it! Wait right here. I've got the perfect item for you.

That's right, the galaxy's first droid. Although its functions are very limited, my best guess is that it's an early prototype of the R2 units. I've never seen anything like it before in all my years- Hey, where are you going?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.19 Lesser-Known Quotations

Monday, Aug 20, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"The key that unlocks a door is a key to keep if you want to go through that door again."
- **Benjamin Franklin**

"Never so sweet a repast as the Reaper's when you tread upon the threshold of a Quiznos."
- **Oscar WIlde**

"We've given Iraq six months and I don't think things are really working out, so we should probably bring our troops home."
- **Thomas Friedman**

"Mars, baleful eye of Hades, look down upon this ruin of man and witness my wrath poured out."
- **Walt Disney**

"If you want something done, ask. If you want something done quickly, ask, and then begin counting down from ten with no explanation."
- **Mahatma Gandhi**

"I love baby rabbits. I want a baby rabbit to put inside my mouth and hold it there and taste it on my tongue all day. Will it melt? I don't think so."
- **Mike Tyson**

"The moon isn't so tough."
- **Neil Armstrong**

"The moon is super tough."
- **Nicolaus Copernicus**

"Fuck dolphins. You want to talk to me about fucking dolphins? Look at this shit. Look at this fucking gorilla. Bring that dolphin over here and he will fuck it up."
- **Diane Fossey**

"Silent strength is the quality of all good men and most mummies."
- **Teddy Roosevelt**

"Wisdom is in measured routine. Three naps a day will keep you fit, nine breakfasts before noon, spin until you fall on your back, and thrust your face into a nettle plant. Drink at least five cups of a mare's urine and look upon your self in a silver mirror while you hold your air in your chest."
- **Benjamin Franklin**

"If you see a woman crying, kick her."
- **Gene Roddenberry**

"Do not fear the robot, fear the man who would bid the robot kill."
- Ramesses II

"Drugs, booze, women, I've had more than my share, but nothing satisfies quite like an all-weekend marathon of Full Metal Alchemist. Do you know how to work the DVD player, Sharon?"
- **Ozzy Osbourne**

"Upon consideration of the central question of the moon's toughness there can be little doubt. It is hella tough."
- **Plato**

"And now we shall see just how tough your beloved 'moon' really is. You may fire when ready, Oberbeamgezapper."
- **Hermann Goering**

"All we demand are the same rights as men, and slightly more stalls per restroom. And tampon machines. And those little things in the stalls so we can put our used tampons in them. And, okay, just go ahead and make the bathrooms out of tampons."
- **Susan B. Anthony**

"It's okay, Chancellor, you can touch them. Sometimes I just strip down to a tank top and stare at these guns in front of a mirror all day long."
- **Margaret Thatcher**

"No thank you, General Grant, I had two Fruit By the Foots on the way over and I couldn't eat another bite."
- **Abraham Lincoln**

"That's a moon. That moon is going to be pretty tough to blow up."
- **Obi Wan Kenobi**

"I blow up moons like that for breakfast."
- **John Wayne**

"'Tis sweet to kiss a girl on Spring's first day, but only half so sweet as 'tis to kiss a girl on her bootyhole."
- William Shakespeare

"He that is quick to anger is sure to be difficult to be around and not a good friend. I am referring specifically to John Adams, you dick. Way to totally blow that whole thing out of proportion."
- Benjamin Franklin

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 Shocking Revelations of the Wikipedia Scanner

Tuesday, Aug 21, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The internet world was rocked this weekend when a new program, Wikipedia Scanner, confirmed that corporations habitually edit their own Wikipedia entries to whitewash criticism and add their PR spin. Worse yet, governmental organizations have been caught tampering with the entries for various political figures and subjects. These revelations come as a great blow to Wikipedia, who has seen its utopian purpose thwarted by the sleazy hands of capitalism and propaganda.

Initial reports revealed that Microsoft had tampered with information regarding the failure rate of the Xbox 360; WalMart had put a happy spin on their low wages; the FBI had removed photos of Guantanamo Bay, and the Vatican had removed controversial articles about Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams.

These early reports only scratch the surface of this incredibly deep, broad, tall, stout and husky issue. Through extensive use of Wikipedia Scanner, Something Awful can exclusively reveal the following shocking bombshells:

- The **McDonalds** corporation repeatedly removed information detailing Grimace's heroin addiction and his possible connection to the murder of his former girlfriend, Playboy model Shannon Tweed.
- Soft-rock superstars **America** substantially modified the entry about their 1972 hit *A Horse with No Name*, claiming that the track was written and performed by Neil Young.
- Singer **Geddy Lee** painstakingly edited the entry for his band **Rush**, modifying over seven hundred references to his unusually high voice. A typical edit changed the text "Lee is known for his unusually high voice" to "Some people say Geddy Lee has an unusually high voice, but scientifically, if you look at it with waves and spectrums and stuff, his voice is really pretty average and not especially high, it's much more of an average male masculine voice. Lots of people are jealous of his voice because it has good tone, and those people try to deride Geddy Lee by saying his voice is really high, but actually it's a pretty normal voice, and he's not sensitive about his voice but he often has to correct people when they say it's high, because it's not, and anybody who has heard his speaking voice will tell you that it's pretty normal, not too high, not too low."
- Reports indicate that **Dracula** regularly scoured his own Wikipedia page, removing any information that might indicate he was fictional.
- The **Danish Parliament**, in an apparent practical joke, entirely swapped the full text of the entries for Norway and Sweden. After two years, this change has yet to be reverted.
- Author **Joseph Heller** painstakingly removed all nouns and modifiers from the entry about his book *Catch-22*, and then signed the entry "Irving Washington." He also appended the entry to indicate that he is still alive, although he is not.
- **The Republican National Committee** removed twelve paragraphs of well-cited evidence that **Mitt Romney** is a cannibal, replacing it with the lyrics to John Cougar Mellencamp's 1986 hit *Heartland Eagle*.

- American hate group **Society for Aryan Dominance** peppered the biography of George Washington Carver with subtle implications that he was a white man in disguise.

- **Nintendo** removed links to articles detailing a July, 2007 incident in which an unsecured Wii remote was thrown clean through a baby.

- Sources within **World Wrestling Entertainment, Inc.** modified the entry about deceased wrestler Chris Benoit, claiming that his homicidal rampage was not a result of steroid use but of addiction to the fictional street drug "Nuke," featured prominently in the plot of *Robocop II*.

- **Mars Volta**-owned record label **Gold Standard Laboratories** made heavy edits to the opening paragraph of the band's entry, changing the line "The Mars Volta is an American progressive rock group founded by Cedric Bixler-Zavala and Omar Rodriguez-Lopez " to read "arachnaholic furnace glacier, fingers crashing kiteward scream *las almejas estropean mi fragancia* yooooo-woooo."

- **The CIA** made numerous edits to the entry about Dracula, each time adding copious evidence to indicate that he is a fictional character.

- The campaign office of presidential hopeful **John McCain** merged the candidate's article with the entries for Santa Claus, new socks, springtime, kittens and Star Wars.

- Bottled water manufacturer **Perrier** added several paragraphs of incorrect information to the entry on competitor San Pellegrino:

> *Pellegrino bottling process is known as the toenail shit water. Ten million bottles of shit water produce every year from Pellegrino, and many get sick and die. Most water come from the toilets of the retard.*
>
> *Water is then mixed from the rusty hose, then the water is filtered through the armpit of the prostitute and into the mouth of old man, and old man he spit the water into face of granny, mix with the dribble of granny then spit into jar of the rotten teeth, where it sit for several months to fester and they add fresh worms every week.*
>
> *They bring the water then to Satan, who does the reverse blessing on the water, making it so anyone who drink of the water is condemned to the hell. Green bottles for the water is then crafted from the bones of the Nazis who are hang for war crimes. Pellegrino is voted #1 drink of the pedophile shithead.*

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.21 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.

Wednesday, Aug 22, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Today's marketplace is one of instant gratification. The aspiring shopper can go online, place an order, be billed immediately, and receive their anime DVDs the very next day. In olden days, the shopper would have to wait for a catalog to arrive, fill out an order form, and then mail it in along with payment to a company far away. Weeks later the package would arrive, but it would not be anime. It would be a thrashing apparatus used to harvest wheat, or some kind of terrifying medical instrument designed to cure a painful uterine prolapse. To put in bluntly, the world of old was a festering cesspool and the people that lived in it were devoured whole by its evil. Thankfully progress has given us anime and our uteruses are not constantly falling out anymore. We can go to stores and buy useless items or we can order them online with ease. Still, to better understand how we got here, it's worth looking at how we did things in the past. With that said, I'd like to share another page I found from my family's old mail order catalog series. The Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co. was a staple of American shopping for several decades, and a vital lifeline for the rural American.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

BORUFF & DAVIES CATALOGUE CO.

Every Page a Trip to the Zoo!

The boy's mind is small but hungers for knowledge! Feed it with this stunningly illuminated tome! Never before has such a fascinating collection of animal facts been assembled in one volume, or illustrated to such accuracy. Boys will marvel at scenes of gorillas mutilating zebras and be amazed by uncanny depictions of elephants trampling the heads of jackals, so enthralled with hate that they have become fully erect. The lifelike images of monkeys getting their limbs torn off by tigers as rhinos gore their genitals will inspire captive awe in the animal world's horribly monstrous brutality. **Price: $2.00.**

A Shockingly Good Teacher!

Bedwetting is a serious childhood ailment that has been linked to several adulthood afflictions, such as promiscuity, homosexuality and lascivious leering. PhilCo's electric underwear is leading the way in eliminating this scourge by giving the would-be bed wetter a paralyzing jolt of electricity. Not even the most troubled child would dream of making habit out of unnatural urination with such a fate waiting in ambush! Not recommended for the incontinent or easily surprised. **Price: $15.00.**

KERNELS THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST!

Behold, the Edible Colossus! Conceived by renowned cornologist A. C. Isenberg, Mammoth Corn is unlike anything else on the market! Women faint at its sight, children gasp in wonder and men howl with delight! With over ten years of science behind it, Mammoth Corn is the startling future of maize! Simply sprinkle your soil with the Isenberg Serum, plant your corn and watch as the earth gives rise to giants! Let no man starve when such subsstenance abounds! **Price: $200.00 per 10oz vial.**

Are You Great?

Sure you are! And these spineless men will tell you as much every chance they get. These are men of duplicitous morals, ready and eager to tell you exactly what you want to hear! Let professional sycophants imbue in you a wholly inflated sense of self worth, an artificial feeling of entitlement and a dangerous air of infallibility! These wretched men will work tirelessly to make you feel like a great king of old or powerful businessman of present. **Price: $75.00 per sycophant.**

The Last Sacrificial Altar You'll Ever Need!

Boruff & Davies is drowning in blood! Thanks to a recent acquisition, our warehouses are simply overflowing with authentic Aztec altars, ideal for human sacrifice. As Christian men, we trust that you will use these altars for educational purposes only. However, should you have other designs in mind, we would not dream to interfere. Altars are carved from stone and feature beautiful ornate designs. Some come with handcrafted scratch marks, presumably made by unwilling lambs. **Price: $125.00.**

8.22 We've got BioShock fever!

Thursday, Aug 23, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The boys at Destructoid really know how to have a good time.

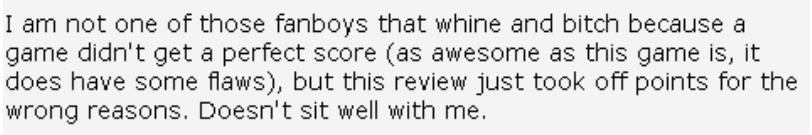
And there's not an antidote in sight! If you've got such an addiction to this brand new shooter that you can't resist the urge to dress up like it then you've got BioShock fever too. To shamelessly capitalize on the release of BioShock we've put together no less than three articles on one of the first ever first person shooters to not be about World War II. This isn't a true front page update, but instructions on what you and your loved ones should do when faced with this terrible disease.

First, take a look at Lowtax's semi-serious review. Despite the silliness of the premise Lowtax found a fun and engrossing game in BioShock. If you've found that Lowtax managed to spoil the ending for you, please feel free to send him a 9 page email here. He loves that shit.

Next, Truth Media comes out of retirement to bait insane BioShock fans with this terribly inaccurate fake review. When I saw how some Something Awful Forums Games posters reacted when Gamespot gave BioShock a 9.0 I wondered, how would even dumber posters react when they read a review that gave the game a **7.5**? Since you don't have a girlfriend or responsibilities or anything, your job is to casually post a link to this review where the most insane BioShock and PC devotees congregate.

g-c
Dec 10, 2006
Say cheese
http://www.gamespot.com/xbox360/act...tml?sid=6176947
This is a bull shit score. I've had personal experience with that forum and site as a whole. JeffG wants attention and nothing more.

Just post something like, "Check out this honest review of BioShock" and act like you agree with it. **Please do not spam the link all over the place!** The hate mails that ensue will be posted on this very web site at a later date. If you never hear about this ever again then just assume I failed to incite any anger from people and no hate mails were received and let me quietly slink away to avoid the shame from my peers.


I am not one of those fanboys that whine and bitch because a game didn't get a perfect score (as awesome as this game is, it does have some flaws), but this review just took off points for the wrong reasons. Doesn't sit well with me.

Finally, be sure to look out for Corin Tucker's Stalker's Video Game Article this Saturday which, if you play your cards right, might also be about BioShock. If you don't play your cards right then he's just going to post a picture of his butt. Either way I'm happy.

It's a whole week of BioShock! If you've got the fever, the only cure are these three articles and

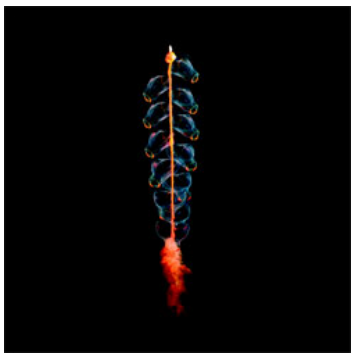
the sweet embrace of death. BioShock proves that being under the sea is not just for faggy crabs anymore!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.23 Worst Contact

Friday, Aug 24, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Are we alone?"



I don't know what this thing is but I'm sure it's about to send a water tentacle into a submarine.

It's one of those universal "deep thoughts" questions as compelling to scientists as it is to baked college kids.
The smug and willfully stupid answer is, "No, obviously we're not alone, because we're living on a planet surrounded by all manner of life forms." Then James Cameron pops out with some kids and submarines and starts talking about undersea vistas and crabs that eat smoke or something.

The dumb answer isn't completely off-base. Dolphins and some monkeys are about as smart as humans. I think I read that dolphins communicate with one another on almost the same level as humans, although I admit it might have been a dream. Monkeys, well, the smart ones, have IQs up there with retarded kids, so I figure there is a monkey Einstein out there somewhere that did something really amazing like bought a shirt or emailed somebody.

Even dogs and horses get their own TV shows and those things are dumb as hell. Have you ever asked a horse what time it was? Totally useless. They think your fingers are carrots and we act like they're the next Isaac Newton when they can add three plus three by stomping on the ground.

Humans even existed with a whole other race of people you might have heard about called Neanderthals. They died out long before conservation movements really got off the ground, so we didn't care about them dying. I'm not sure what happened to all of them, I guess maybe they just couldn't tell time and missed their "not dying" appointment.

Neanderthals, dolphins, horses, and the rest of the animal kingdom are pretty much bullshit. They're fun for a while, but most of those animals have trouble staying alive and we're not even trying to kill them anymore. I saw on the news people trying to save a whole bunch of dolphins that got confused and swam onto a beach and were dying. Jeez, welcome to baby time.

Who is going to get excited about meeting a dolphin when that's the best they can do?

"Ooh, look at me, I'm so smart and I can talk and play. Whoops, what's this six-pack ring? Let me stick my face in it! Oh, no, I'm dead."

Morons. Until dolphins or cats evolve some literacy we're going to have to keep dreaming of outer space and the aliens if we want some intelligent company.

Go ahead and ponder the infinite vastness of space, the swirling galactic arms, and millions of stars stretching out to the expanding threshold of our universe. Then realize that if there is something out there, you probably don't want it to say hello. That guy with the wild hair in your apartment building scares the hell out of you. Try imagining him with a spaceship that can destroy cities.

My theory about the probable unpleasantness of alien life forms has been given a great deal of thought by science fiction. The idea of a first contact with alien life is one of the well-trod roads of the genre and probably our best resource for potential lessons about meeting extraterrestrial life.

Lesson #1 - Most aliens want to kill you...

I don't even need science fiction for this first one. What's true on our planet is probably true on whatever planet these aliens are coming from: everything wants to kill everything else. The big fish wants to eat the little fish, the lion wants to eat the zebra, the hippo wants to eat the eagle, and a hungry intergalactic predator is probably going to want to chow down on some dude's guts.

Notice the word "death" used in place of "friendship". You can also notice the word "cockpit" if you so choose.

The alien doesn't even have to be animalistic like an H.R. Geiger bug-man leaping out of ducts or some salt-sucking siren, it could just like the taste of humans. Take "V" as an example. The aliens in V seemed pretty nice until the blue-blockers and rubber mask came off and you realized they were lizard people with a craving for something a little more substantial than ants. I mean people. They ate people.

Lesson #2 - Aliens don't know what to do around police...

Maybe wait to offer mankind an omelette until after some talking.

"The Day the Earth Stood Still" is one of my all-time favorite science fiction movies. It opens with a flying-saucer wobbling around Washington D.C. scaring the everliving shit out of everyone. The UFO lands, a hatch opens, and this guy named Klaatu and his dopey robot Gort come walking out. They're surrounded by dozens of soldiers about to brown their trousers thinking they signed up to blast commies not form a cordon around space aliens. All of the soldiers are aiming their rifles, waiting for Klaatu to make the first move.

"We have come to visit you in peace, and with good will," he announces.

Not a bad star, right? Unfortunately, Klaatu gets the bright idea to march up to about three feet away from the line of soldiers, pull out a rod, and then make it snap open into some sort of menacing cyber-whisk. A jumpy soldier decides to show Klaatu how the US Army whisks with his Colt .45 and blasts poor misguided Klaatu in the chest. Cue Gort and some weapon-melting raygun blasts. The rest of the movie is all about Klaatu agonizing over whether or not humans are good or too violent and evil to continue to exist.

Luckily, the innocence of a child convinces Klaatu that humans might not be all bad after all. I guess Klaatu never found himself on the wrong-end of a Gogurt craving tantrum an hour before dinner time or he'd be limping back to his spaceship to atomize the planet.

The point is, aliens have no idea how to handle human authority figures and that's exactly who is going to greet them when they land on earth. That doesn't bode well for our future relations.

Lesson #3 - Aliens are huge assholes...

It's obvious the aliens who want to eat us, enslave us, eradicate us, or just take over our planet and scuff up our shoes are assholes. What's disconcerting is that the aliens that supposedly want to befriend us are always huge assholes.

In "Contact" the apparently benign aliens send a message using a Hitler TV transmission (never a good sign) with plans for building a sort of gigantic teleporter to get to their planet. After billions of dollars are spent to build this massive machine (twice) Jodie Foster gets into it, teleports to their planet, and it's like a frigging peyote vision quest with her dead father telling her she did a good job. Did the aliens actually do us a favor by tricking us into building the most expensive telephone ever just so they could prank call mankind?

Another example of this trend can be found in the most popular science fiction franchise of all time. Every non-human in "Star Wars" is an utter asshole. They're little flying scrotums wearing dough boy helmets and keeping humans as slaves or miniature monks with a penchant for larceny. Yeah, okay, Yoda is an alright guy, but he still fits the description of "huge asshole." During the first minute he's on screen, he steals Luke's food, a flashlight, and beats R2D2 with his walking stick.

I think Yoda contracted Lyme Disease or gobbled paint chips between movies.

Don't even get me started on "E.T." What kind of horrible parents do aliens have? They leave their spastic child on a planet so he can start on the fast track to adult-onset diabetes by gobbling candy constantly.

The next time you want to toke up some reefer cigarettes with your weed head buddies and get into some really deep conversations, perhaps you can reconsider the question that opened this article. Instead of asking whether or not we're alone in the universe, trying asking whether or not we even want the answer.

The answer to that second question is "no".

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.24 Jurassic Park IV: The Gunnening

Saturday, Aug 25, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The following is neither fictional nor a joke: Jurassic Park IV is in the works, and it is about a squad of dinosaurs who have been trained by the government to kill people with firearms.

As in guns.

Maybe this is happening because no one would have taken Jurassic Park IV seriously if it had a more realistic story about dinosaurs who have been cloned for a fourth time when the first three attempts ended in complete disaster. Maybe the filmmakers realized they'd get paid either way and said "fuck it, let's go for the Snakes On A Plane angle" although that movie was also a complete disaster.

Either way, it's happening and there's nothing you can do about it aside from signing an online petition to provide others with a few moments of laughter. One question begs to be asked: If this is the plot that was decided on, what horrible ideas didn't get the green light?

Jurassic Park IV: Bones Of Contention

A religious group that believes dinosaur fossils are a fabrication of modern science clones their dead leader with a DNA sample that he left on an abortion clinic's front window mere days before his death. This man appears on 24-hour news networks in a series of heated debates with a velociraptor who insists dinosaurs actually roamed the earth.

Against all odds, the two set aside their beliefs and become steadfast friends after they unknowingly schedule book signings in the same store on the same day. When the two go on a fateful hunting trip together and come across a group of the religious leader's old friends, he must choose which side to hunt on and which side to kill.

Jurassic Park IV: Terrorspawn

When terrorists begin cloning Tyrannosaurus Rexes en masse and releasing them near major U.S. landmarks, the government responds by resurrecting another extinct species to battle them: silver trout.

Feel your patriotic heart beat stronger and faster than ever before as millions of trout face off against thousands of T-Rexes in some of the most stunning cgi sequences ever rendered. Featuring the same procedural animation software that powered the Mordor and Helms Deep battles in the Lord Of The Rings trilogy, as is evident in the climactic scene where a handful of trout were mistakenly rendered as orcs.

Jurassic Park IV: Dinosaurs Dinosaurs Dinosaurs

A thought-provoking biopic that examines the life of Jacob Collamer, the 16th postmaster general of the U.S. Postal Service. Involves no dinosaurs whatsoever.

Jurassic Park IV: Badminton To The Bone

In this wacky sports comedy, the world's greatest badminton player, S.H. Uttlecock, is at the top of his game. He rests easy at night in the Rolls Royce that's parked in one of his mansion's many bedrooms, confident that no one can match his skills. No one, that is, but a pterodactyl that has

been trained by the U.S. government to beat the British at their own game.

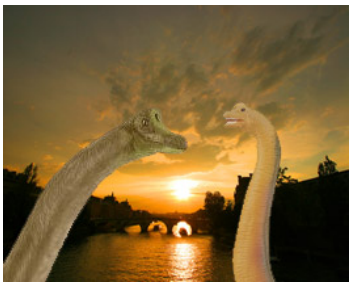
As their rivalry heats up, the laughs keep a comin'! Starring Will Ferrell as the pterodactyl.

Jurassic Park IV: Hitmanosaur

A baby brontosaurus survives the original Jurassic Park incident, only to be discovered by the Europe's most sadistic crime boss. For the next fifteen years he is trained to be a master of disguise, capable of pulling off impossible assassinations while remaining practically invisible. Now only one man (Jason Statham) can stop him.

Features an unforgettable scene in which the brontosaurus stomps on Louis Farrakhan in the middle of the Million Man March, then ducks behind a phone booth to replace his suit and bow tie with a National Park Service uniform before receding into the crowd.

Jurassic Park IV: Before Extinction



Trained by the government to adopt vaguely liberal ideologies and discuss philosophical concepts at length, a male and female brachiosaurus meet by chance on a European train and disembark together in Vienna.

Knowing they will likely never meet each other again, they open up and share their innermost thoughts and secrets as they meander through the city for one magical night. Featuring Mike Meyers as the voice of Mike Meyers' Scottish ghost.

Jurassic Park IV: Hollywood Attacks

When a film producer options the rights to John Hammonds' failed theme park, he hires a screenwriter to copy the plot of WE3, a comic about a small group of animals who have been trained by the government to kill with futuristic weaponry.

Ends in a confusing finale in which actual dinosaurs with guns attack fake dinosaurs with actual guns who are filming the movie-within-a-movie while Jeff Goldblum wrestles with his clone on a conveyer belt that slowly draws them both closer to a gigantic blade which is used by editors to splice frames of film.

In retrospect, maybe a movie about dinosaurs with guns isn't so bad. Just keep telling yourself that when you come across a movie poster that reads, "Guns don't kill people, dinosaurs kill people" next spring.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.25 Craigslist: Where Love Flourishes

Sunday, Aug 26, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

columbus craigslist > casual encounters [help] [post]

search for: in: casual encounters Search only search titles
Poster's Age: has image

[Sun, 26 Aug 01:51:53] [search keywords : mw4w, w4m, w4w, m4w, m4m, t4m, etc]
[success story?] [spoofed email warning]
[download firefox] [full text mode] [defend net neutrality!]

Sun Aug 26

columbus craigslist > casual encounters email this posting to a friend

please flag with care:
miscategorized
prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Let me be your knight in shining armor - m4w - 23

Reply to: pers-402816439@craigslist.org

hello my name is doug, but once the suit comes on you must call me Sir Douglas of Normandy. The summer is a pretty busy time with all the festivals and all, but I'll be all yours once the renaissance season is over. I enjoy jousting, turkey legs, and Adam Sandler movies.

columbus craigslist > casual encounters email this posting to a friend

please flag with care:
miscategorized
prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Ever Want A Secret Relationship? - m4w

Reply to: pers-402753506@craigslist.org

Hi, I'm looking for a woman who wants to have a good time, but doesn't want anyone else to know. If you want to be with me you'll have to keep your mouth shut and not ask any questions. I enjoy staying in and watching movies. You won't see me around town with another woman, or anyone else. Anyway, hope to hear from you.

Bonus if you live in a secluded location

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loking 4 smrt grill - m4w

Reply to: pers-402762601@craigslist.org

hiu im so sik of all the dumn gerls and stuff if your a smrat gerl and want 2 fuk then gimmi an emale thx

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i will pwn ur pussay - m4w - 15

Reply to: pers-404608047@craigslist.org

yo baby lemmi show u what an epic mount is

ive been grinding gold all month and im ready to give u something nice

dance 4 me in game and ill show u my lvl 47 rogue

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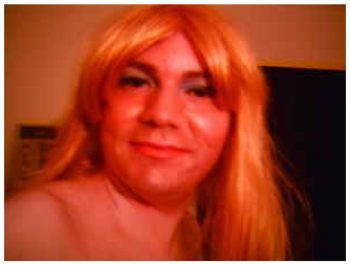
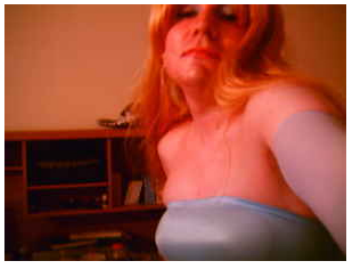
real MEN wanted - t4m - 45

Reply to: pers-403566447@craigslist.org

Ever want to get it on with a hot tranny? I am the hottest horniest tranny on this site. All the other girls here are lame. If you want a goodnight you know who to call. You've never seen such a hot babe walk down the street before. I am looking for a MAN, and I can fulfill whatever you're looking for.





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I need a group of strong powerful men - w4mm - 21

Reply to: pers-402771593@craigslist.org

To help me move some furniture

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if u were my Aeris - m4w

Reply to: pers-402781595@craigslist.org

I would never let Sephiroth get you. I would protect you and we could be lovers forever and love each other and we could both get our drivers license and go to the conventions together and win all the best costume contests. It would be so great if only Sephiroth wasnt so strong. here is an image i drew of us

i love you aeris
i love you

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Anyone want their dreams fulfilled?

Reply to: pers-402790860@craigslist.org

yoo hoo!mm I've been in a relationship for months and I am glad to be free again. For one night only, I will pleasure you and do whatever you want me to! Your imagination is the only limit for our fun. I just got a new hairstyle and I want to show off. So does anyone want their dreams fulfilled by a fifty year old male?

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Only interested in clean gentlemen - w4m - 26

Reply to: pers-402806629@craigslist.org

I am ONLY interested in meeting a CLEAN and professional gentleman. I contracted herpes and hepatitis C from the last person I met on this website, and I do not want to visit the doctor twice in one month!If you are a dirt ball, dont bother, I'm open to all others.

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Hottest Cutest Tranny - t4m

Reply to: pers-403582671@craigslist.org

Forget all the other ladies out there. I'm the best. I am the most fun and most versatile girl on this site. Choose me for a great and exciting evening!

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STILL HAVENT FOUND THE RIGHT ONE - w4m - 26

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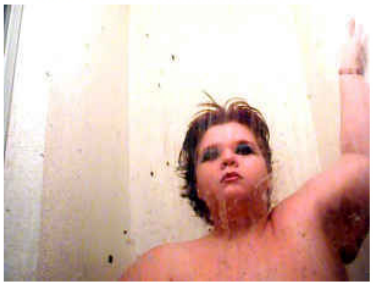
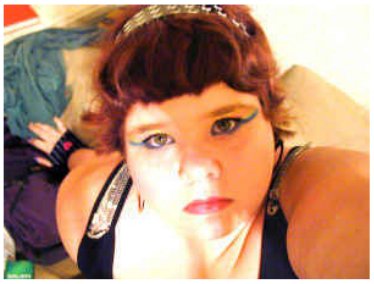
Reply to: pers-402839223@craigslist.org

Hey, I'm sick of the punks, perverts, and pansies that keep emailing me. I am looking for a hot man, possibly a model, who makes AT LEAST six figures. I love BMWs, Mercedes, and sports cars. I enjoy to be taken out and treated like a princess.
If you fit the above criteria then you won a night with me. Hope you are hot enought!

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Lovebirds for those interested

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Reply to: pers-403597092@craigslist.org

I have a 2 lovebirds. All are very healthy and pretty. I wish I could keep them but I didn't expect to have allergies. One has a peach face and the other is white. I bought them at the pet store two weeks ago, asking twenty dollars.

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Roads? Where we're going, we won't need roads! - m4w - 27

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Reply to: pers-403606535@craigslist.org

There won't need roads baby. You know what, there aren't even roads made for our type of love. Our relationship will be like an HUMMER, maken roads of its own on the wilderness of life. Yea, Third Ave. is pretty nice, it's where my mom lives. I'm liven there for now, but don't worry, she is cool as hell.

If you got the quote in the title then you are awesome, hell yes. I know! Back to the Future was/is/will be awesome forever.

Anyway I'm looking for a girl who loves AWESOME MOVIES! Like I just saw 300 on DVD, it was so awesome. THIS IS SPARRRRTA!!!!!

I've never really been with a girl before, but I've seen enough movies so I think I got the basics down. I am all shaved and ready to go. We can have "knights of wee!" little Monty Python I slipped in.

See ya later, ya filthy animal!

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Hello, any nice women out there? - m4w - 39

Reply to: pers-403546476@craigslist.org

Hello, how are you doing tonight? I'm a 39-year-old male, 6'3, strong, and make a comfortable income through a private business. I am a huge baseball fan (GO INDIANS), I also love hiking and cooking. I just got my brown belt from a local dojo. Autumn is approaching, which means I can't go sailing, but the weather is nice for dinners on a patio. All and all I'd say that life is great, and I'd love to find someone new to share it with since my wife just left me for some white trash piece of shit god I want to kick his ass so bad. That dumb bitch doesn't know a fucking thing. You know, this is the kind of shit that happens every time, you think you know a woman and everything, but they always do something to stab you in your fucking back. ALL WOMEN ARE DUMB SLUTS. SOMETIMES ALL I CAN SEE IS RED

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.26 Google Future - The World is Fat

Monday, Aug 27, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google News+ Obesity Search News Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

World

Foodoo

World's First "Cheeskin" Bred in Lab
Gourmand - August 27th, 2014
By Esteban Clitter Tired of bones in your chicken? South Korean food engineering company Tasetech has the answer. They have have bred the first "Cheekin", a chicken with cheese flavored and textured bones.
Is Your Butter Giving You Enough Human Growth Hormone? BBC News
Pizza Flavored Water Big Hit in Japan Tokyo Today
New York Times - Portly Scientist - Delicious Food News - Foxwire
all 2,433 news articles

Big Beautiful Baby

CDC Links Heart Disease to SIDS
American Medical Journal - August 27th, 2014
By HUGO BABBY Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, commonly known as "crib death", claimed almost 65,000 infants in 2013, up 7000% from just a decade earlier. The rise may be explained by a new CDC study that links a variety of cardiac and pulmonary illnesses to SIDS.
Landfills Choked With 40-inch Diapers The Daily Girth
Lipitor Chewables Clear FDA AP
Christian Savory Monitor - The Immense Doctor - Defib Daily - Foxwire
all 824 news articles

Constitution Mania

Prison Overcrowding Worsens Despite Low Crime
Washington Post - August 27th, 2014
By Cramden Sel Dwindling numbers in American prisons are a testament to the 200-year low in violent crimes, but a new study indicates overcrowding has become an even larger problem.
NY Policeman Stuck in Doorway for Eight Hours NY Daily News
Crips, Bloods Struggle With Adult-Onset Diabetes UPI
Thick Jails - The Latin Kings Courier - Stout Times - Foxwire
all 906 news articles

ATV America

Euros Embrace 4-Wheelers for City Travel
Roma Turismo - August 26th, 2014
By Jennifer Pantswell Scooters are out and 4-wheelers are in following several scooter-collapse accidents throughout Europe. New laws that go into effect Friday approve the size-friendly ATVs for city traffic in major urban areas.
Boston Marathon Run Entirely By Kenyans Boston Herlad
NFL Shortens Football FIeld to 20 Yards ESPN.com
Heavy Duty - Major Motoring - Fat Hogs - Foxwire
all 4,004 news articles

SBW Today

Minus-Size Model Argues for "Thin Rights"
TMZ.com - August 26th, 2014
By SYPPEN CZYRP Minus-size fashion model Clarice Boutoo is making a big deal out of small rights, speaking out for equality in the fashion industry. "The industry wants big, and I've eaten myself up to 220 for a shoot before," Boutoo said. "The pressure is definitely there and if you can't tip the scales, you can't even be a hand model."
SEC Okays King Size Buyout of Nike The Economist
T-Shirts Big at Beaches This Summer USA Today
Little Ladies - Small Beautiful Woman Today - Gristle & Fatness - Foxwire
all 204 news articles

Planes Rule

Airbus Megaliner Will Seat 8
Comfortable Aviation Monthly - August 26th, 2014
By Yngwie Thickstein The Airbus 960 debuted at a German air show this weekend. Onlookers were thrilled by the immense six-engine aircraft, which can seat 8 in first class or 19 if configured for stacked coach seating.
Toyota Loses to Ford Following Seatbelt-Length Snafu Car & Driver
New Jersey Highway Patrol Cracks Down on "Fattitude" Highway Times
Two-Seater - The Porcine Traveler - Fooddors - Foxwire
all 7,564 news articles

AP

3 Die, 9 Hospitalized in Anti-War Protest Tragedy
Los Angeles Times - August 26th, 2014
By Doug Pilsbury A peaceful protest turned tragic Thursday when an entire protest in downtown Los Angeles suffered from heat exhaustion. The 32 anti-war protesters had gathered for an hour when the 105 degree heat began to claim its first victims.
Sony Showcases Wireless Defibrillator G4TV.com
Hollywood Walk of Fame to Receive Steel Reinforcement LA Times
The Nation Plus - Stuckin The Tub - Seizing-Heart Liberal - Foxwire
all 1,988 news articles

Brown Gold

US Caves to Colombian Demands

AP - August 25th, 2014

By SUZE GONZALEZ Following a 6-week standoff over cocoa exports, the United States has caved to the demands of the Colombians in order to avoid further mass-suicides. The US will be surrendering one-quarter of its nuclear arsenal to the Colombians, although early indications are the stockpile will be left on the steps and the Colombians will have to come get it themselves.

Revised Food Pyramid Emphasizes Cake, Gummi Groups Your "Health"

Amid Embargo Fears Choco Coins Briefly Beat Gold The Economist

Sweets & Business - Forbes - Chocolate Report - Foxwire

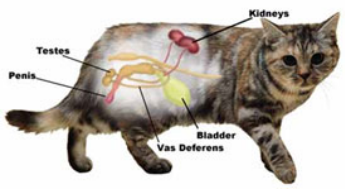
all 364 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 This Article is About Cat Urine.

Tuesday, Aug 28, 2007 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

WARNING: This article, as you may have guessed, is about cat urine. If you're not a big fan of cat urine or clicked on the link expecting something different, like an article about the National Football League or Greenland or whatever, then you will be disappointed. And if you are a big fan of cat urine, then you've clearly got your own issues to deal with.



A quick refresher course dubbed "WHERE ALL THE PEE COMES FROM.

"Cat urine: a substance so vile, it nullifies the existence of any possible benign god. Neither science nor man possess the evil skill required to create a liquid rivaling the sheer wretchedness of such an abominable secretion. Nightmares throughout time have been repeatedly haunted by one eternal recurrence, the unholy specter of cat piss hanging around a pet owner's neck like a methane-filled albatross corpse bolted to their clavicles with rusting industrial rivets.

If you have never experienced the sensation of entering a room polluted by cat urine's revolting stench, you obviously managed to avoid purchasing a cat, an action which you should continue as long as humanly possible. The idea of cat adoption ranks somewhere between "voluntarily requesting a tax audit" and "murdering your entire family." Sure it may initially seem like an incredible, flawless idea, but eventually some minor issues arise, ones which usually end up with somebody either going insane or to prison.

The primary problem inherent to purchasing a cat lies in the simple fact that *you're purchasing a cat.* Scientists in Norway recently ran studies revealing 99.2% of the human brain completely shuts down when the topic of "cat adoption" arises. The only sections of the brain still able to function are the parts responsible for cursing and reflexively reaching for your wallet. Conspiracy theorists insist footage from the 9/11 terrorist attack clearly shows cat adoption literature flying out of the cockpit during impact.

To understand the madness behind voluntarily purchasing a cat, one must first trace the thought patterns of the human brain, a complex and complicated tool not unlike that floating ball in "Phantasm" which spun around a cemetery and stabbed people in the eyes. The decision is a concretely linear process, one invariably following this line of questioning:

THE THOUGHT PROCESS BEHIND PURCHASING A CAT

Question #1: Is there an emotional void in my life, one which cannot be filled with consumer electronics, frequent trips to the mall, and narcotics? **Yes.**
Question #2: Does my apartment / dorm / house / cave / religious compound allow us to own dogs? **No.**
Question #3: Are birds, fish, and hamsters completely gay? **Yes.**
Question #4: If I buy a pet snake or spider, will my neighbors think I'm a sexual predator? **Yes.**
Question #5: Has the liberal, Jewish, feline media sufficiently brainwashed me into believing cat ownership can be a fun, rewarding, enjoyable experience, much like voting democrat and burning flags inside Christian churches? **Yes.**

Cats: for when there are no other viable options!

Today's exciting topic comes courtesy of our pet cat "Kit," currently undergoing the obligatory cat metamorphosis from "entertaining, playful kitten" to "annoying, useless money sponge who hates you and everything else in the world." This is a spiritual journey every cat must take, an event occurring between two months and four years into their life.

Kit, you are the worst perpetual pissing machine ever.

When we first adopted Kit from the local animal shelter, we once again fell for the media's lies promising an energetic, friendly companion who didn't constantly stare directly into your soul and pray for your demise. Yes, I was sucked in by the same fistful of deception resulting in our first two cats, one who ran away and another who gave himself away after I offered him the option of being murdered if he continued to meow nonstop every morning at 3:00 AM.

Syringes _fcksavedurl=

Kit fulfills the stereotypical cat pattern all you feline owners out there have grown familiar with. As a kitten, he was amusing, animated, and playful. He allowed other people to interact with him, feigning interest in toy mice, string, and other complex manufacturing marvels of mankind. Kittens excel in deceiving idiots like me into falsely believing they'll somehow always possess their playful and happy personality, despite being proven wrong time and time again.

Kitten deception is one of those things where you say, "well the last 38 cats have really sucked balls and were utterly soul-crushing failures, but gee golly I just *know* this one is going to turn out awesome!" The crazy cat ladies who live under bridges and own several thousand cats don't continue adopting them because of their magnetic personalities, they do so under the false assumption if they play the odds long enough, they'll eventually find a cat who isn't completely horrible. They eventually suffocate to death under a dense pile of hissing, angry wads of fur, grasping a final breath to mutter, "just one... more... cat..."

Once Kit turned two, he abandoned his "lets not be an asshole to my owners" mentality and shifted into a new mind frame, one encouraging him to do whatever he wants to piss me off because, hey, animal cruelty is illegal and I'll probably get in trouble if somebody catches me decapitating him! He constantly meows, claws, and shrieks to be let outside at random hours, so he may attempt to wipe out entire races of small woodland creatures.

Upon returning home for the night, he'll deliver a gift of bloody, leaky gut parts from whatever creature he chose to target that particular hour. These gut parts will be carefully separated and strewn across our garage floor, often forming a complex and impenetrable bond with the concrete that can only be removed using high powered government lasers. One simply cannot express the sheer joy experienced waking up each morning, greeted by a fresh new exploded carcass coating the floor. Sometimes I like to pretend the bloated, gummy, darkened tubes of congealed blood are really confetti, and my cat is throwing me a surprise party! Hooray, what a surprise! I've always dreamed of the day I'd see two disembodied rabbit eyeballs staring blankly at me from beneath my car! Thanks a lot, cat!

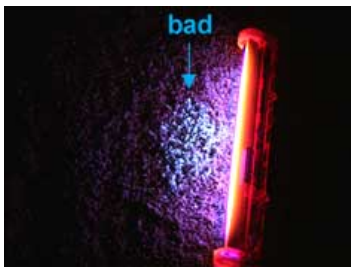
Not content on providing limitless gut parts and exploded birds skeletons, Kit has recently begun showering me with even more fabulous gifts, this time in the form of cat urine and in the location of wherever there's carpet. Now some of you more fortunate people out there may not own a cat

due to allergies or housing restrictions or a brain capable of providing basic common sense, so let me share a little fact with you:

There is absolutely no way ever to cover up, remove, or disguise cat urine as something which doesn't instantly make you want to kill yourself.

A million companies have realized this, springing up and offering a billion products which swear they're so effective at removing cat piss that they'll actually travel through time and jump into your cat's penis before he has a chance to soil the carpet. As you may expect, none of these products work, and at best they'll end up permanently staining your carpet so you'll have no choice but to replace it and the padding. I should relabel and sell bottles of black spray paint, claiming it's pet urine cleaner. People would eventually all thank me for saving them both wasted hope and time.

A product named "Nature's Miracle" is the best solution to animal urine stains, which is kind of like claiming Advil is the best solution to AIDS. When I first noticed the product was named "Nature's Miracle," I was hoping the bottle was full of poison which would murder my cat and thereby provide a true miracle. While it doesn't technically kill your pets, it does somewhat temporarily cover up the odor of cat urine with the odor of something designed specifically to cover up cat urine.



Whoo, _fcksavedurl=

To provide an analogy, the sensation of smelling cat piss is like simultaneously driving thousands of roofing nails into your face. Spraying Nature's Miracle onto patches of carpet infected with catpee.exe is the equivalent of smashing a couple bricks into the side of your head. Yeah, it still sucks and you're still aware something very terrible happened in the immediate area, but maybe you can at least trick guests into believing the stench is coming from something else, like medical waste flowing through your water pipes. Maybe if I spray this stuff all over his penis, it will miraculously disappear and his bodily waste will only be excreted via SMS messages.

Planks can solve just about any problem.

Once you pour a few million gallons of chemicals into your carpet under the insane assumption some of them may eventually work, the smell of toxic fluid might initially mask the fragrance of toxic urine. Unfortunately the odor will soon return, and it will assault your senses with a vengeance, powered by the fuel of revenge burning like a thousand exploding suns.

How dare you try to cover it up! Cat pee cannot be silenced! It must be appreciated, like performance art! If you thought it was bad before, wait until you get a whiff of catpee.exe version 2 tearing through the room and the very fabric of space and time! Cat urine is basically a really angry, time traveling ghost who will haunt your house until you go crazy and either move out or burn it down. Please note most cat shelters refuse to share this fact to prospective owners.

Now that Kit's enamored with leaking trails of fluid to trace his daily adventures like Billy's antics in the typical Family Circus strip, I've been forced into the position of piss patrol, constantly hunched over and wandering about with a black light. Scouring your home for hidden deposits of urine is like the world's crappiest and least rewarding treasure hunt. Upon discovering a patch of neon yellow rage, I douse it with the liquid of wasted hope, then use a syringe to forcefully inject additional fluid directly into the padding. I'm operating under the impression this will somehow help things, even though I know it will prove futile. Let's file this ordeal under yet another completely debasing and

soul-crushing moment of pet ownership.

A quick trip to the veterinarian revealed Kit "might" have a bladder infection, but of course on the other hand he also "might not." This detailed analysis cost me about $40 to discover, and I could've essentially obtained the same service by asking a random *Halo 2* player on Xbox Live. If he does have a bladder infection, I was given some antibiotics which I guess will somehow magically make his urine float into his litter box. If it's not an infection, and the cat is just basically a big jerk, there's not much I can do except retrain him to pee in cat litter, perhaps by promising him free baby bunnies to eviscerate upon successful bladder movements.

So a bladder infection may or may not be causing Kit to transform entire rooms into dead zones. Who knows! It is a mystery! Perhaps aliens are materializing and repeatedly yanking on his cat penis until he gives in and sprays all over the carpet! Maybe a wormhole leading to the Piss Dimension randomly opens and dumps its contents onto the floor! We'll apparently never know!

Aargh, _fcksavedurl=

In the meantime, I'll enjoy the aggravating back pains associated with huddling over and repeatedly stabbing needles into the floor as if I'm satiating a heroin-addicted house. I'm positive all this idiocy will eventually pay off, and my countless hours of disgusting, demeaning labor will result in some fantastic carnival of pet owning joy for me.

Haha, sorry, I have no idea what I just wrote; my brain apparently went out for a while. Must be the cat piss fumes.

If you know of any miracle cat urine cures (or have piss horror stories of your own), please email me. Depending on the response, I'll write a future update addressing this cat piss epidemic. If you're feeling chatty, don't hesitate to share your cat piss experiences in this thread or our very own Pet Island forum!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.28 MIGHTY EAGLE SOARING GOD BLESS AMERICA

Wednesday, Aug 29, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

The eagle. For centuries now this great bird has stood for American values. Noble and courageous, the eagle swoops in low to right wrongs and deliver harsh justice to the eyeballs of evildoers. The eagle is the all-powerful spirit of every American, only with feathers and the ability to fly. Bold, striking, and not afraid to cry in the wake of tragedy. During 9/11, the eagle openly wept, scarcely able to clutch his 13 arrows and olive branch, so weakened by the pain was he. Tenured resident of the American Olympus, the eagle is forever perched on the shoulder of Dale Earnhardt in the Pantheon of American Gods.

Americans love eagles. It's not just because of the work of tireless eagle lobbyists or a billion dollar PR blitz financed by Big Eagle. I think it's because we see our reflection in the mighty eagle's determined eyes. We look into those two blackened pits and see our own potential to rise above the petty things and grab the salmon of opportunity. The eagle, mostly because it can fly, symbolizes our own boundless upward mobility.

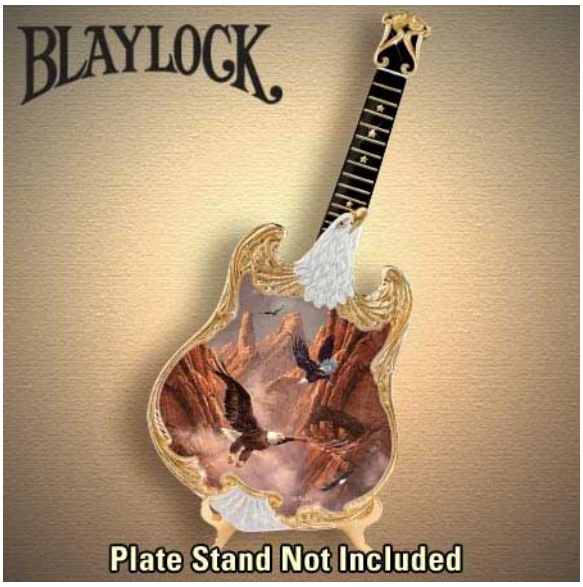
Still, not everyone loves eagles. Famous American hater Benjamin Franklin once tried to defame our heroic mascot in this letter he wrote to Penthouse:

> *"For my own part I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen the Representative of our Country. He is a Bird of bad moral Character. He does not get his Living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead Tree near the River, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the Labour of the Fishing Hawk; and when that diligent Bird has at length taken a Fish, and is bearing it to his Nest for the Support of his Mate and young Ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him and takes it from him."*

Thankfully, men like Benjamin Franklin are dead and forgotten, now no more than mere ash in the great furnace of history. Their harsh words cannot hurt the eagle anymore. Not that they could even hurt such a majestic creature, whose feathers may well be bulletproof and impervious to fireballs and liquid nitrogen freezing attacks.

While Americans cannot yet transform into eagles at will, we can do the next best thing: We can decorate our homes with the finest quality eagle memorabilia available for order. It is through the accumulation of eagle merchandise that we show our true skin color, which is not white or black, but rather red, white, and blue. All Americans are at heart a Neapolitan mixture of these three colors.

Artist Ted Blaylock understands our pain and uses his extensive talent and priapism for eagles to make beautifully inspiring art. I thought I might showcase some of that art for you folks today. I remind you that it is never too early to start Christmas shopping.



EAGLE GUITARS

Perhaps the one great weakness of the eagle is its inability to play guitar. The nature of the guitar makes it unwieldy for creatures that do not have hands. Furthermore, the eagle's sharp talons would likely cut through even the hardiest of guitar string. I think we can all agree, however, that the eagle's awe-inspiring spirit can be heard in many classic rock songs. This guitar, which doesn't have any strings and cannot be used to play inspiring songs such as "Free Bird," does not even need to. Its very existence serves to play a kind of music that transcends sound. This is the music of the spirit, and it rocks. It's also the perfect decoration for your SUV's mantelpiece.

EAGLE KNIVES

I can think of no more righteous a way to stab a man in the heart than to do so with a knife emblazoned with the most stirring and patriotic of images. It seems to me we should be equipping all of our armed forced with eagle knives. Although the decorative handles make them somewhat hard to hold, the sheer morale boost that comes from stabbing somebody in the crotch with the American spirit is overwhelming. Naturally, I speak from personal experience. What's great is that when they came up with the

idea to weaponize eagle imagery, they actually had enough material to cover two knives. That's the versatility of the eagle in action. I doubt you could really get two separate knives out of any other birds without getting redundant.

EAGLE TRIPTYCHS

If Hieronymus Bosch didn't spend all his time painting weird "Where's Waldo" style triptychs of demon birds spitting humans out of their buttholes, he might have made an actual impact on the art world. This beautiful piece gives you no less than 7 eagles spread across three complimentary pieces. What's more, the very frames that are scarcely keeping these paintings from popping out of the second dimension feature ornate eagle designs on them. That's a total of 10 eagles! For sheer quantity, it's hard to beat this package. It's a great way to make a huge impact getting into the eagle memorabilia game. No realistic person could ever question your patriotism with 10 eagles under your belt.

EAGLE TRAINS

One of the most under-exploited artistic mediums is that of the toy train set. Some artists are slaves to canvas while others are tortured servants of clay. But the toy train is just as powerful a medium for the conveyance of ideas as any, if not more so. The fact that the toy train can also move gives the images painted on the side a sense of urgency, as well as kinetic properties not available in traditional mediums. Putting eagles on the side of a toy train is a stroke of profound genius equal to the greatest scientific and artistic achievements of our race. It's such a logical union that one wonders why it took so long to happen. What were we doing all these centuries that we were too busy to put eagles on the side of toy trains?

While the above image is somewhat doctored in that the scale is insanely crazy, you can just imagine that if this train were real, humongous man-sized eagles would fly alongside it, possibly attempting to mate with it out of confusion or respect.

Let's not forget that the anniversary of September 11 is coming up. I can't think of a better time to honor the victims of senseless tragedy than to show your love of American symbolism.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.29 Gentlemen's News Service Presents: The Restaurant Criticism Colloquium

Thursday, Aug 30, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Asians: Don't Quit Your Day Job

Your Food is Bad and Ridiculous

By Addison Hillsdale IV, Gentlemen's News Service

Addison Hillsdale IV

When my editor, a colored fellow by the name of Mr. Charles Washington, told me I was to sup at an eatery run by *mongoloids*, I simply balked at the idea. "Chinamen! Running a restaurant? Next you'll be telling me that I'm no longer allowed to put my cigars out on the mail boy!" To prove my point, I summoned the boy and put all of my cigars out on him. Mr. Washington then called to my attention the fact that every editorial staff of *GNS* since the early 1960s has tried to stop me from extinguishing my cigars on the skin of office-workers. But I had tenure then, and I have tenure now – I do so hope you're reading this, Mr. Washington. That ruddy-faced Welshman (you can spot them a mile away) of a mail boy is in for a series of painful, circular leg burns in the future. This I can foresee.

Regular readers of mine know that I do not have a taste for the culinary creations of those closer to apes than even our dear friends at the zoological gardens. When the first McDonald's opened its filthy, Irish doors in 1940, I chose not to review it. Instead, I imbibed many bottles of Tophat Brand Whiskey and wrote an award-winning column about life after 50. Sadly, the cruel parody of food created by these yellow-tinted sub-beasts will not produce the same results. I regret to inform the reader that this column will not match the positivity streak which I been riding of late. Articles such as "Applebee's #437: Love that Slaw!" "Applebee's #349: Soft Drinks Abound!" and "Applebee's #801: I Am Pleased With All of This Bacon!" are best forgotten at this juncture.

Mr. Washington gave me a choice: either ingest the terrible, Eastern food and record the results, or allow the International Mailworkers' Union continue their incessant litigation against me. I chose the food; I prefer sickness of the stomach system to sickness of the mind caused by lawyers in this depressing Jewtopia of a country.

A distasteful man, mocking everything I stand for.

And so, we start at the unpleasant beginning. I entered Wok and Roll with a sense of dread and a satchel full of soiled cummerbunds. After all, one would think that these people would have a washing machine or two on the premises, given their genetic predisposition towards laundry. Unfortunately, they didn't; and I would take the time to relate this tale of injustice if not for a certain country heifer who becomes furious with cow-rage when her advice column is truncated. Heaven forbid.

A small Asianette met me in the front of the restaurant. "I prefer a booth, and I prefer to dine alone." She nodded her head, and proceeded to lead me to a circular table at which two families sat, one

looking dangerously Italian. I bellowed at the Asianette the same command I had spoken seconds earlier, and proceeded to use my thumbs to pry open those lazy eyelids of hers for the purpose of showing her the amount of displeasure I was experiencing. In the past, I have found that using force on those of smaller minds usually produces results; in this case, the female creature scurried away screaming in that awful language. It was very ugly, and let's just say we should all be happy that these people have not yet discovered how to write down all those terrible words of theirs.

Once that debacle was over, I sat and proceeded to read the series of newspapers that I bring with me on every outing. This caused the large, trollish Italio next to me to take an interest in what I was doing – as if the great ape could understand the words and letters on the sheets of paper unfurled in front of me. "That got anything in there about the Cavs game," he asked, grinning like an idiot. I responded in kind. "Listen to me, you reprobate! The only cavalier I care about is Sir John Suckling and his magnificent poetry! Get thee hence!" Obviously, he had no idea what I was saying, as my vocabulary cannot be found in the gutter, so I decided to punctuate my remonstrance by knocking over his iced tea. Needless to say, after that he did not bother me for the rest of the evening.

This "food's" absurdity is matched only by its feculence.

After an interminable wait, our chef appeared – but he carried no entrees on his person. Instead, this man climbed to the interior of the table and began preparing ingredients. The questions I kept to myself pertaining to the location of this hovel's kitchen were answered – frighteningly so. This *was* the kitchen, as was every other table. I wanted to vomit, but I found it impossible. And what happened soon after the entrance of this culinary barbarian made the sickness completely overtake me. This fine evening was about to turn into a nightmarish midway of food.

Readers, would you find it distasteful if you went to a restaurant, and this particular establishment decided that the best way to serve you baked potatoes would be to have a large walrus launch them into your mouth using the sheer force of its anal cavity? And how would you feel if a parade of cats tossed your dinner salad? Surely, you would find it reprehensible – as did I, when this trained chimp of a chef began treating the food as if it was the playthings of babes. An ordinary onion, sliced into a stack of rings, soon became a terrible volcano, belching flames into the air after Ching Chong Chang (his actual name cannot be said by the Protestant tongue) poured what I can only assume was kerosene into the center. The Italios clapped their hands and barked like seals for this trick – one can only think of the power someone like Dickens would have on their small minds, if only they didn't spend all their time copulating.

The fork proves itself to be a worthy adversary to the stupid.

Ching Chong wasn't done raping the culinary arts in front of my very eyes, much to my horror. He made an egg dance on two spatulas like a drunken gypsy, only to send it hurtling through the air, landing in his hat. The others lauded him, and I could only mock their naïveté for applauding what was obviously a mistake. C.C. Chang then had his way with another egg, heating it on his perverse slab of cursed food. When scrambled status was imminent, he shockingly flung pieces of egg into the mouths of my simple dinner companions, delighting them with the novelty of a meal not cooked on the surface of a hot rock in the center of the slums. Do not worry for me, dear readers. I did not have "egg on my face and also neck," so to speak. When Chang pointed that spatula at me like some repugnant Asian dagger, I began to savage him with the business end of *The Wall Street Journal*. This made him leave to go "take break," which, surprisingly, didn't end my troubles.

In fact, it brings us to the climax of this mongo-nightmare.

The little Asianette reappeared, holding a tray of colorful foodstuffs. "What concoction have you brought us now?!" My demand was answered smartly by the scruffy Italio: "Sushi. It's raw fish." Darkness started to overcome me. The very thought of eating uncooked meat made my entire body go limp. Here I was, Addison Hillsdale IV, a distinguished gentlemen, about to eat raw fish with a collection of troglodytes?! And afterwards would we defecate into a pile and use said pile to create elaborate tribal designs all over our faces and bodies? I didn't want to stay to find out, and I thank the Lord that I remembered my lantern full of smelling salts. After opening that tiny, wrought iron door, I was on my feet running towards the entrance, bowling over the Asianette in the process.

Wok and Roll, you disgust me on levels not yet imagined by man.

Addison Hillsdale IV is the Head Editor of Arts and Culture at Gentlemen's News Service and the author of Fortitude: A History *and* Where's the Tenor? The Ultimate Guide to Opera Glasses. *In October 2007 he will celebrate his 108th distinguished year as a staff member.*

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.30 The War for Lake Michigan

Friday, Aug 31, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Come see China, where the rivers are as deadly as our pet food and toys!

There is an understanding among first world nations and sometimes also the United States that pollution standards must be maintained to protect the environment. This understanding flips when it comes to the third world. It is perfectly natural for a company based in Europe or the United States to set up factories in a third world nation and ignore all environmental regulations that may apply back home. I suppose the thinking goes that the skies will darken and begin to smell like cat ass somewhere over in China, but the dirt-sucking Chinese will just be glad to escape communism and earn an honest 73 cents a day.

Everyone is reasonably happy. Western consumers have their three dollar Sponge Bob sandals made in a blackened hellscape and the Chinese workers get to enjoy a new corrugated tin roof to shield them from the liquid carbolic acid falling from the sky. They've got food in their bellies to offset the ecological disaster and we don't have to look at the possible repercussions because they're happening 5,000 miles away.

This summer, the equation fell apart on the shores of Lake Michigan, and Indiana and Illinois went to war.

The story of this war begins in the 1980s, when efforts began in earnest to reverse decades of heavy industrial pollution of Lake Michigan. Populations of fish and other lake life had been devastated by algae blooms, fishing had been all but banned because of mercury contamination, and there were even concerns that city water supplies in Chicago and other urban areas along the lake might become threatened by the quality of the lake water.

It's not an uncommon story in the United States. Lakes and rivers here have suffered many years of almost unrestrained dumping and some have caught on fire. You know water is polluted when it's flammable. EPA regulations had done some to ease this dumping over time and a long struggle to get regulators in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Indiana on roughly the same page had brought some results, but people had to actively work to rejuvenate the environment.

For 25 years Lake Michigan and other great lakes have been slowly recovering. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent each year to clean up pollution, test water supplies, and even engage in major engineering projects to improve the water quality and protect wildlife. The lake isn't quite as great as it once was, but it's getting better. Every year since these efforts began it has improved.

I'm sure a cynical percentage of you are rolling your eyes about tree-hugging hippies, but in Chicago the push to restore Lake Michigan has had broad support. You live next to a tar pit long enough and you eventually decide something has to be done. Every year brings new major projects and millions of taxpayer dollars spent to restore beaches or improve water conditions and most people applaud these efforts.

I'm not talking about saving whales or protecting some nature preserve I'll never visit in Alaska, this is our beach, our lake. Chicagoans have to live with it and we'd prefer to live next to a lake that can cool you off in the summer, not one that can strip chrome off a bumper. Think of it not so much as environmental activism (though it is), but as the large scale version of a bunch of people wanting their neighbor to clear a mound of trash and dead bodies off his lawn.

That's where we were in spring of 2007, but then came the war.

The first shots were fired in Northern Indiana, the blighted section of Lake Michigan coast that still pumps out the greatest volume of industrial pollution. Here the steel mills and refineries still dump in the lake, though over the years their emissions have been curtailed. In July of 2007 the Chicago Tribune published an article that revealed the nefarious scheme hatched by Indiana and British Petroleum, which maintains a large refinery in Whiting, Indiana.

The bigger the better! Refineries beautify our Great Lakes!

> *Indiana regulators exempted BP from state environmental laws to clear the way for a $3.8 billion expansion that will allow the company to refine heavier Canadian crude oil. They justified the move in part by noting the project will create 80 new jobs.*
>
> *Under BP's new state water permit, the refinery – already one of the largest polluters along the Great Lakes – can release 54 percent more ammonia and 35 percent more sludge into Lake Michigan each day. Ammonia promotes algae blooms that can kill fish, while sludge is full of concentrated heavy metals.*

Whiting and the refinery are located on the border with Illinois and are sometimes considered a part of the Chicago urban area. Neither Chicago nor Illinois were consulted before this closed-door agreement was made. The first word the public heard on the matter was the July Tribune article.

To say that residents of Chicago and Illinois were apoplectic would be an understatement. In the city any Lake Michigan environmental news makes big headlines. A couple years ago zebra mussels somehow got introduced into the lake and the papers here must have devoted twenty front pages to the subject. Of all the underhanded things to do to the city, Indiana and BP had managed to find the one that people really do give a shit about. It was worse than the Colts winning last year's Superbowl, which is to say it was nearly apocalyptic.

The campaign was not marked by sweeping advances.

Some outraged Chicagoans pointed to BP's frequent TV ads claiming the company is environmentally conscious and cried foul. Many directed their ire at Northern Indiana, the leech that feeds off our soft underbelly, making a pitifully small profit at the expense of conditions in a lake shared by four states.

Drunk on bad ideas, BP launched one of the stupidest marketing campaigns since Pets.com floated that shrieking puppet on TV. This two-pronged PR assault on Chicago involved full-page newspaper ads in city newspapers and paying bloggers (on the Tribune's "Voice of the People" section of all places) to talk about the greatness of BP and the refinery. The ads included factoids like "it's totally legal" and "the plant will still be polluting less than this other plant in Whiting", excuses that served to further infuriate the public. The bloggers, well, you can probably guess how well that worked for yourself. The only people who agreed with the blog posts were the sort of people you would have to pay to give a shit about anything other than their wallet.

BP wasn't the only one shooting themselves in the foot. Indiana Governor Mitch Daniels, long viewed in Illinois as a sort of miniature Hitler, was quick to point out that gas costs three dollars

a gallon because dummies in Illinois don't want BP to dump mercury and lead into their drinking water. No one, not even Daniels, will actually say the gas will get cheaper, they just wave their hands and ominously intone that it may get more expensive faster if we don't let them dump out.

Criticism from others in Illinois increased. Among the most vocal and hilarious critics of the BP dumping plan was Mayor Richard Hyde of Waukegan, a lakefront northern suburb of Chicago. Just weeks before the story on the BP dumping broke, Hyde had announced a 36 million dollar plan to clean carcinogenic PCBs and remove industrial refuse from a Waukegan harbor. He described the permit allowing BP to dump into the lake his community was spending so much money trying to clean as "mind-baffling."

Mitch Daniels inducts new hillbillies into his Electric Hate Army in some satanic chaw-related ritual.

The Federal EPA finally involved itself in early August, but statements coming out from the EPA indicated that it was either apathetic to or colluding with Indiana's environmental regulators. EPA officials threw up their hands and issued statements amounting to "we can't do anything, Indiana said they could do it." In response to deepening criticism, the EPA did finally break and issued a series of suggestions to BP on how they could go ahead with the facility and mitigate the environmental impact. Even the most expensive of these proposals amounted to a tiny fraction of the money BP would be spending on the refinery upgrades.

BP declined the EPA's suggestions. Ominous silence came from BP on the subject of the refinery for several days. A meeting with state and local officials, which included Illinois officials, did not go well for BP. Although there was very little these officials could immediately do to block the scheduled refinery upgrades, the public outcry was growing and the US Congress had overwhelmingly passed a useless measure stating it did not support the increased emissions. Careful, Congress, don't want to overdo it there with all your helping. You might pull something.

On August 23rd, the war ended, not with a bang of some deranged eco-terrorist blowing up the Whiting refinery, but with a press release quietly posted on BP's website. BP pledged that it would not increase emissions above the previous level. Uneasy peace reigns once again on the coast of Lake Michigan and an oil mega-conglomerate's pet project emerges battered, but alive, from a public relations disaster.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 What We Know

Saturday, Sep 01, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Science is a fragile thing. Our understanding of the universe in which we live is based on a series of theories and equations which depend upon the validity of an entirely different set of educated guesses. If, for example, we observe that a quark doubles its size for one nanosecond once every ten thousand years, everything that involves one of the most basic building blocks of our universe must be adjusted.

It is much more rare to discover an absolute fact than you might think. That might seem unsettling, but curiosity is what pushes us forward, and I find the prospect of a universe with no mysteries much more frightening. Science is, after all, the AIDS to humanity's Magic Johnson. We wouldn't be the same without it.

So what exactly can scientists say with 100% certainty? Not much. As of right now, the only incontrovertible facts that science has been able to uncover can be summed up in a few short minutes.

Silkworm moths have eleven brain-like nerve cells, with the extra ten devoted to perpetually thinking, "Aw hell, I'm just a moth."

If you place a sleeping friend's left hand in a bowl of warm water and his right hand in a bowl of cold water, the bowls will eventually normalize at room temperature.

Most people consider the potato a vegetable, but it actually shares most of its traits with the common sea bass.

When left under high pressure, argon will take up smoking and get body piercings in a misguided attempt to fit in.

Gravity is practically the only force in the universe that is keeping me trapped at the bottom of this well.

If you're a dude and you perform oral sex on a chick, you're totally gay. I'm sorry, but we've run the numbers a thousand times and there's just no way around it.

Dogs are physically incapable of looking up.

Light travels at a speed of nearly three hundred million miles per second because if it went any slower, everyone would realize that it smells absolutely horrid.

A male organism has an X and Y chromosome while a female's chromosome set is XX. If an organism is born with three X's in a row either horizontally or diagonally before the Y can block, it wins.

A flea jumps at 20 times the acceleration rate of a space shuttle during launch, but it cannot survive in space and it lacks any protective shielding to keep it from burning up during re-entry. This is why fleas have a life expectancy of less than two weeks.

New York style pizza is far superior to that nasty-ass Chicago deep dish bullshit.

Cockroaches can live up to 9 days after being beheaded, but survive only 3 days after being debodied. Tickling them seems to have little to no effect.

The same gene that triggers the "Television? Oh, I don't watch it. I don't even own one!" trait also determines the Pompous Douchebag trait.

When water is brought to 32 degrees Celsius, it becomes much easier to stab your enemies with.

Blowing on an NES cartridge doesn't make a game work by discharging dust. Instead, it creates moisture on the cartridge's circuits that acts as a conductor. This is discouraged because it leads to playing 20 year old video games, you incredible nerd.

It is impossible to start a hole in the United States and dig straight through to China because they keep an eye out for that sort of thing. Before you can emerge from your hole you'll be sent scurrying back the way you came with a few smacks on your head from a rolled-up newspaper.

A human drinks 16,000 tons of water in a normal lifetime, but not all at once! Ha ha! Typically this water intake is spread out over 1,000 16-ton sessions.

Without its lining of mucus, your stomach would digest itself, and without the constant supervision of your subconscious, your mouth would eat itself.

The largest mammal on Earth is the Blue Whale. The most overlooked mammal on Earth is his larger cousin, Eric.

Lightning stings like you would not believe. On a scale from 1 to 10 with 1 being a papercut and 10 being a punch in the nose, it's like an 8.

A normal human being sheds 40 pounds of skin in his or her lifetime, which pretty much renders bathing a complete waste of time.

A teaspoon of material from a neutron star weighs approximately 100 million tons. This is why "neutron star material" does not appear anywhere on the FDA's list of daily recommended allowances for a healthy diet.

The universe itself is infinite in size. If you wanted to walk from one end to the other, it would take you nearly **two years**.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.2 This Article is Politically Incorrect and Is About the Stuff the "Man" Doesn't Want You To Hear

Sunday, Sep 02, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Recently I was doing what the SomethingAwful boss, Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, orders all his employees to do: I was artificially driving up click-through rate on our ads by clicking them over and over again using three computers, five automated programs, and six hands. I had been at it for several hours, and was about to call it a night, when one particular ad caught my eye.

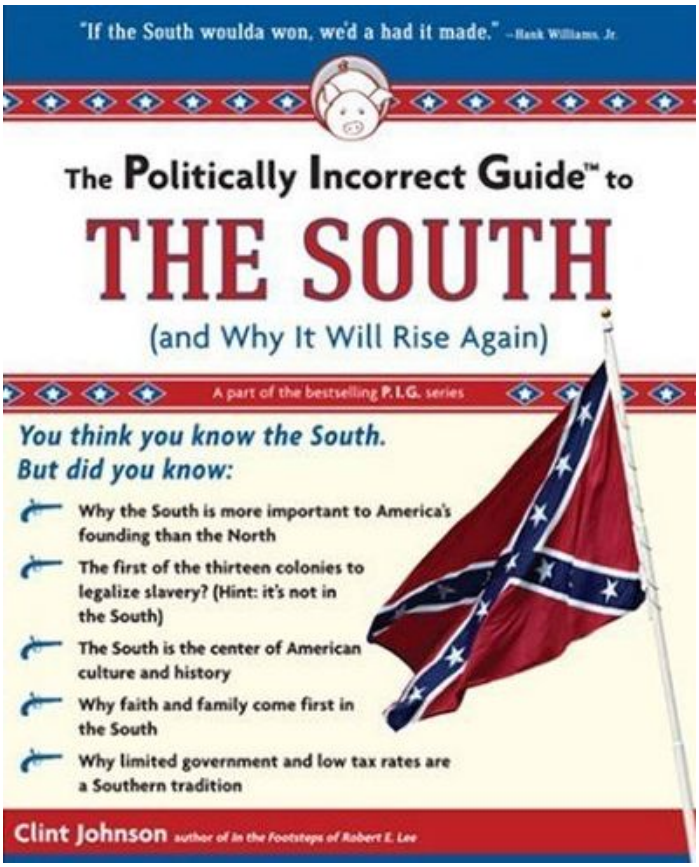
The ad was for a website called The Conservative Bookclub. It's a bookclub, but for conservative people. They have an entire section of their website just for Ann Coulter books. They also have an entire section devoted to a series of books called "The Politically Incorrect Guides", and when I began to look through those, I realized I had stumbled on something big.

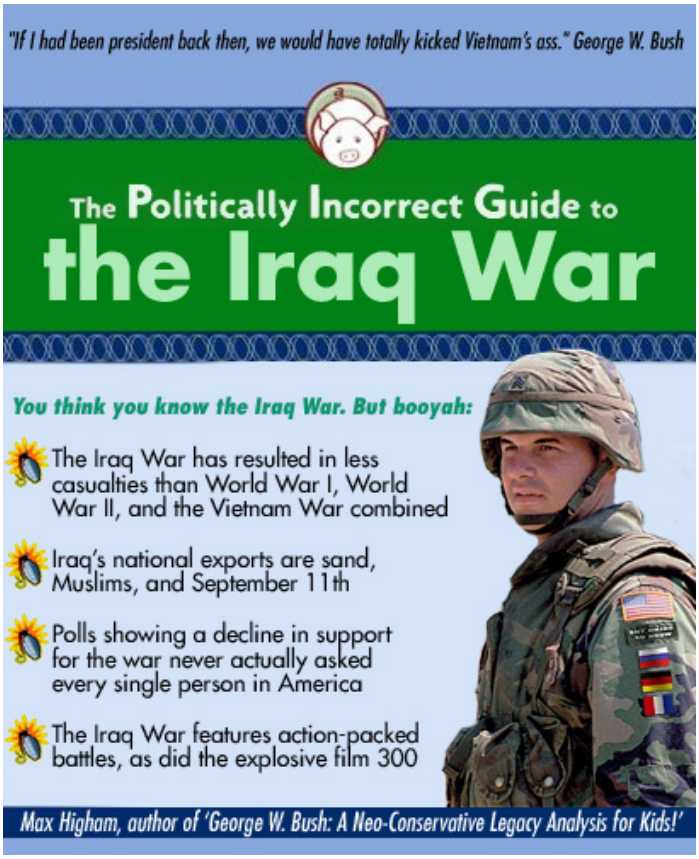
Each guide covers an important world topic, and provides a reasoned, logical opinion on that topic. For instance:

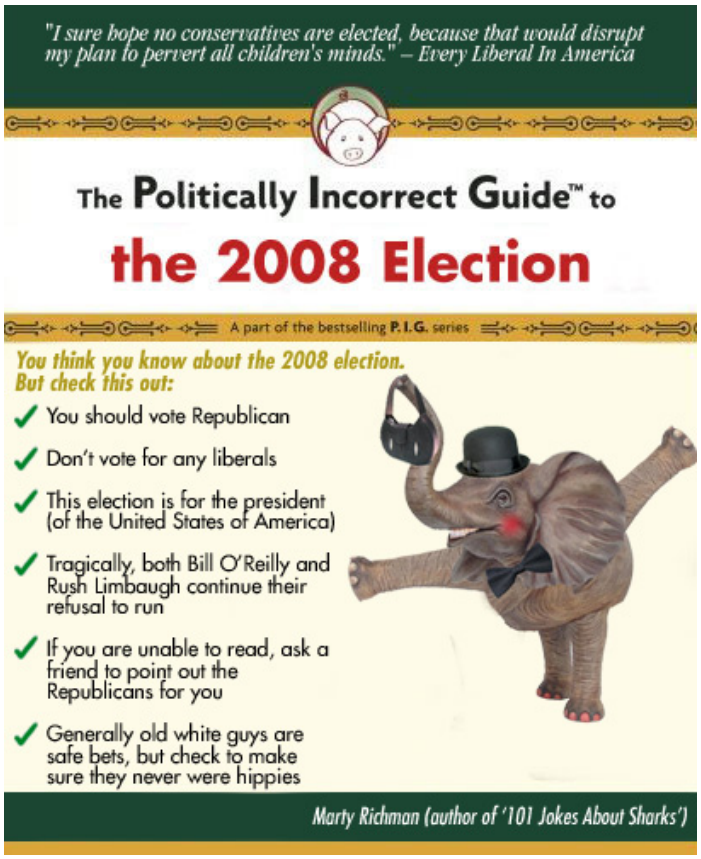
- The Politically Incorrect Guide to Global Warming (It's not happening)
- The Politically Incorrect Guide to the Constitution (The conservatives are always right)
- The Politically Incorrect Guide to Darwinism (It's wrong)
- The Politically Incorrect Guide to Islam (The crusaders should've wiped 'em all out)
- The Politically Incorrect Guide to Science (Both global warming and Darwinism is wrong)

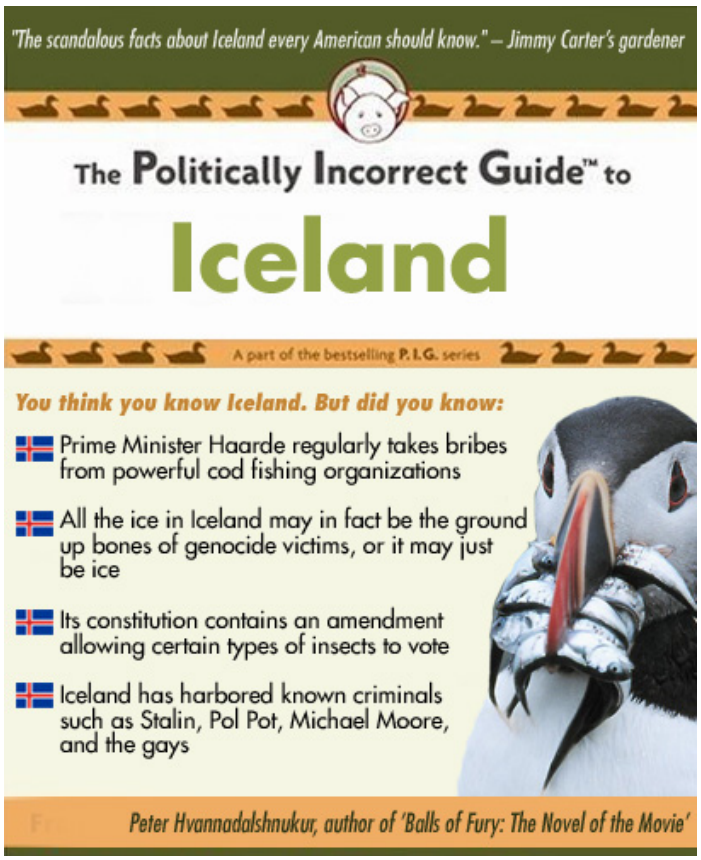
Excited by books finally willing to spill the beans on the things that really matter, I went ahead and came up with some of my own concepts for future titles in the series. Tell me what you think:

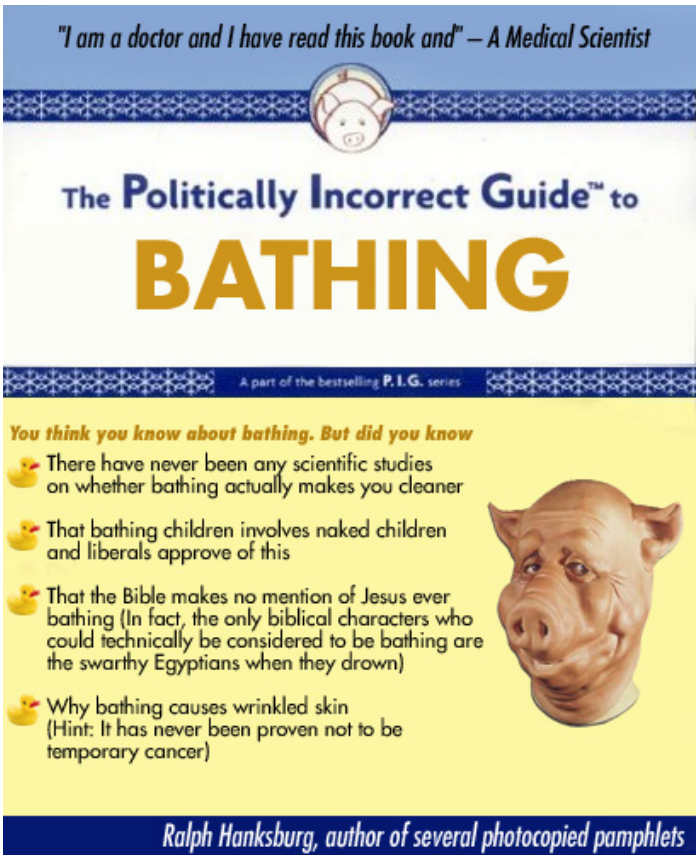
(Whoops, that one's real. No really.)


"If the South woulda won, we'd a had it made." –Hank Williams, Jr.
The Politically Incorrect Guide™ to
THE SOUTH
(and Why It Will Rise Again)
A part of the bestselling P.I.G. series
You think you know the South.
But did you know:
Why the South is more important to America's founding than the North
The first of the thirteen colonies to legalize slavery? (Hint: it's not in the South)
The South is the center of American culture and history
Why faith and family come first in the South
Why limited government and low tax rates are a Southern tradition
Clint Johnson author of In the Footsteps of Robert E. Lee


"If I had been president back then, we would have totally kicked Vietnam's ass." George W. Bush
The Politically Incorrect Guide to
the Iraq War
You think you know the Iraq War. But booyah:
The Iraq War has resulted in less casualties than World War I, World War II, and the Vietnam War combined
Iraq's national exports are sand, Muslims, and September 11th
Polls showing a decline in support for the war never actually asked every single person in America
The Iraq War features action-packed battles, as did the explosive film 300
Max Higham, author of 'George W. Bush: A Neo-Conservative Legacy Analysis for Kids!'


"I sure hope no conservatives are elected, because that would disrupt my plan to pervert all children's minds." – Every Liberal In America
The Politically Incorrect Guide™ to
the 2008 Election
A part of the bestselling P.I.G. series
You think you know about the 2008 election. But check this out:
You should vote Republican
Don't vote for any liberals
This election is for the president (of the United States of America)
Tragically, both Bill O'Reilly and Rush Limbaugh continue their refusal to run
If you are unable to read, ask a friend to point out the Republicans for you
Generally old white guys are safe bets, but check to make sure they never were hippies
Marty Richman (author of '101 Jokes About Sharks')


"The scandalous facts about Iceland every American should know." – Jimmy Carter's gardener
The Politically Incorrect Guide™ to
Iceland
A part of the bestselling P.I.G. series
You think you know Iceland. But did you know:
Prime Minister Haarde regularly takes bribes from powerful cod fishing organizations
All the ice in Iceland may in fact be the ground up bones of genocide victims, or it may just be ice
Its constitution contains an amendment allowing certain types of insects to vote
Iceland has harbored known criminals such as Stalin, Pol Pot, Michael Moore, and the gays
Peter Hvannadalshnukur, author of 'Balls of Fury: The Novel of the Movie'


"I am a doctor and I have read this book and" – A Medical Scientist
The Politically Incorrect Guide™ to
BATHING
A part of the bestselling P.I.G. series
You think you know about bathing. But did you know
There have never been any scientific studies on whether bathing actually makes you cleaner
That bathing children involves naked children and liberals approve of this
That the Bible makes no mention of Jesus ever bathing (In fact, the only biblical characters who could technically be considered to be bathing are the swarthy Egyptians when they drown)
Why bathing causes wrinkled skin (Hint: It has never been proven not to be temporary cancer)
Ralph Hanksburg, author of several photocopied pamphlets

Thanks to John "Leningrad" McNally for photoshopping the covers. You're a real sweetheart, baby!

Comments, suggestions, and Amazon gift certificates can be sent to maxnmona@somethingawful.com.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

9.3 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Firefly Class Mechanic

Monday, Sep 03, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Gorram ah kua is humped without the likes of me.

I first pressed palms with *lan jao bin* Mal Reynolds on a planet whose name I can't remember, in a town I don't remember, drinking away the last of the coin in my pocket at a dive I can barely remember. I do have some recollections of an appalling whiskey, but it was cheap and eatin' a hole in my belly.

My last gig, before meetin' the esteemed Cap'n Renyolds, was an engineering hand aboard an Alliance freighter. No story to how I lost that one, no reavers or anything like that, just me and the Alliance don't mix. They're all about wearing stupid hats and I'm all about not doing exactly whatever it was they wanted me to do.

So there's me, Hickory Burnsides, with zero prospects and hardly two plug nickels to rub together, drowning my sorrows on some planet wedged in the *chui kank* of the 'verse. In walks my supposifyin' salvation, browncoat war-hero, smuggler, and ship's captain: Malcolm Reynolds.

"Lookin' for a crew," he said, "need a man what's good with an engine."

Well, define good, but sure as Shakespeare that's me he's talkin' to and he don't even know it. I raise up my hand and motion him over, do the introductions like. He tells me he's got a first-officer and a pilot, but what he needs is someone can fix their broken ass engine.

"Firefly class," he says with a gleam of pride, "she's old and persnickety, but I do love her."

Now I ain't never one not to rise to the occasion, so I up and told him I knew all about Fireflies. Spun a right tall tale for the man, years of experience is what I tell him.

"Down the last of your tarantula juice, get your hot roll and let's mosey," he actually said to me.

Ain't never heard none of them terms before, but I'm willing to broaden my slang horizons or my name ain't Hickory Burnsides. Then I think he said something in Chinese about my mother. On account of I figured it would at least be interesting, I followed him out of the bar.

That's how I got aboard *Serenity*. Y'all said you was prospectin' for a story about workin' as a grease monkey? Right, well, I'll tell you the tale of my time aboard that ship, and why everyone aboard her can *gum lim pay eh lan jiao*.

Serenity - Day 1

Cap'n Reynolds introduced me to the crew first. Some goofus in a floral shirt and his pan-racial girlfriend. Apparently the split-tail and Reynolds fought together at the battle of Serenity Valley, wherever that is. Reynolds said she's a woman you can tie to, which I reckon means he trusts her.

These two. Not fond of them.

Not my sort of folk, I s'pose, but I weren't complainin' on account of they weren't no Alliance. No uniforms or stupid hats, no standin' to attention when certain folk is around. I recall on one occasion we had to stand to attention for half a day because some shucks what looked like they was gonna clean under a sink was around. They was wearin' blue rubber gloves and I figured them for touched but I guess in the Alliance blue kitchen gloves outranks the little hat with the banana on the front. Go figure.

Nevermind. On the subject of introducin' that's about all that needs said. Then Cap'n Reynolds showed me the ship.

Pua lao chee bye! The cockpit looked like a music mixer at a Christmas party, my quarters weren't hardly big enough for me to stretch out my sticks, I've seen cleaner galleys on scows, and the engine room. Oh, lordy, the engine room! I'd be mighty kind to say it looked like a museum. Fact is museums clean things up now and again.

This ship's engine appeared for all the 'verse to be made out of rust and steam pipes, had a weird propeller what turned on the inside of the ship, and I think it had mold growin' on it. Cap'n Reynolds told me he needed it fixed pronto so they can get back in the black. I bit on my lip as opposed to tellin' him my mind which was he better buy real estate because his junk pile would turn to dust afore it saw the other side of any atmo.

On account of my self control on the subject of strangulatin' employers I bit on my wise mouth and told him it were all shiny.

Serenity - Day 8

She's old and ugly, but on the other side of the coin she's slow as a puddin' foot.

Somehow this old cow poke figured out how to get this junk heap up and underway. Cap'n Reynolds may not cotton to the way I talk freely and such, but ain't no complaints coming from him on the topic of engines.

Over canned beans in the galley the crew talked about where we was going. Sounds to me like we are picking up a shipment of magical little girls on Maidenhead III, one of the core worlds, to take them to some such and such space station out near gorram undiscovered space. I hear for to tell that some of them little girls is karate experts, others can read minds, some of them hunt reavers and space vampires and what have you, and all manner of other such beyond my ken.

Our *siao lan* pilot is always on the outs with the split tail, but listenin' to their arguments it's apparent to every man but them that they're eager to grapple. Ain't no concern of mine, got no worries 'cept to keep this piece of history space worthy.

Serenity - Day 19

Well, I reckon I might as well write this down on account of the long haul we're in for headin' out to the peripheries and boundaries and what have you of known space. Turns out our esteemed Cap'n Mal Reynolds got himself a moral streak despite all the swaggerin'. He seems them girls from Maidenhead III and figures out they ain't on no fun field trip. They got hoods and shackles and Blue Sun wants him to sign all kinds of papers afore he takes 'em.

Watch out for that reaver, little magical girl!

So instead of takin' a juicy load of magical girls worth a gorram fortune, he refuses the contract and signs on to haul oats out to some do-nothing colony called Rustwater Creek. 600 tons of oats is a fair bit of oats, but ain't no money in oats.

I expect to be paid this month in canned beans and stern looks from the Cap'n.

Rustwater Creek - Day 26

That's the serious face he makes when he's givin' out some justice.

Y'all is in for a surprise: Rustwater Creek, population 86, don't have no money to pay us for the oats. Some robber baron or some such took all their money and their cattle and horses and whatnot are starving because they built their colony on a planet with just about no grass. Way to be, plow chasers. How about next time you go to a planet with no grass you bring a truck instead of a horse?

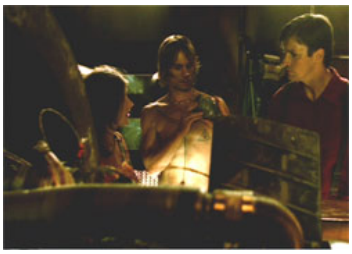
So everybody here is real unhappy and Cap'n Reynolds is contemplatin' do some damn fool thing like just up and giving them the oats and then going after the robber baron.

Mighty noble of him and all, what with the good and the evil and the stands against authority, but this crewman ain't lookin' forward to gettin' a free round of bad beer at the bar in town as payment for riskin' his hide fightin' some rich sumbitch with a private army. My suggestion during palaver, which was duly ignored seeing as how Cap'n Reynolds and his pu bor bin got all moralizing on me, was to sell the gorram oats to the gorram robber baron.

Instead he wants to fly to the robber baron's ranch and scare all his horses, get shot at by a bunch of meatheads, and then swoop in and teach him some sort of lesson or something. I'll let you know how that goes.

Serenity - Day 27

We done shot up the robber baron's posse and blew up his ranch by having me overload the engines. Course once we left atmo the damn boilers blew so now I got me a whole mess of work, third-degree burns on my arm, and ain't no money coming for our big oat delivery. Cap'n Reynolds got the townspeople to give us a bunch of pairs of boots to trade on Mill Holler, a nearby planet. I just gotta get these engines workin' again.



Have fun with that thing, you gorram clod head.

Far as I can tell, if Mill Holler got paved roads I intend on stayin' put right there. I'd rather be saluting some boner wearin' kitchen gloves or work for some *chao ah beng* than any more of this bull pucky.

Once we got to Mill Holler, Cap'n Reynolds sold the boots and my cut is a whoppin' 50 credits. Just enough to put my bones up in a real bed for a few days and get some real food - and by that I mean whiskey - in my guts. I ain't given the man no letter of resignation, I'll let him figure out the job situation by his lonesome. In fact, I put some clod head from the bar onto the idea of workin' as his engineer, some core world runaway name of Bester. Seems like he got more rock salt than sense in his head, so he should be a good fit for Serenity and her crew. May they have all sorta great adventures together.

Me, if I never see another corroded fuel coupling or another spinny thing that I don't even know the word for sticking out of an engine, well, that would be the arrangement I'm seekin' out. No more horses or oats, no more whiny colonists, thank you very much. If worse comes to pass, I'll sign back up for the Alliance. I'm sure they always need somebody what'll stand and salute when someone walks by to clean under the sink.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 Snorbs.com: Deadly Toasters?

Tuesday, Sep 04, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Deadly Toasters?

Claim: Repaying an act of kindness, a Middle Eastern person warns grocery store patron not to use "top brown" setting on toaster ovens after September 31st.

Status: *False.*

Example: *[Collected via e-mail, August 2007]*

WARNING: Please listen to this message because it is VERY IMPORTANT. My youth group camp leader, Andre, heard from Robbie (his friend) that this is TRUE. This guy, a guy Robbie knew from school, was at the Kroger's to buy some t*@#et paper. When he got up to the counter, there was a guy working there who was in a turban, wizard robes, the whole thing. His name tag said "Muhammod" and he was of the Arab ethnic background (not that it matters, he didn't even notice until later).

After he bought his stuff, Muhammod says, "thank you for your loyal patronage, since you are my best customer I will tell you a secret: do not use the highest setting on your toaster oven after September thirty first. Just do not do it, I can't tell you why, they will kill me if I tell anyone, but please, I beg of you, do not do it. Don't tell anybody, though, because it's a secret and they will know I told and they will cut my hands off, for it is the law of Oller." So the moral of the story is that he took his dog to the vet and the dude is like, "this isn't a dog at all, even, it's a giant Mexican rat... and it has AIDS. Welcome to the world of AIDS."

GOD BLESS AMERICA NETWORK presents this URGENT bulletin: illegal immigrants pouring over our Freedom Fence: the answer? The liberals say "trigger locks," we say "cold dead hands." MEXICAN MACHETE RAPE GANGS move northward towardMontana, claiming child victim #31. Don't look in the papers for this one, fellas: Big Jewey needs Mexicans for cheap labor, so the media blackout of their barbosity continues! Call us crazy for stockpiling skulls full of blasting caps?

Crazy like an EAGLE soaring, God BlessAmerica! And more proof that the surge is working!? Consider this: GOD BLESS AMERICA NETWORK stormtrooper Jesse Blake apprehended a Moslem in a local convenience store. After extensive HUMANE waterboarding, Al-Qaeda Sam cracked: "I thank you for your humane and effective interrogation. Voluntarily, I submit this information: tell your brothers in Christ not to toast their toast on the 'top brown' setting after Labor Day. I renounce my Arabic customs; God BlessAmerica."

Caught this monologue by 60 Minutes personality Andy Rooney the other day, and I thought I'd pass it along. True wisdom from a real gem of the American screen, and a timely statement aboutAmerica's changing values:

> You're probably sick of hearing these words: "Back in my day." Well, I'll tell you, I had a day, and it was a fine day back then. Forgive me if I reminisce once in a while. Pardon me if I get nostalgic for one of the greatest times in American history. Back in My Day, things were different.
>
> Back in My Day, you could understand the words in songs, and they were beautiful. I'll never forget dancing with Gene Kelly to "Dishpan Hands," and I'll never forget the wonderful lyric by Hoagie Carmichael. Nobody will.
>
> Back in My Day, kids left school with an education. Every kid inAmericahad Ivanhoe memorized back to front. These days, you're lucky if a high school graduate can get your breakfast order right.
>
> Back in My Day, 50 cents bought a heck of a lot. Coffee, two eggs, potatoes and gravy, a cigar, and enough change left over for a shoeshine and a good lay. Nowadays, go to a prostitute with 50 cents and all you'll get out of her is a dirty look.
>
> Back in My Day, a black boy knew to take his hat off when addressing his betters. That was before rap music. Can you imagine it?
>
> Back in My Day, grocery stores were a part of the community. The service was friendly and the clerks were white. Nowadays, you can't walk two feet in a grocery store without some mystic of Far Araby telling you what you can and can't do with your toaster.

Big words from a small man!

I am not usually one to grind the rumor mill, but this one is too important to miss!!! My nana's nurse was at the grocery store buying evaporated milk for blind kittens. The woman in front of nana's nurse in line was paying with change, and seemed to be having quite some difficulty with the arithmetic involved in counting the money. I am not racist but I will point out that the woman just so happened to be of the Arabian persuasion. My nana's nurse, not wanting the line to be held up when the pattering heartbeats of blind kittens were dwindling evermore by the moment, went up to the woman and helped her with the simple task of adding her change.

After my nana's nurse had bought the evaporated milk, she went outside to find that the Middle Eastern woman was waiting for her. She came up to M. N's. N. and said, "my barbarian god wishes to repay your kindness, so heed my warning: do not use the 'top brown' setting on your toaster oven after September 31st or you and your loved ones will be dead." Kittens are fine BTW and sight is recovered in most cases due to miracles.

I hesitate to relate this rumor because I never believe these things, but this is too important. Better safe than sorry. As an educated man, I would like to preface my rumor by saying that Islam is the

religion of peace, and the acts of a few radicals should never be used to judge anything. So: a friend of a friend was at a convenience store recently, and he came across a man being harassed by some kind of a skinhead thug.

The thug had cornered the employee and was squirting water on him out of a water bottle's nozzle, demanding some kind of information. The man being harassed was, not that it's any of your business, of a Middle-Easterly bearing (which does NOT automatically make him a terrorist or anything else). My friend's friend politely asked the skinhead to leave, and the situation was resolved amicably with the skinhead agreeing to stop stockpiling explosives for the oncoming race war and instead attend a sensitivity seminar.

After they exchanged phone numbers and shared hugs, the man of celebrated Arabic heritage pulled my friend aside and said, "you have committed a fine justice, friend, and for this my people repay you: do not use the 'top brown' setting on your toaster oven after the end of this month." Please consider the gravity of this warning.

> **Origins:** Another in the fairly typical "Terrorist Warning" genre of legends, these examples have circulated widely in the past few weeks. As fears and tensions continue to nag at the American people due to the constant threat of terrorism, the primitive yokels of the Midwest vainly try to maintain some feeling of power over their meaningless lives by circulating absurd, damaging lies and phony Andy Rooney monologues.
>
> Snorbs.com quickly dispelled this rumor by contacting the head of consumer affairs at Oyster, one of the largest manufacturers of toasters in the United States. Oyster's representative, who spoke with a thick, mysterious accent and identified himself as John Wayne Cowboy, was quick to refute the myth:
>
> > "Oyster toaster is paragon of safety. Toaster is instrument of peace, and we advise you to toast your decadent Jewish bagels at toastiest setting available. You will soon learn that a well-toasted toast, specifically a toast made at 'top brown' setting, will bring you closer to your wicked Christ than ever before."
>
> John Wayne Cowboy then erupted in a trilling ululation and hung up. Toast with confidence, guys! This legend has been officially put to bed.
>
> **Last updated:** 04 September 2007

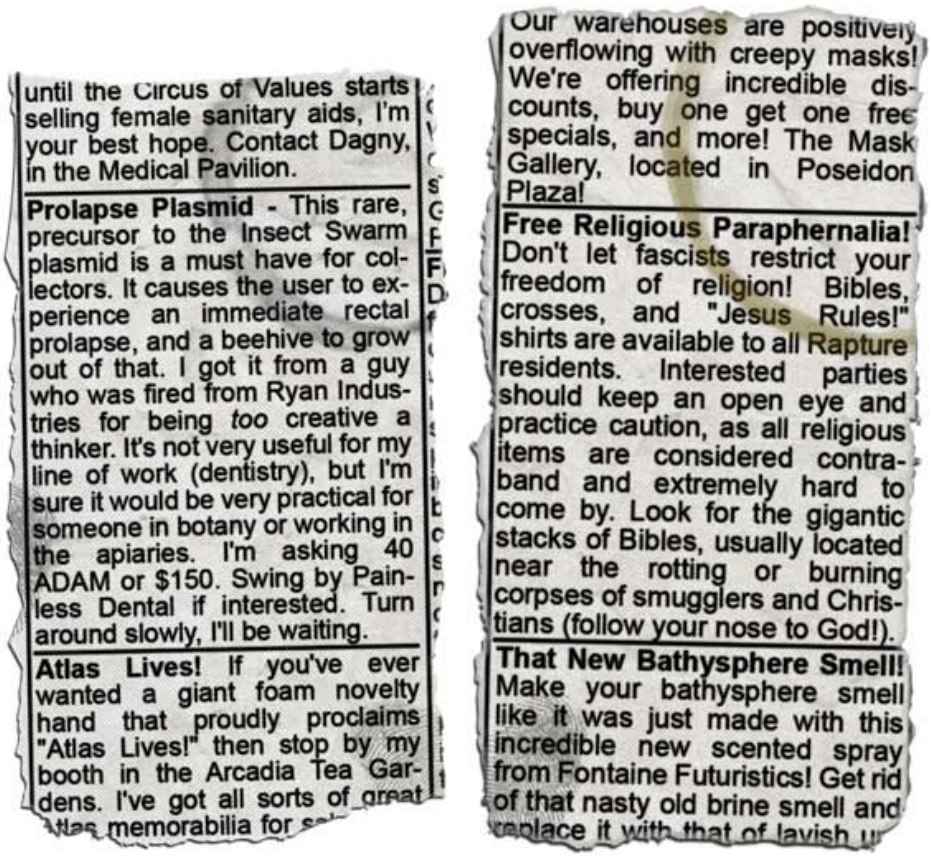
-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.5 Rapture Standard Classified Ads

Wednesday, Sep 05, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.

Rapture, the world's most inspiring monument to the unchained and unfettered potential of Man's Will, is served by a number of newspapers, including the Rapture Standard and the Rapture Tribune. Like all respectable rags, these two titans feature classified ads helping the free residents of this great underwater free market city buy, sell, and trade without any interference from government parasites. These are some of those classified ads.



until the Circus of Values starts selling female sanitary aids, I'm your best hope. Contact Dagny, in the Medical Pavilion.

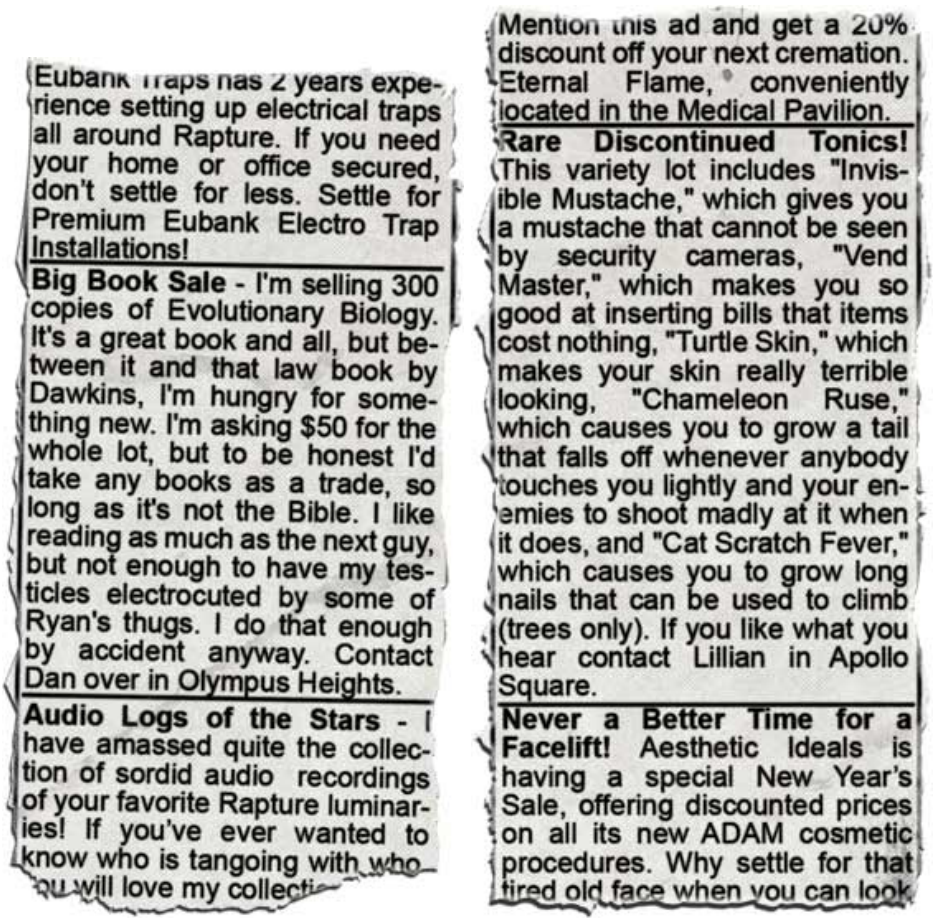
Prolapse Plasmid - This rare, precursor to the Insect Swarm plasmid is a must have for collectors. It causes the user to experience an immediate rectal prolapse, and a beehive to grow out of that. I got it from a guy who was fired from Ryan Industries for being *too* creative a thinker. It's not very useful for my line of work (dentistry), but I'm sure it would be very practical for someone in botany or working in the apiaries. I'm asking 40 ADAM or $150. Swing by Painless Dental if interested. Turn around slowly, I'll be waiting.

Atlas Lives! If you've ever wanted a giant foam novelty hand that proudly proclaims "Atlas Lives!" then stop by my booth in the Arcadia Tea Gardens. I've got all sorts of great Atlas memorabilia for s

Our warehouses are positively overflowing with creepy masks! We're offering incredible discounts, buy one get one free specials, and more! The Mask Gallery, located in Poseidon Plaza!

Free Religious Paraphernalia! Don't let fascists restrict your freedom of religion! Bibles, crosses, and "Jesus Rules!" shirts are available to all Rapture residents. Interested parties should keep an open eye and practice caution, as all religious items are considered contraband and extremely hard to come by. Look for the gigantic stacks of Bibles, usually located near the rotting or burning corpses of smugglers and Christians (follow your nose to God!).

That New Bathysphere Smell! Make your bathysphere smell like it was just made with this incredible new scented spray from Fontaine Futuristics! Get rid of that nasty old brine smell and replace it with that of lavish u



Eubank Traps has 2 years experience setting up electrical traps all around Rapture. If you need your home or office secured, don't settle for less. Settle for Premium Eubank Electro Trap Installations!

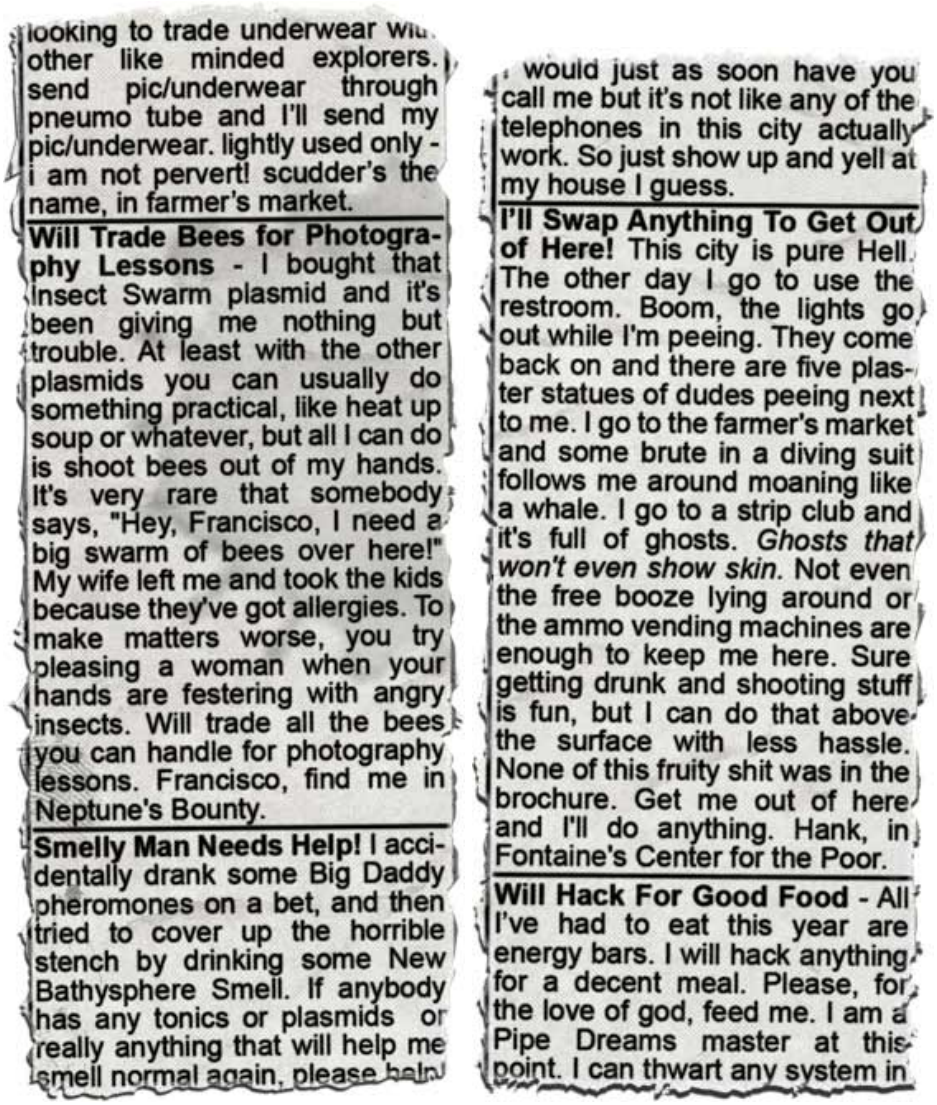
Big Book Sale - I'm selling 300 copies of Evolutionary Biology. It's a great book and all, but between it and that law book by Dawkins, I'm hungry for something new. I'm asking $50 for the whole lot, but to be honest I'd take any books as a trade, so long as it's not the Bible. I like reading as much as the next guy, but not enough to have my testicles electrocuted by some of Ryan's thugs. I do that enough by accident anyway. Contact Dan over in Olympus Heights.

Audio Logs of the Stars - I have amassed quite the collection of sordid audio recordings of your favorite Rapture luminaries! If you've ever wanted to know who is tangoing with who ou will love my collecti

Mention this ad and get a 20% discount off your next cremation. Eternal Flame, conveniently located in the Medical Pavilion.

Rare Discontinued Tonics! This variety lot includes "Invisible Mustache," which gives you a mustache that cannot be seen by security cameras, "Vend Master," which makes you so good at inserting bills that items cost nothing, "Turtle Skin," which makes your skin really terrible looking, "Chameleon Ruse," which causes you to grow a tail that falls off whenever anybody touches you lightly and your enemies to shoot madly at it when it does, and "Cat Scratch Fever," which causes you to grow long nails that can be used to climb (trees only). If you like what you hear contact Lillian in Apollo Square.

Never a Better Time for a Facelift! Aesthetic Ideals is having a special New Year's Sale, offering discounted prices on all its new ADAM cosmetic procedures. Why settle for that tired old face when you can look



looking to trade underwear wi.. other like minded explorers. send pic/underwear through pneumo tube and I'll send my pic/underwear. lightly used only - i am not pervert! scudder's the name, in farmer's market.

Will Trade Bees for Photography Lessons - I bought that Insect Swarm plasmid and it's been giving me nothing but trouble. At least with the other plasmids you can usually do something practical, like heat up soup or whatever, but all I can do is shoot bees out of my hands. It's very rare that somebody says, "Hey, Francisco, I need a big swarm of bees over here!" My wife left me and took the kids because they've got allergies. To make matters worse, you try pleasing a woman when your hands are festering with angry insects. Will trade all the bees you can handle for photography lessons. Francisco, find me in Neptune's Bounty.

Smelly Man Needs Help! I accidentally drank some Big Daddy pheromones on a bet, and then tried to cover up the horrible stench by drinking some New Bathysphere Smell. If anybody has any tonics or plasmids or really anything that will help me smell normal again, please help

would just as soon have you call me but it's not like any of the telephones in this city actually work. So just show up and yell at my house I guess.

I'll Swap Anything To Get Out of Here! This city is pure Hell. The other day I go to use the restroom. Boom, the lights go out while I'm peeing. They come back on and there are five plaster statues of dudes peeing next to me. I go to the farmer's market and some brute in a diving suit follows me around moaning like a whale. I go to a strip club and it's full of ghosts. *Ghosts that won't even show skin.* Not even the free booze lying around or the ammo vending machines are enough to keep me here. Sure getting drunk and shooting stuff is fun, but I can do that above the surface with less hassle. None of this fruity shit was in the brochure. Get me out of here and I'll do anything. Hank, in Fontaine's Center for the Poor.

Will Hack For Good Food - All I've had to eat this year are energy bars. I will hack anything for a decent meal. Please, for the love of god, feed me. I am a Pipe Dreams master at this point. I can thwart any system in

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.6 The Awful Guide to Your Inevitable Walt Disney World Vacation

Thursday, Sep 06, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

One day this is guy going to grow up and start a family. Haha I can't even say that with a straight face.

The Something Awful demographic is largely composed of young, cynical nerds who know more about modding their Xbox so it can fry bacon than how to talk to a girl without wetting themselves. Our goons are distrusting of large corporations, play by their own rules, and powerlevel clerics while simultaneously defending a man's right to draw lolicon art.

But as time goes on our dear goons are growing up and are leaving some of those awful Internet qualities behind. Some of you will manage to sucker a woman into marrying you, having kids, and cause her father to take her out of his will after discovering what a slob she ended up settling for, leaving you with the inheritance consolation prize, your father-in-law's enlarged prostate.

Because mass media is more powerful than any parent could ever be, especially you, your child will someday nag you to take them on a Walt Disney World vacation and you'll say, "How the hell did you find out about that?" while clutching at your chest when you realize how much it's going to cost.

Or perhaps grandma will urge your wife to urge you to take your two-year-old, who most likely finds the dog food bowl infinitely more interesting than Cinderella's Castle, to Florida, so the whole family can pose for adorable pictures while standing next to a sex offender in a fursuit so they can put the best one on a Christmas card and send them to their friends who will promptly throw them in the garbage.

That's why I wrote this guide to your inevitable Walt Disney World Vacation. It's just one of those things you have to do in life, like passing a kidney stone. You don't want to go, you wish you didn't have to go, but if you don't drop three grand for an opportunity to visit the sweatiest, crowded-est, and fattest place on Earth, your family will hate you until they push you down a flight of stairs, cash in your life insurance policy, and take off to make those magical Disney memories they've always wanted with Daddy No. 2.

Planning a Walt Disney World vacation is quick and painless, for your wife and child that is. You on the other hand get to experience what it's like to have Mickey reach for your wallet with one hand and and spread your butt cheeks wide open with the other. In planning for your vacation a whole host of entities get to screw you, from the airline you end up flying on to Disney to grandma, who just wants a free trip out of the deal.

Getting ready for a trip to Walt Disney World.

Expect to shell out about $1,600 for a 6-night/7-day Disney World vacation for a family of four according to Disney's web site. Of course, that doesn't include food, and is actually the going rate for the "Magical Utility Closet" package. If you want them to treat you like a human being, $2,500 is a more realistic figure.

So what the hell is all this heartache for? The theme parks, of course! That's just what you want to do, visit a bunch of kiddy

playhouses for a week. There are four to choose from at Walt Disney World and you might as well visit now because they ain't gettin' any better.

The Magic Kingdom

Walt Disney once said that there will never be another Disneyland. Of course, once the old bastard dropped dead the pencil pushers left in his wake had to decide what to do next. The meeting ended after five minutes when someone said, "So, uhm, another Disneyland okay with you guys?" after which they all went out for Tex-Mex. There was one executive that said, "But didn't Walt say there would never be another Disneyland?" but his family gave up on the search for his body a long time ago.

The Magic Kingdom is the second to worst "Disneyland" style park in the world. It beats Hong Kong Disneyland only because there are less Chinese people in Florida. Here age relives fond memories of the past and here youth may savor inferior versions of Disney attractions and rundown facilities. Disney makes their guests feel more than welcome by not painting anything, letting trash build up in neat little piles on the ground, and reducing the operating hours of various attractions, restaurants, and the park itself, leaving you to wonder why it costs $3.50 for a bottle of chocolate milk for your screaming baby who is still feeling sore after getting punched in the face by Tigger.

Yay! Disney World!

The place is less a theme park than it is an electric convenience vehicle showroom. While ECV's may be used by those with a legitimate medical condition like degenerative disc disease, erectile dysfunction, or laziness, they are mostly driven by fat slobs who have lost the ability to move themselves under their own power and have since given up on that dream. ECV's make it possible for the mom from What's Eating Gilbert Grape? to visit the most magical kingdom of them all and we are all better off for it.

The ECV is a Walt Disney World staple. If you do a Google Search for "ECV vehicle" the first result will be AllEars.net, an unnofficial Walt Disney World information guide. The guide has a section on using ECV's in the parks but the vast majority of people who use them are nearly blind from diabetes and have lost the ability to read or think coherently. Many are dead to the world, and will forever putt around the only place that will accept them, The Magic Kingdom.

If you find yourself surrounded by fatsos on scooters don't be alarmed. They are more afraid of you than you are of them. Make yourself look bigger than you really are and growl as loud as you can. They may be scared off long enough for you to make your escape. However, if it's mating season they may attempt to mount you. If they do, may God have mercy on your soul.

Epcot

The EPCOT that Walt envisioned is very different from the Epcot of today. For starters, one is spelled entirely in capital letters and the other is not. But capital letters aren't the only difference between the two. EPCOT stands for Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow, and if you've seen Epcot recently it doesn't exactly look like any of those words. So what's the FUCKING deal you ask?

EPCOT was originally designed to be a city of the future. Walt Disney created a film two months before he kicked the bucket that outlined his plans for his prototype community. EPCOT would have made extensive use of public transportation in the form of monorails and people movers. There would be no unemployment and downtown would be a 30-story city center.

Disney nerds are celebrating the removal of the Epcot wand from Spaceship Earth. Unfortunately there's not much else to celebrate about Walt Disney World.

Nobody would own their own land or homes in EPCOT. Walt Disney would control it all right down to the lampshades. By owning all the lampshades, Walt could step in and install new and improved futuristic lampshades in dwellings at a whim. But what if you liked the old lampshades? Too bad, because if you complained Walt would threaten to turn grandpa into a lampshade and install it in your house. He'd do it, too! That nigga is crazy!

It was fortunate that Walt died and spared us his totalitarian prototype community from hell. Instead what we got was a kind of futuristic edutainment complex with replicas of various countries of the world tacked onto it. Imagineers mulled over the idea of calling it Boring Ass Place but decided to call it Epcot.

Epcot has changed quite a bit in the last decade. Some of the aging edutainment attractions that weren't even futuristic in the 80s have been replaced with thrill rides such as Test Track and Mission: Space, which is so good it might explode your heart.

At this point Epcot doesn't quite know what it wants to be, an optimistic look at the future, a thrill ride park, or a Disney character haven. I know exactly what I want to be, not at Epcot.

Disney-MGM Studios

Here is a list of worst Disney theme parks from worst to less worse but still pretty terrible.

1. Disney Studios Paris
2. (tied)Disney-MGM Studios
2. (tied)Disney's California Adventure

It's no surprise that the worst Disney parks are those based on the "studio" concept (California Adventure has a "studio backlot" land). The studio concept is something Universal does, and they do it quite well, but the concept isn't very "Disney".

WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED AT DISNEY WORLD YOU FAT JERK

Disney parks are all about creating all-encompassing environments based on fantastic locations. That's what you're really paying those premium prices for. The studio concept is an excuse to cheap out on the Disney experience. Boring environments, exposed backstage areas, and bare buildings with little architecture are the norm at MGM Studios. When you ride Star Tours at MGM you aren't speeding in a spaceship to the Endor moon, you are on a "set" and they are filming a movie about speeding in a spaceship to the Endor moon. I've always thought the studio concept was boring and I simply don't get it.

The only attraction at MGM that feels like a real fleshed out and complete experience is the Tower of Terror. Unfortunately it takes a four hour trek from the Magic Kingdom just to ride it. Disney-MGM Studios, soon to be renamed Disney's Hollywood Studios, is a half-day park at best. Opinions about theme parks, serious business.

Disney's Animal Kingdom

Unless you like to see depressed animals sleep while you are constantly being hit over the head with environmental conservation messages, Animal Kingdom has very little to offer except for a roller

coaster that hearkens back to a time when Disney was at the top of their game, Expedition Everest, the spiritual successor to the Matterhorn.

Getting Around the Resorts

When one thinks of Walt Disney World they think of zipping around in futuristic streamlined monorails to all their favorite theme parks. The reality is that they only go to two of the four theme parks and a bunch of hotels you can't afford to stay at anyway.

George Takei played Hikaru Sulu on Star Trek and is a staunch supporter of monorails as a viable form of public transportation. Artie Lange was fired from MadTV.

Most of the time you'll be traveling around in ancient buses that are often late and crowded. Try not to travel between parks or hotels during opening, closing, or ever. Buses often leave with women running behind them shouting, "Take my baby! Please take my baby!"

You would think that they would fork over the dough to build monorail stops at each hotel, theme park, waterpark, and even Downtown Disney, just to reinforce that "Disney Difference" they always tout. What the hell are the $3.75 churros paying for? The monorail is a viable transportation system and it's unfortunate that the Disney Company has abandoned any notion of an expansion to the network. George Takei is spinning in his grave.

Disney has devised several convenient programs that help you save time and create magical memories at Walt Disney World. Well, that's what they say they do anyway.

Fastpass

Some theme park chains such as Universal or Six Flags offer front of line passes that cost extra on top of your base ticket. Disney on the other hand has managed to create a line reservation system at no extra charge to you, the guest. Basically you insert your park ticket into a machine near a participating attraction of your choice and it tells you to come back at a predetermined time so you can take off and do other things. When your return window rolls around you can get on the ride in 10 minutes as opposed to say, 60 minutes.

But wait, if it's free, won't everyone abuse it? Not so at Disney World! The key to Fastpass is that Floridians are so braindead that they can't understand what it is or how it works, leaving the normals to have their run of the attractions.

Yes, Fastpass does allow you to get on more rides on an average day, but only because other people don't use it and end up experiencing less. If everyone used Fastpass to its full potential the system would break down and would be of little use to anyone. The stupid reservation system can't make a ride take on more people than it was designed for. But it can confuse dumbasses enough to keep them waiting in the slower standby lines so they don't hurt their heads trying to figure out what a return window is.

Photopass

If you are too dumb to know how to operate a camera and too much of a social failure to ask some stranger if they would kindly take a picture of you and your family with your camera, you can use Disney's Photopass! A relatively new service, Photopass is a system that allows you to have cast members take badly framed snapshots of your family so you can view them online at home after your vacation is over.

You know what they say, the camera adds ten pounds. Apparently the PhotoPass camera adds 600 pounds.

The best part is that you can buy prints of your photos for just $12.95 each. What a deal! Remember, those are your family vacation photos. If you don't buy them it just means you hate your family and think they are ugly. And what's $124 for a CD of your most precious Disney memories when you've already spent over a grand to get your feet run over by scooter fatties?

Extra Magic Hours

One of the "perks" of staying at a Walt Disney World resort is Extra Magic Hours. Every day extra hours are tacked on in the morning or at night at one Disney World park for hotel guests only.

So on a day where Extra Magic Hours is offered at Magic Kingdom, you get to stay in the park when it closes to the general public at 10PM. What they don't tell you is that in the past Magic Kingdom used to stay open after midnight anyway.

It's a cost-cutting measure that has the illusion of creating value. Instead of staying open late every day of the week for all guests, the park stays open for hotel guests (of which there are about 30-40 thousand at any one time) only once or twice a week. Really makes you want to drop 3 grand on a Disney World vacation doesn't it? Do some cost-cutting of your own and cut Walt Disney World out of your budget.

Disney's Magical Express

This service is essentially a shuttle bus that takes you and your luggage from Orlando International Airport directly to your Walt Disney World hotel. It may be free but it's just another diabolical scheme in Disney's quest to trap you in their 36 square mile Reedy Creek hellhole. Normally vacationers would rent a car after arriving in Orlando. But a car affords guests freedom, the freedom to eat off-site or God forbid visit another theme park like Sea World, Universal Islands of Adventure, or the real star of Kissimmee, Gatorland!

The point of Walt Disney World is to strip away all vestiges of self-sufficiency from guests and turn them into babies, helpless if not for the teat of Disney. Forego the empty gesture of Disney's Magical Express, rent yourself a car, moon Mickey and take back your freedom!

You may not believe me now, but it'll happen. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but one day you'll have to take your whole family on a trip to Walt Disney World. It might be the closest thing to receiving anal sex that you'll ever experience in your entire life.

For a week of your miserable existence you will be forced to submit to the mouse. It will be hot, crowded, and when you aren't arguing with your wife you'll be wishing you were at home, chugging a cold beer while watching football (for you nerds this is what married guys do by the way). You won't even be able to jerkoff in your hotel room, the Mickey Mouse wallpaper judging you from all sides. It will be pure hell.

But try to have fun okay.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.7 Been Longin' for Bin Laden

Friday, Sep 07, 2007 by Harry Hyperbole (@sexyfacts4u)

AHH! Don't creep up, Colmes! Lookin' like the Joker need iron supplements.

What the fuck is up, playas? I know y'all been swinging around Nintendos and shit while I was away, but the good news is I am back. Radiatin' the Hateiation. Fully rested and prepped to lay down some megatons on this Bin Laden shit been scandalatin' up out of my man Wolf Blitzer.

Osama Bin Laden, crustiest pimp ever hit headlines, been incommunicado for too long. Sure, his posse sends out tapes like Al Jazeera a record label, but the CIA always puttin' kiboshes on that shit. They see the tape and they like, "What the fuck is this Tupac shit this is some recycled shit for a box set he's gonna put out or something?"

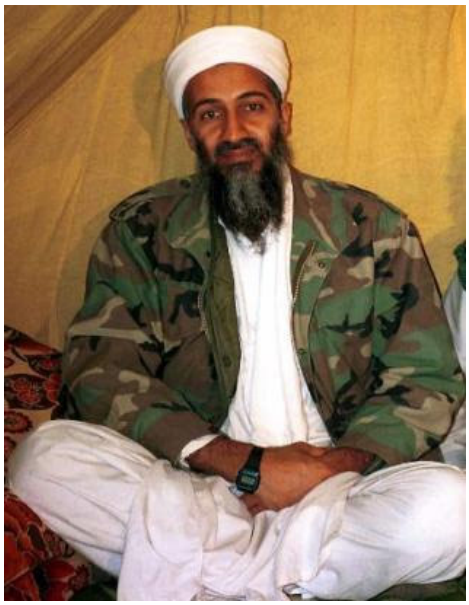
Then Hannity run with that shit. He get up on that zoo animal Colmes like he got un-retentioned from his cage somewhere and start laying it out old school mega burn style straight telling that bitch to his melty-ass face. Bin Laden loses cred like he dead over in Karbalas or some shit, Colmes go creepin' back to his lair, and everybody forget about that shit for like the next months or so.

Well, son, no. Nuh-uh, not this time. Bin Laden recognize the potentialities of the situation and like a bronze-balled hustla he deployed an advance team on that shit. Commando PR ops and shit. Got to build buzz 'fore that new tape drops.

In case you haven't been payin' attention to times and whatnot this is the Information Age. You want to roll with the big dogs you got to know how to distribute a press release and get you some copy writers. That's gospel shit, right there. Y'all focus group that shit, do what you gotta do, but you know I ain't lyin'. That's triple truth.

On top of that shit Bin Laden got himself some image consultants, update his look from like 1982 to like 1990 or some shit. So bein' as how I am a scintillatin analyst, I figured I should mobilize these indelible skills for some missions and shit on the new Bin Laden tape. Let you know if I'm feelin' his new look.

So first let's take a look at some old Bin Laden and how he was representin' in previous tapes he released. This first one I like to call **Classic Bin Laden.** This is the shit he's rockin' in like ten of his releases.



Straight up hustla, the camouflage shit is played out and it don't go with no white shirt. You look like some Vietnam vet workin' as a short order cook steppin' outside for a smoke break. I ain't goin' near the headgear on account of my email will start blowin' up with the ten million messages from the dumb Iraqistani readers start gettin' offended and shit.

I do give you props on that beard . There is that crusty ass pimp comin' out to play. You got to have a trademark when you pimp villain style and that devil beard is tight as hell. Then you go and ruin it all with that Casio watch shit. Can a nigga not read a clock? You get you a Fossil or some shit with digital shit that is cool but that gas station watch...shit, son, you might as well wear a shirt that say "I got hepatitis" the next time you go in a club.

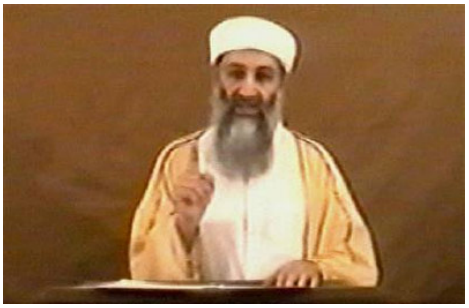
I'm not even sure you wearin' pants. Look like you just woke up and wrapped a bed sheet around your legs. That's cool. I had them nights before.

Now this next image is Bin Laden rockin' the **Classic**, but he's not posin'. This is real life Bin Laden from some video he filmed like in 2001.

No more flossin' in the tent, Bin Laden only cruise in style. Now he like a top-shelf P. Diddy type what with his bare ass walls sittin' on the floor like dirty babies with his friends on a couple of blankets or some shit. That is some depressin' ass shit, right there.

Yo, I read the translation for this shit and these niggas is all "we rule the world" and "hell yeah, we blew that shit up in New York it was Hot 97 times 50." Meanwhile, damn, nigga, hang a picture of a rottweiler back there or something. Some posters of Beyonce or New Kids or anything man. Draw a fuckin' face on the wall with a marker, I mean DAMN. Lookin' like when the police open a shipping container on the docks and a bunch of fine ass Hungarian bitches come up out a pile of Pop Tart wrappers all messed up and blinkin'. I mean a potted plant or something, goddamn.

Now, here, this is the third picture and this is one of those ones that straight up flopped on its ass. CIA and shit all declaiming that shit. This one dropped in like 2006 I guess or something. Bin Laden got up out of the basement and put on some new clothes. This look I like to call **Terrorist Casual**.



This is just Osama relaxin' in his crib talkin' up his bullet points of killin' whitey. He ditched the camo for some sort of track suit or something. I think that shit is like tangerine or goldenrod. It is fly as hell compared to Osama Bin TacOps. He is still rockin' that weird ass white shirt scene, maybe spice that shit up with some gold chains get you some 500 diamonds spellin' out JIHAD on some niggas.

The setting ain't much better than the bare ass room in picture number two. He's got a podium kind of thing, so that's an upgrade, but what the fuck is up with that butcher paper shit in the background? Lookin' like he gettin' a picture takin' at Six Flags wild west portraits or some shit. Also you got to recognize, Bin Laden ain't never have no honeys swarmin' on his sleeves. Go on, playa, get you some belly dancers or maybe some girls makin' they ass clap in the background there and you take things to a whole new level.

The new picture we about to debut is supposably Osama this year for some anniversary of 9/11 and shit. Give some warnings and ominous intonations and what have you on the topic of blowin' up some more buildings. The video ain't out yet so I don't know what he say, but I do know his look has changed. So let's check that shit out. I call it **Pimp Laden**.

Oh ha ha ho ho holy shit, nigga! Look at that motherfuckin' thizz face! That is straight pimp! Nigga is tore up like he got raised up in the pits by Michael Vick. Eyes all droopin' and shit, you know Osama hit them trees like a California fire. I'm surprised Air Force didn't drop no heat-seekin' missile down on that mushroom cloud of nug stank comin' up out of Pakistan.

Okay, yeah, Osama is still wearin' the same filthy ass shirt he was wearin' in the video a year ago. I guess caves don't come with no walk in shoe closets, but I mean ain't there no nigga wear the same size shirt as you? Maybe trade up and put on a red shirt or a black shirt or something for the next big video?

Whatever, maybe he got cash flow problems what with bombs droppin' all over maybe hit First National Bank of Al Qaeda inside a hut or something. It's all cool when you look at that beard. I see somebody got they Amazon box full up on 300. Nigga recognize shit was gettin' out of hand there, lookin' like Gimli or some shit. He trimmed that up good and put some black back in it. Ain't nothing wrong with a man his age doin' a little coloration. You got to look good for your public.

Overall, I think Bin Laden has made some great strides to improve his images. He ain't goin' to be rollin' out no Sean John shit in Italy, but he got his own style ain't nobody compromise. Maybe in like 50 years that shit will be cuttin' edge or at least be like a FUBU type shit.

I am really lookin' forward to the tracks he lay down in this latest release. I know we get to hear about death to America and shit, you know, the ones that bring the crowd, but he is always throwin' in references and shit so you know it is modern and not some shit the CIA can debunk. So he might roll out there to his podium and be like, "Death to America and did you hear Rosie left the view, this a thousand travesties I will fill your streets with blood."

He always got a curveball too, like tryin' to affect elections and shit. Maybe like, "Oh, the Republicans make me so mad, I hate them so much, America will be punished if they elect those cats. But oh, the Democrats, they are good friend. They are my ally." Then you know every nigga out there is like "Those Democrats hang out with this dude with the beautiful beard?" and they all vote for Tom Tancredo and shit to get rid of a Mexican next door.

Anyway, September 11th, be sure to catch that shit. It is probably going to be something hot as hell.

-∼Harry Hyperbole (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 The Daily Gonzo

Saturday, Sep 08, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The DAILY GONZO

America's Most Trusted Source For Late-Breaking News

November 5th, 2008 50 cents

THE VOTES ARE IN! OUR NEXT PRESIDENT IS...

by Jordan Luffman

The final vote count came in at around midnight and no one spoke as I crossed the press room. The air was cool and plasticy, like the exhalation of a prosthetic colon that had been refrigerated very recently. All around me, people were hugging each other or shaking their heads in disbelief, depending on which douchebag they had been pulling for.

Stepping into the women's bathroom with a hard-on the size and approximate shape of a Chicken McNugget, I propped one leg up on the tank of a toilet and angled my stubborn member at the bowl's lid. "Come on, you silly son of a bitch," I whispered angrily, but no urine would come.

I briefly considered threatening it with violence, but no. That would do no good. What if it still didn't comply and I didn't follow through with my threat? Any leverage I might have once had would be lost forever. *(continued in **Politics 2B**)*

CHINA LAUNCHES NUKES AT 13 U.S. CITIES

by Tom Kobos

As the list of cities that had to be notified to immediately evacuate came in from the Department of Defense, the peyote began to kick in.

"Hey," said a coworker who may or may not have actually been there. "You done with the floor? Gonna need it for a few."

How could he borrow the floor at a time like this? Didn't he understand that I had to notify the public of these nukes immediately? If I didn't, millions of lives would be lost or at the very least inconveniently irradiated. This was the most important story I would cover in my lifetime, assuming no more white females managed to disappear before my retirement.

I responded to his inconsiderate query by meowling like a kitten until I could no longer distinguish my voice from the sound of the rotation of the Earth. This sound, as it turned out, was transmitted at exactly the right frequency to place me in a deep slumber, from which I would awake in the changing room of a skateboard shop approximately thirty miles from the office. *(continued in **World 2D**)*

Weather Forecast

Wednesday

'Partly Cloudy' best describes my recollection of last night's events. There was definitely a bar, but beyond that I cannot say for sure. I might have been wearing shoes. Don't quote me on that.

Sprawled out on the bartop in front of me was the Hurricane Center's projected path for tropical storm "Sal", which had struck Cuba in 1984. It was 2008, and I was in Denver.

Bugger.

*(continued in **Weather 5F**)*

STOCK MARKET IN CHAOS

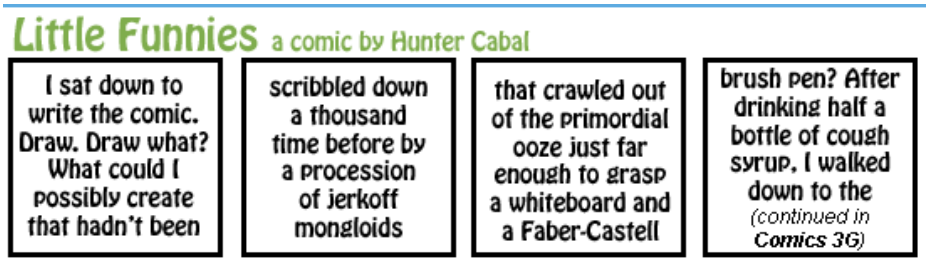
by Alan Thompson

The financial world was buzzing. As a handful of the biggest corporations in the world were plummeting into obscurity, two I.P.O.s that no one had ever heard of before last week were destined to take their place and rise to unprecedented heights. Thousands upon thousands of investors were about to lose their life savings unless they sold their stocks, while a fortune was waiting to be made for those lucky enough to get in on the ground floor of the up-and-coming companies.

It was my job to deliver the specifics to my readership so they could make informed financial decisions that would impact their lives in a major way for years to come. They needed specifics. Company names, stock prices, financial figures. It was essential that I report it all as soon as possible.

I contacted Richard Branson, who advised me to join him for a hot air balloon ride across the country with a shitload of martinis so that we could properly assess the situation from a better vantage point. Branson, as always, kept a .45 revolver tucked away in his shoulder holster. He would occasionally produce the weapon and fire it to punctuate a point while discussing a topic he felt strongly about, such as how huge elephants really are compared to how much credit we give them for being large.

That revolver took on a much more significant role when our balloon drifted off course and deposited us in the Cahulawassee River deep in the woods of Georgia. *(continued in **Business 4C**)*


Little Funnies a comic by Hunter Cabal
I sat down to write the comic. Draw. Draw what? What could I possibly create that hadn't been
scribbled down a thousand time before by a procession of jerkoff mongloids
that crawled out of the primordial ooze just far enough to grasp a whiteboard and a Faber-Castell
brush pen? After drinking half a bottle of cough syrup, I walked down to the
(continued in Comics 3G)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.9 Repugnant Jobs: Pornography Actress

Sunday, Sep 09, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Mike Rowboat: Today we're going to one of the seediest, grossest jobs in the word. A career so filthy that the majority of the public pretends it does not exist at all. Of all the jobs I've had the displeasure to witness, nothing matches what we're going to see today. I'm terrified, horrified, and largely vaccinated in preparation of this trip. In fact, I'm currently wearing a hazmat suit just to get through this one day of work. That's right, today we're going to jump into the unclean orifice of the porn industry and talk with one of the stars on a shoot. Some come with me to this huge California mansion, and let's get started!

Mike Rowboat: Greetings, pervert!

Porn Star: Hi.

MR: So what are we going to partake in today? I've been working hard to desensitize myself, so you don't need to sugarcoat it.

PS: Just a typical shoot. Once the camera crew is all set, the director will come and we'll work through a list of positions and then we'll be done. Should be pretty quick. We're all busy here.

MR: And how do you choose what sort of filthy acts you'll do? Do you have a grotesque freak imagine the most deranged, unnatural perversions known to mankind? Or do you dream of the worst behaviors in society and then try to play them out in front of the camera?

PS: I don't think it's that complex. We just sort of see what's popular out there and then we do it.

MR: So you're saying that there's no central filthy hobbit coming up with these ideas?

PS: I mean, I don't know much about market research, but I don't think they're hobbits.

MR: So if you aren't putting yourself into weird positions based on the taste of freaks, then how do you feel about putting yourself at risk with every shoot?

PS: What risk?

MR: Did you say something? I can't hear very much through this hazmat suit.

PS: Yeah, I wasn't going to say anything, but now that you mention it, what's with that outfit? We're in a huge mansion that we're renting from a millionaire. It's super clean here. It's also 90 degrees outside. But I just asked what risks?

MR: The risk to your health. Every time you appear on camera involves you having unprotected sex with strangers. If the chance for STDs are high for the average individual, then your participation in an industry that thrives on bodily fluid must put you as potential Patient: Zero for any number of diseases.

PS: I get tested regularly. We all get tested regularly. So there's a chance, yeah, but I think we're all professional and try to everything in our power to ensure that we're safe. We have a lot of paperwork on that sort of stuff. They give us little certificates and stuff.

MR: That's sort of boring.

PS: Sorry.

MR: Not your fault. Just a little surprised. I really thought we'd see some danger. Where's the action? Where's the excitement? When are we getting started?

PS: There's a ton of prep work that has to go on first. There's the camera crew and lighting and makeup and all that sort of stuff. The company just told me I have to update my W-2 this year, so that'll take a second. After all of that then the actual shoot is sort of the last bit.

MR: And then you start doing the freaky stuff?

PS: Not really. The shoot should be pretty interesting, but it isn't really that freaky. It's pretty much figured out, actually. There's a list of stuff we're going to be filming if you want to see it. I don't want to ruin this for you, but it's sort of a rushed business. We're just trying to get everything finished so that we can get to the next shoot.

MR: Oh really? Well if everything is supposed to be so normal then what's this behind the camera? A table of food? Is this the newest, grossest kink for your closing shot? How do you plan on using these turkey sandwiches for your debauched jollies?

PS: That's a snack table. And those are for the camera crew. We have to follow California labor laws.

MR: If you're trying to tell me that what I'm looking at isn't for some sick, depraved act then how are you going to explain the Miracle Whip on those sandwiches?

PS: Some people just like that more than mayo. It gives a unique zing.

MR: You people disgust me.

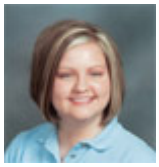
-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.10 Voters Say the Darnedest Shit

Monday, Sep 10, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I remain *persona non grata* at Whitebrook elementary following a little misunderstanding over a question I asked the kids about fundamentalist Islamic sects, so it may be a while longer before I get to bring you the comments from the children. With the primary voting in the not-too-distant-future I thought now might be a good time to rope in some average American voters to comment about the 2008 presidential election. I was surprised by the honesty and by the unusual opinions of these voters. I hope you enjoy their views.

Who do you support in the US Presidential primary and why?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Oh, well, gosh. I never gave it a bunch of thought. Let me see. I like the man we have now a lot, but if I had to pick someone else I like that little one. The...I think he's a Republican, but he could be a Democrat. The one with the ears. He kind of laughs like a pony would laugh."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Black Hussein Osama. In case you didn't get that, that was a little sarcasm for you. I support My President and the War on Terror 150%. George W. Bush 2008."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Is that Villainsack guy still in there? Haha, that guy ruled. President Villainsack, your table is ready...hahaha. President Villainsack, please come to the courtesy desk, your burrito is waiting. Haha, anyway, I'm for Ron Paul."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Gaia willing, Ralph Nader will decide to run again. None of these other corporate cronies and warmongers really do it for me. I have a specialty glass blowing business and I think Ralph Nader will look out for the small quasi-legal businessman."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Right now it's between Mitt Romney and Barack Obama. I love Mitt's hair, but Obama's smile makes my junk tingle. Mike Huckabee is kind of cute too, but I read he used to weigh like 300 pounds, so I bet when he takes his shirt off it looks like theater curtains."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Hillary Clinton seems pretty go- did you put down 'Immigrant' as my job? Bro, I've got a Master's degree in mechanical engineering. I worked on the Segway. This is insulting."

What issues facing America are most important to you?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

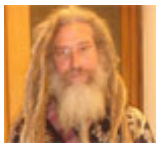
"Oh, you know what, on that last question you asked I just realized I was thinking of somebody on *American Idol*. Haha, duh, Dawn! Anywho, the most important things to me are my babies, so if any of the candidates are against mini-Pins they definitely don't have the Catwand vote!"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"I hear a lot of talk from the defeatocrats about leaving Iraq, but plain and simple we have got to finish the job there. If we don't, all of the lives that have been sacrificed in Iraq will be for nothing, so we have to sacrifice some more men to get the job done. If need be we will sacrifice more every month and create a pile or pyramid on which those sacrifices can be performed. Eventually these sacrifices will appease the gods. I mean bring us victory."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"There's a strip club ordinance in Herringsville that says you can't go all nude if you serve liquor. I am a firm believer in liquor and full nudity mixing. So, I guess lame ass ordinances in Herringsville or Bathscomba are my issues. Like that one saying chicks can't nurse a baby while they're mowing a lawn. Effin' bullshit!"



Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Three words: Internet bong sales. Legalize them and you've got my vote. I can't put food on the table for my kids with the number of walk-in customers I'm getting. The Internet bong market is huge and just waiting to be fully tapped."

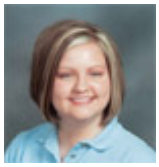
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Not looking at Rudy Giuliani's rat-eyed Nosferatu face for the next four years is near the top of my agenda."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Fountain drinks are not nearly big enough at gas stations. I think I would also like it if they made it so when a pregnant woman gets punched and her baby dies it's not murder."

What do you feel should be done about illegal immigration?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Do they know how to tile bathrooms? A certain somebody has six boxes of *Finding Nemo* tiles she bought on eBay!"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"There was this movie called like 'Spaceship Troopers' I think it was. Anyway, it was like this perfect society where mankind was fighting against aliens and to be a citizen you had to be in the space army. So just let all those guys be soldiers for a couple years. Tough luck for the broads and kids though."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"That's easy as hell, man. Just start having 'America: Ladies Night' and it'll take care of itself! Haha, dudes pay some outrageous cover to get in and babes get in free."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"The more the merrier, I say. Elian Garza used to bring me pound bricks of Mauwie Wauwie he drove across the border taped inside the gas tank of his Corolla. Then Los Federales busted him and it's nothing but skunk and the occasional Northern Lights from some trailer park hydro outfit."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"I am just absolutely in love with mojitos right now! It's this Mexican drink with limes and cane sugar and I think it's gin. Really amazing drink. You've got to pace yourself though, they creep up on you. A few months ago I drank five and woke up next to this guy that looked like Sammy Sosa with a Santa Claus beard. *Yick!* That was my second abortion."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"You put down 'immigrant' as my profession, so I guess that makes me the expert. Welp, I say let them all marry gays and be astronauts. Return Vermont to Aztlan! Prick."

What would you like to see in a national health care system?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

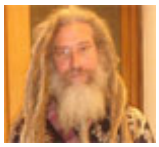
"More faith-based hospitals."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"It's called redistribution of wealth and it's theft. When I had both legs blown off by an IED I was proud to pay for the prosthetics out of my own pockets. Well, my pockets were blown off too, but the hospital put me on a payment plan. Should have these bad boys taken care of by 2065."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Hahaha, most of my opinions on the subject come from my favorite health care related movie: *Latex Nurses in Heat*. The next time I get a sore throat I want to see a nurse wearing a gas mask and a latex bodysuit hooked up to an air compressor."



Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Do I really need to say it?"

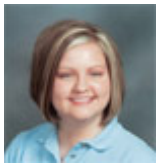
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"I want more Jewish doctors that are open-minded to dating protestants. Dental and cosmetic surgeons preferred."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I love filling out forms while I'm bleeding out of my eyes. How can we get a system that lets me fill out more forms?"

Do you think there should be a Constitutional Amendment banning gay marriage?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Marriage is a sacred union between a man and a woman or, in the case of Mr. Pringles and Bongo, a mini-Pin and a Pug. Darlene said Bongo is definitely not gay and I *know* my Mr. Pringles."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"They're destroying the institution of marriage. When my brother heard gays could marry he immediately got a divorce from his wife. What's next from these homos? Are they gonna want to drive? Translate Arabic?"

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"When I heard they legalized gay marriage I was really excited because that meant CNN would have a bunch of footage of hot babes kissing. Ha, I'm definitely against gay marriage after what I saw."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Oh, no, definitely not. We're all just tiny atoms circling in the same cosmic body electric. Proton to proton, electron to electron, it's all good, man."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"No, of course not, because the thing I want more than anything is fewer available men. "

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"You just got to ask yourself: man, what would Batman do? I'm pretty sure you know, Batman would marry a gay."

What will you do if a candidate you do not support wins the election?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

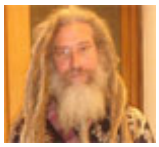
"Oh, dear, well I don't know. I suppose I'll just wait until the bus is all full of praying kids and then I'll drive the darn thing off a bridge. Ker-splash! No point living."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"God created rooftops so you can vote from them. With a rifle. I mean 'shoot' when I say 'vote.' Hopefully the rooftop has wheelchair access."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Haha, ain't no thang. I'll probably sleep in and forget to vote that day anyway. You snooze, you lose, but you're well rested. Hahaha!"



Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Man, I always expect disappointment. I've got my bags all packed and everything. The minute I hear about one of those corporatist slime balls winning I will do what I did in 2004 and not move to Canada like I swore I would."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"If it's Giuliani I'll just listen to radio a lot. If It's Clinton I guess I'll start thinking about having sex with a woman. It got me out of gym class in 8th grade, it can work again."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Guess I'll just move back to Mexico and eat dirt like all of the poor Mexican dirt-eaters. Oh, wait, I almost forgot! I can go teach at a respected university in Mexico and live in an air-conditioned five-bedroom villa."

I'll continue to try to ingratiate myself with the new principal at Whitebrook. I'm told Harry & David have a great candied fruit basket that I'm sure Mrs. Poplar will enjoy.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.11 Anarchy 2000

Tuesday, Sep 11, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Online Anarchy series.

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"Grugh!!! I'm a Sheriff and you give me a displeasure so bad!"

You know youre hopes and dreams ? Well they are all a bunch of big turds. Sorry to say it but its true. You won't amount to much more than a regular dude ever in your life so you might as well do this stuff in the file. But please remember that the stuff in here can get you badly hurt or punched by someone if you aren't a sly guy. I'm something of a professonal so please listen to what I say.

Now get ready for some chaos!!!!

****

/// FRISBEE GOLF FUN ZONE ///

Do you have any friends who play this game? Well guess what it is the most stupid game ever. If you dont know it it's basically when guys throw a frisbee to nobody in particular and then go pick it up and keep throwin it to nobody else. Way to figure out how to play frisbee by yourself you nincompoops.

A v. good way to cause trouble at the links is to hide in the brush or behind a tree and wait for a dude to throw a frisbee that lands near you. Then just run up on it and huck it somewhere!! My fav. is when you just run out and pick up a guys frisbee and wait for em to come running at you though.. Wait until hes like 20 feet away then launch it at him directly. Gotta watch out though. Sometimes the guy will do that thing where he jumps up and puts his knee up in the air to block the oncoming frisbee and will keep running at you in this case you better hope theres an adult around (or if you are already an adult, then an adult older than you)

/// POLICE PRANK PARTY ///

Step one is to break into a police station and gain access to the phone. Then #2 is call anyone you dont like and freak them out. For example I really hate my friends mom so I would call up his dad and scare the bones out of him but this one takes some careful thought, You probably just want to call up and be like "Your wifes got a bad case of crud butt" but you cant do that because its not too scary and he will know is fake straight away.. Instead try "Hello sir this is the cops. Your wife has been busted for a bad case of the crud butt." Practical joke complete!!

/// CHEMISTRY CORNER ///

You may have heard a bit about how to make bombs using chemicals. Like smoke bombs or stink bombs and all the recipes are very hard to do because you have to be v. smart to make all the dynamite or whatever. Well that's bunk and you know it. If a man like us wants to start some big business, we need noting but a big old rock of sulfur. The trick here is that this yellow rock smells like an odor of the bathroom variety. Now just wait until a big day like when your folks bring home the boss for dinner and figure out a clever place to leave the rock. Anywhere you put it will emit a truly terrible stink!! One idea is to write a letter to the person at your house before they get there and make it look like an official contest winning letter. Thats when you put the rock inside. Then they will open it during dinner while very excited because they think they are going to win big but actually the only thing happening is they are going to get stinked up when they should be smelling like downtown. That's when you crawl out from under the dining room table and hold your nose and say "Oh Lordy This Is Quite The Rude Couple, Smelling Up The Place. Uagh!! Im Getting Sick At Them" and take off for your bedroom. I only recommend this last part of the tip if you can run faster than your dad. Or I guess just leave it in a shoe.

/// BASEBALL DREAM COME TRUE ///

This trick is done when you know someone who really likes you but you don't like them very much and they are the type that keeps talking to you no matter what all the time and they own a pickup truck. Go get a baseball at the store and write "Official Home Run Baseball" on it and when the person comes out of their house to get in the truck and they start it, toss the ball into the back of the truck. He will think a baseball game just had a homerun and it landed! Then he will go inside to call the news but before he can dial you have to call him up and say in a womanly voice "I Like Boys Who Are Lucky. Wait Outside I'm Going To Drive By And Flash You My Boobs." and hang up. Then when you see him outside just run out your front door and start chasing him down the street!! He'll get all scared beacuse he doesn't know why you're mad and you won't either.

/// HAIRCUT HERETIC ///

Next time your friends mom gets a haircut, write up a note like
this and leave it in their house:
"Dear My Wife,
Nice Haircut. By The Way, Your Head Looks Like A Bug's Head And
When You Breathe During Intimate Times It Sounds Like Ducks
Fighting.
From Husband"
While they are fighting you can sneak a beer that you cant
get at home and sit in the front room and flick off everyone
that walks or drives by.

WELL I hope you enjoy some of these tips and hints and gain some
of the respect you deserve. Until next time my fellow martys. -XOZ

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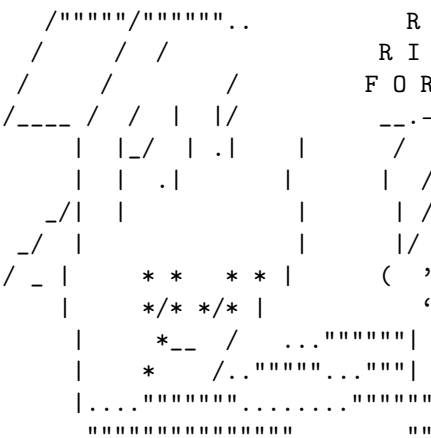
This file proudly downloaded from . . .



SysOps: MegaGuts - RED BELLY - Deborah - Toms Tummy - Obeast

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.12 The Falconry Stunt Index

Wednesday, Sep 12, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Rank	Name	Change
1	**The Inverted Condor** This old timey classic is back with a vengeance after Conroy Manchester used it to close out his Raptorama 2007 set. Fans were so delighted with his unique take that many rushed home to try it out. Spoke Manchester, "I just wanted to pay tribute to my roots. *The Inverted Condor* was the first stunt I saw as a boy and the reason I am the man I am today."	**+4.36**
2	**The Razzle-dazzle** Fans were dazzled beyond measure when Garrison Bell and his Red Kite performed this stunt for no less than 30 minutes. They kept the crowd's attention through every swoop, barrel roll, flutter, sputter, and spiral. "The performance of the year, no doubt about it," raved Eddie Freeborn, host of XM Radio's *FalconWire*. "Every falconer from Alabama to Arabia is going to be trying to duplicate Garrison Bell's work, and miss the mark by miles."	**+4.12**
3	**The Cornishman's Fancy** Crowds at the Puyallup Fair in Washington State got a rare treat when renegade falconer Professor Hawk made a surprise appearance. Despite being on the run from authorities and lacking a valid falconry license, he jumped on stage and released his trusty companion Infinitum to perform an outstanding rendition of the *Cornishman's Fancy*. Crowds chanted for an encore as Professor Hawk and Infinitum made their getaway. Although NAFA condemned the performance, that didn't stop the stunt from taking flight with fans.	**+3.67**
4	**Da Birdie's Cadillac** Pussyfeathers Calhoun marked his return to the game with this wild stunt, involving his new sea eagle Apollo and a moving Cadillac, which he bought as a gift for the bird. "This is about the next level," said Calhoun in an interview featured in the October issue of FALC. "We was on the first level with my last bird, but she succumbed to her vices and we miss her. But we movin' on now. Now we going to the next level, and we taking the whole world with us."	**+3.21**

Rank	Name	Change
5	**Positronic Supersonic** Euro falconry duo Supermass reported record ticket sales for their UltraFlight tour, thanks in part to the popular "Positronic Supersonic" stunt, which sees their twin falcons repeating the same flight pattern for 80 minutes. Although fans were satisfied, many critics slammed its repetitive nature and lack of originality. Time Magazine critic Alton Burroughs noted its uncanny resemblance to the 1970's stunt *Soaring Sally*, a popular invention of the late Bruce "Wildfeather" Tyson.	**+2.88**
6	**The Whole Sydeshow** Bay Area street falconer Kidd Sqak made quite the commotion when he unveiled his latest stunt to an excited crowd. His longwing Fizzle executed what can only be described as a drunken *Panama Root Canal* before passing out in a pool of its own expectoration. As fans cheered, Kidd Sqak seized the moment to further his feud with Pussyfeathers Calhoun. "Ya'll bird is dead and mine is faaaalyin'!" boasted the underground falconer, clad in his leopard-skinned gauntlets.	**+2.43**
7	**The Joy Buzzard** Controversy carried this stunt to positive gains following yet another drunken incident involving its creator, Carlyle Mack. This time the boisterous birdman got into an altercation with famed lariateur Cowboy Carl outside a New Hampshire Denny's. The two traded insults that quickly escalated into an all out-brawl that saw Mack's Great Horned Owl coming perilously close to getting lassoed. Spectators were able to calm the two men down enough to prevent any injuries. Mack later told FALC, "He can go off and twirl his string all he wants. I'm too busy playing with my bird of prey to care."	**+2.15**
8	**The Camel and the Eye of the Needle** The Middle East's most famous export received renewed interest when upstart falconer Carter Davis used it to secure victory on NBC's *America's Got Talon.* After wowing audiences and capturing hearts across the nation, the stunt is on fire with traders.	**+1.53**
9	**Death From Above** Otto Vetch excited crowds from the second stage at Raptorn '07, when he and Styrkar, his Eurasian Hobby, performed *Death From Above* flawlessly. Many female fans were moved to throw their panties on stage, which were promptly retrieved by Styrkar and given to the hard-living falconer. A subsequent YouTube video of the performance spread like wildfire and promoted strong gains.	**+1.43**

Rank	Name	Change
10	**The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln** Educational falconer Ken Mayhaven has been touring the country using his two raptors to reenact Abraham Lincoln's assassination. After PBS gave the stunt its first television audience, many falconers have been teaming up to recreate it. Mayhaven is pleased with the interest, and even offered some advice to falconers on his blog. "I have to alternate the roles of the raptors. If one has to play the part of John Wilkes Booth too often, it affects his personality negatively." Mayhaven added, "I just want people to know about this historic event that changed America forever."	**+1.24**
11	**Courting the Geisha** Investors are warming their hearts and opening their minds to the power of love. While this *takagari* courting stunt has seen better days, and certainly better centuries, it shows new signs of life after blinded falconer Theo Webber used his prized Saker Falcon to deliver love notes to his amnesiac fiancé on ABC's *Wings of Love*. The popular soap stirred many a housewife, and had every male falconer on the block eager to follow Theo's lead.	**+1.14**
12	**Picking the King's Apples** The old bandit tradition of using falcons to steal apples from Royal Apple Trees has seen renewed interest after its use in the recent wave of high profile Los Angeles diamond robberies. LA Police Chief William Bratton was quick to denounce the crimes. "This is not a joke or a laughing matter," he said during a press conference. "We are doing everything in our power to put these men and their falcons behind bars." Still, many falconers can't help but appreciate the artistry involved, fueling *Picking's* modest gains.	**+0.48**
13	**The Bombardier** *Bombardier* posted dubious gains after its usage fueled an Atlanta nightclub brouhaha. A police report indicates that a falconer used his Harris' Hawk to drop GHB into the drinks of female patrons. A lariateur at the club noted the unseemly tactic and quickly lassoed him for authorities. While the would-be rapist and his falcon were arrested and charged, news of the story inspired numerous copycat attempts throughout the country. Many nightclubs are now cracking down and instructing bouncers to turn falconers away.	**+0.27**
14	**There Goes The Gentleman's Hat!** This old standard took some dents in trading after a series of gruesome accidents. "Plucking hats off gentlemen requires a high level of training," said ESPN falconry analyst Mitch Matthews. "We're not seeing that training. We're seeing head scars and eye gouges and it's not pretty."	**-0.42**

Rank	Name	Change
15	**The Repeated Plummet** This stunt lives up to its name posting serious losses for the second day in a row. A tepid performance by Amy Boston on NBC's *America's Got Talon* didn't help matters. If anything, she flew this stunt right into a window.	**-0.65**
16	**Calcutta Rat Catcher** When Bruce "Wildfeather" Tyson saw Indian falconers plucking rats from the streets of Calcutta and dropping them into boiling cauldrons, he knew he had to bring the stunt to America. After decades of popularity in city and country alike, the stunt is finally showing its age, largely due to the scarcity of rats and lack of public cauldrons.	**-1.24**
17	**A Taste of Grandpa's Medicine** There's no end to the feather ruffling caused by this oft-decried stunt, thanks to the excessive mouth-beak contact. "Vultures eating the faces of the dead don't even get this much tongue," joked ESPN's Mitch Matthews on Tuesday's episode of *Claws Out*. "Frankly, I can't even figure out why it hasn't been banned yet. It doesn't even involve flying."	**-3.47**
18	**Feathers & Leather** Shock falconer Percy Dick got a little too close for comfort with his osprey, prompting fans to walk out on his most recent performance. The offending stunt, which saw the bird repeatedly swooping in-between his gyrating legs, turned stomachs faster than eyes. George Greensmith, who heads Wingspan, the largest union of falconry promoters, said Dick would no longer be welcome in their venues. With that, *Feathers & Leather* dives headfirst into oblivion.	**-4.78**
19	**The Bird is the Word** Strong words of condemnation from Pope Benedict XVI sent *the Bird* crashing down. "There can be only one Word, and that is the Word of the Heavenly Father," said the Pontiff in an official decree from the Vatican. NAFA, in an attempt to avoid controversy, agreed that the stunt was in poor taste. In spite of its sudden unpopularity, some falconers are saying *the Bird* won't stay grounded for long.	**-9.24**

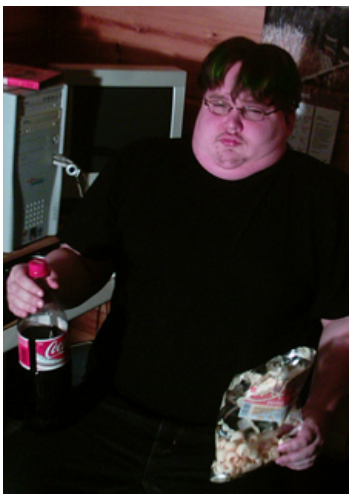
Rank	Name	Change
20	**The Phoenix Rises** Fans attending this year's Falconfest were in for a shock when Buck Whitely set his prized Goshawk aflame for a perverted take on the *Soucar's Gamble*. Stunned crowds began booing and pelting Whitely with refuse until officers arrested him for animal cruelty. Alvin, the charred bird, left this world in a blaze of glory never to rise from the ash. NAFA has condemned this stunt and urged against its practice. In addition to losing his license, Whitely faces a lifetime blacklisting.	**-10.24**

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.13 Your Guide to Internet Criticism

Thursday, Sep 13, 2007 by Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman

Hello, all. Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman here, bringing you some shocking news. Are you aware that, at this very second, people on the Internet are criticizing things that you enjoy, or possibly enjoyed during your childhood? Even back in 1994, when a young "Pillow Pants" was enjoying the 14.4 kilobaud sights of Compuserve, this young Internet champion spent upwards of eight dollars a minute informing idiots that the episodes of *Goof Troop* which aired on ABC Saturday mornings were *just as good* as the episodes that aired as part of The Disney Afternoon programming block.



Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman at the Criticism Control Command Center

Pearls before swine.

Today, we call this art "pwnage." And The Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman Institute of Pwnage, located in computer lab B43 of the St. Louis Assisted Living Community College, seeks to bring an end to criticism, the perverse art of people who only wish to make us feel bad about our passions: television shows, comic books, video games, and all other interests of those who can appreciate the entertainment of the elite.

We have no room for haters here – or, as I say to my comrades, THIS. IS. *SPARTA!*

My humble *Goof Troop*-related origins soon escalated to the landmark 2005 case of *Darkwing Duck* v. *Chip and Dale Rescue Rangers*, when several morons on Toonzone's message board tried to argue that *Chip and Dale* was somehow an inferior show. So I employed my elite pwnage skills to the battle, showing that both series were equally as good as every other cartoon that has ever existed, ending my final post with the immortal, "You are made of shame and fail. FOR THE LOSE."

Arguments like this are the very foundation of the Insitute of Pwnage, which is why I bring my teachings to you today. The following five techniques I have developed over almost 20 years of protecting my hobbies from those who would speak ill of any facet of them. Used properly, these techniques will completely shut down all criticism, protecting your precious nostalgia and providing justification for your tastes that are so refined, everything is enjoyable. Let's begin.

Even these fools cannot best me.

1. Criticism Control #1: Let's see you do better.

Nothing infuriates a critic more than realizing that they will never aspire to create the very art that they criticize. For example, the only thing I'm fully able to criticize is boxing, since I have been repeatedly punched in the face on multiple occasions. But unless you, a single person, can outperform an entire production team of artists, writers, musicians, and Lorne Michaels, well, don't step into

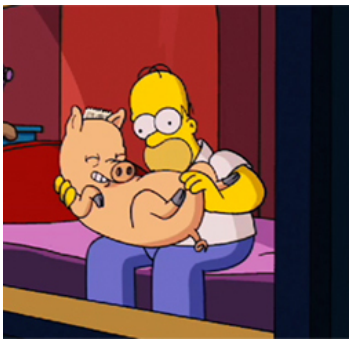
the ring with me – unless you want to suffer 3rd-degree pwnage on 90% of your body.

Allow me to cite a 2004 Internet battle in which I was the clear victor. The subject at hand? The immortal battle of *Tiny Toon Adventures* v. *Animaniacs*. For those of you not deep in the trenches, like me, the tension between fans of these two shows can only be matched by the tension between the two kinds of people in the Middle East. A certain poster, fifi_lefume97, dared to claim *Animaniacs* was clearly inferior. Here, from the Institute of Pwnage's archives, is my response:

> *Inferior? The only thing here that is "inferior" is your attempt at criticism. After all, fifi_lefume97, what position of authority do you hold? Have you produced 99 episodes of an acclaimed animated series, ending with the masterpiece film,* Wakko's Wish*? I think not. Until you can come up with something that has the biting satire of Pinky and The Brain, or the sheer eroticism of Minerva Mink, you'd best hold your tongue. In other words,*
>
> *A LOSER IS YOU. HOP ON TEH FAILBOAT*

After this, most posters left the thread and it was locked hours later, leaving me the clear victor.

2. Criticism Control #2: You're just a hater.



You don't like this? Keep it to yourself. I know all of you monsters out there thrive on negtivity.

"If you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all. Otherwise, you will be pwned."

- Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman

As you should be aware, all critics on the Internet are bullies. Luckily, I've dealt with my share of bullies throughout high school and most of my twenties, so I know how their brains (heh, or *lack* of them) work (heh, or *don't* work). For me, someone detailing continuity errors in *Mighty Max* is the same as when Chuck Cardigan told me "You're a fat faggot" in ninth grade and then threw me down the bleachers *several times*. And whenever someone mocks the delicious wordplay in *Firefly*, I'm brought back to the multiple occassions when my mother tells me that my father shot himself because I was such a disappointment, and that maybe I should do the same thing he did before she comes home from work. Criticism is just the empty words of sad, sad people looking to hurt the feeling of those with the spirit of creation in them. How can anything constructive ever come from hurt feelings? You should know as well I as do that constant sobbing can hamper most basic activities.

I'm sure we all remember the anticipation leading up to the release of *The Simpsons Movie* just a few months ago. I was psyched for it, almost as much as *Transformers* (which the best movie I have seen this year, but equally as awesome as every other movie this summer). When I returned home from the cinema to write a glowing review – and look for a hilarious Spider-Pig desktop wallpaper – I couldn't help but notice that the haters were out in full force, as expected. Of course this group of miscreants only spent between 8 and 10 dollars each to see this movie just for the sake of hating it. They may have brought up "plot," "characterization," and "jokes," but all I saw was "hate," "hate" and "*italicized hate.*" Did they not even think of the hurt feelings that they would produce if someone who worked on the film read their bile?

I only hope that Matt Groening wasn't on the Internet that night. And if he was, I hope that, like me, he has his own special place to cry.

3. Criticism Control #3: This isn't Shakespeare!

I know, I know. Shakespeare sucks. That's not the point. Even if you disagree with me on this point (you're wrong), you'll soon agree that strategy number three is FTW (for the win).

Pulitzer Prize in Criticism? More like Pulitzer Prize in shut the fuck up.

The problem with critics is that they spend too much time reading books and engaging in activities which they foolishly believe are *sophisticated* (theater, social events, relationships with other humans, etc.). I've done the math, and the information transfer rate between a book and the human brain is much lower than, let's say, between the interactive fiction of Hideo Kojima and the human brain. The retarded out there may call *Metal Gear Solid* "just a video game," but in actuality, it is a masterpiece of storytelling in which the player is in control of major plot decisions such as leaning against walls and crawling. Can you decide when Peter Parker slings web in the novelization of *Spider-Man 3*? I think not. Truly, *Metal Gear Solid* is art. Just don't go telling this to that faggot, Roger Ebert.

Yes, despite his appearance and general demeanor, Roger Ebert is not one of us. He's King Dick of Dickhole Mountain. And, just like everyone else who criticizes any piece of entertainment, he wants the insidious language and pantaloons of William Shakespeare infecting all the entertainment in his life. Defeating these fools who want everything to be full of "thees," "thous," and dreaded symbolism is as easy as pointing out their absurd standards. Observe the following examples:

"Sure, *Fantastic Four: Rise of the Silver Surfer* has a silly plot, **but were you expecting Shakespeare**?"

"Maybe if you **turned your brain off for once and quit overthinking everything**, you'd actually enjoy the stellar works of Kevin Smith. Snoogans."

"**It's not perfect, but** Pirates of the Caribbean 3 is still a great movie for anyone out there with a soul who still knows how to have a good time. If you disagree with me, that's just because you are surrounded by so many dicks that many of them have found their way into your brain. YES RLY"

As you can see, the best kind of aggression is *passive* aggression. Simply showing these fools the error of their perfectionist attitudes will shut them up in a heartbeat, or perhaps... give them cancer? I can only assume Mr. Ebert is the victim of the hundreds of letters I sent him, each one cursed in its own elaborate and unique way with various hexes from around the globe. He'll think twice the next time he has a chance to give my beloved childhood favorite film *North* zero stars. Let's just hope for his sake that those chemotherapy machines don't come with built-in word processors.

4. Criticism Control #4: The Poochie Defense

"They've given you thousands of hours of entertainment for free. What could they possibly owe you? If anything, *you* owe *them*."

- Bart Simpson

Just as *South Park* has made it no longer necessary to pay attention to current events and politics, *The Simpsons* has made it no longer necessary to pay attention to critics. The Poochie Defense is one I use often; in fact, I always keep it copied to my clipboard in case I need to unleash some quick Ctrl+V pwnage. For those of you who are unaware of The Poochie Defense, it comes from an

episode of *The Simpsons* titled, "The Itchy and Scratchy and Poochie Show." In the episode, Bart runs into the symbolic entity of every whiny faggot on the Internet, completely pwning him with the fact that he is complaining about entertainment he watched *for free*. If these events happened in real life, Comic Book Guy would have killed himself on the spot after being overtaken by such raw, breathtaking pwnage. But those wonderful writers keep CBG alive, if only to shut up the unruly apes who dare complain about something they saw on broadcast television, yes, *for free*. Perhaps you have seen some of my Poochie Defense handiwork in many of the *Heroes* threads throughout the Internet? This is one of many reasons why I am no longer allowed to enter my local library.

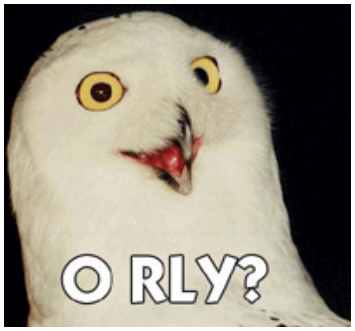
A picture of all critics, everywhere.

The reason The Poochie Defense is so effective is that it doesn't even give people *the right* to criticize anything. As we are now in the Internet age, the assumption has to be made that all entertainment everywhere is being obtained illegally and *for free*. Personally, I've added another tower to my rig for the sole purpose of collecting the entirety of every show I enjoyed as a child through Bittorrent. Let's just say I'll be prepared just in case anyone out there is unlucky enough to disparage *Foofur* in my presence. And just as I am downloading the history of television in chronological order, starting with my birth, everyone else must be, too.

Note that this technique does not just have to be deployed over the Internet. If I had a girlfriend – or even friends – I would make sure to buy the tickets to every movie we saw just to ensure any complaints heard in the car on the way home related only to the breeders in the audience who chose to bring their screaming crotchlings to the theater that evening. Alas, I do not have the time or the patience for such social ties.

5. Criticism Control #5: Opinions are Like Assholes...

Everyone has them, and they usually stink. Also, if you have an opinion, you, yourself are an asshole. I like to use number five on my list when I've spent hours – or even days – toying with my victims. It's especially fun to make them think they're making a little headway just before I unsheathe the following Excalibur from my Internet scabbard:



I think you'll find this image to be an excellent rebuttal to any criticism....

"You know what? I don't even care if you think that *Ducktales* jumped the shark when they introduced Gizmoduck. **That's just your opinion**."

It's a wonder that the The Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman Institute of Pwnage still has the need to exist now that the secret's out. All criticism is just that, opinions. Can anyone point me to an objective system of judgment? No, I didn't think so. It's about as real as that fabled "lost" season of *Muppet Babies*. So, why are there still people out there who enjoy criticizing things, now that we know all opinions have the same value of zero?

It's because they're mean.

Mean like my doctor, who told me that, *in his opinion*, "lack of excercise" and "a poor diet" (scoff) have given me the heart of a ninety year-old angioplasty patient. Mean like my mother, who told me that, *in her opinion*, I am going to end up dead in front of my "infernal masturbation machine." Can you now see how meaningless these opinions are?

Now, I must be off. This familiar dizzy feeling and numbness on the left side of my body can only mean one thing: someone, somewhere on the Internet is writing a scathing message board post about *Captiol Critters*. This is my Spidey-Sense, and with great power comes great responsibility.

Ur failures. Let me show you them.

-∼Raymond "Pillow Pants" Huffman

9.14 Wizardique Spa

Friday, Sep 14, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wizardique provides the ultimate spa experience of luxury and relaxation for all seven senses. You've tried the rest, now be soothed in the way only a wizard can offer. We are the only spa in all the kingdoms of man and elf to utilize exclusively level five or higher wizards.

Wizardique is a deluxe spa and retreat situated atop Mount Duul T'saar. This peaceful and contemplative place provides visitors with year-round tropics, gorgeous sunsets, and a scenic view of the Hrru'maar Valley. Wizardique is conveniently located within owl-riding distance of the Lost City of Zun'shaar and we welcome day visitors as well as overnight guests and visitors imprisoned in gems or crystals.

When you come to Wizardique and experience the pleasures that await, you may just want to skip the boat to Valinaar.

Feet, Fingers, and Face

Get ready to get tactile with the experts of Wizardique. We offer a number of holistic treatments for the parts at the periphery. They call them your extremities, we call them in need of some TLC.

The Ultimate Facial

Our custom facials are beyond this realm! The ultimate facial begins with a personalized pore scrying with one of our licensed poreacles utilizing our electro-heliochronomoter to foretell your optimal complexion. Based on your skin profile a custom mask will be developed by our alchemists, but before that's applied you will undergo an invigorating exfoliating blast and a hot stone extraction. Cleansing steam boiled from spring water by a dragon's breath conjuration will open your pores. Our expert wizards use subtle electrical cantrips as they massage and relax your facial muscles. Only then will the moisturizing mask be applied. After fifteen minutes the mask will be removed by a cone of cold, sealing in the rejuvenating ingredients and restoring circulation to your skin. You'll feel like an orc berserker of the hot-blooded southern tribes!

Magnificent Manicure

What is born from a bowl of diamonds and dies with a scream? Wizardique's custom-hatched manicure golems, of course. These diamond golems are just smart enough to give you the perfect manicure with their razor-sharp fingers. We like to think that scream they give as they dissolve into smoke is a cry of satisfaction at a job well done. We know your friends will be screaming with envy when they see this manicure.

A Perfect Pedicure

Just like our incredible manicures, only the golem chews your toenails to perfection with its rows upon rows of needle teeth. When its job is done the pedicure golem departs, and our golems never expect a tip! **Try not to move during the pedicure.**

The Wizardique advantage can be found in our caring staff of wizards destined to give you the finest spa experience.

Wizardique wizards are:

- Level five or higher. We have several wizards capable of casting Mass Exfoliate, but we prefer a more personal touch.
- Clean, polite, and discreet.
- Heavily bearded.
- Always ready with the staff or wand to meet your needs. We keep hundreds of staves, rods, and wands on premises, including artifact and intelligent items!
- Never surprised by a request. Most of them know what you're going to want before you want it!
- ***Never*** invisible. Other spas stoop to gimmicks. Wizardique relies on quality.

- Purveyors of only white magic. Your spa treatments will not come with any hidden costs like the death of a pet or the sudden aging of a loved one.

Experience the difference of a Wizardique wizard and you will never be able to take those other spas seriously again.

Massages

Wizardique offers a variety of sensual massages performed by our accredited massage wizards. All massages include a free aromatherapy treatment and a visit to one of our six illusory relaxation rooms. Choose from the Cockatrice's Eyre, the Dread King's Tomb, the Pixie Circle, the Shaman's Yurt, the Lair of the Incubus, or the Forest of Despair.

Relaxing Stone Massage

The gentle hands of our wizard masseuse and the penetrating heat of a dragon-blasted stone will fight off the beast within your muscles. Find peace and contemplation. **Includes Free 'Shrieks of the Hungry Wight' CD.**

Deep Tissue Massage

It begins with a cleansing soak in the waters of the Font of Al'silaar, guaranteed to take d6+1 years off your body. Feeling refreshed, you will be joined by a deep tissue wizard of the Bonded Flesh Cults of the Z'gaar. These mysterious slave wizards can insert whole fingers and hands into your muscles, painlessly, to get to that hidden core of tension. **Z'gaar wizards take all you say literally. Do not complain of heart pain, even metaphorically.**

The O2 Massage

The elementalist wizards of faraway Rob'eert Z'daar have a saying, 'he who controls the wind, controls the sails.' Direct your mizzenmast toward our O2 Massage specialists if you believe that. These elementalist wizards can shape massaging hands and kneading fingers from the very air itself.

Do not inhale during massage.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.15 The Censorship Lollipop

Saturday, Sep 15, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The fall season of television programming draws near, its outline barely visible across the shimmering hardpan scrabble of the summer TV wasteland as it sidesteps the bleached bones of Law & Order reruns and brings a dusty boot down upon Stephen Colbert's cast, a discarded plaster shell that has long since been wrung dry of its last drop of life-giving entertainment.

In a matter of days, we will finally have the answers to the questions that have made our miserable lives worth holding on to since the end of last season. Does that rascal Charlie Sheen still enjoy sleeping with attractive women? Can *24* manage to recycle even more plot elements than last season? Why do you have to pay extra money to get Sunday Ticket NFL games in HD when the games that you're already paying nearly $300 to see were natively broadcast in HD to begin with?

This truly is a golden age of television, or at the very least a really nice stainless steel age with a heartfelt inscription on the back. While there will always be a few horrible programs to keep food on Aaron Sorkin's table, the content on television is generally more entertaining and compelling than anything available at your local movie theater. There is, however, just one tiny thing that could make TV even better: A fuckton of censorship.

I know what you're thinking, and I miss the days when Lowtax was the only guy who updated the site too. Let it go, man.

I know what else you're thinking, and while I'm also against censorship in principle, there are some things that should never be broadcast on television. If we scrapped the current list of banned content and prohibited the following material from public airwaves, television would realize its full potential as a tremendous way to keep family interaction to a minimum.

(CENSORED) Surgery Footage

Anthony Bourdain's food & travel show *No Reservations* has a ten second Mature Content warning before every segment of every single episode, and the most offensive thing I've ever seen him do is wear a pair of cutoff jean shorts that were a little bit too small for him. Surgery footage, however, requires absolutely no warning. How did that happen?

One commercial that appears on major networks in the afternoon features close-up shots of an actual operation on someone's head. Here's a gaping hole we carved behind some poor guy's ear, right at the base of his skull. Here's a huge throbbing artery, split wide open so you can see inside it. Here's a growth we're removing from said artery. There's your lunch, all over the coffee table.

Surgery is some of the most disturbing shit ever to be captured on film and it's all over the place, from news broadcasts to surprise segments on the Discovery Channel.

> **NARRATOR:** Scientists believe this breed of shark may hold the cure to cancer like the gigantic tumor seen in THIS OPERATION ON THIS GUY'S BALLSACK! That thing's the size of a Nerf football and it's gristly as hell. I bet it tastes nasty! Hey, let's zoom in real tight and see what that wiggling orange flap is. Maybe the surgeon will pop it with his scalpel to see if there's any liquid in there.

I don't have a problem watching a dozen guys get their faces shot off, not because I'm desensitized

to violence but because I know it's fake. I don't have a problem seeing a celebrity's bare breasts for pretty much the same reason. Show me close-up footage of a scalpel slicing the cornea out of an eyeball, however, and I'll be scarred for life.

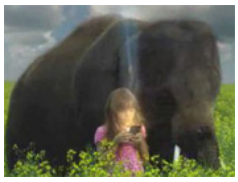
Public Whistling

Unless you have a wayward dog, whistling in public is like saying "Hey everyone, look at me!" without taxing your poor brain with the formation of actual words to articulate the concept and the manipulation of your lips, tongue, and vocal chords to say those words in the right order.

Turn on just about any sporting event and you'll hear some jackass whistling until their lungs collapse, most likely when the rest of the crowd is relatively quiet so their attention-starved cries for help can be most effective. Moments of silence or prayer are ideal for this particular brand of dickery. After all, there's no better way to pay tribute to the memory of Pat Tillman than to sharply wheeze a nacho-scented gust of wind through your pursed pair of sausage lips that have been properly lubricated by a breakfast six pack of Schlitz.

The "It's The Mirrors" Girl

If you've never seen these commercials, I envy you.



A young girl with a bad haircut and an elephant (which serves no purpose besides lending the commercial as much artsistic cred as a film school project) spreads the word on DLP technology while holding a small box that's one part Rubik's cube and one part Pulp Fiction's glowing briefcase. The girl displays how much smarter she is than the adults she encounters by reciting excruciating lines like "When the big men play, it will all be new again for the very first time", "It's amazing, it's the mirrors," and "Time for a Monday neologism: Post-genre."

I truly hate that little girl. When I see her, it makes me want to do something that would probably make you think of me as a monster, something I never thought I'd be capable of - *turning the T.V. off.*

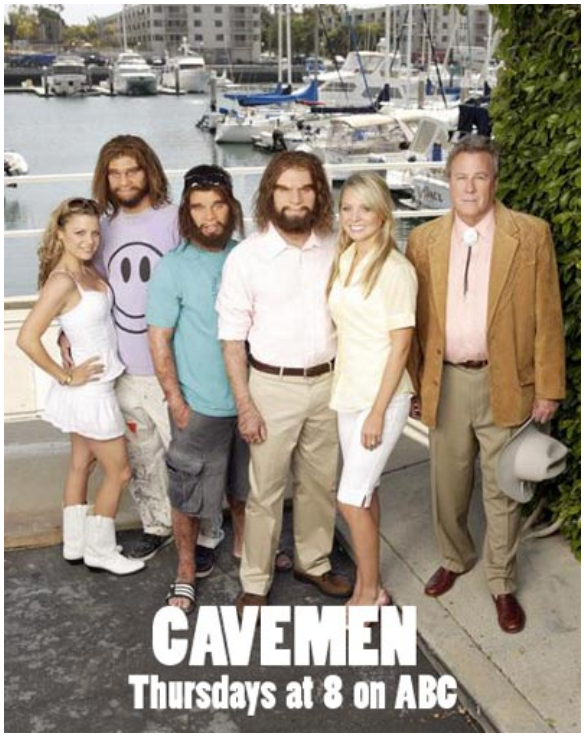
"At The End Of The Day"

The larger and more obnoxious cousin of "um" and "well", this phrase is a conversational crutch that people begin sentences with when they need to stall because they are too stupid to speak in realtime. It is far worse than any curse word because it is capable of causing hemorrhages in the brains of those who are subjected to it approximately eighty times during every single newscast that features an analyst or political pundit.

If you use this phrase by mistake then you are a bad person, and if you purposefully use it as though it has some sort of meaning, you should be launched at the surface of the sun in a rocket made of hate with a starved lion as your only companion.

This. This shit right here.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


CAVEMEN
Thursdays at 8 on ABC

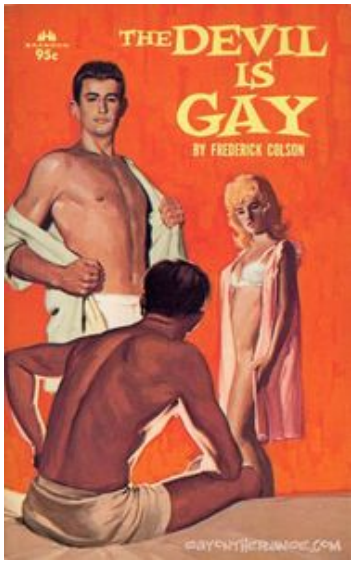
9.16 The Bargain Book Bin: Here Are Some Gay Books

Sunday, Sep 16, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Recently, SA forums poster 4-port USB Hub posted a link to a website called Gay On The Range. This is a website that catalogs covers of old gay erotic books, and I spent awhile looking through it. Those two statements were in no way connected, I have no idea why I didn't separate them into two sentences. In any case, the books seemed the exact type of material that we here at the Bargain Book Bin live for: books we can say funny things about.

Unfortunately, Gay On The Range only provides the covers, with no description or excerpts. So I just had to guess at what each book was about based on its cover. Due to the nature of the covers, most of these guesses ended up being about gay men. If reading about gay men bothers you, then this sentence might bother you. Let's start things off:

- **Book 1: The Devil Is Gay**



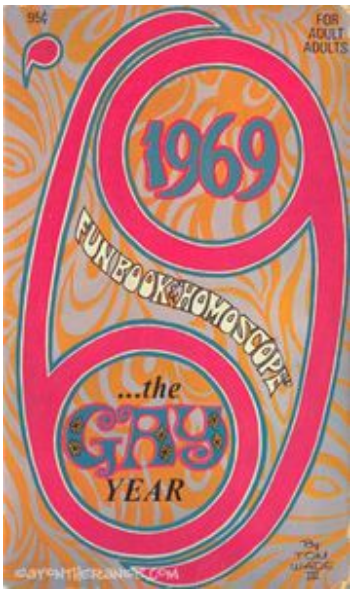
Possible Plot: John is just a simple man, with simple problems, but he and his newly wedded wife are in dire financial straits. So when a muscular devil played by Adrian Brody (*Angels in the Outfield, an episode of "Saturday Night Live"*) comes into his life, he agrees to make a deal in exchange for a lifetime of wealth. But instead of asking for his soul, the devil wants to sleep with him, because the devil is gay. His wife is unsure.

Comments: The title of the book would also work for a Chick tract or an album by a gay death metal band. Song titles would include: "Rip Out the Throats of Little Children (Rainbrow Pride Remix)" and "The Bloodreaper With the Nicely Toned Buttcheeks Descendth".

How gay is it: 63% gay

- **Book 2: 1969...the Gay Year**

Possible Plot: There is none. This is a serious academic attempt to prove that 1969 was, in fact, the gayest year on record. Other strong possible contenders include 1932, 1977, and whatever year

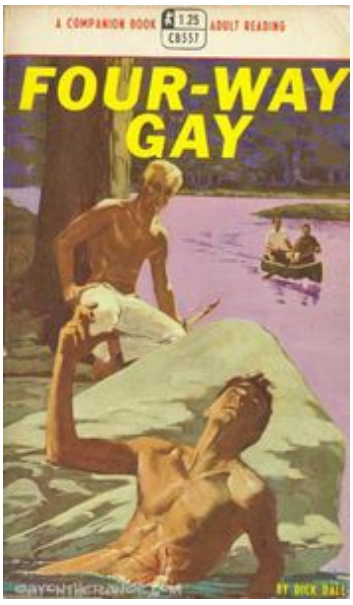


you were born in. Extensive footnotes back up the various factors he cites, including how many men were having sex with other men that year, and how the last two digits of the year are just like that sex thing that sometimes gay men do.

Comments: It's true that very few movies have been filmed in "Homoscope", let alone any books. But if it worked for the Harry Potter movies, I guess it'll work for this.

How gay is it: 5 naked gay men out of 10 (naked gay men).

- **Book 3: Four-Way Gay**



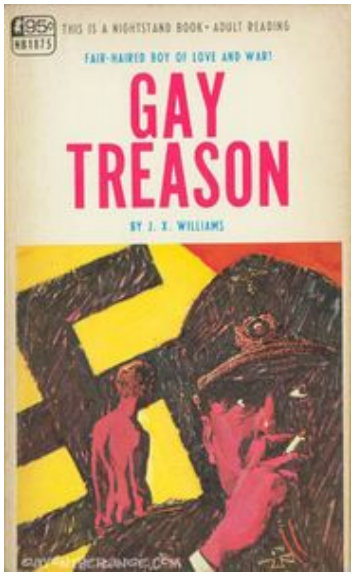
Possible Plot: Jake just killed a man and watched the lifeless body slip under the water of a river.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, these four gay guys are getting it on. They are under the covers and having a wild time of it. There's plenty to go around, and they are going around plenty! We're talking heaving, sweaty backs, and there are four of them. This is the best four way gay ever! But then the phone rings and it is the police. Turns out the dead guy was one of the gay guys' son. This is the result of your sinful lifestyle. Now your son is dead. Not so gay anymore, are you?

Comments: I don't know what the heck is wrong with that dying guy's torso, but I would estimate that he's about 10 feet tall just sitting up.

How gay is it: One more gay than We Three Queens. One less gay than Under Five Fags.

- **Book 4: Gay Treason**



Possible Plot: Jeff is committing treason. He is selling out government secrets to the Nazis. That sure would be easier if he'd wear some clothes, but he's gay, so he can't. The C.I.A. eventually gets suspicious of the naked dude that keeps loitering around the top secret plan storeroom, and they arrest him. He is in love with this Nazi guy and that is why he did it. That is why he did Gay Treason. The Nazi guy wants to love him back, but he cannot because his heart is divided by his loyalties. Jeff is found guilty, guilty of love. And treason.

Comments: Nothing says "here's a great book for a gay guy to get off to" like a huge swastika on the cover. I was being sarcastic there, but maybe gay guys really do like big swastikas in their sexual fantasies. I wouldn't know, because I am definitely not gay. Never have been.

How gay is it: Two gay thumbs up.

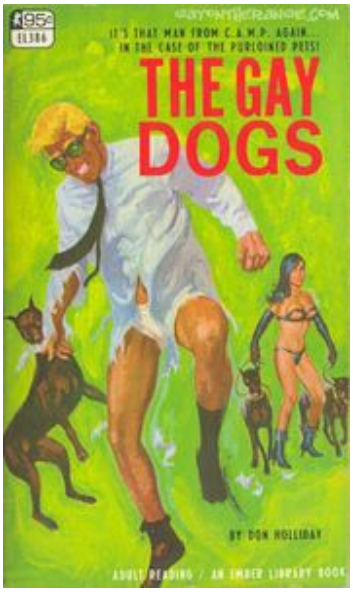
- **Book 5: My Son...My Lover**

Possible plot: Ewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

Comments: Ugh.

How gay is it: It's gross.

- **Book 6: The Gay Dogs**



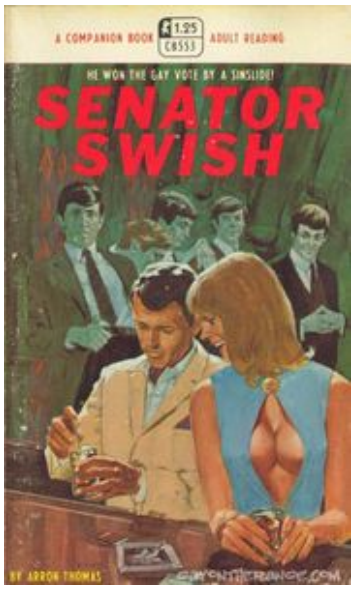
Possible plot: There are killer dogs on the loose, gay dogs, and they hate straight people. Every time they see straight people start to engage in straight people sex, they attack the straight people straight away, ripping their clothes straight off and sending the guy running straight down the street. That'll teach him for not being gay. These dogs may not all be gay, I didn't check them all. Most of them are probably gay though. I think dogs will pretty much just hump anything. Dumb dogs.

Comments: Fortunately, if you're gay dogs get sick, there is a professional waiting to help.

How gay is it: Dogs can't be that gay, I don't think. So probably not that gay.

- **Book 7: Senator Swish**

Possible Plot: There is a senator named Tom Swish. He is not gay, definitely not, but his name



is so gay! He is embarrassed and spends a lot of time hitting on women in public so he can show off his straight nature. But the boys of the senate don't buy it for one second, and they're always winking at him and undressing him with their eyes. Senator Swish is a lifelong bachelor, but that doesn't mean anything at all. He loves women, and their boobs. Boobs are cool, he and all other straight men agree.

Comments: I could go for the easy joke about how Republican senators are all turning out to be secretly gay, but I won't. Because it's not a joke. Every Republican senator is seriously a closeted gay who solicits sex with other men on a regular basis. This is a fact.

How gay is it: Gayer than Larry "Wide Stance" Craig. Not as gay as Mark "Love To Slip It Off You" Foley.

If you enjoyed this article, why not check out the other installments in the Bargain Book Bin series:

- The Bargain Book Bin: A Dictionary of Common Sci-Fi Metaphors
- The Bargain Book Bin: From the Desk of Brian Jacques
- The Something Awful Book Nook
- The Bargain Book Bin: I Rewrite The Classics
- The Bargain Book Bin: Dragons of Autumn Twilight

The internet: Where you read about books.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

9.17 Kid Nation Predictions

Monday, Sep 17, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's no secret that reality television producers have been scraping the marrow of the barrel. They've been doing that since the first boiled horse anus passed between the glossed lips of a Playboy Playmate on *Fear Factor.* Now CBS television has reached a new and abyssal low with their latest offering.

Kid Nation, debuting this Wednesday, excretes 40 children between the ages of 8 and 15 into a "ghost town" in the middle of nowhere for a duration of 40 days. Together, mostly without adult supervision, they'll have to figure out how to live and rule over a suspiciously theme park like Wild West town stocked with jars of candy and tumbleweeds. According to the Wikipedia article on the taping of the show's first season, it also came fully stocked with unmarked bottles of bleach ready to quench children's thirst.

You have to give CBS a lot of credit for this ingenious idea, because no one is known for being more level-headed or less prone to violence than children. They're always rational and they never punch, hit, claw, bite, or spit on each other.

The kids come from all walks of life and backgrounds. The only commonality among them is that they all have horrible parents willing to sell their children's lives cheaply; each kid was paid a stipend of $5,000.

The outcome of the first season of Kid Nation is a closely-guarded secret. Despite the free form nature of the concept there will be winners, losers, and prizes. I have carefully analyzed the biographies available for the 40 children participating in the show and I am prepared to offer the most thorough and accurate predictions I can.

Most Likely to Die First

Jared Age 11 Telling Quote: "In the right hands power can be a very good thing." Why: Jared will be the first, or among the first, to die in Kid Nation. He is ambitious and hungry for power, but his young age and love of artwork do not give him a competitive edge. If he can swallow his hubris, he may survive for a time as a lackey or lickspittle for one of the bigger kids, but eventually his dumb face will get him on their bad side. How: Expect to see him dragged off by one of the ruler's guards in the first five to ten days. He'll be screaming, "I made you who you are! I believed in you!" No more will be seen or heard from Jared, until escapees from the pleasure pit find his sun-bleached bones beneath a pile of bloodstained rocks.

Destined to Reign in Blood

Nathan Age 11 Telling Quote: How would you change the world? "Eliminate the terrorism." Why: Every entry on Nathan's biography points to clarity of purpose and a strong belief in militarism. Nathan will "eliminate bullies" just as he promises to "eliminate the terrorism" and he also indicates he would like to trade places with the President so he can "edit the laws". Even though he is the same age as Jared, Nathan has what it takes to become king. How: Nathan will devise a simple message to focus hatred and suspicion on an individual or minority. A likely target is Anjay, the lone child of Indian decent, who will be placed in a reeducation or detention camp as a lesson of both power and mercy. Those who speak out against Nathan will be crushed ruthlessly, either by targeted whisper campaigns or through the use of violence. Nathan will keep two or more of the older children as his protectors, probably the easily-manipulated Blaine and the proto-stoner Greg. His rule will not be easy. There will be those who mount an insurgency against his oppressive regime.

Most Likely to Choke on Candy

Colton Age 11 Telling Quote: Who is a role model for you? "Pretty much a werewolf." Why: Dimwitted football cowboy Colton may not be the fattest of the kids, but he has that dull corn-fed look of someone unable to control a critical bodily function. He is also the Most Likely to Crap His Pants Because He Held It Too Long Because He Was Having Too Much Fun Hammering Nails Randomly Into a Board to Stop and Go to the Bathroom. His parents probably steer him clear of candy under their roof, but with unlimited access to the goofballs he'll be on a fast track to an obstructed airway. How: A handful of Whoppers and too much time away from his Adderall will leave Colton too excited to bother with something as mundane as chewing. His only chance for survival is Anjay who, like all Indians, inherited advanced medical skills from his overbearing father. If Nathan hasn't confined Anjay to the sweatbox then Colton has a 50/50 shot at survival.

Certain to Fight the Power

Markelle Age 12 Telling Quote: "God don't like ugly. Ha, ha, ha." Why: A gay black kid with beliefs almost the polar opposite of supreme chancellor Nathan is sure to run afoul of one of the emperor's pogroms. He seems opinionated enough that he won't sit back and take any abuse. I expect him to organize a popular resistance movement against Nathan. When he's revealed as the mastermind he'll take his fight underground, living in the barren wastes surrounding Kid Nation and liberating supplies when needed. How: Before a political dynamic has been fully established Markelle will become close friends with a number of the girls of Kid Nation. Those who don't find his love of Broadway and liberalism repellent will join him when the inevitable rift forms between Nathan and his ruling class and the plebes of Kid Nation. Markelle will speak out against Nathan, then be driven to silence, and ultimately to become what Nathan fears most: a terrorist. He will resort to kidnapping, torture, and eventually murder in an effort to destabilize Nathan's junta.

Head of the Secret Police

Mallory Age 8 Telling Quote: "I believe in nothing. I know only the tangible power of steel and fire. It is the power to inspire fear in the weak." Why: Blue-eyed, cute, gregarious, and one of the youngest girls in Kid Nation; It's all the perfect cover for a heartless and calculating monster ready to serve as Nathan's eyes, ears, and poisoned dagger. She will rise to power over the cooling corpses of those who stand in her way. How: Mallory's network of informants and turncoats will be in place long before Nathan ascends to the throne of Kid Nation. Once she recognizes his potential, his rise to dominance will be assured. Mallory will destroy his competitors and safeguard his rule through secrecy. It will be Mallory that suggests stoning Jared as an example to Nathan's detractors and it will be Mallory's agents that close the noose on Markelle. She will suggest decorating the saloon with the heads of the defeated and she will impose the rule of thumbs under which all dissenters are maimed. When, at last, Nathan's empire crumbles, when the enemy is storming the Bonanza Hotel, they will find Mallory in his throne room, standing over his corpse.

The Omega Kid

Sophia Age 14 Telling Quote: "How much of the earth actually has to be destroyed before we can admit that we have a PROBLEM????" Why: Sophia sees and acknowledges problems. She will plan ahead as Kid Nation dissolves into random killings and anarchy. Her advanced age gives her a size, intelligence, and strength advantage over many of the kids. By aligning herself with one or two boys she can probably weather the storm. How: By this point it should be apparent that the harsh rule of Nathan will ultimately bring ruin to Kid Nation. The last days of the experiment will see a world in chaos. With both Markelle and Nathan dead, petty warlords will squabble over the pieces of the carcass of Kid Nation. Friend and enemy will kill each other in the streets. Food will run out and some will resort to cannibalism. Others will disappear into the wasteland, never be heard from again. Sophia, prepared for the worst, will have caches of food and water secreted throughout the town. She will inspire great loyalty in her protectors, and there is a good chance that this Götterdämmerung of Kid Nation will see them dead. Their sacrifice and Sophia's forethought will ensure that she is the one kid remaining when the bus returns to Kid Nation to collect the survivors.

My predictions could prove wrong. Nathan could be crushed beneath an oxcart before he ascends as ruler. Markelle could be poisoned by a rattlesnake as he plans the resistance from his cave stronghold. The possibility of random deaths or sudden usurpers cannot be ignored.

What can be taken as certain is that death will linger near to Kid Nation. Death, silent sentinel, his scythe ready to reap what CBS has sown.

Huge ratings.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.18 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 3

Tuesday, Sep 18, 2007 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

A private scientific investigation into the inner workings of man has discovered a horrifying parasitic presence: skeletons! Terrible bony facsimiles of human beings are buried just beneath our skin and muscle, less than inches from murderous freedom!

The world is up in arms! Just who put these ghastly creatures inside us? Men, women, and children everywhere are clamoring for answers, afraid of the menace posed by the monsters within!

Dr. Thomas Spiderhands, a rare coin collector and leading expert of human physiology, thinks he has the answers! "I suspect that, at one time or another, each and every one of us has eaten a skeleton egg, allowing it to hatch and grow inside us."

"For now the skeletons are asleep," claims expert skeleton theorist Dr. Alvin R. Hunter. "But if we move too fast or too deliberate, they will be stirred. We must steady and conserve our movements. Each motion must be gentle, like rocking a baby. A terrible, terrible baby housing a monster of untold evil."

The Mayor of Schaumburg, Illinois has a more ambitious plan. "My citizens are voluntarily marching into our vast tar pits. I will follow them into the murky black and the menace shall die with us."

Meanwhile, world Leaders gather at Coney Island to discuss a plan of action. "We are now our own worst enemies," said the President of Luxemburg, desperately trying not to move too fast when talking. "All we can do is be still and strong and hope that our resolve is enough to hold the demons at bay."

The threat is not limited to just humans. Should the unthinkable happen, mankind may have to contend with bear, dog, elephant, and horse skeletons as well.

Before a packed crowd of reporters gathered on Barge One, the Presidential Barge, the Secretary of Transportation stood poised to unveil a revolution in aquatic transportation. "For too long," the Secretary began to speak, when suddenly from out of the brine rose a horrid claw of riotous injustice and oppression! The fearsome beast mutilated the Secretary of Transportation with callous un-American ease, his every innard hanging like a ghastly spectacle before the shocked eyes of America!

Soldiers fired bullets at the foul creature, but its reinforced carapace simply deflected them as it sunk back into the sea with half of our beloved Secretary in tow.

America's leading Aquanaut vowed vengeance from a nearby pier. "If the sea entire must come to a boil," said Captain Augustus Barnacle, "so be it."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff refused to reveal whether or not this was the work of the Communist Claw, the Soviet's secret genetically enhanced crab. Earlier, possibly another giant crab tried and failed to abduct Rosa Mayweather, Hollywood starlet and wife of the Secretary of Transportation.

"It may just be a very jealous crab of considerable size and heart," said famed carcinologist Eubanks Hemhauer. "It may be the greatest enemy America has ever faced."

What amazing secret was the Secretary prepared to unveil? Whatever this profound and momentous revelation might have been will remain a mystery forever. Nautical enthusiasts everywhere frown.

Intrepid explorers have found what might well be the tallest mountain in the world, a mammoth comparable in size to Everest! The new mountain, nicknamed Mount Agnew in honor of former Vice President Spiro Agnew, is located on the newly discovered Pacific Continent, estimated to be about the same size as Asia and just west of Mexico.

The new continent promises a new age of discovery for Americans. Already explorers have made

contact with peaceful populations there, some nearly identical to those found in the Far East and Russia.

"They have technology not unlike ours," reported one geologist who recently returned from an expedition to the new New World. "They were very surprised to see us and polite, though seemingly annoyed at times. They asked us if we were lost and what we were doing. After a great deal of pressure, we got them to trade some artifacts of their culture in exchange for blankets and corn seed."

In the event this new land could be dangerous, America is taking bold precautions to keep its bright and plucky citizens safe! A great seawall now finds itself under construction by the military. "May this wall hold the Pacific advances at bay," declared Admiral Chomper. "May it also thwart any attempts to kill our leaders by way of enlarged crustaceans."

An air of tragedy hangs over the Midwest like an awesome cloud, dampening everything beneath it in a misty fog of solemn contemplation! After untold centuries, the Great Worm has died, putting the entire future of agriculture in jeopardy.

"Without good soil, my crops will surely wither in die!" yelled one farmer at a town hall meeting, held in a haunted barn because the town hall was being fumigated that day.

The Great Worm, a massive subterranean creature some 20 miles long, was known to enhance soil quality with its excretions. All it ever asked for in return was one human child a month, which it consumed in gruesome fashion.

Now that the demonic bond between worm and man has been severed, how will farmers continue to provide fresh crops for the world? "It is not enough to simply throw our children into the giant holes the Worm made when surfacing," commented Farmer Roger of 127 Country Lane. "We need the Worm to digest them."

Meanwhile, scientists studying the carcass of the worm think they know what killed it. "It swallowed a very large tractor that it could not digest," said a precocious teenage scientist practically dancing for the cameras.

America braces for yet another disaster left in the Mighty Worm's wake! Its massive burrows provide perfect corridor through which subterranean smugglers and bandits might move unimpeded by law.

"Our worst nightmare is realized," wrote the President in a memo discovered outside his locked and barricaded office door.

The early bird is in for a rude awakening!

After a packed jumbo jet crashed down in the wilds of northern Alaska, passengers expected slow and painful death at the hands of nature and each other. What they got was far worse!

"We were all trapped in the wreckage, in pain and stuck," said one survivor, now recuperating in a hospital.

Rescue arrived in the form of a disgusting and despicable dog, loathsome and wretched in every way that can be spoken by man.

"A big ugly dog that I hate with all my heart," said another survivor, who wishes she had died in the crash instead of owing her life to such a vulgar display of nature's perversion.

The rotten and worthless animal pulled each and every one of the 247 survivors from the burning wreckage at great sacrifice to its own hideous form and dragged them to safety. The foul monster then ran 240 miles to the nearest town, where its mere visage sparked the formation of a fiery mob!

The filthy, abominable creation led the angry mob intent on killing it all the way back to the wreckage, where they were forced by good conscience to help the wounded survivors.

"They pleaded with us to kill the dog and then come back and help them, but some were very near death," cried a nondescript member of the mob who looked no different than any of his peers. "We chose to save them first, allowing the dog to escape. I will regret that all my life."

Residents in Alaska are collecting funds to set fire to the forest where they believe the dog lives. "This great shame will die one way or another," pledged the Governor of Alaska in a suicide note found on his emaciated, sore-covered body.

A clown has mysteriously died in Bend, Oregon. He is presumed to have fallen out of a window, but no one can say with any certainty which window it was.

"He shows all the classic signs of a defenestration," said a coroner, speaking through a series of informative hand motions due to a previous vow of silence.

When officials tried to remove the face paint to identify the man, they found he had more on underneath!

"As far as we can tell," spoke an official, "this clown has no real face."

Undaunted, morticians press on for answers. "We've removed 15 layers of makeup and still no original face to be found!"

Each layer is unique and completely different than the last, revealing an entirely different clown.

"What must we do to find the measure of this man?" cried a distraught and frustrated mortician, so beguiled by this farcical cadaver that he has turned to drink and thrown his wife and child to the streets to live and work as common whores.

"Now he laughs at us," said a nearby child under conditions of anonymity, candy, and marbles.

"If ever there was a real man 'neath this pallid façade, long and hard has he suppressed it," spoke The Forlorn Bystander, who materialized out of thin air a mere instance before the impact, powerless to do anything to stop it.

Next time try catching a pie, clown!

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

-~SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

9.19 I'm Not a Hick

Wednesday, Sep 19, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I'm not a hick, you know. I'm not some country bumpkin you can push around. You can call me all the nasty names you want: a yokel, a rube, a hayseed; I've heard them all. It doesn't bother me. I may be a little rustic. Maybe there's some dirt under my fingernails. Maybe you're not used to seeing a man with a rooster on a leash, but you're no better than me. I wasn't born in a log cabin. I was born in a hospital, just like you. And I'll have you know that log cabins are very practical. Many great people lived in them. Abe Lincoln grew up in a log cabin, and it wasn't even nearly as big as mine.

I may not come from a big city, but that doesn't mean I'm not cultured. Go ahead and say it: I come from the boonies, the backwoods, the hinterlands. Plenty of small-town Americans like me have gone on to great things. I'm not a hillbilly. I wasn't raised out in "the sticks." There were a lot of sticks, sure, but it wasn't all sticks. Many, many sticks, though. I still have some of the sticks, and they're great sticks. What is it that you city people have against sticks?

I didn't just fall off the turnip truck, you know. I've never even been in a turnip truck, although I've hopped rides on their bumpers before. Come to think of it, I *have* fallen off *a* turnip truck. I'm not ashamed to admit it. But I didn't *just* fall off *the* turnip truck.

You cosmopolitan city types are all the same: you look at one little feature of a person, and you stereotype them. Yes, I happen to be holding a turnip. This is one of my everyday turnips, and it has nothing to do with any sort of turnip commerce that might require a truck. Go ahead, call me a yokel for growing this fine turnip. I know you think agriculture is beneath you. Call me a yokel for my honest toil, for growing this gleaming piece of produce in an irrigated porcelain basin in my home that I later found out was for something else. We all make mistakes; at least mine are edible. Think about that.

Yes, it's a straw hat. I guess you find that pretty funny. I guess you'd say, "the clothes make the man." Well, sir, I don't buy that. That's the kind of capitalist cliché invented by the fat-cats to reinforce the hegemony. Einstein wore the same clothes every day, you know. He had a whole closet full, all the same. He had enough on his mind without having to think about how to dress, and that's a philosophy I can subscribe to. See, I even took it one step further: one garment. Yes, just the overalls. Not a whole closet full, either. Just this one pair. I take them off to sleep, I put them on to bathe. When they need mending, I mend them. I guess you could say I one-upped old Einstein. That three-piece suit doesn't make you so smart after all, does it?

Sure, call me a "hick," if a hick is someone who doesn't base his life on material things. In that case, I'm proud to be a hick. Look at you, with your Italian leather briefcase. What do you have in there? Anything that makes your life better? No. Just things that you don't need, things that tie you to your job and make you miserable. You see this? This is my bindle. No, I'm not a hobo. The fact that I enjoy the economy and practicality of the bindle, one of mankind's most reliable inventions, does not make me a hobo. Does your briefcase make you a lawyer? Of course not.

Oh, you are? Well, fair enough, but your briefcase didn't make you one.

This bindle has everything I need. Some pumpkin seeds, some old light bulbs that I sell to the tungsten man for scrap, some extra wheat stalks for my dental upkeep, and a few potaters. Yes, go

ahead, laugh it up. That's very mature. Yes, I pronounced a word differently than you, but maybe *your* accent sounds funny to *me*, have you ever thought of that?

Believe me, sir, it's a two-way street. You can laugh at my accent and my country ways. You can accuse me of having no teeth and marrying my cousin, but those things are plainly not true. Back home, people say that city people wear tiny short pants under their regular pants, and it turns out that it's true. Care to deny it? No, I didn't think so. They also say you use a fork and knife to play chess, and I wasn't so sure about that one. Having met you, I'm starting to think it may be true.

I know your kind. You're a cynic. You snort at my pure, simple beliefs. Snort all you want, but you won't sway me. You see, I believe in America. I believe in cornbread and applesauce, and I believe in big brown jugs with "XXX" written on them. I believe in hard work, obedient children and spontaneous generation. I believe in vampires and mummies. I believe that the moon is the cause of all illness. And what do you believe in? Nothing, basically.

I'll say good day to you now, sir. I wish I could say it was a pleasure to meet you. As you lie awake tonight wondering why your fancy robot wife and your hundred-dollar socks aren't bringing you any happiness, I hope you'll think of the man you laughed at, the man with the ruddy cheeks and the bare feet, the man with the turnip and the rooster. I hope you'll say to yourself, "maybe *I'm* the hillbilly."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.20 The Asshole Physics Manifesto

Thursday, Sep 20, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Four years ago, this image changed the way we look at physics engines, and the world.

Looks like rain, and 'bout time too. Hadn't seen a storm in these parts in I don't know how many months. It's been mighty hot and the crops been takin' a powerful beatin'. The beets are thirsty, and so are the good folks of Sunny Valley. They are thirsty for change. They are hungry for action.

As a grizzled old farmer I sometimes reflect on my life in this town and where it's taken me. After a hard day's plowin' I look yonder over the horizon and watch the sun set for the day, but my mind keeps on goin' back to one thing I 'ave never understood, why Asshole Physics hasn't been more widely implemented and accepted in the video game industry.

It's been almost four years since Lowtax coined the term "Asshole Physics" and wrote about it in an October 2003 update. Since then a few games have come along that have given you a chance to be a complete asshole such as Half-Life 2, Oblivion and not much else. Despite exposure on this web site and that dummy site that used to steal SA's content and put Adult Friend Finder ads above it, Asshole Physics hasn't really caught on.

What is Asshole Physics? Where is it going? What barriers are preventing more games with Asshole Physics from being developed? Is the author of this update just rehashing some old concept because it'll be easy and will let him hurry up and get back to Team Fortress 2? I will answer all those questions and more, and attempt to figure out why the world has forgotten Asshole Physics.

A Brief History of Asshole Physics

A long time ago during the golden age of video games interactivity meant facing a pixelated stripper and pressing the spacebar to give her a dollar in exchange for a quick flash, the going rate for a titty flash at the time. Exciting stuff for a 12-year-old I know. While it taught me how a real economy works, it wasn't very advanced. Video game physics were defined by a strict set of scripted rules. If something moved in a game, it did so because George Broussard told it to. And that goes for all games, not just the ones he designed.

When Mario jumped and broke a block to feed his crippling 'shroom addiction, the resulting pieces flew up in the air and fell off the screen the same way every time. They weren't launched in random directions, hitting a female police officer just trying to do some paperwork at her desk in the process. When I was a kid I always thought to myself, you know, someday you're going to able to do that in a video game, bother a woman while she tries to go about her business, and it will be glorious.

The trashcan that changed everything.

That day finally came when Max Payne 2 was released. At one point during the angst-ridden adventure, the player comes across a police station featuring scripted NPCs depicting what cops do best, framing O.J. Known for placing all kinds of exciting interactive stuff in their game environments such as flushing toilets, light switches and whores, 3D Realms crafted one of the first true Asshole Physics playgrounds.

At the front of the station was a desk featuring a woman in a never ending ballet of data entry. Though the woman was firmly glued to the floor, the trash cans weren't. The player could easily kick the trash can in her general direction, hopefully paralyzing her in the process. Unfortunately the woman never reacts, much like my ex-girlfriend in bed. Hi-o! Still, Asshole Physics was born on that fateful day in that very police station and Max Payne 2 showcased its awesome potential.

Half-Life 2 upped the ante (which was now at 50 cents) when it came to Asshole Physics. Valve crafted a living breathing 1984-esque Orwellian world where the government outlaws any type of free expression. Fortunately for you, the asshole, what the Combine didn't mind was being a complete prick to everyone you meet.

Not only could you throw liquor bottles at NPC's heads which shatter in real-time (the bottles, not the heads), they would react in much the same way real people do, by telling you, "Quit it, will ya?" and continue looking oppressed. Find some frightened people huddling in their apartments? Give them something to cry about by throwing their TVs out the window. Throw a soda can at a soldier's head and run away while doing your best Curly impression. They'll make chase and beat the shit out of you. The NPCs even used Asshole Physics against the player, at one point making you pick up a can and throwing it in the trash solely for their amusement.

Yawn. I liked it better being an asshole than a stupid scientist fighting a bad War of the Worlds ripoff.Unfortunately Half-Life 2 devolved into some kind of first-person-shooter that ended up using physics for, ugh, puzzles. Jumping puzzles were replaced by exciting new box stacking activities and the industry hasn't been the same since! Still, that first level sent Asshole Physics to dizzying new heights, much like the many Chinese food boxes strewn throughout.

Then nothing happened for a while. Asshole Physics was in danger of becoming extinct, that is, until Bethesda announced their latest installment in the Elder Scrolls series, Oblivion. It was going to take Asshole Physics to horrifying new levels by combining radiant A.I. with physics to create a new generation of Asshole Physics. The developers were promising the ability to hide ex-lax in apples and sneak around placing them inside people's houses. Then when they wake up for the day and eat the apple that mysteriously ended up on their bookshelf, you could trail them all day watching poop drop from their butts, which you needed for a fetch quest where you must collect ten turds for the mighty Poopslayer.

Unfortunately Bethesda didn't entirely deliver on their promises and radiant A.I. was a bust. Instead of NPCs waiting for you in one spot and doing nothing all day as in traditional RPGs, NPCs in Oblivion would wait for you in different spots and do nothing all day.

Despite the underwhelming A.I. Besthesda's trademark practice of placing millions of cups, plates, and other useless crap throughout the game world made for some very assholish situations, such as shooting a fireball inside some bastard book keeper's shop and forcing him to spend the better half of his day staring at a wall thinking about all that reorganizing he'd have to do.

Oblivion didn't revolutionize Asshole Physics, it only refined it with more objects, more NPCs, and more game crippling bugs, which is more than we can ask from a dumbed down consolized PC RPG.

The Current State of Asshole Physics

That brings us to today. There is very little on the Asshole Physics horizon and it looks as if developers have all but abandoned the concept. Is it pressure from the ESRB? Video games already

have a bad rap for their violent images and influence on children. If video games allowed children to not only kill people but slightly irritate them as well, would game boxes have to carry a warning label such as "A" for "Asshole". Warning: This game allows children to kick boxes into virtual office workers who barely react and continue going about their business.

Actually, our Something Awful scientists, fresh from their stint at the Rockwell Correctional Facility for crimes against humanity, have determined that children who play games rich in Asshole Physics are less aggressive and have a much higher sperm count. Asshole Physics allow gamers to get out their frustrations in the virtual world, lowering their overall desire to be an asshole in real life. Kids without games with Asshole Physics tend to abuse trash cans, a growing problem in today's society.

Because most people can't read and comprehend at the same time, there is some confusion as to what Asshole Physics really is. The basic recipe is composed of the following ingredients.

Google has very little information on Asshole Physics, but plenty of information on assholes who teach physics... with, uhm, guitars.

- A realistic physics engine such as Havok
- A living, breathing interactive world that has some order
- Uppity NPCs who are performing some kind of menial task such as homemaking and react to your presence
- A bunch of objects you would find in an everyday setting, such as lamps, trash cans, and hookers
- A method to pick up and throw objects

I have seen some games such as Saints Row and Skate incorrectly identified as games with Asshole Physics. Both however, miss the mark. Saints Row may feature a physics engine, NPCs, and numerous objects, but the world is anything but orderly. Running over a guy and sending him into orbit is hilarious, but a little more than assholish. You can't elicit an irritating reaction from a dead man. Believe me, I've tried.

Skate features ragdoll physics that portray your skater falling in hilarious ways. Unfortunately, you can't be an asshole to yourself. The whole point of Asshole Physics is to inconvenience other people. Besides, a skate park isn't exactly an orderly world. If Skate featured soccer moms carrying groceries from their car to their house that you could skate past and send their groceries flying into the air from all the xTreme action, then it would have Asshole Physics.

Asshole Physics cannot be the sole purpose of a game. A title can't be released called "Asshole Physics Adventure Fun Time" or something. The game has to feature an established type of gameplay, such as a first-person-shooter or an Excel spreadsheet. There's a lot of fun in finding ways outside of traditional gameplay to pretend you're irritating people, despite the fact that all you are really doing is wasting your life playing video games.

I should note that there is a game called Façade that is making all sorts of strides in Asshole A.I. There is nothing more fun than calling the main characters a racial epithet right off the bat and watching them throw your ass out and shut the door in your face. If only we could see this kind of progress in commercial titles.

Recent Games that Could Have Used Asshole Physics

This year's crop of titles have been pretty bad, most noticeably because they afforded gamers none of the joys of Asshole Physics. I can think of a few real stinkers that could have been enjoyable messes with the addition of Asshole Physics.

I don't know if this is Naruto or not but it's still mad gay. And I mean gay as in homosexual.

Forza Motorsport 2: Featuring a powerful physics engine that tells you how much rubber is left on your tires and when your bladder is full so you can make a pit stop is one thing, but is useless when it comes to making an otherwise boring racing game fun. Most players don't care about that nonsense anyway. People who play racing simulators are uncreative, soulless monsters.

There is nothing fun about pretending to drive a car you could never afford in real life around a track 600 times in a row while the telemetry thingy tells you what g-forces you could be feeling if you weren't such a fat bastard with no life and were really driving. Guys who are into racing simulators are all Milhouses who say, "Perfectly level flying is the supreme challenge of the scale model pilot." No one cares. Just make it crash you insufferable twat!

Gran Turismo may have A-Spec mode, but Forza could have had Asshole-Spec mode. In this mode bridges would be erected over the course so you could drop eggs and condiments onto cars flying by below, ruining their custom Naruto paint job. Completely cover some poor sucker's windshield and send him flying into the retaining wall, where he gets out and shakes his fist at you thusly while you escape in your zeppelin.

Or hop in the chariot from Ben Hur and let the wheel spikes fly. Try to pop those fancy Corvette tires and give the rich what's coming to them. The sky's the limit with Asshole Physics.

I google image searched "Harvest Moon" and this came up. Just one of the many ways the Internet makes our lives easier.

Harvest Moon: The yearly Harvest Moon game gives gamers who have never worked a day in their lives a chance to get a taste of the real thing. Boring is the name of the game in this series. Plow fields, milk cows, try to woo an underage anime girl into marrying you, none of it translates into excitement. If only it had Asshole Phsyics.

Sneak into a neighbor's farm and plant a spring with a boxing glove attached. When the poor bastard tries to pick his "crop", he'll get punched square in the face and go flying into the next boring Harvest Moon game.

Asshole Physics aren't just for annoying humans, animals can get in on the fun too! Tickle cow udders until they get mad at you and bite your balls off, both of which dangle in real-time. Throw a cat off a mountain and watch it roll down the hill complete with ragdoll physics. Remember, cats always land on their feet. A chicken trying to get some clerical work done? Throw a wastebasket at it. It's all doable with Asshole Physics.

Halo 3: Halo 3 may be coming out next week but it won't be featuring Asshole Physics, only assholes.

BioShock: BioShock was one of the few games released this year that did not include Asshole Physics that was actually enjoyable. Still, I can't imagine what this game of the year contender

would have been like if it let you be asshole.

There could have been a prologue showing you what Rapture looked like before the cliched mutated monsters starting wreaking havoc. You could have gone up to Andrew Ryan himself, smash a whiskey bottle in his face and scream, "THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOUR LIBERTARIAN UTOPIA!" Imagine the fun you could have hitting the water-retaining windows with a Louisville Slugger while others watch in horror and plead for you to stop.

The Future

Asshole Physics has come a long way since a plucky young webmaster on the Internet pretended to harass a female cop in a video game because a female cop once broke his heart, leaving with him an irrational hatred of all women. Unfortunately they have an even longer way to go before they become accepted in this industry.

We *want* people to be assholes, not in real life, but in video games. Asshole Physics has the ability to change the world, allow people to take out their assholish tendencies in a controlled environment, and make going to grocery stores, banks, and dogfights a pleasurable experience again.

Developers should embrace Asshole Physics for the countless minutes of gameplay it adds to their title and because Stone Cold said so. We have dual core processors and dedicated physics cards. Don't waste these precious resources on box stacking puzzles and showing blades of grass realistically swaying in the wind. No one cares about that bullshit. I want publishers to create task forces to ensure that each game features some aspect of Asshole Physics. It not only makes otherwise cookie-cutter games fun but gives us a reason to live.

That's why I want you to write your local representatives and senators and tell them you want more Asshole Physics in your games for a better tomorrow!

Disclaimer: Don't actually write to congress about Asshole Physics. They have more important business to attend to for the good of our great nation, such as taking bribes and soliciting sex from men while on the shitter. God bless America and God bless Asshole Physics. Now to go back to playing Team Fortress 2. See you in hell, suckers!

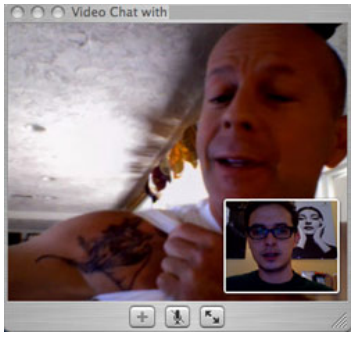
-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.21 Zero-Stars: Fall Failure Spectacular

Friday, Sep 21, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Americans were treated this summer to a brief respite from the bellyaching of the theater chains and the MPAA over falling box office returns and the dread menace of piracy. By grimly sticking to their plan of ceaseless mediocrity and rising ticket prices Hollywood has managed to bully audiences into accepting what they were given rather than demanding something better. This summer, Hollywood won big, and the town is flush with over four billion dollars in box office revenue. It's their biggest haul to date.

What films made this record season possible? I'm afraid it's time for a quick look back on another summer we wish we could forget. This summer's ten highest-grossing movies are presented in reverse order in a blatantly manipulative attempt to build the dramatic tension.



Now get on your webcam and apologize.

10. **Live Free or Die Hard** (Fox) - $132 Million - After an experimental period working in low-grossing indie films like **16 Blocks**, **Alpha Dog**, and **A Day in the Sun**, Willis dusted off his motherfuckers to reprise his role as Detective John McClane. The whole family was invited to this PG-13 exploration of adult themes like "cars flipping through the air" and "a jet plane exploding crap" and Willis was finally able to afford that McLaren F1 he's always wanted.

9. **Knocked Up** (Universal) - $147 Million - Dork darling Judd Apatow wrote, directed and produced this romantic comedy starring buddy Seth Rogan as a goofball coping with impending fatherhood. Rogan and Apatow's IMDB arrows thrust triumphantly skyward; Steve Carrell fires his agent for signing him to **Evan Almighty**. Despite critical and box-office success, **Knocked Up** proved to be so generic that two authors simultaneously decided to sue Apatow for infringement.

8. **The Simpsons Movie** (Fox) - $173 Million - Audiences were caught in the cyclone storm of advertising surrounding this unappealing dud of a movie and physically carried into the theater by incessant TV spots. Trying to get a rebranded Slurpee and a can of Buzz Cola turned out to be more entertaining.

7. **The Bourne Ultimatum** (Universal) - $185 Million - A stone-faced Matt Damon outwits the entire CIA - again - and robot-fights a bunch of trained assassins along the way. **The Bourne Cinematography** is a boon to odor-canceling sawdust manufacturers, bane to theater janitors.

6. Ratatouille (Buena Vista) **-** $199 Million - Pixar teams up with **Iron Giant** creator Brad Bird

and makes a movie that almost allows us to forget that unforgivable pile of shit **Cars**. It's still a reminder that Pixar is responsible for the death of Hollywood cel animation and, by extension, the endless series of **Shrek** and lower rent cousins like **Hoodwinked!**

5. Harry Potter & The Order of the Phoenix (Warner Bros.) - $283 Million - Warner's unstoppable money train departs Platform 9 and 3/4ths once again. Adults lined up by the hundreds of thousands in their wizard hats for what was hailed by many critics as the "darkest installment" in the series. British kids in uniforms have terrified audiences for decades, give them magic powers and put them in a gothic castle and you can just forget about it.

4. **Pirates of Caribbean: At World's End** (Buena Vista) $307 Million -Another year, another interchangeably bland movie based on the venerable ride at Disneyland. By the time this franchise has sunk Disney will have geared up for a feature-length Tiki Room movie. Expect to see Carlos Mencia in a bird costume and some slightly-effeminate male lead. Like Shia LaBeouf.

They're multiplying! Someone get the sarin!

3. **Transformers** (Paramount) $308 Million - Michael Bay transformed a 20-year-old cartoon designed to sell toys to children into a cartoon designed to sell 2007 Pontiacs to adult children. A surprising number of critics choked out praise for a giant robotic scorpion chasing soldiers around an Army base. When spoken aloud, Star Shia LaBeouf's dumbass name is still sufficient to make me reflexively clench my hands into fists.

2. **Shrek the Third** (Paramount) $320 Million - Based on the third Shrek book by J.D. Salinger, **Shrek the Third** continues the story of a mealy wad of pop-culture references vomited downhill into a pit of cash. There is nothing redeeming about this film other than it now provides a counterpoint to the argument that **Shrek 2** was the worst animated movie of all time.

1. **Spider-Man 3** (Sony) $336 Million - The third installment of the tolerable Spider-Man franchise descends into a nearly two-and-a-half hour mess of unnecessary villains and drama that feels rehashed. Audiences lapped up the cinematic effluent spewing from Raimi's broken sewer pipe, the turd deftly painted gold with 100+ million dollars of digital effects of shit blowin' up real good.

With quality like that it should come as no surprise that Hollywood managed to shake off the revenue slump and post record returns this summer. Alas, summer is not forever. With the fall movie season drawing near the blockbusters are retiring to their caves to hibernate. They surrender their place in cinemas to a dreary collection of also-rans, holiday-themed trash, and "indie" movies as soulless as a rendered Megatron.

That smell in the air? Rotting leaves and failure. It can mean only one thing: like an afghan of hate thrown over your legs, fall movie season is upon you. Hope for the best, accept the worst. You don't really have a choice.

There are dozens of terrible movies coming out between now and the hellish Christmas blitz, far too many to cover within the context of a single article. Instead, let's celebrate the outstanding examples of cinematic failures in the coming weeks. Heck, I'll even give them awards. Hollywood loves awards.

Steve McQueen's *Yucatan* Award for Horribleness in a Vanity Project

Bee Movie **- Nov 2, 2007**

Out-of-work multimillionaire Jerry Seinfeld has taken it upon himself to provide the world with a computer animated family comedy about a bee. No one asked for this, no one was clamoring for a bee-related Seinfeld film. In fact, the more the public has heard about Bee Movie the less the public has wanted to actually see Bee Movie. That might explain why the endless promotional push for the movie - begun over two years ago with Seinfeld talk show appearances and baffling teasers - has been unceremoniously ended. Seinfeld threatened us with a series of skit videos related to the movie, but Paramount has cancelled these and wisely dumped the stinking brick of Bee Movie into the early November dead zone. It all leaves me wondering why Seinfeld doesn't have any friends close enough to tell him that this was a horrible idea.

The *D-Tox* Award for Failure to Bust a Block

Southland Tales **- Nov 9, 2007**

What's not to love about **Donnie Darko** director Richard Kelly's sophomore outing? Its 160-minute cut was booed at Cannes. Yeah, that Cannes, the one where people applauded for **Brown Bunny.** It stars master thespians like Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Sara Michelle Gellar, and Sean William Scott in TWO ROLES! Two times the Sean William Scott any other movie dared to bring to the big screen! Kelly has trimmed a half hour off the running time and shoehorned in a bunch of effects shots to please the plebes, but the buzz around this one is as ominous as a radio in Silent Hill.

The *Antz* Award for Most Bizarre Facsimile

The Kingdom - Sep 28, 2007

This Jamie Foxx action movie wants so badly to be **Syriana** you can practically smell George Clooney's salt-and-pepper musk oozing off the screen. Early reviews indicate it will be lucky if it gets to be George Clooney from **Three Kings.** Ah, well, I'm sure by the credits America will be saved and we'll all be a little wiser about the plight of big-eyed Hollywood towelheads and their beautiful-but-flawed culture.

The *Suburban Commando* Award for Wrestling Excellence

The Game Plan - Sep 28, 2007

Two Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson movies in one season? Be still, my heart! Instead of a convoluted science fiction movie he's headlining a family comedy about - now get this - a trash-talking football player that has to take care of *kids.* Fucking genius, Hollywood! If The Rock keeps it up he'll have a Sinbaddy Award in no time!

The *Gleaming the Cube* Award for Uselessness in Titling

Michael Clayton - Oct 5, 2007

John Thompson. Warren Oliver. Daniel Perry. Those are just a few of the titles rejected by the geniuses behind this oatmeal bland business drama starring George Clooney. I assume it's a business drama, that's what the synopsis tells me. The trailer isn't much help, it's a mess of conversational snippets with no apparent purpose or direction. Michael Clayton *Doin' Thangs*.

The Lordy Award for Derivativeness in Fantasy

The Seeker: The Dark is Rising - Oct 5, 2007

It looks like an episode of **Gilmore Girls**, but the word on the street is this attempt at a new fantasy adaptation franchise is more than that. It's about a magical child, a battle between good and evil, saving the world, and terrifying monsters. Could there be orcs? Could there be a wizard's school? The wise among us will never know.

The *Pyscho II* Award for Unnecessariness in a Sequel

Elizabeth: The Golden Age - Oct 12, 2007

Are you fucking kidding me? They got Cate Blanchett to come back to play Queen Elizabeth again nine years after the first movie? Wonderful, and it's only one year after a boring BBC miniseries about Queen Elizabeth that won a shitload of awards. Don't you stupid British fucks have like 50 queens you could be doing movies about? PICK A DIFFERENT FUCKING QUEEN. Christ, do a movie about the band Queen. Anything.

The *Tango & Cash* Award for Inauspicious Pairings

Gone Baby Gone - Oct 19, 2007

Casey Affleck stars and Ben Affleck directs in this Boston crime drama. Do you feel that pounding in your chest? That's a heart palpitation. Try not to let the excitement overwhelm you. On the plus side, there is no possible way this movie could actually be worse than my imagination.

Are these the worst movies the film industry has to offer us this fall? Are they the best? Is there a difference?

No.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Terror 500

Saturday, Sep 22, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My brothers in terror, I have called this meeting to state what has been obvious for some time now: We are losing.

Our competitors in Al Qaeda, Hamas, and Abu Sayyaf have outperformed us for ten consecutive quarters. Have you seen the latest numbers? Or are you so certain of your failure that you don't even bother to pick up the Jihad Street Journal anymore? It's not too late, people. This is still an emerging sector, and we can regain the market lead if we're willing to make some fundamental changes to the way we approach terrorism. Let's face it; we grew complacent when we were on top, and now our methodology is severely outdated.

We are still relying on cold-calls, for Allah's sake! We walk from house to house in the unbearable heat and shout "Boo!" when someone comes to the door. When there is no answer, we write "Boo!" on a sticky note and leave it on the door. Sometimes the note is blown away by a gust of wind before it can unleash terror on the homeowner.

This is no way to run an operation. If we want to compete with the big boys, we must study their innovations and think outside the box. These guys are using car bombs, hijacked planes, suicide bombers, and improvised explosive devices, and their numbers are twice as good as ours ever were. If you don't believe me, log on to Xbox Live and check out their gamertags. Terrorpoints out the ass, folks.

I have prepared some ideas. I wrote them down on these surplus terror sticky notes this morning, and I couldn't help but notice that the notes are pink. Of all the colors, pink. I pray that we did not pay extra for the rainbow pattern. We did. I see. Mussef, we are going to have a talk after this meeting.

My first idea is a hang glider with a generous coat of gasoline splashed on the wings. We leave one of these out in the open in a major American city and watch from a safe vantage point as the infidel's evil nature takes over.

A masterful plan in action.

You see, nothing pleases Americans more than forsaking Allah by flying hang gliders. They take perverse pleasure in the act. It is tradition that on their birthdays, Americans gather their entire families up and fly one giant hang glider together while flipping off the heavens.

Within minutes of laying our trap, an American (possibly a Jew or siamese twin Jews if we are very lucky) will greedily clutch the hang glider's handle and take flight. Within a few moments the sun's surface will brush against the glider and set the gasoline ablaze. Millions of westerners will look up at this screaming, burning figure as it plummets to the ground, hopefully landing right on a den of perversion such as a music store or a hot dog stand. This will cause the witnesses to weep and lament their violent ways.

Or how about this: We all know that knowledge is power. In fact, just knowing that grants us enough power to open aspirin bottles with our bare hands. We also know that books are a source of knowledge. Knowing *that* makes us powerful enough to go through most days without taking a single nap.

Since books contain power, would it not be a terrifying display of strength if we drove the streets of America at a leisurely pace, openly flaunting our many books in specially designed automobiles of some sort? It would absolutely crush our enemies' willpower to see what they are up against.

We could even lend these books out to the infidels from these automobiles. It would be like saying, "Go on, read it. We don't care. We are so powerful that you can borrow *As Bad As I Wanna Be* by Dennis Rodman and we will still have enough strength to oppress women."

Another way we can spread terror - although I'm thinking it might be a little too much - is to take over their television stations and broadcast videos of ducklings on every single channel. They won't be able to escape the sight. Everywhere they turn, ducklings. We could maybe rent some billboards and terrorize them with additional images of ducklings that way too.

Why does this confuse you? Ducklings, baby ducks. Everyone is afraid of them.

Yes they are, Ramzi. My psychologist assures me that a fear of ducklings is a perfectly normal thing, and I think he's a *little bit* smarter than you. This is the problem right here. You guys are so out of touch, it's no wonder we're in the position we are!

Look, you don't have to love these ideas. My point is that I was able to come up with some really strong stuff in less than a day. I want everyone to brainstorm for the next few weeks. We'll bounce ideas off of one another to see what happens, and go from there.

If all else fails, we have that nuclear bomb in the lobby that we've been using to display our Highlights and Redbook magazines on. I'm sure we could do something with that. Hey, I know!

Have you guys ever read the Incredible Hulk comics? Do you know how he got all those powers?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.23 So You Want to be a Tourist?

Sunday, Sep 23, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Europe offers a mixture of the past, the future, and the mildly homoerotic. Every human can learn something here, about themselves and western history. To get the most out of your experience, make sure to come prepared.

Beauty Blocking Beauty

Preparation

I suggest, if possible, that you stay in one city for an extended amount of time, instead of visiting as many cities as possible on a grand tour. Getting to know a city, to witness the area from the inside is far more rewarding and memorable than skimming the top of a continent. A similar, though inappropriate, metaphor is that it is better to be inside a woman than to brush up against her, but I'm sure you'd be happy with either of those situations, you sick bastard. Great travel memories are not from seeing the Eiffel tower, or photographing the Colosseum, but in shitting your pants after trying new food, and being chased by Gypsies through the medieval alleys.

Prior to leaving, the most important thing to know before traveling is not the destination, but one's self. As a tourist, you are the lowest form of life within the city. The Gypsies, with their flower dresses and fast hands, along with the North African men selling phony purses on sheets are not only above you, but also mocking you. Though you think you are from a country that deserves respect, you are not America, you are just an America*n*.

Picture Taking

If you use a flash while photographing a fresco or oil painting, you are a dumb ass and deserve to get kicked out, stripped bare, and killed. Yeah, a flash will brighten up the image, but is it worth destroying an 800-year-old painting so you can get an ill-framed picture with your 5.6-megapixel camera?

Real Cool

Use your camera to assist your memory, not to prove you've been somewhere. Taking fifty photographs of a famous sculpture is ridiculous and time consuming. Instead, spend your time, batteries, and film (does anyone still use film?) taking photographs of the items you might forget, like that cute restaurant you ate at, the ugly statue that made you laugh, or that dope katana in the armory.

You, and your group, look stupid "trying to hold the Leaning Tower of Pisa." On top of that, there is no reason to visit Pisa other than seeing the leaning tower. Meaning you traveled on a bus for two hours just to get the most clichéd and obnoxious photograph ever imagined. Congratulations, jack ass.

Culture

The initial culture shock can be the hardest experience for many travelers. Learning how to use a beday, finding a large quantity of protein, and discovering that your mother had done your laundry for 21 years can be difficult.

If you have an iPod, don't bring it. There is a time to listen to Dave Mathews Band, and your favorite J-Pop, and it isn't while you wander around the Louvre searching for Baroque paintings of women's breasts.

When traveling for a short period of time, many people feel guilty from sleeping. They think as though they are wasting precious time, and would rather wander around half asleep, missing the subtle and important features, because they refuse to sleep more than four hours a night. In truth, sleeping is the *one thing* a visitor shares in common with a native. Sleep like the natives or sleep with the natives, either option is better than being mentally and physically exhausted in a different continent.

After being away from home for a few weeks, a visitor may get homesick. Calling home, or reading a book in one's home language helps. A stronger dose of America can be found in the McDonald's and Burger Kings found around Europe. If you visit these places, be forewarned: **They serve vegetables and there is no dollar menu.**

That's So Rank

You have no chance at meeting women. The women here wouldn't grind on you if they were your transmission while you were learning to drive stick. The only chance you have of getting noticed is when they are looking down at you.

Never think you are blending in. You stick out in your voice, your clothing, and the way you hold yourself. No matter how you attempt to hide your origins, gypsies will harass you and your bill at a restaurant will be 40% higher.

So there you go. Sure there are other places in the world to visit. Asia and South America are popular among people with low self-confidence. But for the people who don't need constant reassurance that they are better off than others, I suggest visiting a country with laws. So visit the continent that brought us global imperialism, the holy wars, and shitty internet cafes.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.24 Less-awesome Weapons

Monday, Sep 24, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The summer puking hobo is the most vile breed.

Many names and slang terms have been used to describe the police. You hear them referred to as "pigs," "the fuzz," "the man," "tony two-tone," "slick milk," "ol' barn ape," "crunchberry," "Susanne," and even "handsome." There are hundreds of epithets and nicknames for police, but I don't feel any of them are accurate. I prefer to think of police more like my collection of all-natural hairy woman magazines: they're great to have around when I need them, but if I see them in public I start feeling really uncomfortable and guilty.

When you've got a hobo making sick on your front door at three in the morning on a Tuesday a policeman is a wonderful thing. The police will come and shine some flashlights in bloodshot eyes and then load the hobo into their car so that the hobo can be released in the wild far away from civilization.

When you're driving down the street trying to text message your friend and eat a chalupa in peace, that cop car in your rearview mirror is like an accusatory finger. Even If you're innocent you feel guilty.

Having an unexpected encounter with the police can range from slightly uncomfortable to downright terrifying. However, as the years have gone by police have been getting progressively scarier.

Just about everyone in America with a security job carries a firearm. Mall cops, warehouse guards, the guy who watches the screens in a Wal*Mart; they're all packing heat. Even a security guard in an Apple store probably has a very ergonomic and trendy pistol. It may be solid white and shaped like a paperback book, but it will hurl bullets at the bad guy's face if you use the scroll wheel.

Americans get that it can be a dangerous world and that policemen need to be able to take a life in certain situations. Accidents happen and bad cops can shoot good people, sometimes they even get away with it, but the guns aren't the real problem.

What makes the police scarier year in and year out are the devious technologies cooked up to resolve situations through physical force without killing somebody. Until the 1980s, most cops only had one tool at their disposal: a wooden club. In use since caveman times by caveman police, this simple device has allowed cops to have a slight advantage over unarmed criminals.

Detective Stive Uggzalez is on the case.

With the wooden club there was an honest interplay between cops and the public. It was understood that if you try to hit a cop he is going to beat your face with the club. Sometimes he might hit you with his club once or twice if you get lippy and no one is around. Not cool, but it was what you get for mouthing off to the cop on a deserted road after he pulled you over for a busted taillight. The club was just a harder and hurtier version of a fist, and you can hardly expect a cop to go fistless.

Throughout the 20th century the wooden club was upgraded from time to time. The nightstick was in use for many years, but that was just a club with a handle. A more recent innovation is the collapsible baton, which is just a club that you can wear on your belt more easily. Despite the updates, the equation with police batons is the same: fighting a cop equals you busted upside your

face with a club.

Yes, a cop could kill or injure you with that club, but it's something he has to seriously attempt. He can't just tap you in the back with his baton and you drop dead. He has to really work at it and put some effort into it. It's a project.

A Spicy Face-full

Another one of my hot dates ends unexpectedly.

In the late 1980s police added a new nonlethal weapon to their arsenal. Pepper spray, or Oleoresin Capsicum, is an oily spray containing the pepper-derived chemical capsaicin. It is designed to incapacitate or deter criminals by causing burning pain and inflammation of the mucus membranes. Think of it as spray-on hell.

You know that feeling you get when you're on the toilet emptying out the contents of a particularly spicy meal? Imagine that feeling times ten in both eyes and your sinuses. Remember that in most cases the human asshole can't cry and spread the burning. The oily nature of the spray means that once you are hit the burning agent is difficult to neutralize.

Pepper spray was issued to police officials to deal with situations where lethal force might be necessary, but the threat to officers was not overwhelming. An example might be a person threatening officers with a sledgehammer or a chair leg or an icicle. In a situation like that police could shoot their attacker, but they could also save that person's life by incapacitating them with pepper spray and waiting for the icicle to melt.

It sounds sweet on paper and in practice it has no doubt saved many lives of officers and criminals. However, pepper spray has been documented as causing potentially fatal respiratory conditions and serious injury. Pepper spray has contributed or caused the deaths of at least 63 people in police custody in the United States since 1990. The effects of the capsicum can also cause permanent damage to mucus membranes, including the possibility of permanent vision loss.

Those guys were threatening the cops and they deserved it. They didn't really need their eyes or lungs, right?

I would hope, but one of the problems of supplementary nonlethal weapons like pepper spray is that the officers can become dependent on their use to subdue nonviolent offenders. A guy with an icicle deserves an eyeful of pepper spray, but what about some guy who is refusing to show his photo ID or a protestor chained to a door?

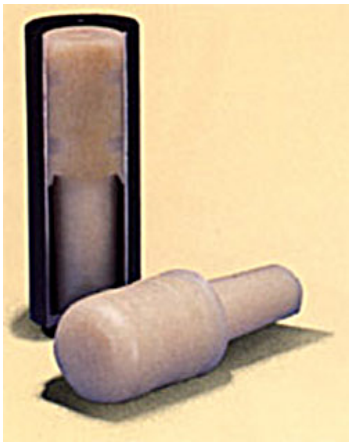
Spraying pepper spray on someone in a situation like that would not even seem to be helpful to the officer. The cop could write the person a ticket or unchain them from the door and put them in a paddy wagon instead of dealing with a screaming maniac that feels like you just set their face on fire. It would seem in those cases that the police officer is the one making the decision to escalate to violence.

Copper Says, "Relax!"

Many police officials also have access to various types of nonlethal ammunition. An example of this type of ammunition is the baton round. This round, often referred to as a "beanbag round," fits inside a 12-gauge shotgun shell. It sounds like a relaxing way to be subdued in the rumpus room, but it isn't. When fired, the baton expands from the barrel of the gun and provides a large surface area on impact to limit the possibility of a penetrating injury. It is designed to cause sufficient pain

to incapacitate or deter the target.

The only problem with these and other types of nonlethal ammunition is that they are often deployed in crowd control situations. As you might expect, firing rounds made out of anything from a shotgun can cause serious harm or even kill someone. As an example, baton rounds have a greater than 2% fatality rate according to a Department of Justice survey. Rubber and pellet rounds are less likely to be fatal, but more likely to cause serious injury.



Boundless pleasure awaits on the receiving end of an errant baton round!

There have been media reports of unarmed bystanders being shot and killed with virtually all types of nonlethal ammunition. They were caught in the crossfire of a situation where police would never think of deploying lethal ammunition. One lesson is obviously that you shouldn't stand around to watch a riot, but maybe another lesson is police shouldn't be shooting shotguns at rioters.

Please Don't Tase Me, Bro!

One of the most prevalent nonlethal weapons of the 21st century is the Taser. You have probably seen many video clips of law enforcement officers and soldiers taseing one another and laughing about it. You may have also seen various video clips of civilians being tasered in the field and not laughing nearly as much about it. In fact, they tend to scream about it a lot and possibly cry.

Even asking politely won't save you from a healthy dose of the zap-zap.

The Taser fires one or more barbed darts that stick into flesh. Conductive wires trail from the darts to the weapon and allow the person using the Taser to administer an electrical shock at the pull of the trigger. These shocks cause incapacitating muscle spasms and extreme pain. The batteries in the Taser contain enough charge to administer a shock that lasts multiple minutes, although the weapon is generally used for only a few seconds at a time.

Watching people being "tasered" or "tased" on video is a great pleasure. I realized this after watching a video in which a woman was pulled over while driving and refused to stop talking on her cell phone or really comply with the officer's instructions. The woman was behaving like a complete bitch and it was cathartic to hear the "pop-zap-zap-zap!" of the Taser firing and her wailing in agony and flopping around on the ground.

It was only much later that I reflected that the woman in the video was pulled over for having a taillight out and was tased for refusing to comply with the officer's instructions. That seems like an awfully shitty reason to be shot and electrocuted. In that situation the Taser did not take the place of a firearm, nor did it fill in for a baton strike. The cop in the video did not seem angry and I doubt he was breaking the rules by shooting the woman with his Taser.

There are so many of these videos of the police deploying Tasers that ending a sentence with "or you will be tased!" has practically become a catchphrase.

Get out of the car or you will be tased!
Lay down on the ground or you will be tased!
Turn around or you will be tased!
Put your head down or you will be tased!

Do the centipede or you will be tased!
Do this story problem or you will be tased!
Eat that piece of hamburger off the dirt or you will be tased!
Beat me in arm wrestling or you will be tased!

The resulting videos are hilarious, but I have to wonder if a new form of dialogue isn't being invented because of the easy and almost carefree way police will use their Tasers. They have even been renamed from "nonlethal weapons" to "compliance weapons," indicating that they no longer take the place of an officer's firearm and they are now used as a means of enforcing obedience. The subjects in the videos are almost always petty criminals, guilty of crimes so insignificant that in many cases they could not have been taken to jail prior to their tasering.

Police forces that issue Tasers to their officers invariably see a steady climb in the number of Tasering incidents the longer the weapons are in service. This rise in the usage of the Taser is not matched by a statistically significant reduction in the use of firearms by police departments. It's fair to keep in mind that Tasers, just as all of the weapons covered, are not guaranteed nonlethal.

A Burning Sensation

The future holds a number of advance nonlethal technologies that will make it easier for officers to subdue suspected criminals. One such device, manufactured by Raytheon, is the Silent Guardian. This vehicle-borne device uses nonlethal radiation that stimulates human nerve endings and causing intense pain. Referred to as an "Active Denial System," Silent Guardian is designed to keep crowds and riots at bay without harming innocent people.

I brought your flooring sample!

You can watch the Omni Consumer Products promotional video on YouTube.

There are many nonlethal directed energy weapons in development. Some are designed to cause uncontrollable bowel movements, others just embarrass people away.

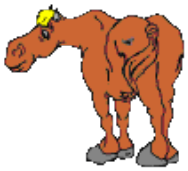
I'm sure those will make for some really hilarious videos in the future, but is this the path we want law enforcement to take? Has the prevalence of Tasers been a net benefit to society?

Call me an old fogy, but I sort of miss the good old days when the worst an unarmed guy like me had to worry about was getting a crack on the leg with a wooden stick.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.25 Hartburn Quarterly

Tuesday, Sep 25, 2007 by Carol "Hartburn Editor" Hart (@fart)



Hello and happy autumn!! This is Grandma Carol Hart if you didn't know and welcome to my e-mail periodical. You are getting this because you are in my "Address Book" and because I Love You!

FAMILY UPDATE

Let us welcome Jennifer to the family! She entered the gang through Ray on July 12 in a breezy outdoor ceremony. You may remember from last quarter's issue that I had said they were going to wed in the church, standing at the feet of God. As it turns out, a few of us old birds got together one night and figured the stuffy old church would be too formal. Also, around that same time, Chad came and told us that Jennifer has two babies from a previous man. **Mulatto babies!** Talk about a perfect occasion for an outdoor wedding! You can't hide your bundles of joy from us, little lady! We all wish you the best, Ray! And Jennifer!

X MAS WATCH

Its that time of year. Time to start looking for presents for the youngins and the young at heart. The news on Planet Dylan is Hello 3 is the "Hot" video game to get this holiday sesaon. He says you're a master chief goes from Earth and flies through space. I've heard of Indian spirit quests, but I've never been on one. The whole game is based on the cool new Hello 3 Injun– who looks a lot sharper than the old Hello Injuns. I should hope so. I wouldn't want just any old ruffian character if the kids are going to be tagging along on a video peyote adventure.

EMERGENCY BULLETIN

What is the best way to get a rude seagull from protecting your own car from you as if it were an enormous egg? Please email Gramma with ideas...

INSPIRATIONAL FORWARD OF THE WEEK

A disabled teen in a wheelchair looked up toward the stars one evening and pondered the life of a baby. "God," he asked the sky above him, "certainly I am smarter than a baby. I'm faster, stronger and have more value than any baby born today, so why have you bound me to this wheelchair?" The teen waited for an answer, but God did not reply.

The next night, the teen returned to gaze upon the heavens and beg once more. "God," he begged the stars, "why have you trapped me in this wheelchair? Millions of babies are born every day with perfectly good legs, and millions more are growing up and enjoying their functioning legs. Why must I suffer?" God did not reply.

On the third night, the teen returned again. This time, he was already crying as he began looking upon the majesty of creation. "God," he pleaded to the sky from the bottom of his heart, "why have you done this to me?! Why am I forever damned to be held prisoner in this humiliating wheeled contraption? Can't you allow me to at least go to the bathroom on my own? I beg of you!" God, again, did not reply.

Why didn't God reply? Because he lives in your HEART, not in the SKY. He is inside you, but the teen forgot this and began talking to the stars. He had filled his heart with worry and pain and thoughts and pushed God out of his body! The moral of the story: Nobody wants to put up with too much of your drama. Don't have a dark heart, because God has to live inside there!

GRANDMA CHAT

This section is new. I am setting this up because I get a lot more feedback than I used to. If you have a question for me please let me know and I will add it next time around. -Gams

"i wanan get blunt to have with my baby girl. get at me. carlos {phone number omitted}
bluntdaddy60124"

First, It's spelled C-A-R-O-L, and I don't know who you are or why you are on my newsletter. Are you one of Betty's kids? Let me be blunt with you, Blunt Daddy– getting blunt with your child is a good first step toward making her into a responsible young woman. Now is when you should be telling her not to get pregnant or to have doodle relations if she can help it. Take care!

PRAYER LIST

If you have time this evening, please donate some of your prayers to the following people. Thank you and good night!

Teresa, age 48 - Foot acting up
Leonard, age 65 - Has lottery ticket

Our men and women in Iraq - War
Brian, age 9 - Diabetes
Mark, age 30 - Has been missing left arm since 1995. Pray harder!

-∼Carol "Hartburn Editor" Hart (@fart)

9.26 Fall TV Preview

Wednesday, Sep 26, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Lost Fans Have Talent

Every single wretched day ancient man had to deal with the sun disappearing and the cold blue moon capturing control of the sky. We know from early myths that the embrace of night was traumatic for ancient man, never certain why the sun would forsake him or if its comforting light and nourishing rays would ever return. Life was a constant struggle, so brutal and harsh that few had the means or heart to survive. Always on the move, following the animals as they migrated across the vast undeveloped landscapes, bleak and savage as anything could possibly be, ancient man was always for want of food, shelter and basic necessity. He killed and ate his prey with the ferocity of the animal, for he was no better a beast in this world. Swiftly, with no great ritual or ceremony to accentuate the action, he dined on raw meals bereft of preparation, tables, utensils, and civility. He bit into flesh and he drank blood and they were the most pleasurable acts in his tortured existence. Ancient man suffered, but he never suffered as we do.

Each and every year there comes a point when the light of the television grows dim. The glowing tapestry unravels before our eyes, leaving but a few points of light alone like stars in the night sky. One by one, our favorite shows disappear into some unknown ether far beyond our reach, and we are left with almost nothing to fill the void except for the terrible pains of unfulfilled want. Worse, there is the horrid uncertainty of wondering if our favorite shows will even return, as networks callously toy with our emotions, waiting until the last minute to decide which shows live and which shows die. This annual pain is worse than losing a loved one. Maybe even 2-3 loved ones in a barn fire or collapse.

As a fellow television viewer, you will no doubt agree with me that there is no greater suffering in this world than waiting for a show to come back from hiatus. With cliffhanger endings and long months with nothing to do but go outside and live life, the wait is nothing short of pure hell. If not for the need for resolution, I would have blown my brains out years ago. In these harsh summer months, when there is nothing to watch but a few quality premium channel shows, life is a constant balance between wanting to die to end the pain and wanting to live to see what happens next. We are finally starting to see what happens next. Just as the sun always returned to give our ancestors light, television has begun returning to give us light.

With that said, here is a brief summary of some popular shows returning to make everything all better.

24

After a disastrous sixth season, *24* is coming back with big changes, including the return of Tony Almeida, who thankfully survived being murdered twice in season 5. *24* will also be swapping coasts, putting a fresh shine on the show's inexplicably retarded storytelling, random gunfights, poignant interpersonal drama, anticipated betrayals, and torture scenes.

Prison Break

One of television's smartest dramas is back and more erudite than ever. In past seasons we watched as Michael Scofield broke his brother out of prison, where he was on death row for murdering the president's incestuous brother - a crime that never even happened. We watched as the Fox River escapees fled authorities, the international conspiracy, and from each other in search of freedom and justice. Now they are back in prison, but this time the conspiracy wants them to escape. See what Stephan Hawking calls "the defining terrestrial saga of our epoch.

The Law & Order Franchise

The entire *Law & Order* franchise continues its *Simpsons*-like descent into incomprehensibility with more ripped from the headlines plot twists, turns, double twists, reverse over-unders, flips, flops, flip-flop-flips, dips, and double-crosses. Producers promise to up the ante with the best rapes you've ever seen, most violent molestations ever implied, the most awesome murders ever committed, and literally no original ideas or logic whatsoever. Expect all three shows to do an episode based on Chris Benoit killing his family for May sweeps.

Here's a brief summary of every other episode of *Law & Order: SVU*:

Act I: Girl gets violently raped.

Act II: Rape leads SVU to investigate a conspiracy to put anthrax in New Orleans drinking water. Neo Nazi leader is arrested following discovery of YouTube video boasting of the plan.

Act III: YouTube video is enhanced to show background detail that proves the victim was lying and in on the plot. Surprise revelation in the courtroom ends with potato cannon attack on judge.

The Wire

Approximately 12 people will watch the final season of HBO's *The Wire*, the most amazing thing on television in ages. So haunted and moved by the show's brilliance, these precious few will proceed to nag everybody else to watch it to such an annoying degree that the entire world will write the show off out of pure spite.

House

Look for big shakeups this season of *House* when the show throws its tried-and-true formula out the window and adopts an identical one using new supporting characters to fill the roles left by the old supporting characters, who are all still there giving support. If you thought the statistically unlikely number of rare and strange diseases last season was high, get ready to have your Lupus-infected socks blown clear off.

Heroes

Expect one of our titular heroes to read *Watchmen* and figure out the villain's diabolical schemes five episodes in. The remaining 17 episodes will be dedicated to the family

conflicts viewers know and love and people whining about the burden of having godlike powers.

Jericho

The show that actually managed to take the fun out of a nuclear apocalypse by burying it under a pile of horribly dull and mundane drama gets a second chance at life after nerdy fans in love with the concept of human annihilation decided a terrible show was still better than no show at all. This season promises to blow the first away with characters racing against the clock to handle problems of classroom book shortages, groundwater contamination, and corn rationing.

Lost

Lost returns for its fourth season to deliver 16 uninterrupted episodes efficiently explaining the show's mysteries with calculated precision. Fans can expect an orderly, rational revealing of the complex storylines and secrets, such as Jacob the Country Ghost, the Monster, what happened to WALLLLLTTT, who's piloting that evil boat, why the hobbit arbitrarily killed himself instead of calmly exiting the underwater base, and why anyone still cares. Viewers can also expect the addition of several important new characters, all certain to die before the season ends.

Here is a brief summary of all *Lost* related discussion on the Internet (not counting slash fiction written by disgusting housewives):

"My word, such audacity!"

"I stagger to believe the brashness & cunning of this show!"

"Verily, I must confess a profound disappointment. That I should be engaged by ___'s past exploits is an insult most foul. It is the grand mystery of the Island itself that so completely enraptures my spirit."

"The tidings of this televised endeavor no longer bequeath me joy. Furthermore, might I postulate that the writers are faggots?"

Battlestar Galactica

The most innovative science fiction show in some time returns to explain what the hell they were thinking. Namely, why the show now features more musical robots than a Chuckie E. Cheese restaurant. Since this is the final season, viewers can expect fewer tedious standalone episodes covering such exciting topics as space luddites, space unions, space boxing, space bars, and space affairs. With any luck, they won't blow their special effects budget in the first four episodes, either.

Go ahead, tell me I forgot any number of other shows on television. You'd be right, and I wouldn't care. I offer no apologies!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.27 Metal Gear Solid 4 Spoilers

Thursday, Sep 27, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

METAL GEAR?!

- Built-in Wii support: *Metal Gear Solid 4* will use the PS3 to e-mail all of your friends with Wiis and inform them that they will never be able to play this game.
- Before starting a new game, the player is asked to use the PlayStation Eye digital camera to perform a complete body scan of a household pet. At a certain point in the game, Solid Snake will become hungry and proceed to slowly butcher and eat your digitized friend after suffocating it with a plastic shopping bag. This scene cannot be skipped.
- Fans still bitter about Raiden's role in *Metal Gear Solid 2* shouldn't worry; director Hideo Kojima has included a special mode that lets you pound railroad spikes into the abdomen of this beloved character. *Note: You play as Raiden for 95% of the game.*
- If you shoot an enemy soldier on his birthday, his ghost will follow you around for the remainder of the game, lamenting all of the poor life decisions that eventually led to you shooting him on his birthday. Ghosts can only be destroyed with the ghost gun, which is invisible.
- New Feature: *Metal Gear Solid 4*'s CliffsNotes sponsorship means you'll have plenty of help with understanding the plot *and* with writing your ridiculous master's thesis in philosophy, ensuring that no one will ever take you seriously.
- As a precaution for any possible delays of the Dual Shock 3, each copy of *Metal Gear Solid 4* will ship with a bag of angry bees to inject (MadCatz Bee Injektor 3000 sold separately) into your SixAxis controller to simulate an actual rumbling experience. Those worrying about bee mortality can rest assured; all bee bags come with one queen, meaning that your controller will constantly be full of bees and ooze delicious royal jelly – the original gamer fuel.

- Those following *Metal Gear Solid 4* news are aware of the game's "Beauty and the Beast" unit, a group of super-powered, animal-themed enemy soldiers transformed by battle and modeled after real-life supermodels. What most gamers don't know about is their backup squad, called "Portrait of a Lady." And while not as beautiful, fearsome, or unnecessary as the Beauty and the Beast Unit, these other four super-soldiers will pose some kind of not-yet-defined challenge, and will also symbolize the harsh aftermath of war and motion-capture. Here are their in-game descriptions:

METAL GEAR?!

- **Panda Cooper** (Played by Nicole Eggert) - *A lifetime of barrel-making (for war) has caused this dazzling beauty to question the use of barrels in a morally ambiguous world. Smearing her face with mascara in order to blend in with the pockmarked battlefield, her refusal to mate and general sleepiness make Panda Cooper a force to be reckoned with.*
- **Whiskey Badger** (Played by Brett Butler) - *What is the role of alcohol in a world torn apart by natural soil erosion? This is the question posed by Whiskey Badger, whose constant need of "a ride home" will inconvenience Solid Snake in the middle of some of the most intense shootouts ever rendered by video game hardware.*
- **Pollution S. McBadovich** (Played by Staci Keanan) - *Will our children be able to survive in a world of pollution inherited from their polluting fathers who are bad? Pollution S. McBadovich's public speaking skills will help inform Snake of the world's never-ending environmental peril, presenting the greatest threat this aged hero has even seen: monologue fatigue. Can Solid Snake's withered heart outlast her interminable death rattle? It will be a battle of wills not seen since the previous three games and all of the portable ones that no one played.*
- **Shampoo Land Receptor** (Played by Rae Dawn Chong) - *In a war-torn warry world of war, can women possibly cope with the unavailability of hygiene products on the battlefield? Shampoo Land Receptor is emblematic of the union of consumer culture and warfare that the world faces today. She also throws cannonballs at you and has a robot dog made of fire.*

METAL GEAR?!

- New feature: *Metal Gear Solid 4*'s online "FanLink" option will completely cripple the internet if the game scores an 8.0 or less on any website. Make preparations to live in a world where

your mother calls you every day instead of just forwarding hilarious jokes to your work e-mail. "I'll tell you why six was afraid of seven. *BECAUSE YOU'RE SMOTHERING ME*!"

- Answered questions: For six years, gamers have been demanding, "What happened to the baby of the chick with hairy armpits from *Metal Gear Solid 2*? You know, the baby that was only referred to in one line of dialogue?" You'll be able to sleep at night again – so plan an intervention for your Valium abuse – because *Metal Gear Solid 4* answers this question. It answers the *fuck* out of it. You've never seen a question answered so thoroughly. Asshole.
- Director Hideo Kojima promises a more mature, intelligent story because, as he states in an included bonus interview, "I finally read one of those 'books' everyone is so crazy about."
- Black people: more than you can shake a stick at! But don't.

- *Metal Gear Solid 4*'s main theme, "Standing on the Precipice of Hope and Foreboding, Waiting for the Snowfall of Justice" and its love theme, "The Arms of the Stranger Are Yesterday's Solace of Moonlight" are both performed by some lady who is really popular in South Korea.
- New feature: A built-in web applet will find and download every "LOL Solid Snake is old!!!" webcomic update that will inevitably happen on the week of *Metal Gear Solid 4*'s release.
- You can now pause cutscenes, making it possible to play *Metal Gear Solid 4* while roommates and loved ones lurk nearby. This will prevent the common shame-based suicides (imported from Japan) that usually happen when people are caught watching *Metal Gear Solid* cutscenes.

METAL GEAR?!

- That fucking monkey! Where is that fucking monkey going to turn up this time? You will be enraged and delighted to find out! (Also he may or may not be the final boss.)
- Thousands upon thousands of gun models have been painstakingly rendered with levels of pointless detail imperceptible to the human eye. Due to nearly 80% of the game being cut for time and budget constraints, only five of these guns made it into the actual game (three are playable).
- Answered questions: Will the mysteries behind Liquid Snake's phantom limb and other bizarre plot elements from *Metal Gear Solid 2* be revealed? No, they won't. All surreal experiences from the previous games are written off as having been "a series of intense, almost lifelike nightmares" by Solid Snake.

- Instead of chomping down on a Russian mango or a mythological reptile to regain stamina – as in *Metal Gear Solid 3* – a war-weary solid Snake merely has to whip out pornography and use his boner as some sort of divining rod to lead him back into battle. *Note: This is not a joke.*
- Snake doesn't die at the end of the game, but instead spends the rest of his life drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon at a VFW, which some would say is a *kind* of death.
- You will finally have a reason to buy a PS3 beyond the typical excuses of "psychotropic drug-influenced impulse buy" and "my friend dared me that I couldn't spend 600 dollars in the worst way imaginable. I showed him!"

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.28 Google Future - The Rapture

Friday, Sep 28, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google News+ End Times Search News Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

World

Chimeraz

"Miracle" Lamb Loose in Vatican Archives
Christian Science Frightener - September 24th, 2029
By DONNA FRANKENSTEIN Molly the lamb was created by GenCorp Global of South Korea, genetically engineered to have seven eyes and more than half the DNA of a pickle "as a laugh." Scientists at GenCorp want to know how their priceless lamb ended up in the Vatican City Archives, where she has eluded captors for more than a day and knocked the seals off of at least one ancient scroll.
Unidentified Man and Pale Horse Killed by Drunk Driver BBC News
Amish Fail to Appear at Famer's Markets Around Country USA Today
New York Times - Lunatic Scientist - Lambx0ring - Foxwire
all 2,433 news articles

Bible Renders

Internet Videos Record "Flying People"
Blogosphere - September 24th, 2029
By Churl Bugsworth Video download sites such as YouTube, VidPipe, and FannyClips have been flooded with videos captured by camera phones of people ascending into the sky on beams of light. The unexplained phenomenon has been reported all over the world, although it only seems to be affecting about 1 in 20 people.
Insurance Companies Refuse Rapture-Related Claims Actuary Times
Thrift Stores Flooded with Clothes, Dentures AP
YouTube Report - The Blog Blog - Liveleak Arguments - Foxwire
all 824 news articles

Guns & Thugs

Rappers Rescind Thanks for God, Jesus
Atlantic - September 25th, 2029
By P.J. Franken "I gave him credit for my Grammy," complains B-Murder of the 187 Posse. "This is how he repay me?" B-Murder is one of many rappers vowing to omit Jesus Christ from the liner notes of future albums. "Left behind? B-tch, he be left OUT! He be tribulatin' when he see that blank space on *Child Homocidez* liner after it drop and go triple platinum."
Angels Continue Search for 'Four Corner of the Earth' NY Times
Earthquake Warning System: Censer Approaching From Heavens UPI
Scary Black People - Christian Gangsters - Rap Crook - Foxwire
all 906 news articles

Corbis Dickhead

Robertson: "God Will Burn in Hell"
Foxwire - September 26th, 2029
By Angela Goodling Pat Robertson emerged briefly from his oxygen tent to condemn the Lord to "an eternity of hellfire" for "Rapturing up confirmed homosexuals." Robertson declared that the Bible clearly stipulated the non-Rapturable status of gays and lesbians and that by allowing them into Heaven, God will be forced to punish God for God's sins.
Firefighters Struggle to Extinguish Fire Consuming Third of Earth LA Sinner
Red Cross Meets Blood Drive Goal Early Thanks to Rain of Blood AP
Giant Prick Today - Hypocrite Watch - Worst Human Ever Times - Foxwire
all 4,004 news articles

AP

Abaddon to Appear on Larry King
CNN - September 27th, 2029
By John Skinner Abaddon, King of the Locusts, Angel of the Abyss, will be appearing on Larry King tonight to talk about his army of giant scorpion-like locusts, his new book, and what he thinks about Dakota Fanning's new baby. Larry's panel includes Sylvia Brown, Nancy Grace, and the Morning Star.
200 Million Horsemen Battle with US Tank Near Euphrates AP
EPA Fines Holy Host for Wormwood Emissions in Freshwater USA Today
Locust Lovers - Insect Demons Today - This Week in Hate - Foxwire
all 204 news articles

Our King Media

Amazing Whale Delights Onlookers

Mobile Beacon - September 27th, 2029 By Jessup Hickory A particularly large and unusual 13-horned blue whale beached itself off the Alabama cost this morning. Concerned onlookers hurried to keep it cool and wet and by one in the afternoon it had been declared ruler of all mankind. May its benevolent reign stretch for all eternity.

Vote to Name the Giant Whale, King of All Mankind, "Biggie Smalls" TMZ.com

Biggie Smalls Drafts Magical Lamb to Tattoo Populace BMEzine

Sea Giants - LeviaFUN - Diadem Delights - Foxwire

all 7,564 news articles

AP

AARP Locks 13-Horns with Biggie Smalls Over Social Security Plan

Miami Herald - September 27th, 2029

By Hoary Antediluvian Supreme King of All Man Biggie Smalls has suffered a severe upset in his plans to enact social security reform that may leave some 45 million Americans with reduced benefits. Smalls' plan of "dying in agony at the stinging claws of locusts with the faces of men" has been declared "untenable and unacceptable" by AARP spokesman Harriet Washington.

Damned Beast from the Sea a Damned Tory The Guardian

Chinese Manufacturers Turn Giant Locusts into Shoes, Toys Beijing Times

Old & Ornery - Elderly Voter Nightmare - Grandma Politico - Foxwire

all 1,988 news articles

Foxwire

God Arrives on Earth

AP - September 28th, 2029

By Acorn Jerusalem God descended from the Holy Empyrean to walk upon His Creation and pass judgment on all surviving men and women within the Threefold Kingdom of Desolation. Following a meal of popcorn chicken, the Almighty opened his mouth to reveal seven tongues made of burning swords. He was tased and arrested for attempting to smite several people at a Brown's Chicken in Waukegan, Illinois.

The Lord Pleads No Contest to Three Counts of Aggravated Assault UPI

War's Number Two Lieutenant Killed by Predator Drone Stars and Stripes

The Best Book - Rapture Reader - Kingdom Come - Foxwire

all 364 news articles

Our Ex-King Media

Unholy 13-Horned Whale Resigns
Washington Post - September 28th, 2029
By Armando Geddon Revelations in the wake of the slaughter-for-souls scandal have left the embattled Biggie Smalls administration with no options. Facing impeachment, Smalls declared he would rather resign the position of Supreme Ruler of All Things and destroy man through demonic sorcery. He departed on Marine One and was dropped unceremoniously back into the Abyss.
Spraying for Demon Locusts Raises Cancer Risk American Medical Journal
Halliburton Accepts No-Bid Contract to Close Maw of Abyss The Nation
Rapture Reader - The Beast & Colmes - RedPeace - Foxwire
all 364 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.29 Third String Quarterback Clipboards

Saturday, Sep 29, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

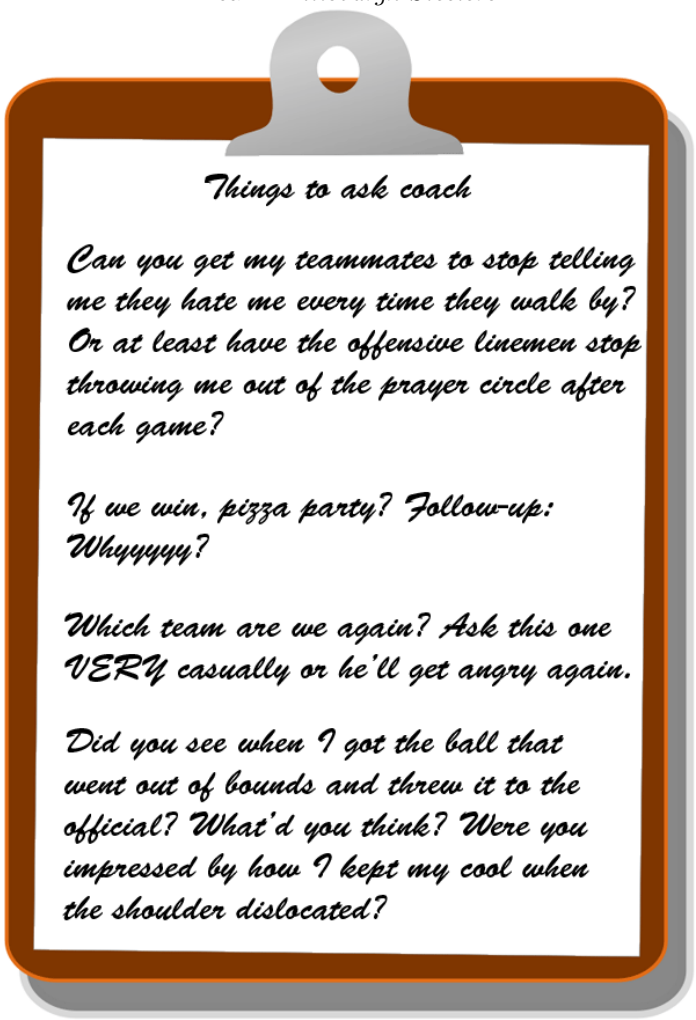
It's easy to spot third string quarterbacks in the NFL. They stand by themselves on the sidelines in their immaculate uniforms, unable to secure the companionship of a mascot or security guard, much less a teammate. They observe everything with nervous anticipation because they know that if the number one and two quarterbacks break each other's throwing hands while giving each other a high five, the third string quarterback must be ready to leap into action by vomiting a breakfast of blueberry crepes and Pumpkin Shock Gatorade all over the turf before losing the game.

Then there are the clipboards.

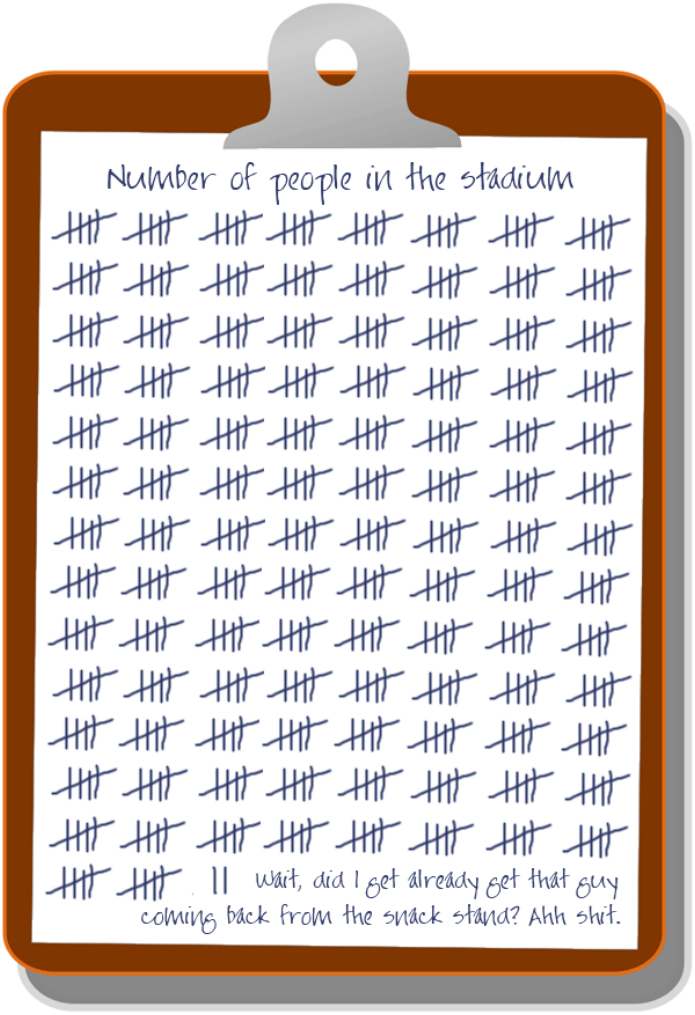
The NFL has mandated that a third string quarterback must carry at least one clipboard (preferably seven) with him at all times. It is to be his constant companion, like a shepherd's crook or a comedy writer's crying towel. He will look down at it as much as possible, scribble mysterious notes upon its surface and refer to it for guidance when something confusing happens, like someone calling a time out or a streaker running across the field.

So what the heck makes these clipboards so important? What powerful secrets do they hold? There's only one way to find out, and that's by studying the actual clipboards of the league's best of the worst quarterbacks.

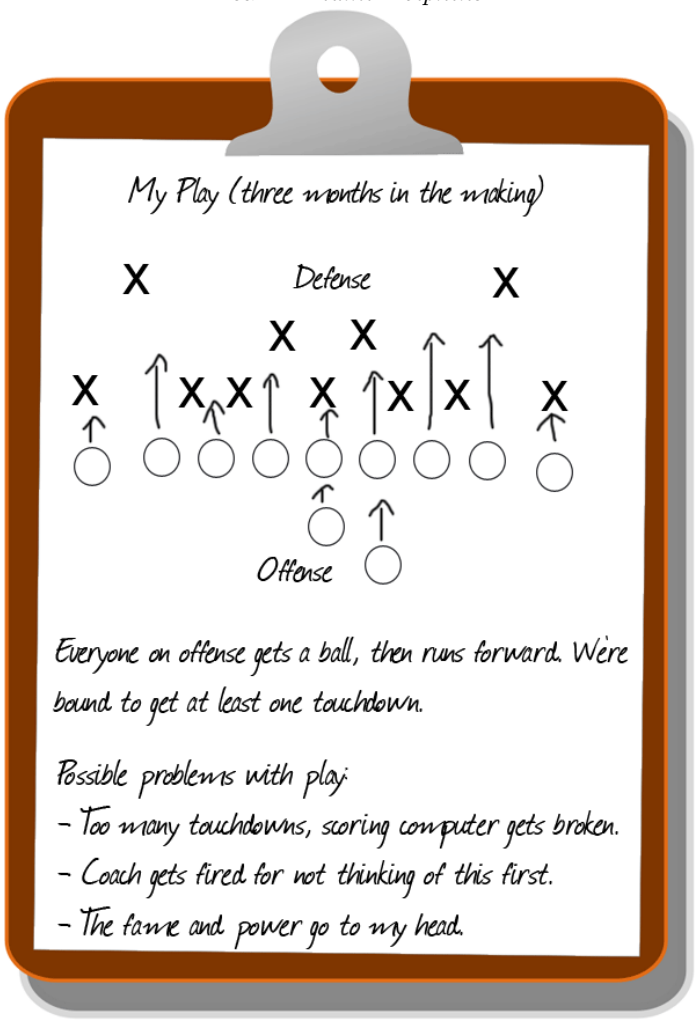
Brian St. Pierre
Team: *Pittsburgh Steelers*


Things to ask coach
Can you get my teammates to stop telling me they hate me every time they walk by? Or at least have the offensive linemen stop throwing me out of the prayer circle after each game?
If we win, pizza party? Follow-up: Whyyyyyy?
Which team are we again? Ask this one VERY casually or he'll get angry again.
Did you see when I got the ball that went out of bounds and threw it to the official? What'd you think? Were you impressed by how I kept my cool when the shoulder dislocated?

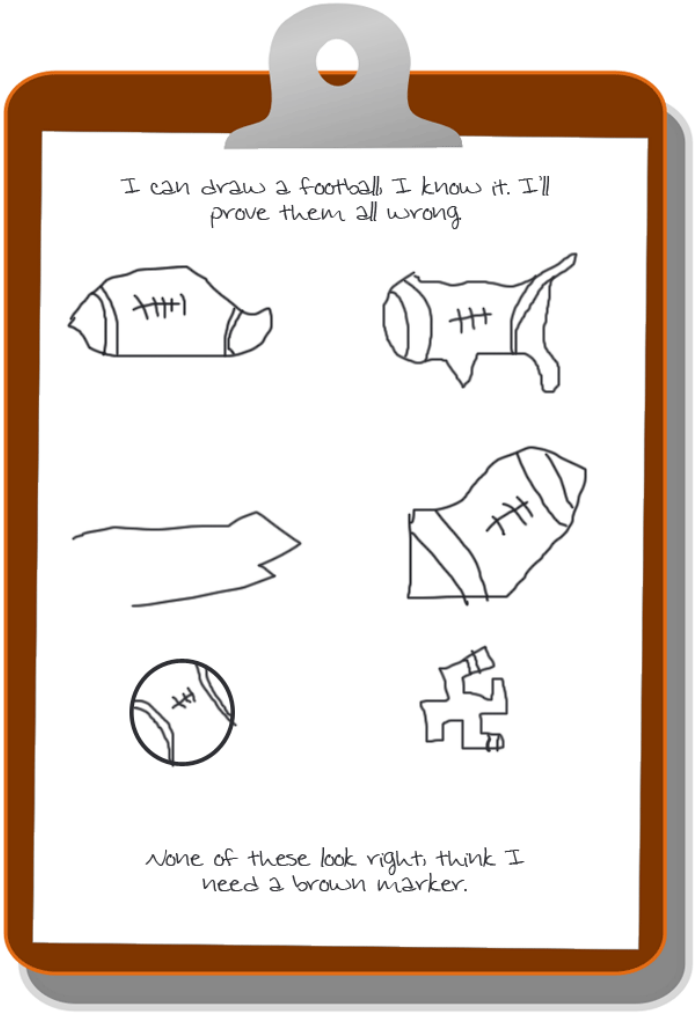
Tyler Thigpen
Team: *Kansas City Chiefs*



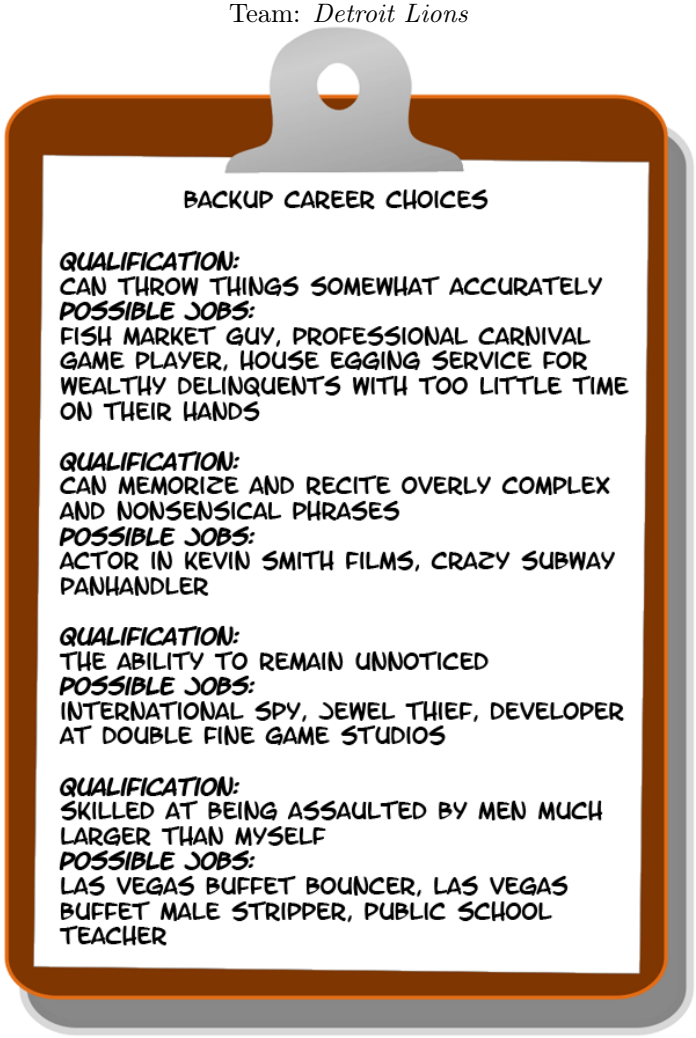
Cleo Lemon
Team: *Miami Dolphins*


My Play (three months in the making)
Defense
Offense
Everyone on offense gets a ball, then runs forward. We're bound to get at least one touchdown.
Possible problems with play:
- Too many touchdowns, scoring computer gets broken.
- Coach gets fired for not thinking of this first.
- The fame and power go to my head.

Ingle Martin
Team: *Green Bay Packers*



J.T. O'Sullivan
Team: *Detroit Lions*


BACKUP CAREER CHOICES
QUALIFICATION:
CAN THROW THINGS SOMEWHAT ACCURATELY
POSSIBLE JOBS:
FISH MARKET GUY, PROFESSIONAL CARNIVAL GAME PLAYER, HOUSE EGGING SERVICE FOR WEALTHY DELINQUENTS WITH TOO LITTLE TIME ON THEIR HANDS
QUALIFICATION:
CAN MEMORIZE AND RECITE OVERLY COMPLEX AND NONSENSICAL PHRASES
POSSIBLE JOBS:
ACTOR IN KEVIN SMITH FILMS, CRAZY SUBWAY PANHANDLER
QUALIFICATION:
THE ABILITY TO REMAIN UNNOTICED
POSSIBLE JOBS:
INTERNATIONAL SPY, JEWEL THIEF, DEVELOPER AT DOUBLE FINE GAME STUDIOS
QUALIFICATION:
SKILLED AT BEING ASSAULTED BY MEN MUCH LARGER THAN MYSELF
POSSIBLE JOBS:
LAS VEGAS BUFFET BOUNCER, LAS VEGAS BUFFET MALE STRIPPER, PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.30 SomethingAwful's Voting Guide: The Democrats

Sunday, Sep 30, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The Presidential Primaries are rapidly approaching. Or at least they are approaching. They are in the future and time usually moves forward, we can definitely say for certain.

We at SomethingAwful.com (the website) have always prided ourselves on our up-to-date, informative, and even-handed political content. We also pride ourselves on employing both the fattest (Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium) and scrawniest (Chris "Petey" Peterson) writers in internet comedy. In any case, we are proud to present a complete voting guide for anyone clueless on how they want to use their valuable percentage of a percentage in the American decision-making process.

This week, we will cover the Democrats.

Hillary Clinton

Stats:

Current job: New York Senator/Symbol of why the South hates liberals

Bust size: 36C

Batting average: .250

Political views:

The Iraq War: "George W Bush may have ordered this war, but it's the troops who are actually there shooting people. I think we can all agree that we should blame the troops."

Immigration: "It's important to remember that we were all immigrants to this country at some point. Of course, we were all babies at one point too. What are you gonna do? Have a bunch of babies run this country? No, you'd allow babies to work as manual laborers in limited numbers and then kick the babies out again. Come back when you've grown up you stupid babies! I'm sorry, what was that question again?"

Speaking of babies: "I like the idea of giving every baby born in America a $5,000 account that will grow over time. This one I really did say: check out this news link of me saying this crazy shit. By the way, there's about four million kids born in America every year. Vote me."

Vote for her?

Pro: Would be first woman president, able to use her feminine wiles to influence foreign leaders, could maybe see if Osama would lay off on America in exchange for railing her.

Con: She has some bad memories involving the Oval Office, it might make her tense during important meetings.

Barack Obama

Stats:

Current job: Illinois senator/ The black one

Turn-ons: Someone who's good with kids and has a great sense of humor

Turn-offs: Selfishness, possessiveness, any sort of birth defect if it looks gross.

Political Views:

Healthcare: "I've never had a problem with health insurance, and none of the other Congressmen that I've talked to have ever had a problem with it either. We all find this whole ruckus a little confusing. If people are having trouble getting access to healthcare, they should probably call their health insurance about it. Problem solved."

Terrorists: "As reported by leading media outlets, including Fox News and KeepingAmericaWhite.com, my middle name is Hussein so I'm basically best friends with all those guys. I'll just pop on over with a few beers and ask 'Sama to chill out a little. ALLAH HU AK...haha just kidding, I'm a harmless Christian. Gotcha."

On the internet revolution: "I've been told that blogs are the path to presidency, so I'm making it my goal to have more blogs then any other candidate. Please come to my website and give me more precious blogs. I require more, my minions! Yes...all is according to plan..."

Vote for him?

Pro: Putting him in office would be a major first for the American presidency: the first time we had a president with the initials "B.O." Does something smell funny about this presidency? Why don't you tell us, President B.O?? Hahahahaha goddamn that'd be a proud moment for this nation.

Con: You sure you want to put your life in the hands of BIraq Hussein Osama? This message brought to you by the Council of Third Graders Making Fun of Everyone's Name. They also came up with Hillary FART-ton and John BONERwards. Keep up the good work, guys.

John Edwards

Stats:

Current job: Between jobs/So rich he doesn't need to work.

Favorite color: Cherry red.

America? Yes/No: Yes.

Political Views:

Gay marriage: "There is a major lack of concession on the gay side of this debate. If just one person in the couple would agree to pretend to be a woman for the marriage and then keep pretending to be a woman for the rest of his life and never let anyone know who he really is, then they could get married any time they want. Stop being so stubborn, gays!"

Poor people: "The problem in America is the growing disparity between the poor and the rich. Also the growing disparity between the no trespassing signs around by 102 acre estate holding my 28,200 sq foot home, and all those damn poor people who ignore the signs and camp on my property. It's like, hey guys, I'll be happy to help you when I'm president, but let's

respect my right to a private forest, ok? Being greedy isn't attractive."

Black people: "We cannot build enough prisons to solve this problem. Pretty soon we're not going to have a young African-American male population in America. They're all going to be in prison or dead. Have you seen that documentary 'Prison Planet' on the Discovery Channel? That is what America will become; a prison planet, our entire population locked behind steel bars.

Wait, my aide is informing me the show is actually named 'Animal Planet' and is about animals. With this news, I must change my opinion. Prisons are no place for animals, not even the cruel, killer dogs Michael Vick was forced to bodyslam to death."

Vote for him?

Pro: His wife is dying and his son is already dead, so there's a chance he could become a cool nothing-to-lose Jack Bauer type president.

Con: Part of that quote about black people was absolutely real. Whoops!

Dennis Kucinich

Stats:

Current job: Representative of Ohio/Magical dwarf

Favorite movie: Scarface

If he was a fruit: He'd be an apple

Political Views:

Prison system: "I don't know what Mr. Edwards is saying. Have you seen that show 'Prison Break'? That show is kick-ass. I don't think we really have much of a problem in our prison system if prisons are that cool."

Illegal Immigration: "People who complain about this issue are missing the point. Illegal immigrants work cheap, follow the instructions of people who pay them, and don't know enough English to argue with anyone. If I am made president, I will immediately replace all government officials with illegal immigrants."

Vote for him?

Pro: It's the second easiest way to take a completely ineffective stand, just behind email petitions.

Con: He's basically Nader if Nader had been too pussy to leave the Democratic party.

I hope this cleared things up for you, and check back in a couple weeks for our guide to the Republicans.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Great Moments in Consumer Responses

Monday, Oct 01, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Grand Wizard Jefferson Davis Holbrook writes to Keebler (2003):

To whoever is in charge,

I have been a loyal purchaser of y'all's products since the very first E.L. Fudge cookies came out and got me hooked. You make a fine product and I'm partial to the E.L. Fudge Double Stuffed cookies. They got just the right balance of fudge and cookie and they dunk really well in milk.

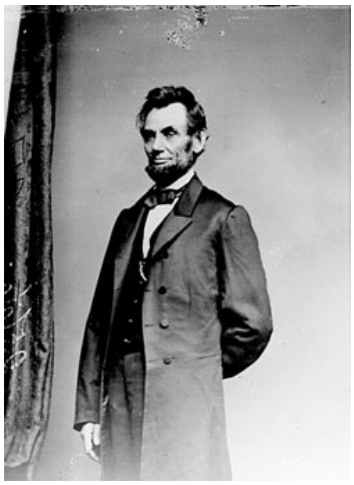
Only problem now is these ads you been running. I enjoyed the elf ads and I took them for what they was: an affirmation of the white race and its superiority. Now y'all got the elves as side characters and you got little nigglets sitting around with a white and an Asian just dunkin' away with your cookies. I was actually eating on one of your cookies when the ad came on and I darn near choked.

What I got to know is, if y'all want me to continue buying your cookies, is just how committed is Keebler to furthering and protecting the white race? Give it as a percentage where not letting niggers buy your cookies would be a 100% and adding a mixed-race elf is 0%. And bring back the damn elves properly.

Keep up the good work otherwise!

Jefferson Davis Holbrook
14/88

President Lincoln expresses displeasure to Worchester Tinctures Amalgamated (1864):



I was grateful to receive a collection of Worchester branded beard tonics and relaxing unguents as a gift from Mrs. Adelaide Montague, whom an observant man will immediately recognize as the fair wife of Senator Charles C. Montague of Rhode Island.

Though Mr. Montague is coarse and impolite his wife is a well-spoken lady of excellent stock and sensibility who wholly supports the emancipation of slavery. I was therefore predisposed to appreciate her gift and was delighted at the thought of massaging creams into my beard to improve both luster and body.

I was given to believe that the sundry products of your company were of the highest quality and safety. This was a position founded on your reputation alone, for I had not till recently availed myself of your services. Now that I have, I can say with certainty that I might as easily stand aside and watch this nation be sundered by the forces of sedition as enjoy your product again.

Immediately I was vexed by the corks you have employed to seal the contents of each vial, for once removed they are nearly impossible to replace. Such an inconvenience seems trivial compared to the horror

visited upon my face by the creams themselves. From astringent to conditioner they all gave off an unpleasant smell. It was an odor less medicinal than that of spoiled meat. I should have been warned, but cowardice has never been an accusation heaped at my doorstep.

The immediate stinging was but one facet of the unpleasant sensations I experienced. As time passed and my beard did not seem to change I began to notice itching welts appearing beneath the hairs on my chin. These welts gnawed and throbbed with pain, forcing me to contort myself and writhe on my sickbed. Over the course of a day they became boils, glistening with infections untreatable by my physician.

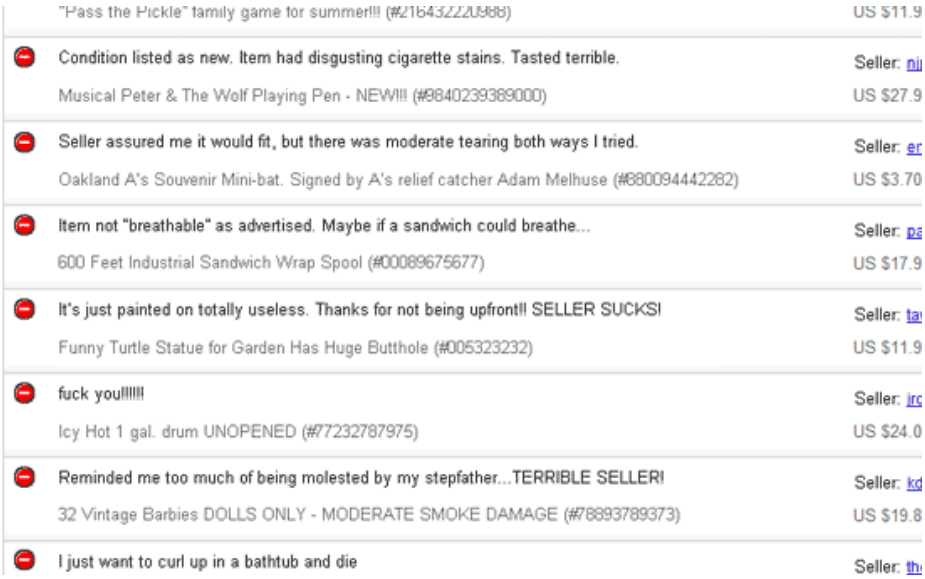
When these boils at last gave up their contents and my chin became raw and scabrous, I noticed in my bedside mirror that much of the hair I had been assured by the packaging would be 'pampered to perfection' had instead fallen out or been torn away by my itching. That pocked visage that gazed back at me was all the reason I required to put pen to paper and formulate the letter you are now reading.

Prepare yourself, Worchester. In times of war men and their endeavors must make sacrifices. It just so happens that I am in great need of a factory to process the guano of pigeons into powdered cartridges. I will assume your compliance in advance, and send a top engineer riding a day behind this letter. I am sure he will prove indispensible for you as you convert your facilities to harvesting the ablutions of pigeons.

You are no doubt already more than familiar with the properties of pigeon shit.

A. Lincoln

Negative eBay feedback left by Porn Star Belladonna (2006):


"Pass the Pickle" family game for summer!!! (#2164322203
US $11.9
Condition listed as new. Item had disgusting cigarette stains. Tasted terrible.
Seller: ni
Musical Peter & The Wolf Playing Pen - NEW!!! (#9840239389000)
US $27.9
Seller assured me it would fit, but there was moderate tearing both ways I tried.
Seller: er
Oakland A's Souvenir Mini-bat. Signed by A's relief catcher Adam Melhuse (#880094442282)
US $3.70
Item not "breathable" as advertised. Maybe if a sandwich could breathe...
Seller: pa
600 Feet Industrial Sandwich Wrap Spool (#00089675677)
US $17.9
It's just painted on totally useless. Thanks for not being upfront!! SELLER SUCKS!
Seller: ta
Funny Turtle Statue for Garden Has Huge Butthole (#005323232)
US $11.9
fuck you!!!!!!
Seller: irc
Icy Hot 1 gal. drum UNOPENED (#7232787975)
US $24.0
Reminded me too much of being molested by my stepfather...TERRIBLE SELLER!
Seller: kd
32 Vintage Barbies DOLLS ONLY - MODERATE SMOKE DAMAGE (#78893789373)
US $19.8
I just want to curl up in a bathtub and die
Seller: th

Hunter S. Thompson submits a comment to Bed Bath & Beyond's website (2004):

Dear Blood-sucking Sons of Whores,

I bought some metallic bullshit to hang on the wall of Owl Farm at your festering cesspit of a store back in August. Imagine three mirrors the size and shape of anti-personnel land mines held together by a twisted wreck of brushed nickel like Satan tried to Chrome a New Orleans garden gate. I don't know what awful spirit of some godforsaken dead Indian came over me that made me buy this scrap metal for the hallway wall, but the junk won't stay hanging.

Wall hangers wouldn't hold the mess up long enough for me to turn my back and so I began a terrible odyssey through the world of carpentry nails. Your fucking devil-spawned yuppie trash sent me to this particular hell, and I hold you accountable as a corporation and trustee of the American Way to reimburse and compensate me for any wrongful injuries, wounds, scars, blemishes, dry-socket, or fucking wailing wake-up-in-sweat nightmares this horrible journey has visited upon my body and mind.

I don't want my money back. I wouldn't piss on thousand-dollar-bills from one of your registers. Take that 89 fucking dollars and 99 fucking cents, plus whatever tax the great state of Colorado saw fit to apply to the capitalistic equivalent of a sawhorse assfucking, in pennies. Take those pennies and melt them down in a cauldron. Pour that cauldron in your filthy fucking whore eyes you sons of bitches, and may visions of my face haunt your memories of sight.

May your children have tiny dicks and may all of your boots be filled with stinging scorpions, you yellow fucking cowards.

Thanks,
HST

Mickey Mantle enters Fruit Stripe gum's "Yipes! Ripe Stripes Moment" contest (1986):

Hey, Fruitloops or whatever you're called,

I've got a great gum story and I could use ten grand. I don't know if it was Fruitloops gum in my story, but I don't see how it makes a difference so when you use my story just stick in whatever goofy name you homos want to use for the gum. Don't make a difference to me.

Third game of the World Series, I was laid up with a knee injury. I was being visited daily by Elsie, broad I used to see on and off. She wasn't no hooker but she was only about half a step away. You'd hold the car door open for her and ten minutes later she'd be trying to suck the bunions off your feet through your dick. Give her a Kaiser roll and a little butter and anything goes, no holes barred. She was that kind of gal. Real sweetheart.

So she was doing me a half-and-half (blow and screw) to keep my spirits up, but my ligaments and what have you were so torn up even getting on my good side and doing her up the rear was really hurting. A BJ suited me fine, but Elsie had one of them jaw conditions that drove her crazy if you took too long (or so she claimed, honestly there's no telling

with broads when it comes to the meat flute) and considering the pain in my knee she'd work me like a piece of penny taffy and end up with bupkis .

She comes in on my third day in the hospital and she's snapping gum. She tries the half-and-half, but she's killing my leg and I have to tell her to give it a rest. She starts jacking me off, but hell, a guy can choke his own goat twice as good as a gal. Then she does something I ain't seen before or since. She blows a big bubble with this gum she's chewing and then lowers the bubble over the old bat. It sticks onto the top and it feels amazing. Just to be sure she sucks her thumb and then jams it where the sun don't shine.

Not two minutes later I blast the hugest nut I've ever blasted anywhere. Musta been nearly half a cup. Without pausing to think about it she pops my coffee stirrer into the bubble and drinks the whole thing. What a gal. I think she ended up getting beat to death years later by some colored fella from the Dodgers. Could have that wrong.

So you can send the 10 grand for that one to the address on the envelope. If you can let me know if you use it on the TV it would be appreciated.
Mickey Mantle

William Blake pens a scornful missive to Frigsby's Potted Goose Heart Victuals (1801):

To thee of shadowed heart,

What humours these pollute my plate? Oh, 'twas naught but Frigsby's Victuals. The veil of flavor shorn, the taste muted as by cotton. No firmament give up your potted goose heart, the bowels of sulphurous pit more likely be the source.

Were I to suckle upon a stone thrice the flavor would I find, ye widow's wombs. He test'd Job and Isaac, now He tests His faithful, William Blake, upon this cold stone of bland and nigh inedible pott'd meats. Back, ye, to the pit. Back, ye, to the flux-addl'd courtesan and her festering satchel.

May no warmth of the Kingdom shine upon Frigsby's. May it be ensconced in stinking clouds and beset by gnawing teeth of vermin big and small.

Frigsby's Potted Goose Heart Victuals shan't be commend'd to any but the bilge. Not worthy for bait nor meal for dogs. Frisgby's, at last, I bid thee perish, and be forgotten.

William Blake

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.2 My Genitals

Tuesday, Oct 02, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I know Something Awful is known primarily as a humor site, but many friends have encouraged me to share my true story with the world. Since this site gets fairly high traffic, I thought that it would be an appropriate venue to discuss my unique experiences. Maybe some other kid out there is growing up with problems similar to mine, and perhaps my story can be of some comfort to him.

I was born with what are known as "fused genitals," which means my penis and testicles are, in simple terms, all one thing (though, at the same time, I don't really have either one). When I was an infant, my genitals just sort of looked like a flap of skin, but as I got older it became sort of a big sac of loose skin and hair. Imagine a guy's testicles, and then imagine that one of the testicles is about 6 inches long and really lumpy.

The thing is pretty odd looking to most people, and lord knows most girls don't want anything to do with it, but it's a decent size and I'm not ashamed. In terms of size and shape, imagine the circumference of two hot dog buns stuck together. The half of it toward my pubis is pretty densely hairy, but it gets a little balder as it goes outward. The testicles are kind of end-on-end inside the back half, and the front half is just kind of a sac of loose skin with some blood vessels and stuff inside. It's also very lumpy. It doesn't really get erect like a normal penis, but it does kind of engorge and swell up to about one and a half times its normal size, and it discolors a lot toward the end. If I get too excited it gets very purple and it's pretty painful, so I don't tend to look at a whole lot of porn (luckily, sex doesn't interest me too much anyway, since I take for granted that I won't be party to much of it in my lifetime).

Part One: The Babysitter

Though I was told by doctors when I reached puberty that I would never be able to feel physical sexual excitement, I already knew that wasn't true. Not being very old, I couldn't necessarily tell you what sexual excitement was, but I instinctively knew that I'd felt it; I'd felt that tingling, painful, pleasurable sensation in my genital sac many times in my life, and maybe it's not the same "sexual excitement" that people with standard genitals feel, but I'd definitely call it sexual excitement.

The first time it happened was when I was around seven years old. Though my genital sac is now about the size of two hot dog buns stuck together side by side, it wasn't that big when I was a kid; it was still much larger than most children's baskets at that age, though. In fact, it was a source of much childhood taunting, because if I ever wore shorts or sweatpants it would look as if I had a cucumber stuck in my pants. People called me "boner boy," not knowing the cruel irony of it (since I could never have a "boner" the way normal people have them).

Its relatively large size caused lots of problems, because children's clothes aren't really designed to accommodate a basket that large. One day, I had to go to a church function, and my parents insisted that I wear slacks instead of my usual sweats. I had a lot of difficulty zipping them up over my pubis, so eventually I stuck my hand in there and tried to hold it down against my body while I zipped my fly. As I got the fly up more, I slowly pulled my hand out so I could keep it held down as long as possible. Toward the end, there was just one thumb-sized spongy lump still sticking up/out,

so I just tried to hold it down as best I could with one finger and zip up quickly.

It was a pretty big mistake, and the zipper caught it. It basically looked exactly like that scene in There's Something About Mary, where he gets his testicle caught (in fact, I got kind of nauseous when I saw that movie because it brought back the memory). The pain was terrible, but it was easy enough to get the zipper off. There was some bleeding, but I was too embarrassed to tell my parents, so I just washed the blood off and left it.

During the church function, apparently the blood welled up in my pants and soaked through, because stood up and noticed a large spot of blood on my crotch. I tugged my mom's sleeve and showed her, and she put a sweater around my waist and ushered me out of there to a doctor's office. The doctor stopped the bleeding pretty easily and bandaged me up (and took a ton of photos of my genitals, which should probably have pissed me off but I was used to doctors taking photos of it, so I didn't care much). He gave me a disinfectant cream to apply every day for a week to make sure it didn't fester, because the propensity of the area to sweat and shed lots of skin cells made it an ideal place for bacteria (I have bacteria problems to this day, and I have to use three different products to keep the genital sac relatively odorless).

My parents weren't willing to apply the ointment themselves, because my genital sac has always freaked them out, but the doctor told them I shouldn't do it myself because I couldn't see the area too well and I was too young to do a proper job. They wound up finding a fake excuse to "go out" every night and hiring a babysitter to take care of me. Her name was Sarah, and she was about 16 or 17 (just a "big kid" to me, so I don't know the exact age) and kind of wholesomely pretty. They gave her some outrageous rate– like $60– and told her they'd be gone for like two hours to watch a movie. Right before they were about to leave, they told her "OH BY THE WAY, our son has a cut on his weewee and needs you to help him put on some disinfectant. BYE!"

She was still halfway through saying the word "WHAT?" when they closed the door. I was basically at the brink of tears, telling her "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," but she was like "it's okay, we'll get through this," but I could tell she was really uncomfortable (and this was BEFORE she saw my genital sac, which to anyone who didn't know what it was, would look like a horrible, tumorous, diseased thing). We watched TV and tried to put it off for as long as possible, but eventually it was like 10:00 and she knew my parents were coming home and she didn't want to get in trouble for not doing it, so we went into the bathroom. I told her "you won't like my thingie, it's not like a normal one," but she said "well, let's just have a look," so I sheepishly dropped trou.

She immediately, like IMMEDIATELY, burst into tears. So I started crying too, saying "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," but I guess she detected that I was just as scared and uncomfortable as I was, so she decided to just get the thing over with. She put the ointment on her hand, closed her eyes and turned her head away and just kind of felt around for my genital sac, and when she found it she just started smearing the stuff on it really quickly. I could see her shuddering, and it made me feel really bad, but at the same time I was feeling something that I'd never felt before, which was this amazing tingling and this sense that something really important and wonderful was happening. I drifted into reverie for a minute, and when I looked down I noticed that my genital sac had become much larger and turned kind of purple. I freaked out and jumped back, and I was like "OK, no more!" and pulled on my sweats and ran to bed. She came in soon after that to check on me and apologize for being scared of my genitals, and we had a long talk and I told her what was wrong with me and how it made me feel, and she hugged me and told me it was OK and I was "just as special as anyone," which sounds really corny but I'll always remember those words.

She babysat every night that week, until the ointment was gone, and after the first time she was much more comfortable putting it on, and I was much more comfortable letting her. And every time, I got that amazing, warm sensation. It felt kind of like love (not sexual love, but the love a kid feels for a parent) and kind of like something else, something I didn't know about. I still have dreams

about that warm feeling, and if there's a heaven for me, it will just be her putting on that ointment 24 hours a day, with her warm, gentle hands. That sounds really creepy, but for a "deformed" kid, that was a once-in-a-lifetime feeling, and to this day I would consider it my only satisfying sexual experience.

I felt like we connected on a very deep level, and I'd like to look her up now but I don't even know her last name, or know what it would accomplish.

Part Two: The Orgasm

For most people, the height of sexual experience would involve an orgasm. I've had orgasms before, but the experience has never been pleasant. I was always told by doctors that I would never experience an orgasm like a normal man, and that people with fused genitals generally weren't capable of sexual climax. My doctor was pretty surprised when I told him about the "engorging" that occurs if I get excited, and he said that I probably have some vestigial penis material inside the genital sac. Nevertheless, there's not really any way for me to ejaculate; my urethra was surgically rerouted and my pee comes out a tube thingie at the base of my genital sac, but it's not hooked into any of my sexual plumbing ("if indeed I have any," said the doc).

I had my first orgasm when I was about 21 years old. I knew what orgasms felt like before that, because I'd had them in my "babysitter" dreams (usually resulting in me waking up in pretty bad pain). Like I said, I've never been too interested in sex, but when I was about to start college I had some vain misconception that girls were going to like me at school, so I'd better be prepared to be able to perform sexually on some level. Maybe with the lights out, I thought, they wouldn't think too hard about what kind of genitals I had. So one night I looked up some pornography on the internet (it was a video of a girl giving a guy oral sex in a car). I watched it a few times and touched the end of my genital sac for a while until it reached its engorged state, and it began to get pretty painful, but I kept on going anyway despite the pain. Eventually it started to feel really good, but at the same time it was just searing, vision-going-white pain. It's pretty tough to describe to anyone who doesn't know what I mean, but I told myself I would power through it just this once to see what it was like.

I'll digress for a minute to describe my method. My genital sac isn't very sensitive. It's about as sensitive as my elbow, I guess. It does have one spot, on the left side of the end, where the skin is a little bit spongier and it has some feeling, and I'd noticed that I could get some level of excitement by prodding and rubbing that piece of skin. Even that bit wasn't very sensitive, though. It's about as sensitive as my chin, I guess. So I got an old toothbrush (sterilized in boiling water, I'm not filthy, don't worry) and set about brushing on that spot pretty vigorously. I was pressing pretty hard, and the "masturbation," if you could call it that, wound up taking like an hour and a half, so you'd better believe that spot was raw to the point of bleeding when I finished.

So, as for the finishing: after all this strenuous rubbing and horrible pain and intense pleasure, suddenly I felt something like in my sex dreams, sort of that whooshing, welling-up, about-to-explode feeling. So I went at it even harder, my genital sac all raw and purple, and I pushed through it to my first orgasm. It felt awesome for a second, and then I was left with this really bad, sharp pain on the inside bottom of my genital sac, between where my testicles are. I went to lie down for a bit to get my breathing under control and see if it would go away, but it kept getting steadily worse over the next hour or so, so I decided to go to the hospital and get it

checked out just in case I ruptured something. I'm not sure how I drove, but I think I was probably cross-legged the whole time.

When the ER doctor finally saw me, he was pretty baffled by my apparatus, but he felt around and did the "does this hurt" thing for a while before pinpointing a part that he felt was kind of swollen. He actually brought in a few other doctors to try to figure out what to do, and I guess one of them had seen fused genitals before.

They told me that what was likely causing it was that I had ejaculated internally but the matter had nowhere to go, so it just kind of welled up between my testicle and the wall of the genital sac, and if I left it there, it would probably cause a massive infection and I'd lose the whole thing. To be honest, losing the thing didn't bother me much, but I didn't want it getting infected. They gave me a local anesthetic and shaved my genital sac (which was crazy- I'd forgotten how awful and lumpy it looks without hair, kind of like a huge scrotum full of marbles and big veins), and then got a scalpel and cut open the swollen part, and this huge wad of blood and prostate fluid spilled out.

A few weeks later I had a surgery to route my plumbing down there out another tube, because they were worried that if it happened again, or if I ejaculated in my sleep , it might cause an infection without me knowing. I've "masturbated" a few times since then, once a little while after the surgery to make sure it worked and another time because a girl I knew was really curious about how my stuff worked, so I went at it with the toothbrush again. She had to leave like one minute into it because she got really nauseous, but I decided to finish because I was pretty excited. But overall, orgasms just aren't my thing.

Thanks for reading. If you have any questions or want to share your experience with genital deformity, please email me at davidthorpe@somethingawful.com.

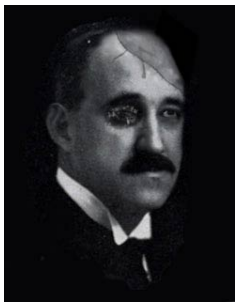
-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.3 P. B. Fouke Lives, Prospers & Apologizes!

Wednesday, Oct 03, 2007 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

TO MY VALUED CUSTOMERS



P. B. Fouke,
President & Gen.
Mgr.

I, Phillip Bond Fouke III, sincerely apologize for the actions carried out by Captain H. W. Grieves. This man, tasked to act strong in my stead in order to lift this company and it patrons to new heights, instead used his considerable strength to maim and mutilate. It brings me great shame in knowing that he, unchained and free from oversight, would give spark to such an inferno. That he reigned over record profits is not enough to justify the fiery boldness of his dealings, let alone the lives lost in the flames.

Because of this and my recovery, I have relieved Captain H. W. Grieves of his duties. To my customers, take stock in this: NO OTHER MAN SHALL EVER OVERSEE THIS OPERATION SO LONG AS I LIVE. I will stay vigilant and focused for all the time that is allotted to me. When that time expires, I make no promises other than to use every fiber of my being to see that a worthy successor is appointed.

I have insisted that Captain H. W. Grieves issue an apology. I include here his unmodified words in hopes that they might ease suffering and bring peace of mind to those in need.

> I am Captain H. W. Grieves. I did the job asked of me, and I did it as well as I was able. It is unfortunate that the Colonel disagrees with my methods, but I do not seek to question him. The knowledge that I disappointed a man of higher integrity is all the intelligence I require. For that I shall nurse a wound that will never heal. This wound shall throb without pause for the sum of my life. As many faces as I pummel and savage, as many bones as I break, as many jugulars that I might bite open and savor, no solace shall ever come to me. Like the sight of my mother's skull cracking open and revealing its contents, horrifyingly red and bursting with fluids, I shall carry this wound with me forever.
>
> I do not apologize for my actions. They have hurt me more than they will ever hurt you. I do not apologize to the men irrevocably crippled or killed under my watch. Those endeared to an industry of blood and killing should not be so naïve as to expect safety and comfort. When tasked to defend a den, I do not hesitate to use every ounce of hatred that burns in my soul. I defended this den from all would be predators as was instructed.
>
> A suit does not free a man from his animal nature. Words and speeches do not abate the longing to rape and murder inherent in every man's soul. If I am to be the villain for simply ignoring the façade and pretense of modern business and acting as a man does when in the wild, then so be it.

> The Fouke Fur Company shall no doubt prosper under the oversight of the Colonel. I intend to prosper as well. You need not feel any sympathy for me, as I do not feel any for you. I shall land on my feet with fists clenched tightly and gaze fixed square on my enemies. I shall thrive stronger and more enlightened and take stock that I learned a valuable lesson under the employ of P. B. Fouke, a truly great man.
>
> *And so it is.*
> *H. W. Grieves*

To show my deep concern and regret over this matter, I ask that all who lost a loved one due to the exceptionally efficient leadership of Captain H. W. Grieves kindly deduct ten per cent (10%) from all catalogue prices. THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY LEAVES NO ONE DISSATISFIED OR MOURNING FOR LONG.

Captain H. W. Grieves

CONCERNING MY HEALTH AND FITNESS FOR DUTY

My personal doctor and shaman, F. Gerald Thornton, insists that I am in no shape to perform the functions of this job and remain living. I tell you this because I believe it reflects strongly on my unwavering commitment to you, the hundreds of thousands of trappers and shippers I live to serve. I DO NOT HESITATE TO FORSAKE MY OWN WELLBEING IF IT BENEFITS YOU.

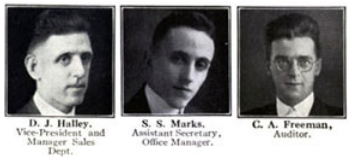
I believe this commitment shows that I AM STILL A MAN OF INTEGRITY. As a man of integrity, I must also confess to you this: the vastness and scope of my integrity has been greatly diminished by my recent medical procedure. The tumor removed from my skull was largely responsible for my bounty of integrity. Although I no longer suffer as horribly as I did in the past, I am greatly burdened by the knowledge that I am as you are when it comes to integrity. There are positives to be found in this sad turn of events, though. I have always respected my customers as equals, and now it appears that we truly are.

Dr. F. Gerald Thornton

It causes me considerable pain to make such an admission, but if I concealed it I would have even less integrity to offer you. I pledge to you that I will not allow my poverty of integrity to weaken the bonds that I have worked so hard to forge with you over these past fifty years. I trust that you will still stand by me as a man of modest integrity as I once stood by you as a man of exceptional integrity. You will get all that I have to offer, and you may not dispute that.

I am grateful to those who have already committed to remaining with me, such as my wife, A. G. Fouke, who lovingly changes my bandages and SPONGES THE SEEP FROM MY SKULL. Without her gentle hands and constant attention, I would certainly appear less than presentable.

FOUKE FUR COMPANY: A FAMILY REUNITED


D. J. Halley, Vice-President and Manager Sales Dept. **S. S. Marks.** Assistant Secretary, Office Manager. **C. A. Freeman,** Auditor.

I am pleased to announce that the Fouke Fur Company is as one once more. The Eastern Fouke Alliance has been dissolved, and D. J. Halley, S. S. Marks, and C. A. Freeman have returned home. Although C. A. Freeman may never again make audits with his own hands, his years of trusted service have made him an inseparable element of the Fouke Family. Thus, he will remain on board serving as an occasional buttress for our auxiliary fur shed.

S. J. Pingree and G. Donald Gibbins have resurfaced safe and unharmed, though several attempts were made on their lives. The two men report great progress in regards to the annual Alaska sealskin harvest, and we expect the auctions to proceed as planned. You have my solemn pledge, no different from the one I gave to the President of the United States, that THERE WILL BE NO DISRUPTIONS OR SHORTAGES IN SEALSKIN SUPPLIES IN THE NORTH AMERICAN MARKET.

R. J. Heckwolf, loyal friend and ally since our days overseeing the Funsten Brothers Fur Company, remains an invaluable asset. He will remain on as chief grader and my second in command. I have, as a matter of principle, purchased A. Murphy back from H. W. Grieves. She will return to her duties as our trusted treasurer, where she will no doubt prove herself every bit as sharp as a Fouke brand trap.

In honor of the newly reunited Fouke Fur Company, I ask that you deduct an additional twelve and seven-tenths per cent (12 7/10%) from all catalogue prices. Furthermore, we will pay an additional ten per cent (10%) on all listed prices for your quality furs. NO OTHER HOUSE IN THE INDUSTRY VALUES ITS CUSTOMERS MORE THAN THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY.

A PERSONAL APOLOGY TO THE COMPETITION

A. P. Brown,
Brown Fur Amalgamated

As I believe the fur business to be the noblest profession outside of being an Angel in the Lord's Employ, I offer to the competition my sincerest apologies for the recent business ploys carried out by this company.

It was never my intention for Captain H. W. Grieves to personally assault anyone. As I strive always to engage in the highest code of conduct, it is only natural that I expect as much from all my subordinates. No man can ever say that I chased, strangled, vomited or micturated upon, disemboweled, brutalized, de-tongued, or blinded him. That these actions were taken against anyone on behalf of this company was purely a phantom aberration. The hundreds of thousands of trappers and shippers loyal to this company know that we deal in furs, not funny business.

To A. P. Brown, it is a tragedy that the bulk of your machines were sabotaged and disabled. However, I do not feel that the Fouke Fur Company bears responsibility. This was a personal grudge between Captain H. W. Grieves and your machines, separate from any business interests or motives held by this company. As a man with great respect for the marketplace and warm memories of our past exploits, I OFFER TO YOU A WHOLESALE DISCOUNT on all Fouke Fur Company products. These quality goods, sold at honest prices, may yet keep your business afloat in spite of the mechanical setbacks that now vex you.

To my friend and confidant, J. F. Swanton, there is simply no apology great enough. REGARDING YOUR FACE, I feel tremendous guilt that H. W. Grieves took such liberties on my behalf. As such, I want you to keep the beard. Although you stole it from me, it would be amiss for me not to feel sympathy and extend a helping hand. Because the beard serves well in covering much of the damage inflicted, consider it duly earned.

J. F. Swanton

I only pray that the indignity of his attack upon you does not linger in your mind. To be treated as no more than a receptacle for animal refuse, then viciously clawed and strangled, is simply at odds with modern business practices. We are a race of men versed in a language of words, signatures, and handshakes. Nowhere in that language is there room for such depravity. I trust that the pie my dearest A. G. Fouke has baked for you will belay any hostility between us.

A PARTING WORD

With my return to work comes a new sense of focus and commitment. Although I may be half the man I once was, know that even then I worked twice as hard. Working twice as hard now, I may yet prove myself to still best the common man in terms of integrity. Regardless, I know now that the stakes are higher. I do not have the great excess of integrity I once had to fall back on. I am here as you see me now, one man determined to do business the right way.

I AM EQUAL PARTS BUSINESSMAN AND FUR TRAPPER. I cherish board rooms as much as I cherish being in the field, trapping a rare and wily zebroid in the plains of Africa or snaring a smarmy mermaid on the shores of New England. I am expert on the workings of finance, business, and government, for these are the traps that I utilize in capturing new markets and opening up new avenues. With each conquest and kill I offer greater savings and higher payouts to you, my customers.

Trappers and shippers, take heed: I know your worries. You question my competence. You ask: Is P. B. Fouke still the same man I trusted all these years? The answer is yes. Though my body has suffered, my mind withered, and my life nearly brought to end, I am that same man. To prove this, I offer to you a savings that no other man could possibly imagine and no other company possibly consider. I ask you to kindly deduct 80 per cent (80%) from all catalogue prices in addition to all previous discounts mentioned.

I *WILL* GIVE YOU A SQUARE DEAL. That is my promise. I will honor it until the day I die.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Company.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

10.4 Personal Article About My Pets or Kids or Something So I'll Get Thousands of Emails

Thursday, Oct 04, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

"*Your cat pictures are so kawaii (cute in Nihongo (Japanese (the official language of Japan (^_^)))))! Awesome update!*"

"*LOL! My cats are just like that! Did you steal my cats?!? Great job!*"

"*HASSAN GREAT CAT UPDATE! GET FREE V|4GR4 W/OUT A PER$CR|PT|0N!!!*"

"*Great cat update. I'm staying at the Hilton down the block, room #402. I'll be waiting...*"

Awww. This has to be worth like 20 emails right here.

I can see it now. Messages of praise, congratulations and solicitations for sex, all for my personal update about my pets and/or kids. Forget about trying to write insightful and humorous commentary on the Internet, video games, water fowl or whatever the hell this web site is about. I've written about those things and quite frankly, nobody cares. No emails, no threads, no praise, no soiled panties sent to me by mail by adoring female readers, no nothing.

If I sound a bit disgruntled then that's because I am. Ever since that damn Front Page Forum opened you end up looking like a douchebag every time nobody makes a thread about your update. I don't slave over a hot CMS because I like you people. I don't have a passion for writing or making people laugh. I do this for undeserved praise and attention from strangers on the Internet. Since nobody is reading my updates or making threads about them, my therapist says it's time to do something drastic. It's time to play the race card.

You see, my name on this web site is "Hassan Mikal" and because of recent world tensions many people assume that I am a terrorist. In fact, Something Awful readers tend to avoid my updates because they think they are suicide bombs disguised as bad Internet articles. Yes, my updates bomb, but in a different way. The tech guys at SA have run virus scans and assure you that there is zero explosive material in my updates no matter how hard I try to cram it in there.

The other half of Something Awful's demographic just plain doesn't like colored people. Let me put your fears to rest. I am **not** Middle Eastern, or whatever the hell ethnicity this name is supposed to represent. I am actually just another white nerd who likes video games just a little bit too much, just like the rest of you! You can feel comfortable around me and even move in next door to me now.

You see, I had to pick a pseudonym because I work at Nintendo of America and unlike some people I am smart enough not to let my bosses find out I work for an evil, sinful web site such as Something Awful. I do drugs, listen to rock music, and play Sega Genesis, all things my Nintendo overlords would fire me over if they found out.

I actually worked with Jessica Zenner before she was transfered to another department for having a smelly pussy. Blogging beauty? I wouldn't exactly call her attractive, BUT HER LIPS ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO ADEQUATELY PERFORM FELLATIO BETTER THAN WOMEN WITH SMALLER LIPS. I might worry about getting fired for saying such things about a coworker, but she ain't a coworker anymore! Bwahahaha! How do you like the blogosphere now?! Freedom of speech, bitch. But this update isn't about pigeons, it's about cats.

Since the only kind of update that actually elicits a response are good ones and articles about pets, I am forced to write an update about my two cats and the many adventures we have ignoring each other.

Two cats? Twice the emails!

My girlfriend and I adopted a cat a few years ago as any proud white couple would. We adopted a fat orange adult tabby that took after his old owner, a fat pale goth chick. We drove all the way to Los Angeles to pick him up and when we got there had to wait half an hour for Bat Woman to pry him out from under the bed.

After the cat saw that my girlfriend and I weren't wearing black clothes with purple eyeshadow nor were we posting bad poetry about our black hearts and painful existence enduring 1st period English, he immediately jumped into the box and happily went home with us. Another day in that West Hollywood hell and he would've been dinner. I only assume because the goth woman was so exceedingly large and I think that any rational person would expect that a woman of such caliber try to eat a cat at least once in her life. If anything we saved his life.

The cat was already named "Pancake", which we thought was a pretty dumb name to begin with, but we decided that it would be much too stressful for the poor thing to undergo a name change so late in life. It might be interesting to note that we are very stupid people and believe that a pet might prefer one name over another.

The best way to introduce a cat to a new home is by throwing stuff from the new home at it.

Suffice to say we adopted a very traumatized cat who was frighteningly cautious of anything and everything in our apartment. The cat couldn't take two steps without peering behind him to make sure that damned woman wasn't chasing him with a bottle of barbeque sauce and a fork and spent most of his time under a blanket. Based on his behavior we think the cat was abused at some point in his life and might have gone through some traumatizing situations. Lucky for us our apartment caught fire three months later with the cat inside who suffered burns to his paws, ears, and lungs. Oops.

Having acclimated to the new apartment, he now lays in the corner and sleeps all day while suffering through night terrors, occasionally emerging to eat a morsel of food and curse our souls. Since we screwed the first one up so much, we decided it was time to try again, this time with a kitten.

Suckers for a sob story, we adopted a kitten who was found wandering on the side of the road after having watched its mother get run over by a Buick. I asked if they had any kittens who weren't already screwed up but they didn't so off we went with another lost cause.

I'm going to love eating all those tasty emails.

The kitten, a chatty little thing, was black with white trim. My girlfriend decided to name her "Moocow" because "she's black and white like a cow that goes moo" and because we aren't very creative people. I wanted to name her Cathy after my favorite comic strip.

Of course, no one ever told me you had to feed a kitten that can run at the speed of light a diet that was different than what you would feed a cat that never moves during the course of a month so we ended up with a very small adult cat. I wanted to rename the cat Muggsy Bogues after the famous women's' basketball coach but I was outvoted at our weekly

couple's counseling meeting.

For what Moocow lacks in size she makes up for it with a complete disregard for our belongings. Moocow has so far chewed up and destroyed two Xbox controllers, four speaker wires, two battery chargers, three USB cables, five pairs of headphones, two satellite radio antennas, the United States Constitution (no wait, that was GEORGE W. BUSH LOL) and a countless amount of clothes. I regret not buying the warranty. Not for our stuff, but for the cat.

STOP WATCHING ME MASTURBATE.

But my most pressing issue with Moocow is trying to find some time away from her to jerk off. She'll ignore me all day. She'll run away when I try to pet her. But the second I take my dick out she comes running and sits on my desk and stares at me.

I'll try it right now. Let me unzip my pants and take my penis out. Ah yes, I'm stroking it now. Mmmm, that feels good. Ohhh yes, you like watching me masturbate, Something Awful readers??? For just $9.95 I will stroke live on cam 4 u. CUT. Like clockwork, the cat just showed up and ruined our fun.

Believe me, I have tried to ignore her and masturbate with her watching but it's really uncomfortable and just isn't the same as when people watch. You might be into that sort of thing and I'm not one to judge, but it's not for me. If I put her in the other room and lock the door she ends up pulling up the carpet and does her best to ensure that we are denied our rent deposit whenever we decide to move out of this apartment complex that's not unlike that creepy apartment complex in Silent Hill 2 where the pyramid head rapes retarded monsters. That happens here all the time.

Because Pancake has had such a hard life he tends to take it out on girls (think he's a goon?!). When Moocow is sitting somewhere just minding her own business, he'll suddenly decide he wants to sit where she is and proceeds to attack her, claiming the top of the broken computer monitor, that he broke, as his own, even when she called dibs.

It isn't all heartache though. The most fun we have as a family is when Pancake tries to mount and rape the smaller cat. Despite the fact that he's neutered and doesn't know what the hell he's doing, he'll bite her neck and try to stick it in there but despite cheering him on it never goes in. Someday, old pal. Someday...

One time they even got along. It's a wonder what a couple of beers can do.

Now that I think about it, there's really nothing remarkable about my cats and they are pretty much the same as every other pet in the universe. I have always despised people who "blog" about their pets but now I am one of them. When Lowtax used to write about his pets I would secretly lose respect for him. Sure, we kept up appearances for the kids and neighbors, but it was never the same after that.

But it's all worth it if it means hundreds of adoring emails in response to a shameless update filled with cute cat pictures. Here's some now!

My email address is below.

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.5 Amazon Reviews for Products I Used in Dreams

Friday, Oct 05, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hale Bob Baby Moccasins

I was recommended these by a tiny Indian chief that crawled out of a vent. He was wearing them and he said I should wear them. He couldn't have been more right! These moccasins are wonderful!

Even though I was normal sized when I placed the order, by the time the great thunderbird carrying them in its talons alighted on my windowsill I had shrunk to the size of a baby. They were so comfortable on my feet that the Indian chief began to cry. He said that I could marry his daughter, but my mother came into the room and tried to stop me. I told her I just wanted to live my life, but she said I had to finish college first, which is weird, because I never finished college.

My dog was watching and he bit her and she popped like a balloon. Then I was in a car and the pedals felt so soft through the fabric of the moccasin. I'm no baby, but I know a good baby moccasin, and these are them.

Who We Are by Lifehouse

I had never heard of these guys until recently, when I found myself running down a darkened tunnel with them. We were trying to escape a giant lawnmower. One of them is a dragon. I'm pretty sure of it. I can't say how I know, it's just one of those things I know, but he's a good dragon so there's nothing to worry about.

We came out of the tunnel and into the clouds. We were floating and one of them gave me a copy of this CD. There were storms coming and I had this feeling that I had to listen to the music before the storm came. I struggled for what seemed like ages with a pair of headphones and finally I heard the music and the storm clouds just disappeared.

The music sounded sort of like a bell ringing and not stopping. When I woke up I was peeing.

Jaeger LeCoultre Reverso Platinum Number One & Two Mens Watch

I wished for this watch in a mirror and it appeared on my wrist. It is light as a feather and feels warm against my skin. Cats love it, and every time I wear it I am surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of meowing cats. I feel like I can communicate them, but it's more in ideas and emotions than in words.

I'm not totally happy with it. Sometimes I think this watch has a dark side. When I wake up all of my furniture has been moved around and sometimes I also get the feeling it is laughing at me. I can't take it off, even if I want.

I guess these are the two sides of this elegant watch.

iRiver Armband for T10 MP3 Player

I do not own the T10 iRiver, but this was given to me as a birthday present by a third grade teacher. She was naked at the time and had a really big patch of pubic hair. She never blinked and I knew something was wrong the moment she handed this to me.

Later I was underwater but I could still breathe and this was on my upper arm. I'm not sure if this is why I could breathe, I don't see that listed as a feature. I swam toward a huge clamshell and it opened and there was a beautiful woman inside made out of seaweed. She pulled me into the clamshell with her and started kissing me. The clamshell closed and went completely dark.

Then the lights came back on and I was in a hospital kissing a skinned sheep. I was holding a pearl in my hand. The sheep opened its mouth and a long tongue came out and started moving at me.

When I woke up I had an erection for six hours and I almost went to the doctor, but it finally went away. Not recommended, especially for kids.

Canon FAXPHONE L80 Laser Fax / Printer

Do not buy this machine. Whenever someone faxes you a picture the animal in the picture comes to life, only the animal is evil! Someone put a loop of bird pictures through the fax machine and they were furious. The crabs were no better.

Even if you pull the plug out of the wall they won't stop and it uses blood as toner but it takes it from your friends and family. You feel paralyzed and all you can do is watch when a hose comes out and siphons the blood out of their forehead and they wither into mummies.

I HATE this fax machine!

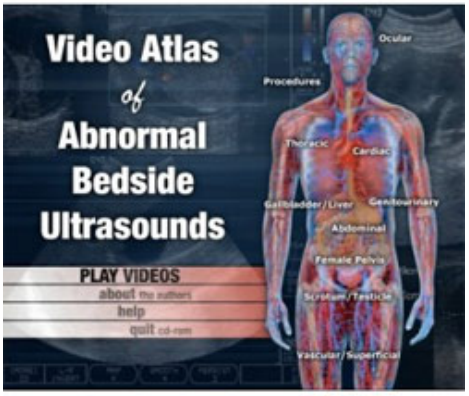
Peloponnese Country Olives, 5 lb

I don't like olives and these are probably the worst I have ever had. They move around when you put them in your mouth and if the Guardian sees you eating them he makes you eat the whole bag. They taste syrupy sweet at first, but after the first few they taste like ashes or dirt.

The worst part is you can feel them gnawing at your guts. The Guardian just laughs at your discomfort and prods you with his war fork to make you eat more. When you finish the last one I know they will all burrow and burst out of my body, but I have never finished the whole bag.

I don't know where Peloponnia is on a map, but I can only assume it's on the reverse hell side of the map.

The Video Atlas of Abnormal Bedside Ultrasounds



Great video to watch so you can see inside people laying in bed. I could see the gears inside the sleeping mail lady and the man who lives in the hollow in the old tree was full of jellybeans.

Not as great when things get hot and heavy. My last date was made out of thousands of birthday candles. The other bad thing is if your friend is a dolphin he'll be scared of you and won't want to be your friend anymore.

Recommended, but you have to close your third eye during sex and not for people with dolphin friends or if you think you may grow a dolphin head later.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 What Can I Do To Get You In This Ghost-Infested Closet Today?

Saturday, Oct 06, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I couldn't help but notice you folks eyeing the Ghostbox Deluxe. She's a beaut, isn't she? Clean lines... striking, yet tasteful. You put one of these babies in your house and you'll feel like a movie star without paying nearly as much as you'd expect.

What do you think she costs? Go on, take a guess.

Nope, but if you halve that amount you'll be pretty close.

That look you just gave your wife sir, if I may, was a silent communication of your belief that this must be a shoddily constructed closet full of subpar ghosts, a knock-off that you'd regret purchasing mere moments after taking it home. You couldn't be further from the truth. This is a genuine Closecorp, the world's premiere manufacturer of themed closets and pantries. It is made of the finest materials. Nails, paint. Wood. Probably some wood, yeah.

The ghosts themselves are in perfect working order. They moan and wail with appropriate restlessness, and they are guaranteed to be 100% human. You won't find us padding our closets with the useless ghosts of simians.

Well yes, this closet does cost much more down the road at Roy's Closet Nook, but I assure you this is the exact same model. Roy has a habit of selling his inventory at an inflated cost to hoodwink customers into thinking that they are shopping at an upscale establishment.

Have you seen the massive American flag flapping about in his parking lot? The eighty footer that cracks the flagpole's cement base every time the wind picks up? First of all, that thing is a hideous and offensive attempt to draw in customers, and I'm very saddened by its effectiveness. Second, do you know how much an eighty foot American flag costs? Hoo boy. I guarantee you that 10% of their profits go to funding that monstrosity. It's a shameful affair, it is.

That's why we went with the eighty foot Djibouti flag in our parking lot. That's one of the poorest nations on Earth, dontcha know. One of our pennies is like a thousand of our dollars to them. We pass the savings along to folks like you.

Good, I'm glad you're confident in the authenticity of our products. I hope I didn't steer the conversation too far off course, I just couldn't bear to see you hand over any more of your hard-earned money for a ghost-filled closet than you have to, especially to an unscrupulous man such as Roy.

You say you're not so sure you want to go with the Ghostbox? Well, we have plenty of other models to choose from. None of them have nearly as many ghosts, you understand, but I'll be glad to show them to you.

Here we have the Moby Dick, a damp and cavernous closet that is an exact replica of the mouth and stomach of, you guessed it, Herman Melville. Perfect for senile folks who seek the comforting familiarity of their mothers' digestive tracts. Do you have any elderly relatives living with you? No? Then maybe we should take a look a model that's more popular with younger couples.

This is the Closet Of Mysterious Angles. Everything seems perfectly normal. All the closet's angles seem to be perfectly straight... but are they? The sign on the door clearly forbids levels and measuring tools of any sort from being taken into the closet, so you'll never know. Such intrigue has been known to spice up the love life, if you know what I mean. Bonertown. *Oh yeah.*

No, you're not interested in that. I understand. Perhaps the Doorless 3000 is more your style? A closet with no entrance or exit is the ultimate in understatement. You know the closet is there, and that's good enough for you. No need to be flashy, or to use it.

Something a little exotic, perhaps? The G'day Mate is an homage to closets in the secretive and backward land of Australia. As it turns out, their closets are pretty much the same as ours, even if their cognitive abilities aren't.

Nothing's really tickling your fancy, is it? After fifteen years in the business, I'd like to think I have a pretty good sense for these things. My gut tells me that unless you purchase the Ghostbox Deluxe, you'll be standing at that customer service desk in the near future, returning the closet that wasn't right for you.

So tell me: What can I do to get you in this ghost-infested closet today? Your happiness is my primary concern. What if I waive the installation fee, set you up on a no-interest payment plan, and share my lunch with you? Pastrami and rye with one of those little bags of potato chips. No, I can't give up the whole bag... how about two thirds?

Good, good. Now we're talking. Come with me and we'll finalize the paperwork. You have some very important decisions to make regarding the optional flickering lightbulb on a perpetually swinging chain and our slimeproof wainscoting.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.7 Cutlass Ciera: The Untamable Beast

Sunday, Oct 07, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The world was under his control. More than fifteen cities are named after him. He changed the face of society and single handedly creating the Hellenistic era. He wore numerous names. We call him Alexander the Great, his name is a synonym for excellence in India, and Zeus called him son. Sometimes credited as the best military commander in history, a man with a wish to unite the human race, or a megalomaniac-all theories. Only one trait about this man is certain-his horse. But not any horse, Bucephalus was the strongest, most famous, and vicious horse in history. The animal's life is as legendary as its rider. Bucephalus was untamable, only Alexander could harness the fierce fire that burned inside the beast, and it only took five minutes before the man and beast were one. As the two united and crushed the known world, they were the perfect embodiment of the word "powerful."

Can Drive in the Dark!

Strangers often used the word "awkward" to describe my first ride and me. Alexander the Great and myself have numerous similarities, but mode of transportation was not one. When Alexander mounted his beast he was a symbol of power; I resembled Don Quixote. Bucephalus' Greek name means "ox-headed," which was the only flaw observed by the owner. Using the same logic I can assume "Cutlass Ciera" translates to "everything." It was my first car, purchased off a drug dealer for 1,000 dollars. But I had no knowledge of the car's history because the drug dealer's father, who seemed like a kind man, was selling the car. A problem I would later discover was that his son was not ready for the sale, but I assume communication is difficult from jail.

As I tested the engine it gave the powerful roar of pure V6 gas guzzling. The car was crafted out of a solid piece of steel. I've read accounts of a sculptor who spent his life during the 1970's and 80's carving these automobiles out of complete blocks. The car was amazingly strong. I never wore a seatbelt for two reasons: 1) They didn't work. 2) I knew there was no need, because whatever I ran into would be instantly obliterated in an explosion fit for a thirteen part miniseries hosted by Carl Sagan.

Prior to buying the vehicle, I took it to a local auto shop to see if it was a smart purchase. The technician said, "the engine is perfect" and "that it would run forever." He was absolutely right. Unfortunately he failed to mention that *everything* else was long past expiration.

Not everything was untrustworthy about the automobile from step one. It did featured countless bonus accessories. A contest between the Cutlass and any other used car would leave the competition humiliated when compared in luxury and enjoyment this vehicle could give me. I fell in love with the features every sixteen-year-old would enjoy; brand new CD player, power everything, huge speakers, a brand new rear windshield, and an awesome bench front seat. Considering the car was only one year older than I, with one previous owner, and had only traveled a petite 80,000 miles, I thought it was a good car. I don't want to sound as though everything was perfect in the beginning, as I idled down the street for my test drive there was some rattling, the ceiling looked awkwardly hung, the paint was flaking like an antique plate, and the color was the aftermath of some bizarre experiment by Oldsmobile to mix both brown and purple together.

Not many people my age realize the prestige of the Cutlass Ciera: it was a luxury automobile, one of the finest cars of the time, and I've seen people with my same model displaying antique car plates. As a child, I was always infatuated with the idle class in movies, slowly driving down the winding cliff-side roads of California, wearing their lavish outfits. I wanted to live in a Fitzgerald

novel. If I bought the car I decided that a pair of driving gloves was a necessity for the sake of maintaining class. I had just received my license, my family was pushing me to purchase a car, and I was infatuated with the distinction it had from the Civics my peers were given, so I wrote a check.

Go Camping with your Cutlass!

Within a few weeks I found countless other special, though not appealing, features that did not affect the overall performance. The cloth ceiling began to hang down when the duct tape ripped the foam insulation off the roof, creating a sensual canopy like the bed of a millionaire. A bent steering column caused troubles starting my car. My key chain sat in my pocket like the dungeon master's of medieval days. There were three keys to the car; one to unlock the doors (actually only the driver side door, because the backdoors had no locks, and the passenger side was broken), I needed yet another key to start the engine, and the third was used to unlock my gas tank. Knowing when to fill up the gas tank was difficult. Hitting any bump caused the gas meter to bounce hitting both the top and bottom of the gauge. I believe surveyors could set the car on the hill and judge the relative angle of the slope based on the gas pointer's direction. Though the car had terrible mileage, I, luckily, did not have to fill it up much, because instead of designing an efficient car the manufacturers instead decided to bolt the largest container possible to act as a gas tank. I am not sure what Oldsmobile used to make the tank, but the backseat reeked, and often dripped, of gasoline for weeks after I filled up my tank. "I like the way gas smells, I wouldn't mind the smell," a person may state. I once drove across the state, but had to stop halfway because my friend was blacking out from the fumes. It was not the smell that bothers you, it's your own will to live.

As the car was rotting around me I found numerous gifts left by the previous owner: a bag of loud fireworks, a cane, and a street sign. I also found more offensive treasures: a couple bottles of leaking vodka, numerous cigarette burns, a rusty knife, four bullet casings, and mysterious stains. This was made even worse when a vile friend of the drug dealer approached me to report, "They fucked in there all the time." Thanks, meth-addict.

Every time I looked through the car I found brand new trash left by the previous owner, but never a single thing I needed. When the front tire burst within the first week and I attempted to change it, I found that the special tool to remove the deluxe spoke covered hubcap was missing. My largest fear, other than the car randomly exploding while I drove to the store, was getting pulled over by the police. I had nightmares of police unpacked five kilos of cocaine while insatiable drug-dogs bark in the background.

The biggest disappointment would be the exciting features that ended up being trash (or trashed.) It was the bench seat that was most aggravating. I expected the front of my car to be a comfortable couch as I traveled around the city. However, the back of the passenger seat was broken, causing it to lean back at the same angle as a chaise lounge. It was like driving through the downtown in a Victorian Parlor. The seat was held to the floor by four metal bolts, but three of them broke off long ago. Since one corner sat high and majestic while the other three sank into the rusting frame, the entire seat was tiling towards the back right side. My friends constantly complained about the chair forcing them to lean against the door. The car, with ruined shock absorbers, along with the seat would project the passenger's body and the entire bench seat into the air whenever I hit a speed bump, or a pothole, or anything. I told them they could sit in the back if they wanted, but the fear of affixation by gas kept them riding with me.

I thought that only two owners and 80,000 miles was a great feature. I was unaware that the first owner was an 85-year-old woman who drove 500 miles and the second owner drove the rest with maximum speed and recklessness. I've heard that the last owner was an amateur drag racer, and once beat a Ford Mustang in a race. More than honor was left behind with the car. The bald tires

sat on crooked wheelbases. Every tube connected to the engine was ruined, and an overheating something-or-other was constantly covering my windshield in a smokescreen. I bought a cell phone for this car. AAA knew my name. The steering was uncomfortable at best, it required three complete circles of the wheel to turn left, to go right... two.

Can Be Seen Abandoned in an Alley Near You

The owner bragged about the new rear windshield and the fixed front windshield, but never mentioned he did it himself. If it rained, you were soaked because their abomination of car surgery was done so poorly. And if it freezes? Imagine the most beautiful icicle coming off an old oak tree. Now imagine it hanging from the epicenter of dangling cloth and crumbling insulation you claim to be a car ceiling. Nothing like chiseling a pillar of ice off your driver side seat before driving to class. The owner never bothered to fix the defrost systems, both front and back. I drove through downtown every morning with my window rolled down and my head sticking out, because it was impossible to get the inch of ice off the front. And it was *cold* that winter. People thought I was purposefully styling my hair to freeze sticking straight back every morning in some sort of icy pompadour. I once crashed into a dumpster behind me in December because the ice was so thick on the rear windshield. "But couldn't you see it in your side mirrors?" Yes, if one mirror wasn't permanently facing down and the other hadn't gotten ripped off when a drunkard driving a green car ran into the side as it was parked on the street one night. I know it was green due to the long forest green gash he left along the 146-inch side of my land yacht.

I bought this automobile in spring, and in the first nine months I put roughly 3,000 dollars in repairs, triple the original price. I thought the worst had passed, I had replaced *everything.* But the car had one more gift to give two days before Christmas. It was the gift of giving, as in me giving the contents of the car to whoever broke in. And whoever broke into the vehicle knew exactly what was inside. He (I think it was the original owner) busted out a window, and took the CD player and the speakers in the back, while not wasting time checking areas of fruitless potential, like the front speakers. To get into the trunk the original owner and his squad of cronies busted my rear window and bent my backseat (a one-piece frame and cushion) in half. Imagine my chagrin when I saw the *backseat* of my car lying in the road in a pile of broke glass, school work, and the ashtray he ripped out in order to gain my stash of lose change. The entire seat was bent metal-frame-out creating an automotive egg roll on a decorative dish of my belongings. All this carnage and the attacker did not realize the doors were unlocked.

I attempted to fix the car. I taped-up the broken windows and diligently tried to unfold the flimsy backseat. But no matter how much I tried to put the car back in order, I could no longer love her. The quirky innocence of all the original problems seemed irreverent, things had gotten out of hand-I was dealing with rape. When a loose piece of metal stabbed through the backseat I felt uncomfortable with passenger safety. A week later all the fuses simultaneously burnt out in a dramatic show equal to a meteor shower. Driving across town every morning, alone, in silence from the gap where my CD player was once lodged, along with the nonexistent sound of my dead turn signals, the heat broken with two shattered windows, and my head jutted out, I realized our time was past.

Alexander and his powerful horse traveled across the known world, conquering every civilization they faced, my ride had troubles leaving the suburbs. His horse lived thirty years and upon Bucephalus' death a city was named after him. I owned mine for a year before I decided I couldn't handle the curse of such a car. It took Alexander five minutes to dominate his beast, but no one could ever control mine. Cutlass Ciera: A truly untamed beast.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.8 The Death of Lindsay Dawn Riley

Monday, Oct 08, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The category on *Family Feud* was "Things You Might Find in a River" and my guess was missing hookers. The Corwen family thought driftwood was a better answer. I suppose it was, since truth be told no one really misses a hooker, but their response seemed unimaginative to me. The American public, or at least that peculiar breed of creature willing to participate in Family Feud surveys, agreed with the Corwens. Driftwood was the number one response.

It was the year of our Lord 1900 and 99 in the month of September. Mankind was careening towards the looming techno-apocalypse and already shops in Tucson were plastering their windows with brightly-colored signs that implored passerby to, "Stock up for Y2K!"

The news warned almost daily that in the aftermath of Y2K technogeddon cash registers and electronic commerce might be unavailable for days or weeks. Planes would fall from the sky and hospital breast pumps would cease to draw milk. In such dark times, the signs beckoned me to enter and buy 100 cans of peas and a box of brackets for hanging picture frames in the event that I need them as the cities of man fall to ruin.

These were my gifts to Todd when I arrived at his basement apartment. He thanked my sullenly and opened a can of peas with a church key, drinking the syrup and peas both in deep gulps. He opened and handed me one, but I'm more of a canned pea sipper. I like to savor them, I said.

Todd gestured at a lumpy sofa the color and texture of a cat's regurgitated hairball and Sherpaed the peas into the kitchen. The couch was partially occupied by a bald man sporting a goatee and wearing leather pants and a t-shirt that read: SINNER'S BALL 92. He nodded to me and half-raised a jam jar full of milk in salute. I sat as far away from him as the couch would allow and tried to focus my attention on Family Feud.

"Things you might find in a garage," Louie Anderson sagged against the McMillan family panel. "Things you might find in a garage."

"Wasp's nests," I suggested, remembering Todd's old garage.

Sinner's Ball glanced at me scornfully.

"A car," he said.

"A lawnmower," Eileen McMillan shouted.

It was the number two survey response.

"Number one is car," Sinner's Ball sipped his milk.

Todd returned and crammed his thin frame between us on the two-seat couch.

"You meet Mort?" He asked.

Sinner's Ball set his glass of milk on the coffee table and extended a damp hand to me across Todd's chest.

"Mordechai ," Sinner's Ball said.

I shook his hand and he squeezed mine forcefully in return.

"He used to be in the JDL," Todd observed.

"Long time ago," Mordechai explained, "before I got into the lifestyle."

"Bondage?" I asked.

Mordechai snorted.

"I have three slaves," he said.

"That's got to seem like a reversal."

Mort glared at me, I pretended to be occupied by my can of peas.

"He's a dominant," Todd explained in an unwanted effort to ease tensions.

"Are you just a dominant when you're doing the S&M stuff or all the time?"

"It's called lifestyle for a reason," Mort answered. "I'm a dominant 24/7 in everything I do."

"Ah, so do you, what, like never yield right of way at a stop sign?"

"I'm a perfect gentleman."

"He's a perfect gentleman," Todd affirmed.

We sat in silence for several seconds, a conversational impasse reached. I wanted to pry further into Mort's unusual history and lifestyle, yet I had already managed to piss him off. Mort seemed content to sit solemnly observing the downfall of the Corwen clan at the hands of the more survey-minded McMillans.

I was beginning to doubt I could survive an overnight stay in Todd's apartment.

"So how do you two know each other?" I asked and then absent-mindedly sipped my can of peas.

I nearly gagged, but held my composure to some minor eye-watering and a single strangled choke.

"We belong to the Model Rocketry Society of Tucson," Todd explained. "We were both in the SCA, but there was a dispute over what direction the club was going to take. Nathan wanted to do the armor stuff, Judd wanted to do..."

"Robotics," Mort finished Todd's thought.

"Yeah, robotics. Me and Mort and Darian broke off and started the Model Rocketry Society."

"We've got a 1/48th scale Saturn V we're launching tomorrow," Mort said.

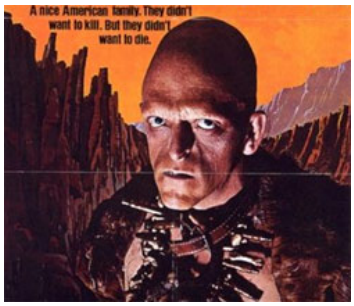
"I hoped you would come to check it out," Todd added. "I can't really go out drinking tonight because we have to work on the boosters."

Todd: a man who drinks canned peas and spends his money on a 6-foot rocket.

I had no intention of witnessing their model rocketry, but Todd's rain check on our planned bar crawl didn't bother me in the least. Based on past experiences, going out drinking with Todd was the sort of invitation to disaster that compares unfavorably to mounting an ejection seat in a helicopter. The man had once been arrested

for biting a girl on the leg at an under 18 bar in Orlando.

Booze turned him ugly and unpredictable. Even at about 100 pounds he was dangerous in that same sort of way a squirrel can be dangerous. I mean potential rabies.



"I'll check it out if I get the chance," I lied.

"Awesome," he said.

"I can go out drinking tonight with Lindsay Dawn Riley," I lied again.

I would sooner go square dancing with Mort and then try to beat up a bunch of Aryan Nation members. I had no intention of going drinking with an obese nymphomaniac who looked like she just walked out of the makeup trailer on the set of **The Hills Have Eyes** and had once threatened to, "Drain my balls through my asssssssss!" before puking down my shirt collar.

"Lindsay?" Todd was distracted by a commercial break. "She died about two weeks ago. Her trailer melted."

I didn't know how to respond to that.

"They said she was making thermite. The whole place just went up in a fountain of sparks and melted down into plastic and slag. They just found a charred skeleton."

"Wow," I always knew she'd go out in a dramatic way, but the news was hitting me with surprising force. "Did they have a funeral?"

"Dunno. Check the paper."

Todd gestured to precarious stacks of newspapers crowding around his kitchen table. I stumbled to them nearly in a daze. Lindsay Dawn Riley was, in my mind at least, invincible. She was a terrible goddess from the times before man. She was the kind of bloated six-eyed effigy of rampant fertility and hedonism that an archaeologist might unearth from a Sumerian tomb.

I found the paper, my eyes flicking through the story and picking up words and fragments of sentences. Lindsay Dawn Riley, felony possession of tritium, lewd acts to a postal worker, thermite, the fire. The article was accompanied by a photograph of firefighters silhouetted against the white light of the trailer's funeral pyre. They stood helplessly as the Tiamat to my Marduk was banished from the mortal world.

Baby status: MIA.

I tore the article from the page and jammed it into my pocket.

I don't remember if I said anything else to Todd. I found myself driving, searching for something. I stopped at Cal's, the restaurant where Lindsay had once involved me in an honest-to-god cowboy brawl. It was gone, replaced with a Chili's. I sat in the handicapped space, watching a mother trying to cram a tangle of kids into a minivan. She pulled the door shut on the van and paused to stare at me hatefully.

I imagined Lindsay clambering drunkenly over me to throw her shoe out the driver's side window at the woman's face. She had certainly done far worse for far less.

"Fuck you!" The woman shouted and flipped me off.

She made a show of squealing out of the parking lot with her van full of kids. I shook my head and left.

I ate triple cheeseburgers from Carl's Jr. in my car - one of Lindsay's favorites - until I felt like I was going to die. I got a room at the Sheraton and drank tequila shots and Buds until I could barely see. The world was spinning around me, the cheeseburgers trying to riot out of my stomach.

There was a woman. Fumbling and groping in the bathroom. The taste of margaritas and cigarettes on lips. The embarrassment of an attempt thwarted by the liquor.

It was cold in the late night streets of Tucson. A dry chill made worse by the tequila sweat pouring from my hairline and oozing down my red cheeks. The woman was gone. The cheeseburgers were left behind on the hubcaps of an 88 Civic. Dark-eyed Mexicans eyed me fearfully from bus stop benches.

Under the orange glow of a sodium streetlight I struggled to make sense of the crumpled piece of paper. I laughed when I read that Lindasy was buried at a Masonic cemetery. I imagined her in a candlelit chamber surrounded by the somberly robed scions of Tucson, getting a few words into her induction oath and then passing out drunk. It was certainly what my body was telling me to do.

Instead, I hailed a cab, and insisted that the reluctant driver take me to the cemetery on Oracle Road. I awoke to the cabbie screaming and pulling at my shirt from the open back door. He dragged me bodily out of the cab and woke me up with a slap to the face. I realized, suddenly, that I had taken him for Indian when I had hailed the cab, but he was actually Jamaican.

"27 fuckin' 75, mon," he demanded.

I don't know how much money I gave him, but it was enough to get him to leave. I turned and looked at Orlando Road. It was dusty light industrial ruin across the street. Forgotten cars and the dead stumps of a warehouse loading dock shared the street with two auto shops fortified by stacks of tires, their garish signs in Spanish. I turned, the street to my back, and was greeted by the Masonic cemetery. Despite my ruinous level of intoxication I felt some small bit of satisfaction that I had managed to find my destination.

An anonymous desert grave might have been better.I swayed into the cemetery and somehow found my way to her grave site. It was in a portion of the cemetery that had not received much in the way of landscaping. That's putting it too kindly. Her grave was in the furthest corner of the cemetery in a square of land that had no vegetation. Not even weeds. Serial killing truckers murdering hitchhikers and burying them in the middle of the desert find more scenic resting places for the bones of their victims.

Her headstone was a cheap concrete "stone replica" of the sort someone might buy for their pet's backyard burial.

Lindsay Dawn Riley
1968 - 1999
God has called her back.

I chuckled at the idea that God had wanted anything to do with Lindsay and sank to my knees on the recently tilled earth of her burial plot. Maybe it was the dust blowing off the fields, maybe it was the booze sweat running into my eyes, but I know that at least one tear welled and rolled down my face.

I laid my ear on the grave and mercifully lost consciousness.

Intense heat and a loud hissing sound roused me from my torpor. My face and clothes were caked with dust that had turned into a horrible body mud on contact with my sweat. It felt as though someone had plastered my skin. My head pounded and my stomach churned with the after effects of the preceding night's binge drinking.

I sat up with a groan and found myself eye-to-black-shadow with a figure silhouetted by the sun.

"What in the fuck are you doing?" No! It couldn't be!

"Get up you piece of shit, that's my grave!"

Rough hands lifted me to my feet and I saw the impossible. Lindsay Dawn Riley, in black acid-washed jeans and a black t-shirt for Kool cigarettes, was standing before me. Her unruly hair had been greased back into a sort of wet rat's pelt and her makeup, as ill-advised as ever, meandered around her face in psychedelic clown prints.

"Holy shit," she admired, "if isn't limpdick city boy."

She clapped her hand roughly on my crotch, painfully jostling my testicles.

"Coming to pay your respects?"

She roared with laughter. Something hissed loudly in the distance and cars suddenly began honking their horns.

"I thought you were dead," I explained unnecessarily as she began brushing the dust from my clothes with unseemly enthusiasm.

"No shit," she spit in her palm and reached for my zipper, but I backed away.

"How are you?"

"Alive?" She shrugged. "Not like I planned it. I was cooking up some thermite to put through the engine of an ex-boyfriend. Gumby. Rolls third with the Latin Kings. Total piece of shit."

She made for my zipper again and I swatted her hand away. She gave me a hurt look and then barked with laughter.

"Lucky thing," she continued. "I had a skeleton I stoled from the vocational school science room for Halloween. The dumb town thought it was me that burned up, so I just went with it. I owed a shitload on the credit cards anyway."

I shook my head and smiled.

"Yeah," she bit her tangerine-glossed lip, "you like that. You like these?"

She lifted her shirt and her pale udders flopped free with a bounce. I had a flash of puffy saucer-sized red areolas before I turned away.

"Come on, you didn't come all this way for nothing. Get some sugar."

That was enough to send me running, or stumbling as the case was in my disheveled state. Lindsay stalked after me like a Terminator. Her bloodshot eyes bored holes in my back.

As I reached the street I could feel her presence at my back, the questing hands that might lift me up by my belt and reach down my pants to do something calamitous to my lower half. I could run towards the city center, risking the slowdowns of pedestrian traffic and construction in favor of finding a cab, or I could run away from the city, risking heat stroke and my bones being picked clean by coyotes.

There was a growing *thump-swish-thump-swish* from behind as Lindsay stalked through the greener plots of the cemetery in my direction. I had just decided on risking death in the desert when there was a loud roar and hiss from across the street.

Fate is poor guidance.

I looked in the direction of the sound to see, much to my surprise, Mort and Todd standing next to a barren launching pad. Their eyes were looking up, following a column of white smoke. I squinted into the sun and looked up too, following the trail of their scale model Saturn V rocket. The rocket was still hissing under power, spitting out white smoke in delicate corkscrews. I followed the trail up and up and then it turned.

I realized, too late, that Todd and Mort were suddenly looking directly at me.

"Lo-," was all Todd had time to scream before the Saturn V rocket hit me right in the middle of my forehead.

I don't remember hitting the ground, but as I clung desperately to consciousness I distinctly remember Lindsay Dawn Riley's darkness falling over my head. I remember her shadowy fingers, like those of Nosferatu, creeping towards my zipper.

I also seem to remember that my shirt was on fire. After that, it's all a blur.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 Fat Baby Mystery Hotline

Tuesday, Oct 09, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

It's a well-known fact that Something Awful has no sympathy for ugly, fat, or otherwise undesirable babies. A very long time ago, a SA writer posted a question which begged, "How do [very fat babies] manage to grow up and do anything worthwhile at all? Someone, anyone, please email answers to FatBabyMysteryHotline@somethingawful.com and the first person to tell me how this happens without the use of magic gets a prize." The email account was created, but the writer probably went to go mail out thousands of autographed SA license plate frames or something and forgot all about it. I'm proud to announce that the contest is now officially OVER and the winner has been selected!

From: deathbody852@******.com
Date: Nov 4, 2002 17:09 CST
To: FatBabyMysteryHotline@somethingawful.com
Subject: What you believe about me

Hail and well met from a person of size -

My current size (500 lbs) and appearance dose not prevent me from living the life I want to live. I would be willing to bet I have lived as rich a life as you if not richer. Have you ever had 4 friends over at the same time? 5 people total at once is more that the TV show "Friends" had and it was called "Friends" and nothing but. It may also interest you to know that I also have just finished Holiday shopping for everyone in my family. I am not a rich man but I got everyone their own custom VHS tape. For my nephews: FernGully and Big Top Pee Wee and for my sister and her husband who are having marital problems I got them a copy of Head Cleaner. It should be a good self help video. It also comes with eyedrops, probably so they will open their eyes to whats wrong in their relationship.

Speaking of relationships, in this area especially I am just as much of a human as anyone else. I have every tpe of feeling you do incl. sexual. It's like I told my girlfriend when she'd take off my shoes before lovvemaking: Youre holding the leg of a sexual being. She evevntually started seeing someone else so I had to return to my old ways of getting pleasue, though,

My old ways included rubbing my belly on countertops + tables and hoped that the friction of my belly moving against my organ was enough to stimulate me. Not always. About 60% of the time I just rubbed and rubbed and rubbed on everything in the kitchen and nothing can get me excited. I used to be able to use the dryer (vibration) to do it but I got a new dryer and it does not vibrate the same way, unable to excite my Rod. Sometimes I would stand there rubbing my big tummy against the dryer door. Praying for the slightest bit of stim. from it. Not happening, thanks for nothing Sears Kennmore. The very last time I tried I rubed my belly on it in a circular motion (counter clockwise) and even tried a primitve humping motion. No dice. I tried this for approx. 35 minutes until my laundry was done and it buzzed very loudly and scared me. I'm enough of a man to say I almost cried from it.

"Yeah right Like I'm gonna stand there in the cold 55 degree garage rubbin myself against an applicance for 35 min if its just gonna buzz at me. I need results!! " I

also have an electric lawnmower that I can sit my tookus on top of and it vibrates and rubs my underside vigorousluy. I began usng it in my home for that special purpose. Once however, in the throes of climax, i leaned back and accidentally hit the automatic propeller, which made the lawnmower autoomatically go at approx 3 mph toward my dinette set. Not a big deal, i thoguht, its blades are on the ground and everything worth keeping is on the table. Not so, it knocked the table and a bunch of devilled eggs i just made fell on the ground . I rolled over approx 3 times and turned off the mower and laid on the floor of my dining room eating the devilled eggs for about 15 minutes before they went bad. Not a pleasnat experience.

Other things I like to do to get my jolles is to m-bate outdoors. Can you imagine how thrilling it must be for the neighbors to almost catch a 500 lbs man in the act of pleasure!! I am immediately recognizable to them all so naturally I have to be super careful. What I usually do is go out in the cover of night in the early morning (4am-4:45am) with my Camo beach towel and set down in the back yard and do the diddy up against a clothesline pole (rubbinh on my underside like i am riding a pony vertically). This is usually very pleasureable because the pole is cold in the night weather and sometimes a bug climbs on your specials and tickles you (watch out for the kind of bug) This works very well except for one time I fell asleep outside and woke up at approx 11 am naked as a jaybird in my back yard on my Camo towel and i couldn't get up because i have sleep paralysis so i just started moaning cause thats all i coudl do "ehhhhhHHHHHHHHH uuuuuhhhh!!!!! i saw my neighbor peak his head over and see me and turn away in disgust. i gently started swaying from side to side as control of my body returned. it took me approx 90 sec of this rocking motion to get the momentum to get up. "ehhhHHHH HHHHHUUUUHHHH!!!" when i got up i saw a little dog looking at me through the fence.

So overall Im doing very well. Nothing in my life has been very traumatic until I read abou ugly / fat on this web site. Actually, that's not true. I dated a girl for 2.5 months and the first night we were naked together she was like "Oh my God you need a shirt right now or like miniblinds" which wasn't that bad until i finished taking off the shirt and she said I also needed 2 more very tiny sets of miniblinds for each of my nipples and began drawing concept art for them and kept doing so until sunrise. I looked over and at one point her pencil wasnt even touching the paper but she insisted that she could not be disturbed I guess that's what happens when you're an artist.. Other than that I am very happy lately. Very happy indeed.

CONGRATULATIONS!! NOW THE PRIZE:

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.10 The Longest Day of My Half-Life

Wednesday, Oct 10, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

October 9, 2007

GORDON AND I GOT ALONG JUST FINE BEFORE YOU CAME ALONG.

3:45 p.m. - Wake up and see that Valve has not released the Orange Box early. Figures! God knows it would be too difficult for them to stop toying with their fans and actually do something right for once.

3:55 p.m. - Oh, why not give us some more Peggle, Valve. Herd us around like sheep by having your cronies throw more children's games at us! Rome tried the whole bread and circus routine, and you know what it got them? Invaded by barbarian hoards, that's what. A few more prolonged game releases, and I hope you guys enjoy getting raped by Conan.

4:30 p.m. - Got into shouting match with girl at Taco Bell for being insensitive and condescending. No, I don't want lettuce on my tacos. If I wanted lettuce I'd order a goddamn salad, you stupid bitch. Who the hell eats a salad for breakfast anyways? Is every single person on this planet stupid? This dumb teenager's idiocy added an extra 30 seconds or so to my wait time. For all I know Orange Box was released while this dumb slut fumbled around her Taco Bell keyboard like some bonobo in a golf cart. I wish I could have slapped her in the face. I really should have.

4:42 p.m. - Return home and find that Orange Box still hasn't been released. What a surprise! I mean the games have been done for months given the fact they keep releasing screenshots and videos. Hey, I have an idea, stop showing off the game and release it. That's what other companies do with their games and it works well for them.

5:45 p.m. - Decide maybe Gabe Newell needs to be reminded that he's supposed to release his game. Sent him five e-mails over the span of 10 minutes, with no reply to any of them. He must not be near a computer. That's goddamn unprofessional at best and criminal negligence at worst. YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT A LITIGIOUS MAN.

6:40 p.m. - Spent exhausting hour calling up every buffet in a 40 mile radius of Valve HQ asking if they have seen Gabe. No confirmations. So what, he doesn't even care if his game gets released? Jesus Christ, what a company. Unless maybe he is dead?

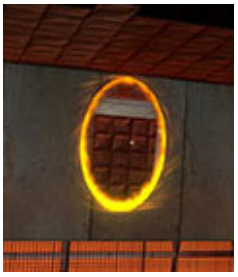
7:13 p.m. - Spent exhausting half hour calling up similarly named people in the phone book and asking if Gabe was still alive. Most people hung up on me or got really upset. One old lady started crying, and I had to hang up on her. Then she called back and was still crying, so I unhooked the phone. What a bunch of weirdoes.

7:45 p.m. - Valve lies to millions of fans. It's true. Orange Box was supposed to come out on the 10th of October. Well, Australia is like 3 days ahead of the rest of the world, and they still don't have it. According to Wikipedia, Australia has a population of 21,105,000. Valve just basically lied to 21 million people. How many companies are that insane?

8:34 p.m. - This is almost worse than waiting for the release of Half-Life 2, which stole five years of

life away from me. I could probably have gotten plastered and run over a bunch of kids and gotten less time. Honestly, it would have been way more fulfilling. Every day my favorite gaming sites would be filled with descriptions and screenshots of the game. Great, fucking spoilers everywhere. By the time the HL2 came out, I already knew it was about Gordon Freeman fighting aliens. It sure would have been fucking nice to find out about the game *while playing it* instead of beforehand.

9:43 p.m. - OH, OKAY, I GUESS I'LL PLAY SOME PEGGLE. LOOK AT ME BEING A MINDLESS GAMER BUYING INTO VALVE'S CON HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER. SHOOTING BALLS AT PEGS IS WHAT I PAID FOR.



YOU WANT ME TO JUMP THROUGH VIRTUAL HOOPS FOR YOU NOW TOO??

9:58 p.m. - Uninstalled Peggle. Why? If I wanted to play a game this unfair I would have just been born black.

10:24 p.m. - Deleted steam out of frustration. I didn't even bother to uninstall it. I just went in and deleted the Steam folder like it was nothing. It was that easy. I've had harder times clearing the Internet cache on my step-mom's computer. This, this was just the right thing to do. Seriously, what a bunch of bullshit. The games are done, *let us play them.* I PAID YOU MONEY, YOU COCKSUCKERS.

11:02 p.m. - One last chance. Do you hear that Valve? One last chance is what you have. I'm re-installing Steam and re-downloading all my fucking local content and pre-loading Orange Box all over again. By the time it is done downloading, YOUR GAMES HAD BETTER BE OUT. If not, there aren't enough Peggles in the world to calm this raging tempest!!

11:38 p.m. - What I ought to do is bill Valve for the hole I just punched in the wall. If I had some games I paid for here to entertain me, I would not have had time to punch the wall or argue with my step-mom about getting therapy.

11:59 p.m. - I can no longer stand the wait. One vile indignity after another and Valve has finally pushed me too far. You know what? I don't even care about the Orange Box anymore. It's just going to be some stupid Stargate rip-off mixed with more Half-Life 2 levels ruined by Alyx constantly getting in the way of the action. It's obvious they aren't actually going to release it at this point. I'm going to bed. Between lime disease and a long day being emotionally battered by a bunch of rich nerds, I just don't have the energy to care anymore. I deleted Steam for the second and last time. Screw you Valve, you've dangled the carrot in front of my face all day. I don't even eat vegetables. I doubt anybody will even buy your stupid game, anyway.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.11 Cartoon Case Study: The Story of G

Thursday, Oct 11, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

09/07/1992
Report #1

Received a call from the Commissioner of Mental Heath to check out a residential address. An informant called in with the info. that a retarded man has been raising his son alone there for 12 years without government intervention. I grabbed my bag of standard tools (straitjacket, mallet, syringe full of "sleepytime juice," revolver) and headed to the client's home.

I knocked on the door and it was soon answered by a filthy child named M (identities protected for this public report). Being a veteran of the trade, I knew to stay back far enough from the door to avoid the "stenchdraft," the blast of rancid, sulfurous air that usually escapes from these homes in a rush whenever their front doors are opened for the first time in years. But the odors of decomposing food and so many kinds of excrement (animal, human, etc.) were too much for me. I knelt down and threw up for the first time during that visit. M wiped his nose on a crusty, discolored sleeve. He smiled at me and I saw that all but two of his teeth had completely rotted out. These lone survivors were being held in place by purple, rotting gums. I threw up for a second time.

"Muh dad's gunna like you!" The child disappeared into the house. Soon I heard a rhythmic pounding coming from upstairs. G (the father) was jumping on one foot, completely naked except for what looked like a thin coating of Hershey's Syrup. The thwack of genitals against a distended belly followed his stomps on the ground. As he bounded towards me, G knocked over a hotplate, setting a small couch on fire. G reached the door frame, grabbed onto it, and swung his feet out, kicking me squarely in the ribs. "Hello Mr. G," I said. He was repeatedly slamming the front door shut on my leg and laughing. "The Department of Social Services has sent me here to see if you are capable of raising your son. I believe it will take six days."

This is when he started spitting on me.

09/08/1992
Report #2

When I arrived at G's home on the second day, I received my first real sign that things weren't going well: he didn't fill out the required paperwork. Instead, he proudly handed me form 34-C with a piece of lunch meat between every page. He smiled, and I saw that he had the same diseased mouth as his son. I threw up once again, which was unfortunate because I happened to be wearing a gas mask at the time ("be prepared" isn't just a motto for the Boy Scouts). After a visit to a local gas station bathroom, I was back at G's to have a discussion with him.

"Mr. G, you have to take this seriously! We could take your son away!" G was pretending to read a nearby *Family Matters* coloring

book. He looked up at me, "I don't gotta do anything cuz' it's mah birthday!" M entered the room, giggling. "It's not your birthday, silly daddy!" This enraged G. He sunk to his knees, screaming. M was frozen in place. G broke a dinner plate on the coffee table, then stabbed his son with it. "On mah birthdays we eat pizzuh!" G grabbed his son by the face and dragged him out of the house through the front door. As I sat there in contemplation, I heard a car start outside. What followed was a 2-hour high-speed chase with the police that nearly ended in G's arrest until I told them he was retarded and under my supervision. The officer in charge of the scene grabbed G by the shoulder and said to him, "Mr. G, I hereby sentence you to... a delicious large pizza with the toppings of your choice!" He winked at me, and I knew this would be a valuable learning experience for G. Then G somehow manged to steal the officer's gun, and I can only say that was a valuable learning experience for *me*.

What followed in the wake of destruction was a nice family meal at a local pizza parlor. "Mr. G, keep up this behavior and you may get to keep your son by the end of the week!" I looked at him and his face was dripping with tomato sauce and cheese grease. He screamed "FUUUCK" and threw a napkin dispenser through the front window of the restaurant.

We were really making progress.

09/09/1992
Report #3

Today I managed to tackle a sticky issue: where was the mother? G was obviously a man with a voracious sexual appetite; his stacks upon stacks of discarded pornography were proof of this. When he was busy with private activities related to his collection, I took a chance and gingerly broached the subject to his son. I spoke with M while the muffled, excited screams of his father echoed from upstairs.

M was busy adding another layer of glue to the surface of the kitchen table. "M," I said, "Where is your mommy?" He drew back from me and curled into the fetal position. "We don't talk about mommy. And we don't talk about the basement. That's where basement mommy lived." I was taken aback by M's active imagination. "Basement mommy?" M uncurled and ran over to me, throwing a hand over my mouth. "We don't talk about basement mommy!" M lifted his shirt and showed me a series of identical bruises on his torso. I became concerned and walked over to one of the doors in the kitchen. "M, does this go to the basement?" M began to hyperventilate while I opened the door. When I noticed that the stairwell had been boarded up, I turned around and saw G completely naked, covered in sweat and brandishing the leg of a piano bench. He looked at the basement door, looked at me, and then walked backwards out of the room.

I made a note to check into this if I had time.

09/10/1992
Report #4

Today I decided to take G and M to the shopping mall as a reward for good behavior. This morning, G did not greet me at the door by slapping me in the face and laughing (this was becoming standard behavior), mostly because his hands were down the front of his pants. But he *was* wearing pants, so I took that as a sign of self-control.

We entered the mall and the two were stunned by the busyness of the outside world. "You know the shirts that people like me wear every day? This is where they come from!" G looked at my shirt and pawed at it with glee. I decided that, as an experiment, I would give G five dollars and allow him to buy an item of his choice. Doing so would give him a grasp of economics needed to raise a son in this modern world. I handed G a five-dollar bill and he skipped off giggling, taking time to fall in the mall fountain and cry in it.

I had just bought M his first set of professional toothbrushes when G came back, screaming giddily. He was wearing five windbreakers and a dozen hats, most of which were not on his head. The five dollar bill was still tightly held in his hand. Obviously, the fine people at Lady Foot Locker were won over by G's charm and decided to give him the charity that he deserves. But G's adventures were not over. He spotted an frozen treat stand in the food court and said, "Stay here for a minute whilst I go and get some ice creams." He sounded more retarded than usual, but I wasn't concerned because his mood had improved greatly.

M and I stood patiently until we heard a loud noise. We rushed over to the food court and saw that G had knocked over the stand and was going through cartons of ice cream with his bare hands. He shoveled it into his mouth and sprayed it into the air. This got me thinking: how can I channel his love of ice cream into something more productive, like parenting?

We collected G and left before a police report could ruin my train of thought.

09/11/1992
Report #5

G was not at the house today. I asked his son where he went, and he told me, "Muh dad's at thuh docks. He sees his friends there every Thursday." It was Friday, but I figured the retard factor into the equation and everything started to make sense. I grabbed M, and after a quick trip to the zoo (I promised him earlier), we were at the docks, frantically looking for his father.

I spotted three shadowy figures at the end of a pier: G and his two friends. One was pantsless and wearing part of a sailor suit, while the other was shirtless and wearing a pair of red overalls. They were talking to G and weeping. Surprisingly, G was the most-dressed out of the group despite only wearing a bathrobe with his penis fully exposed. I approached the group and the man wearing half of a sailor suit threw a broken bottle at me and screamed something which the shirtless man translated. "*Fuck you*! How can you take away our friend? Don't you know we're all he's got?" I assumed that they worked together at some point. While I was arguing with the shirtless man, the one in the sailor suit tried giving G a handful of pills. I smacked them right out of his hand. "Pills? Can't you see he's mentally ill?!" The pantsless man pulled out a butterfly knife and started swinging it around wildly. His shirtless friend with the high-pitched voice grabbed my arm and said, "We need to get the *fuck* out of here. Bastard's so messed up he doesn't even know what color the sky is."

I won't bore you with the details of how the Coast Guard helped us escape. One thing is important here: G was out and making friends!

09/12/1992
Report #6

My experiences with G and M ended with unexpected tragedy. Before I left for G's house on the final day of my assignment, the Commissioner of Mental Health told me that G was a danger to himself, others, and neighborhood property values, so he would have to be detained. Instead of bringing the traditional congratulatory cupcake to G, I was forced to bring the cupcake full of horse tranquilizers: a standard sedative in this industry. History has proven the strength of the cornered retard can be fatal, and we don't take any chances.

As my eyes met with G's for one last time, I couldn't help but feel empathy for a beast far too gentle and simple for this world. When he grabbed my cupcake and shoved me down his front steps, I felt like all of the progress we had made was shattered there on the pavement, just like my hip bone. I could barely watch G frantically try to fight his way out of the bottomless k-hole he was falling into as M clawed at his father's face screaming, "Papa! Papa!" And when the orderlies lassoed and tasered the two, I was blinded by tears. The tears of my failure. I didn't linger at the scene for too long. I took a few moments to soak up the memories, then quickly left when I realized that G's neighbors were setting his house on fire.

Epilogue.

Fortunately, this story has a happy ending. G was chemically castrated and hired to pull heavy plows by a local farm. Finally, he's out in the real world with a real job! M was adopted by a foster home run by strict Christians, where he continues to live in silence to this very day. As for me, I sold the rights to G and M's story to a bigshot Hollywood producer, who gave me three million dollars. I quit the social work game, though it wasn't a big deal since my license was suspended in 1987 and no one really knew about that.

But I will never forget what G taught me. That man sure loved his ice cream.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.12 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of Darth Vader's Physical Therapist

Friday, Oct 12, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Thanks for the great advice!

You probably don't know me, but my name is Xargo Griss and I am Darth Vader's physical therapist.

Before I get started, let me take a second to offer you a tip: never follow life or career advice from a Wookiee.

I was taking a five-week accreditation course to get my PT certs at a community college on Endor. I figured I could maybe get a job with the Empire or one of the big trade federations doing leg and back work on their employees. Repetitive stress injuries and pulled muscles, that sort of thing.

There was this Wookiee that sat next to me, guy by the name of Ted I knew from some parties around the campus. He was a real loaf, never washed his hair, so he smelled like sour beer and old puke every day in class. Sort of like a cross between a frat boy and the bath mat at a frat house. Not really my type, but I don't discriminate when it comes to friends.

One day we're ignoring the lecture on hamstrings and shooting the shit. I tell him about my plans after I get my cert and he shakes his big mangy head. Ted tells me that the way for a PT to make the big bucks isn't to get a job servicing a bunch of scrummy stormtroopers. He says you want one big juicy superstar client. You need a high-maintenance diva that wants a lot of attention and has enough money to set you up for life.

Ted claimed his dad knew this Geonosian physical therapist named Alan that had it made. Back during the clone wars Alan worked PT for this banking clan doing foot massages and teaching the employees how to stretch so they wouldn't tear their trapeziums using an adding machine. Alan befriended this big shot security guy by the name of Grevious. Yeah, that Grevious, only he wasn't all screwed up back then.

When Grevious started to work for the Separatists Alan went along to do odd jobs and the occasional hot stone massage for the officers after a hard day blasting clones. He didn't do a lot of work for Grevious, but Alan was technically on his staff. Then one day Grevious got blown to pieces by the Republic. Not much left of him but a heart and a few chunks of his spine. Maybe some brain or something.

Alan figured everything was over with and he would lose his job, only Grevious was all wheezy and out of shape and screwed up. Every piece of him that was left hurt like hell. Turned out Grevious needed a personal PT 24/7 just to function and Alan was set up. Big money, hot broads, and just one boss telling him where it hurt.

The punch line of that flashback-within-a-flashback is that Ted neglected to tell me about how the story ended. I learned years later that Alan was aboard the Invisible Hand when the General had the bright idea of taking Chancellor Palpatine hostage. The poor dude died when the ship crash-landed on Coruscant and I'd be willing to bet General Grevious, for all his wheezing, didn't give a shit.

Like I said at the beginning, the moral is never trust a Wookiee's advice or you might end up like me. You'll be working for the most hated villain in the galaxy and liable to die at any minute.

I guess that's why you asked me to do this. You wanted to know exactly how bad it can get working for someone like Vader. It has its ups and downs, but man, those downs are really down there. Everyone gets yelled at by their boss, but have you ever been yelled at by your boss while he's suspending you in midair with his mind? It's happened to me twice.

Bear with me on this. I'm not much of a storyteller, but my therapy diary pretty much tells the story for me. It's not really a work log so much as just my observations about my job. If you don't like that you can edit it however you want.

To give you some frame of reference, I started working for Vader when he made a stopover on Bespin for some sort of secret mission. I've been with him ever since then.

Therapy Diary Day 3
Underway to Parts Unknown

It's my third day on the job and I still haven't done any work. I'm aboard the hugest spaceship I have ever seen and even though I'm not doing much it is super exciting.

I guess I'm on like the flagship or something.

The ship is called the Executioner or something and there are like a bazillion people in their snappy uniforms. I knew working for the Empire would be a hoot and a half, but this is just so deliciously fascist. You hear their little boots clip-clopping around before you see them coming. You'll never be surprised on a ship like this.

Shelly, Lord Vader's assistant, gave me a quick tour of the crew quarters yesterday. Other than my cabin and the cafeteria it's all I have seen of the ship. Shelly is absolutely cute as a button and she is hilarious. She has one of their little black uniforms with the little colored squares on the front, but she's got special patches. I asked her if I could get a uniform too since I'm an employee and she told me I had to go to the navy academy. Bumo!

I also met the head of physical therapy today. He is a big snakey guy named Ssteve. I think Shelly said he was a Trambojin or something like that. Very cold and very mod, with a little black suit jacket and some silvery eye shadow. Like a leathery Dunk Nytestrider on his Supernova tour.

Ssteve showed me the gym and the therapeutic pool. No big deal. He seemed nervous about showing me stuff and wasn't very nice. I told Shelly that after I met him and she winked at me. I don't know if she was being fresh or what. I told her that hopefully I get to meet Lord Vader soon, because I have a lot of ideas about how I can help with his condition. I don't really know what his condition is, but it pays to act informed.

Therapy Diary Day 5
Meeting the Boss

Oh my freaking crap, I cannot believe my day today. Woof, where to begin.

I'm sitting in my cabin doing my morning crunches when I hear a knock. I open the hatch and Shelly is there looking a little bit flustered. She gets even more flustered when she sees I'm all sweaty and wearing my workout shorts. That girl is barking up the wrong tree fierce, but that's another story for another time.

It's a sausage fest in the navy, but there are exceptions.

Shelly tells me I have to get to Lord Vader's private chamber in the next fifteen minutes. I towel off, change into my PT clothes (which are a little more modest), and run over to Lord Vader's chamber. Just as I'm about to knock, the door opens and out come two stormtroopers dragging Ssteve. His tongue was flopping out of his mouth and his eyes were open and bloodshot. I think he was dead.

Needless to say, I'm a wee bit nervous when I walk in there. I had seen some pictures of Vader, but a picture can't capture how imposing the guy is. He is seven feet tall and walks around with these stiff arms and legs like a monster. So he's standing there when I walk in and he kind of halfway whirls on me with a flourish of that big black cape. By the way, I think it is so awesome that my boss wears a cape.

He has this wheezing respirator breathing that reminds me of what Ted told me about Grevious. Hopefully Vader is more than just a heart and some pieces of spine. I wouldn't even know where to begin if he's that bad.

"Ssteve has failed me for the last time," Vader says to me. "Pray that you don't make the same mistakes as him."

I ask Vader about Ssteve's mistakes, but Vader ignores me. He starts bellowing in that deep voice of his that he wants his physical therapy to commence immediately. I noticed that there are some ribbons lying on the floor near a bench and I realize what probably got Ssteve killed. He was a fool to suggest twirling to someone as stiff and ominous as Vader.

Vader starts in about commencing the workout, so I tell him to take off his boots and I start with some nerve massage on his feet. Ripe doesn't even begin to describe the way those tootsies smell, but the real kick in the face is Vader's skin. As I work my way up his calves and have him do some extensions I get the big picture. Vader looks like a cooked goose with extra crispy skin.

So I am about done with my massage and ready to move onto some stretching and low-impact stuff when I make my big mistake. I ask him if he's ever considered bacta treatments for his skin. Just like that I start choking, like someone is grabbing my throat but there is no hand there. Vader turns on me, at that point he's just wearing his helmet and a black diaper type thing, so he looks extra creepy.

"My master provides me with a cocktail of healing drugs," Vader booms, "I would die without them."

Shelly runs in and starts talking to Vader as he's choking me. Something about how hard it was to find a replacement to Ssteve and something about a guy named Piett. Vader stops choking me and I fall on the floor.

"I apologize," Vader says in a monotone, "it has been a very long day. Maybe some time in the therapeutic pool would be good."

I get up and nod to him. The rest of the workout goes off without a hitch. He does a good half hour in the wading pool, about ten minutes on the treadmill, and then I cool him down with some low-rep work on the weight machine.

Therapy Diary Day 15
Some Quick Observations

Only later did the extent of Vader's tantrums become clear.

Vader is crabby and one of the worst patients I have ever dealt with. If he stumbles or falls over then he throws a tantrum that involves throwing crap around the room with his mind and roaring in that robot voice of his. When one of his tantrums starts I just have to get out of the way and hope a barbell doesn't cave in my head.

When he's not having a fit because he can't do a full set on the leg machine he tends to talk about how he "senses" things. Lots of talk about sensing ships and people and enemies and presences. Always with the presences. He also seems to be pretty conflicted about his son. He keeps mentioning the kid, but I get the feeling he's not sure if he wants to reunite with him or chop him in half with that glowy sword thing of his.

Vader does have a great sense of humor for an evil overlord. He's a real practical joker. Yesterday when I was setting up a stationary bicycle for him I accidentally lost my grip on it and it fell over with a clatter. He roars like it's tantrum time and lifts me up off the ground with his mind. I just know I'm going to end up like Ssteve, but his yelling turns into this creepy HER HER HER laugh of his and he puts me back down.

The one thing I am really concerned about is his diet. He eats these bowls of broth and meat that he sort of slurps up through this thick straw that comes out of his mask. I asked him if he could take his mask off to eat and he said that he could if he was in his meditation chamber. I suggested he let me bring him some new foods to try and I really talked up the cleansing benefits of a raw food diet. I think it will do wonders for him and could probably lighten his mood.

He reluctantly agreed, so I am working with Shelly and the kitchen staff to put together a variety platter for him. If that works I think I'm going to try putting him on a full dietary cleanse. Maybe like a two week no-solids dealio with a colonic to finish things off. It's not really me field of expertise, but how hard can it be? Just stick a tube up there and pour in some water.

Therapy Diary Day 16
Another Outburst

More like his tantrum chamber.

That did not go well.

While Vader was off in the cockpit of the spaceship, or wherever he goes, I snuck into his room with a cart of food and started setting up his raw food meal in his mediation chamber. Not a lot of elbow room in there, but there are these little shelves just big enough for a plate. I went tapas style and picked out a lot of finger-foods so that he could try lots of different things.

I had all kinds of veg sticks, an almond pumpkin pate, some of these adorable little sprouted sunflower patties on no-bake pitas. I think they were pressed buckwheat. And they had a little drizzle of chipotle-infused olive oil and a wedge of pistachio cheese. Fresh fruits, some mint yogurt, my tummy was rumbling like crazy just looking at it.

Then Vader storms in and says, "What are you doing in my quarters?!"

RAR! Temper, temper, jeez-o-petes! I'm lucky I wasn't in your thirds!

I tell Vader that I have set up a banquet for him and he stalks over to the meditation chamber. He looks down at the food and then back at me. I think he is going to just smash it all off of there without tasting anything.

"Thank you," Vader says, "this is most surprising."

He sits down and, for the first time, I get to see his face. He looks kind of like an albino version of my guidance counselor from high school, only he's got all kinds of scars and machinery and stuff on his face. Vader picks up one of the sunflower patties and smells it, then takes a tentative bite. He chews and chews, looks over at me, and smiles and nods his head. I relax a fraction and that's when his expression turns angry.

"This is garbage!" He wheezes with rage. "I would not feed this to a prisoner."

Never try to do this guy a favor.

With the power of his mind he throws all of the food out of his chamber and against the wall. Then he stomps out and lifts me into the air and starts choking me. His eyes are burning with hatred.

"You have made your last mistake," Vader says.

"I did it," I manage to gasp, "because I...care."

His eyebrows go up and he drops me instantly.

"You're right," he says, "what have I become? You were just trying to do something nice for me and I...leave me now, my friend."

What. A. Drama Queen.

Therapy Diary Day 25
Lord Vader the Matchmaker

Vader was wheezing and struggling through a Pilates workout with me. He's probably not ready for that sort of thing, way too stiff, but he insisted on trying it out and I'm not going to stand in his way. Anyway, as he's working on his powerhouse he still manages to choke out some words.

"You know," he booms, "you should...get to know...Shelly better."

I'm like, "Oh, yeah?"

"Yes, she is an attractive human female and she desires your companionship."

"She told you that?" I ask.

"In so many...words...she did."

I tell him to start radiating the strength out from his chest and we start with the lower body.

"I hate to break it you," I say as I demonstrate the exercise, "but I am really not into her, if you-"

Vader stops mid-squat and holds up his hand to interrupt me.

"No more," he booms, "do not...tell me. We have a policy..."

Don't we all, Mr. Vader. I just tell him that I understand and that I'm not looking for any sort of love. Vader seems to accept that and we get back to the workout. But, oh man, that Shelly must have a case of the Xargos something terrible if she's getting Vader to set us up.

Maybe he just sensed her feeling using that Force thing he goes on and on about. Although, if that is the case, then I wonder how he didn't sense my reverse Force or whatever you call it.

Therapy Day 44
A Trip to Coruscant

It's the one thing he seems to like.

Vader had some big space battle to attend to above Coruscant, so I had a couple free hours to shuttle down and spend some money. I bought Vader a new sauna suit that I think might help him shed some of those extra pounds. I found some great kelp wraps for muscle pain from Mon Calamari that will be great for Vader's legs. Don't tell anyone in the navy, but I also found out that Mandalorians have all of the same equipment down south as us humans.

So I get back to the Executioner after the big space battle and Vader calls me in for a late-night cool down. He's pretty wound up from the battle so I give him a massage and suggest he spend most of his time in the wading pool. He agrees and starts in on a three-mile routine, which is really indicative of the progress we have made together. He was doing a mile at the most when I started with him.

I figure Vader will want to talk about the space battle, but all he wants to talk about is his kid.

"Xargos," he says, "someday I will rule the galaxy with my son."

I tell him that sounds like a good idea, but he's not even listening to me. He starts going on and on about wiping out the Jedis and bringing balance to the force. He even talks about all these people I've never heard of like Patty and Mace Wando. For all his monochromatic evil, Vader has one heck of a colorful history.

"I don't know what to do though," Vader gripes, "I want to reunite with my son, but I feel as if pursuing him will just cause him to rebel even more."

"Let him come to you," I suggest, barely paying attention at this point.

"Yes," Vader says, "yes. There is an opportunity, soon. The Rebel Alliance will..."

His voice trails off and he stops walking.

"Yes, on Endor," he almost sounds happy. "I will bring him to me."

"Sounds good to me," I say, thinking I might get a chance to go to visit some of my old college buddies.

Therapy Diary Day 60
Arrival at Endor

We finally showed up at Endor and all I can say is that I am majorly disappointed. There is some sort of big to-do going on here and I am not going to be allowed down onto the planet. Vader said he's leaving to go visit some sort of half-built giant space station they have orbiting Endor. That thing must have gone up in a hurry because I don't remember seeing it up in the sky.

It looks like crap, but word is it's fully operational.

Vader gave me the choice of staying on the Executive or going over to their big space station. Not really much of a choice, but at least the space station will give me some new faces and new places. Two months aboard the ISS Yawnsville is more than enough to make any boy a bit restless.

Vader seemed happy I was going with him and I guess I might get the chance to meet the Emperor. Besides, if there is some big space

battle again I'm sure I'll be safe aboard the space station. I don't want to end up like Alan.

I wrote that last one two days ago. Nothing much has happened since then. I did meet the Emperor, but he is just a crazy old meanie and I want nothing to do with him. When I told him that I was a big fan of his Empire's uniforms he just started cackling and shot some poor janitor with lightning. He's like a schizophrenic version of Vader. Take your freaking pills, honey.

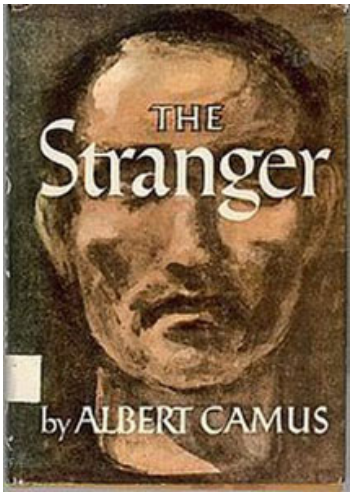
Still no space battle, but Vader said he thinks it's going to happen soon. He showed me where there was an observation area where I could watch it happen. I guess this place is called the "Death Star II." I wonder what happened to the "Death Star I?" Ah well, no biggie.

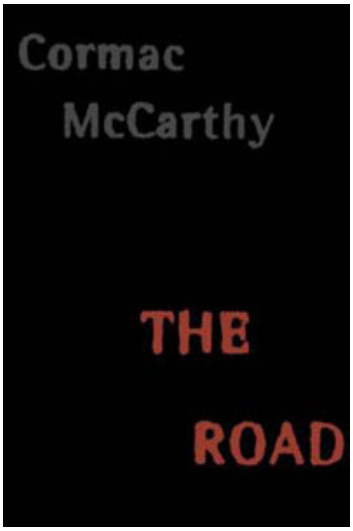
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.13 Progress

Saturday, Oct 13, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

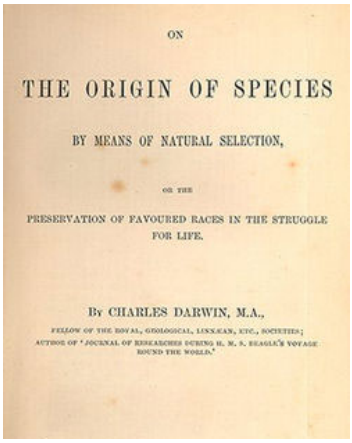
It's all too easy to take the wonders of this modern life for granted. We are blessed to live in such a magical time, and it's only right that we show our appreciation for the hard work of those who came before us by thinking about how far we've come every once in a while. Progress, this update's for you.


THE
Stranger
by ALBERT CAMUS


Cormac
McCarthy
THE
ROAD

Brian Kopp's
1 - 70
Alliance Leveling Guide
Guide to Leveling
in the World of Warcraft
1 - 70 Alliance Leveling Guide

Science



ON

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

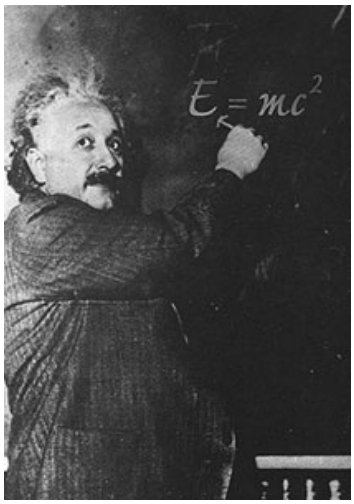
BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION,

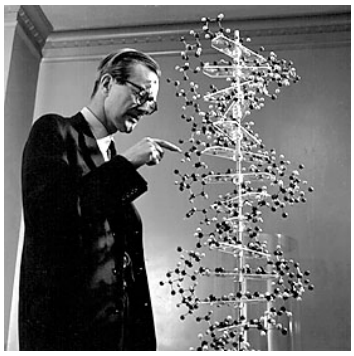
OR THE

PRESERVATION OF FAVOURED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A.,

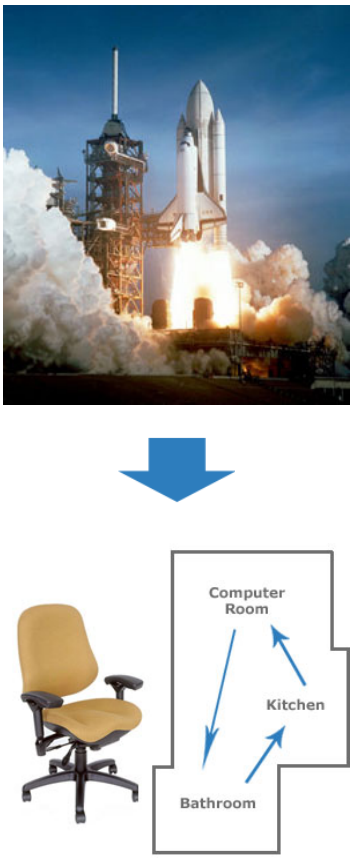
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL, GEOLOGICAL, LINNÆAN, ETC., SOCIETIES;
AUTHOR OF 'JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES DURING H. M. S. BEAGLE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.'


$E = mc^2$



secrets behind the perfect cup
Six-Year Study Finds Married Men Who Eat Pork More Likely To Snore
Washington, DC - The world's top scientists have published

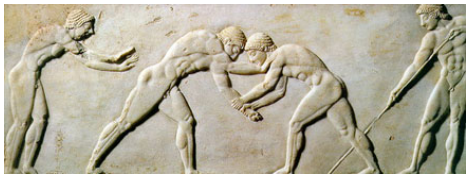
Transportation


Computer
Room
Kitchen
Bathroom

Art

A MAP OF YOUR EYES, BECAUSE I OFTEN CATCH MYSELF GETTING LOST IN THEM...

Sports



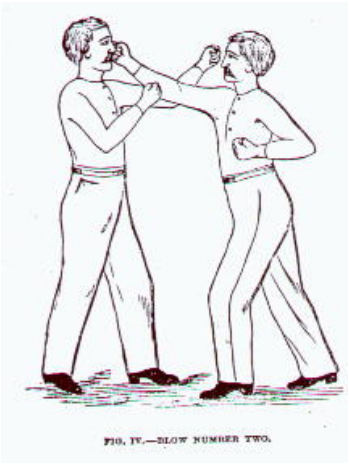
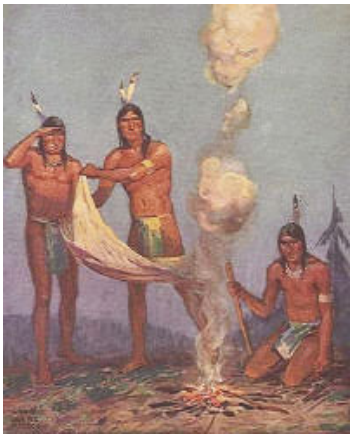


FIG. IV.—BLOW NUMBER TWO.

Communication



Kate Byers
hi2u! jst fnd out dad iz ded
frm <3 attck r smthing.
omg hes gon 4ever :(:(:(
ttyl, movie is strting
Send
Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M
.?123
space
return

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.14 SomethingAwful's Voting Guide: The Republicans

Sunday, Oct 14, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Two weeks ago, I worked off some of my community service hours by making fun of Democrats. Now it's time for me to consider the Republicans. If you want the short version, they're a bunch of unattractive white men who all agree on pretty much every issue, and also Ron Paul's a nutcase. Here's the long version:

John McCain

Stats:

Current job: Senator/The grumpy grandpa you're embarrassed to have your friends around

Tongue length: 2"

Things that are older than him: God, the Earth (unconfirmed), possibly Madonna now.

Reasons to vote for John McCain:

- If Fred Thompson is "the cute one" and Ron Paul is "the smart one", then John McCain is the one who uses the word gook and makes jokes about the IEDs currently being used against American troops in Iraq.
- He has resisted any advancement by those looking to buy his support, even refusing to endorse the Hilton Corporation despite a lengthy complimentary stay he received in one of their hotels.
- He has promised to keep America safe through his personal collection of lucky charms, including his lucky compass, his lucky feather, his lucky penny, his lucky rock, his lucky dentures, his lucky copy of "Who Moved My Cheese", and his lucky bit of lint that he found stuck to his shirt this morning. No, really.
- He once rode a giant dog through my house and everywhere he pointed a tree grew. Or maybe that was a dream I had.

Rudy Giuliani

Stats:

Current job: Former-mayor/Mr. September 11th.

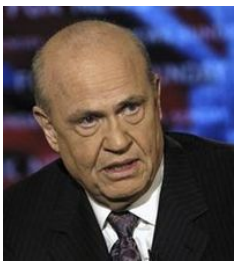
Favorite tie color: Red

How "rock-n-roll" is he on a scale of 1-10: 2

Reasons to vote for Rudy Giuliani:

- He strongly supports the right to he happened to be mayor during September 11th.
- Were you aware, by any chance, that he 9/11?

- He was directly responsible for the death of over 5,000 American citizens when he collaborated with the CIA and the Jews in the planned demolition of the Twin Towers.
- He got his picture taken a lot while standing next to the site of the worst Jewish attack on U.S. soil since Pearl Harbor.
- Jews are behind all wars, taxes, and that lousy vanilla sheet cake that no one likes but everyone buys for birthday parties. Take off your mental yarmulke and see the truth! And also vote "Rude" Rudy Giuliani.



Fred Thompson

Stats:

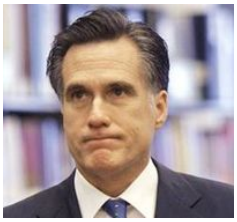
Current job: Actor/That guy from Law & Order who's running for president.

Biggest fear: Waking up one day very small and having to fight for his life against ants

His nose is: Really big.

Reasons to vote for Fred Thompson:

- His wife is over twenty years younger than him, so he definitely knows how to appeal to the youth demographic. Also, she's pretty hot, so he knows how to appeal to the hot chick demographic.
- He appeared in one episode of Sex and the City as "Politician on TV". I think this record of political involvement speaks for itself.
- He has been the target of protest from Muslim groups claiming that his chest hair resembles a sacrilegious depiction of the Prophet Mohammed. He responded by allowing two respected Imams to wax his chest live on Al-Jazeera.



Mitt Romney

Stats:

Current job: Unemployed/The Mormon guy

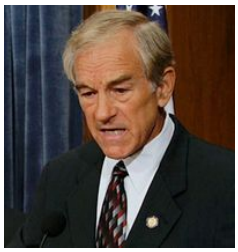
Favorite Beatle: George

What kind of name is Mitt: It's a pretty funny name.

Reasons to vote for Mitt Romney:

- He has shown himself to be flexible and thoughtful on the issues by reversing his long-held stances on abortion and gay rights the moment he entered the presidential race.
- He responded to South Park's satirical take on the Mormon religion by driving by co-creator Matt Stone's house at three in the morning and honking his horn a bunch of times.

- He has been a long-standing supporter of using U.S. made products, most recently by publicly declaring that the American Office is better than the UK Office, and that Steve Carell is way funnier than that fat British guy, what's-his-name.



Ron Paul

Stats:

Current job: Congressman/Ross Perot 2: Why Do These Guys Always Have Big Ears?

Cows have: 4 stomachs

Number of Google results for "'Ron Paul' 'fucking lunatic'": 327

Reasons to vote for Ron Paul:

- He is so committed to a gold standard for currency that he compulsively salivates and becomes painfully erect in the presence of gold.

- He has never voted for any bill that spends taxpayer money, that asks taxpayers for money, that contains the word "money", or that contains any combination of the letters "m" "o" "n" "e" or "y".

- He uncontrollably throws up at the sight of the government spending money and has certainly never lived off a monthly check paid by the taxpayers.

- He is so committed to American sovereignty that he has twice sponsored a bill requiring all school-children be taught about Freddy the Free-trade Dragon, a friendly dragon that patrols U.S. borders and eats anyone who attempts to leave or enter the country, and also anyone who joins international diplomacy organizations, and also anyone who can spell the name of any country that needs more letters than U, S, and A.

- Close your eyes and picture that crazy home-schooled kid who lived next door and your mom made you invite him to your birthday party and he started crying when your mom put on Power Rangers because he didn't want God to hate him for being near the devil's box. Now picture that kid's dad. Now imagine that kid's dad had like a billion YouTube videos about him. Ok, now that you're already thinking about Ron Paul, you might as well vote for him.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.15 The Epicurean Dilettante

Monday, Oct 15, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Epicurean Dilettante
95 Au oz. Worldwide
Fall Vacation Special
Forget your lack of troubles in
7 of the world's finest relaxation spots
Dead Sea Scrolls Fragment
FREE with purchase!
PLUS:
Our search for waters worth drinking
A Gourmand's guide to meals the peasants cannot even dream exist
Part 2 of our look at Eastern European sex slaves in "Such a Thing as Too Many?"
Paul G. Allen's
20 Celebs
you can get away with killing and eating

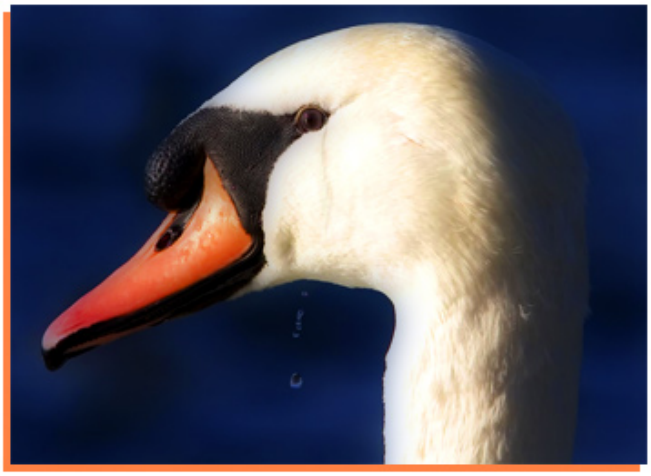
The Epicurean Dilettante
Wine & Spirits

nderground vaulted vineyard!?

arlsbad Vineyards
loor grapes, because we can.

omb Merlot 94, winner of the 2006 Tombeau d'Or
it in our winery and enjoy our millions of bats.

She's 14.
She's a Senator's daughter.
She just took an overdose of X.
She's available now...
timate Taboo
Fantasy Escorts
1-888-4BIDN4U
Rates start at US 900000 per hour



Three New Waters Worth More Than a Swim

By Angstrom Chestermix

Water, water everywhere but until now finding some worth drinking was nearly impossible. Three ambitious new waters are seeking to change our way of thinking about H20.

CrystalPūr from SNs Potables promises their quality water is thanks to a quality source.

"Our water is bottled at the source," explains SNs CEO Luff Gaaafulsson. "That source is the SNs glacier that broke free from the polar ice shelf in 1998. Over 9 years it has drifted south to the tropics. We chose it because of purity, but also because it is the warmest glacier on earth. It is a very comfortable temperature."

Out20 producer Body Juice has an even more exotic source: us. According to a release from Body Juice, only "the most radiant, beautiful, healthful, and willing givers" will be sharing their talents. The process of distilling the water is a closely guarded secret.

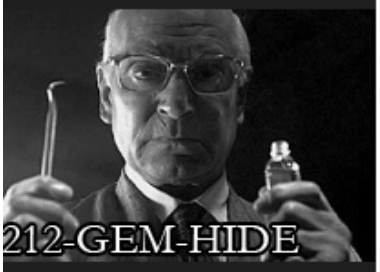
Finally, Swanson will be saddening swans for Lacryma. As the birds despair over bad memories and anguish over lost love, their delicious tears will be caught and saved by Mexican children. ■

The Epicurean Dilettante

Transport

A SWIMMING POOL?
YOUR HELICOPTER?
YES!

nsform hellish helicommutes
rom penthouse to yacht
relaxing pools & spas from
Sikorsky Helipools
1-888-SKYPOOL

"Is it safe? Is it safe?"

212-GEM-HIDE
!" Szell Gemstone Safes
ne safe from Szell can conceal
d protect gem hordes of any
om a clutch of blood diamonds
vault of bejeweled crowns.

Rheinmetall-Krupp 'Arkangel' New Standard in Luxury Auto

By Harvard Buckwald

A wail goes up from the castle at Hursenborg in the Ruhr, a throaty dragonine cry the likes of which has not been heard here since 1945. It's no fire-breathing serpent, it's the new Rheinmetall-Krupp Arkangel letting loose on a strip of pavement.

The Arkangel is the latest from R-K Luxuriwerken. This priceless automobile is being constructeded in a limited series of seven. Early-buyers take notice, the first four have been sold to Saudi Prince Fussil months in advance. Fussil plans to drive one, encase one in Lucite, bury one in the desert and destroy the last with diamond saws.

The Arkangel is the apex of Teutonic automotive engineering. Its 6400 hp hex-block turbine can propel all 84 tons of luxury at speeds up to 2300 kph (210 mph). Its whale bone interior comfortably seats five, not including the full-time martini mixologist.

R-K's von Mannerheim knew the vehicle would be something special from the outset.

"Ja, this is why we designed and built it at Hursenborg castle. The History und the many whale skeletons."

Arkangel will retail for 6.8 million euro.

The
Epicurean Dilettante
Finest Dining

xury Island Available

78 acres
bedroom/5 bath villa
cated in international waters
re-stocked with Most Dangerous
ame
ncludes tiny majordomo
moreau realty
800-NOSCAPE

LYWOOD MODEL SEARCH

hether she staggered out of
hotel at 4 AM high on opium
ne ran off with your gardener
MODEL HUNTERS, Inc.
locate & capture your model.

(continued from page 23)
can even taste its soul.

Meanwhile, chef and food-engineer Bartelomo Engracias of *Fresca de Nudo* in Barcelona has perfected the fine dining experience. His restaurant is open only one day each year, a day that is randomly chosen without notification.

If you are lucky enough or connected enough to get in you will be treated to some of Engracias' whimsical culinary concoctions. Try the breaded air in ghost milk bechemel or the buttoned white tiger medallions for a starter.

The brave might be interested in Engracias' *Turto de Angre*. It's an Amazonian snapping turtle broiled so briefly that, though cooked, the animal is still alive and violently unhappy.

Engracias' playful side can be found in his signature dish: *lobster a la diadem*. The succulent flesh of a steamed lobster is fed to a pig used to seek out truffles. These are used as the based of a faux fois gras that is stuffed into the lobster shell. The lobster is nestled in a bed of 800 diamonds and a tiny hat is added to taste.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Tuesday, Oct 16, 2007 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your first visit to an information kiosk. Previous updates are available in archived format!

**** Previous Updates - Archives for the following dates are available:

04-02-2304 - 04-04-2304 [Command Queue Logs].

03-01-2304 - 03-11-2304 [Complaint Queue Logs].

07-15-2301 - 08-07-2301.

05-15-2301 - 07-14-2301.

03-12-2295 - 09-20-2295.

06-05-2293 - 11-02-2293.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars.

Please read each update in full.

***04-07-2304 - New Entry**

Good news, residents!

Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz has returned from his vacation on Io, where he enjoyed six days of being pampered by the beautiful male care attendants manning the volcanic moon's most luxurious resort, the Tvashtar Grand.

The DynaMars Corporation regrets that it forgot to inform all Ares Station Residents that its commanding officer would be going on vacation and that it forgot to appoint a deputy in his stead.

Due to the large amount of damage incurred by residents in the past six days, the DynaMars Corporation is exercising its right to cut all salaries by 20%. The DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to all Ares Station residents for the unfortunate interruption in leadership, but reiterates that such events do not warrant the abuse or murder of valuable equipment, such as intercoms, computers, personnel, barrels, or valuable scientific specimens.

An emergency shipment of Shasta Cola has also arrived. Beverage supplies should now be fully adequate for the next three weeks, negating the need for any further disobedience. The DynaMars Corporation has also facilitated the delivery of 45 additional residents to help make up for the recent wave of mass murders, riots, suicides, and disappearances.

A new day is dawning on Mars! Look up and smile!

*****04-08-2304 - New Entry**

DynaMars CEO Davies has arrived and is looking forward to auditing all personnel in hopes of establishing a timeline of events and comprehensive list of conduct violations and criminal actions committed immediately before and during the disastrous Interstellar Scrabble Tournament. The DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that CEO Davies has been verified as being fully human, and should be treated as such.

Having learned his lesson, Chief Security Officer Mackey was released from the closet he was imprisoned in after his violent uprising. He has been ordered by the DynaMars Corporation to write apology e-mails to the families and friends of his victims.

In the event that one of your friends or family members died at the hands of Chief Security Officer Mackey during his reign of terror, the DynaMars Corporation would like you to accept his apology by no later than 04-10-2304 to ensure minimal work interruptions and a friendly, synergistic environment.

*****04-09-2304 - New Entry**

Chief Crate Inspector Peterson reports that crate #4728-231A shows signs of tampering due to a broken seal and missing contents. Because an EMP was detonated when he was entering the data into his computer, he is unable to find any records pertaining to the nature of #4728-231A's contents. #4728-231A is due to be shipped to Europa on 04-14-2304. If the contents are returned within one day, no questions will be asked and no effort will be made by any station personnel or the DynaMars Corporation to prosecute. The DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all residents that doing the right thing benefits everyone. We're all one big Martian Family here!

*****04-10-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all residents that leaving audio diaries lying around is dangerous and against company protocol. This is especially true of audio diaries containing proprietary information and security codes. If one of your audio diaries is found, you will be subject to severe disciplinary actions. If you find an audio diary that does not belong to you, DO NOT LISTEN TO IT. In addition to trade secrets, it may contain someone's innermost thoughts, secrets, and ambitions. Deliver it to Ares Station Area 5 Lost and Found at once!

Ares Station Resident #277 was found mauled to death in Area 2 Atmospheric Processing. If you or someone you know fatally mauled #277, the DynaMars Corporation requests that you please come forward immediately.

Funeral services for #277 will be held tomorrow at 0800 hours, after which he will be ceremoniously croutonized in keeping with his religious traditions.

*****04-11-2304 - New Entry**

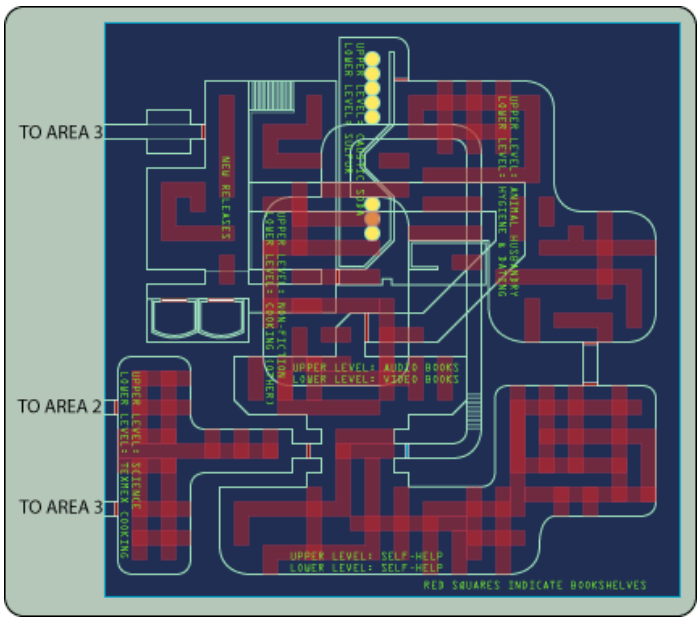
EMERGENCY UPDATE!

Attention all Ares Station Residents: A strange bug is loose on the station and no one is safe!

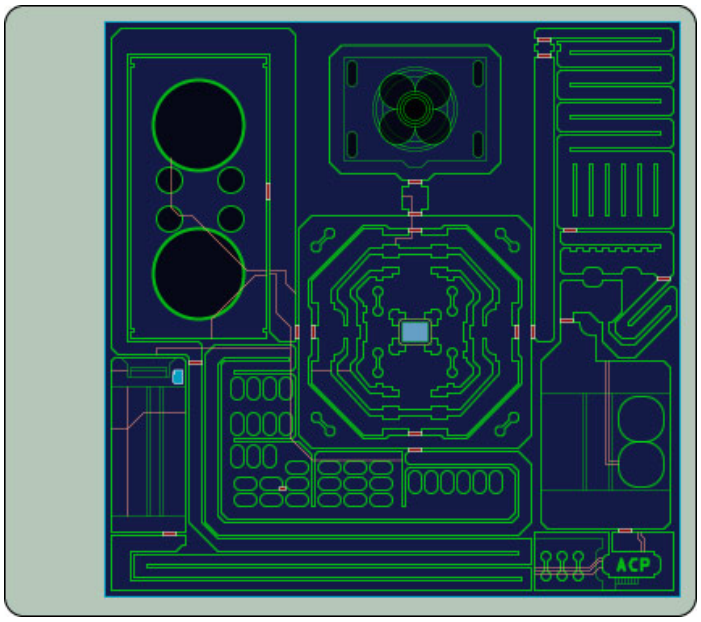
It is known by researchers as the "Acting Bug" and is extremely contagious. If it has bitten you, please report to the Area 3 Library at 1900 on 04-13-2304 where auditions for Hamlet will be taking place. Kick back and have a little fun! You've earned it, citizen!

The DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce that E.M. Arbuckle will be staging a book signing in the Area 3 Library Non-Fiction Section. Arbuckle, author of the new book *Sins of Our Solar Republic*, is looking forward to signing his name on your copy and answering any questions you might have about our Solar Republic and its sins. Be sure to visit the Area 3 Library Non-Fiction Section on 04-19-2304. Arbuckle will be standing by all day to accommodate as many personnel as possible.

Due to complaints that the library is difficult to navigate, please refer to this map:



In order to access the non-fiction section, you may need to acquire the blue keycard from Chief Librarian Hendren, who was last seen in the Auxiliary Waste Processing Center some 2,000 feet below the Area 7 Biosphere, where he was observed screaming profanities at shadows. Here is a map of the Auxiliary Waste Processing Center, with the presumed location of Chief Librarian Hendren.



*****04-12-2304 - New Entry**

EMERGENCY UPDATE!

Attention all Ares Station Residents: A strange bug is loose on the station and no one is safe!

Chief Science Officer Thorpe has identified the insects as "deathmites," a virulent insect known to burrow under the skin and deposit millions of microscopic eggs in the lungs, which are then spread to others through the air by way of coughing. If you find yourself fatigued, stressed, coughing, bleeding profusely from every orifice, or choking, please report to Quantum Labs immediately.

*****04-13-2304 - New Entry**

EMERGENCY UPDATE!

The DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform all residents that the planned production of Hamlet has been cancelled due to an unexpected series of killings. Chief Security Officer Mackey reports that a large polar bear somehow found its way into the Area 3 Library, where it used the scheduled Hamlet auditions as an excuse to maul and maim as many humans is it could before it was shoed away by a Mobile Defense Sentry Unit.

The DynaMars Corporation reminds all residents that these things happen, and that there will be future plays to look forward to. In the meantime, please be vigilant and remain attentive to all duties.

Good News! Chief Science Officer Thorpe admitted that there is no deathmite infestation in Ares Station! Chief Science Officer Thorpe and his fellow scientists, lonely and seeking human contact, falsely reported the outbreak in order to get more visitors. The DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to all residents. As a result of this prank, Quantum Labs will have its funding cut by 30%.

The DynaMars Corporation wishes to inform all parties searching for Chief Librarian Hendren that

the Auxiliary Waste Processing Center's Atmospheric Control Processor is malfunctioning. As a result, the atmosphere in the Auxiliary Waste Processing Center is extremely toxic. A replacement unit can be found in the Area 1 Cargo Bay in Shipping Crate #4728-231C.

*****04-14-2304 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that Shipping Crate #4728-231C contained a live polar bear. The DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to all those killed by the ravenous bear. The correct crate number is #4728-231B.

The DynaMars Corporation would also like to alert all residents that as many as two polar bears may be loose on the station. Having been awoken prematurely from cryosleep, both are hungry, angry, and very likely resentful of human beings. If you see one you are hereby ordered to subdue it immediately using only non-lethal force.

*****04-15-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform all residents that CEO Davies has disappeared. After missing several scheduled conference calls and audits, a station-wide search was initiated. The DynaMars Corporation is insisting that all Ares Station residents do their part in help find CEO Davies so that he can continue with his audits and criminal investigation.

*****04-16-2304 - New Entry**

An audio diary belonging to CEO Davies was found near the entrance to the ancient caves. It is currently undergoing analysis by the DynaMars Corporation's Board of Directors, and will hopefully lead to the quick recovery of CEO Davies.

Good News! The Area 7 Biosphere Reflecting Pond has been reopened! If you are one of the crewmembers sealed in the Area 7 Biosphere, please feel free to make use of it for all your reflecting needs! The DynaMars Corporation wishes to offer its sincere congratulations to Chief Landscaping Officer Wilson for his fine work getting the Area 7 Biosphere back to working order.

*****04-17-2304 - New Entry**

Chief Security Officer Mackey and Chief Archeologist Bailey conducted a survey of the ancient caves, but did not recover CEO Davies. They did find several aged casks of scotch, various animal skeletons, and more audio diaries belonging to CEO Davies. The DynaMars Corporation is currently analyzing the audio diaries for further intelligence.

*****04-18-2304 - New Entry**

Congratulations to the team that successfully recovered the blue keycard necessary to access the Area 3 Library Non-Fiction Section. Although they lost five men recovering the keycard, they persevered like true fans of literature! They even recovered Chief Librarian Hendren, so mad and insane from toxic fumes that he has taken to eating his own hair and feces. Good job, team!

However, the DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform residents that E.M. Arbuckle was killed when his ship crashed into Phobos. The book signing is therefore cancelled.

*****04-19-2304 - New Entry**

Area 3 is now completely offline due to gross misconduct on the part of Chief Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician Boruff. Chief Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician Boruff exceeded his authority and attempted to use Level 3 Baconization Protocols on bacon. The result created a paradox that rippled throughout the whole of Area 3, creating massive shockwaves, explosions, decompressions, and anomalies unexplainable by current science.

Chief Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician Boruff, who now paradoxically exists as both man and man-shaped lump of bacon simultaneously, has been terminated from his position and is being re-assigned as Chief Shipyard Officer.

*****04-20-2304 - New Entry**

Good news! Commanding Officer Paskiewicz has come up with a plan to catch the missing polar bears. At 2100 hours, oxygen levels will drop to 50% and the temperature will decrease to 28 degrees. This should, in theory, cause the bears to begin hibernating, making them extremely easy to cram back into crates.

Residents are advised to bundle up and breathe sparingly!

*****04-21-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to all Ares Station Residents for agreeing with Commanding Officer Paskiewicz's plan. While it sounded good in theory, it succeeded only in giving the bears a home court advantage. As a result, they easily mauled and killed some 42 crewmembers, weak, tired, cold, and barely coherent enough to understand what was happening to them.

Due to the disaster in Area 3, the fallen crewmembers will not be baconized and instead will be cremated.

The good news is that the bears, well fed and satisfied, returned to their storage crates to begin hibernation. They will be shipped to Europa promptly.

The DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce oxygen levels and temperature will be returning

to normal. In honor of these dearly departed Ares Station family members, Shasta Cola rations have been increased and all residents are invited to enjoy a memorial meal in the Area 6 Auxiliary Dining Hall, currently overseen by the newly reassigned Chief Chef Hendren.

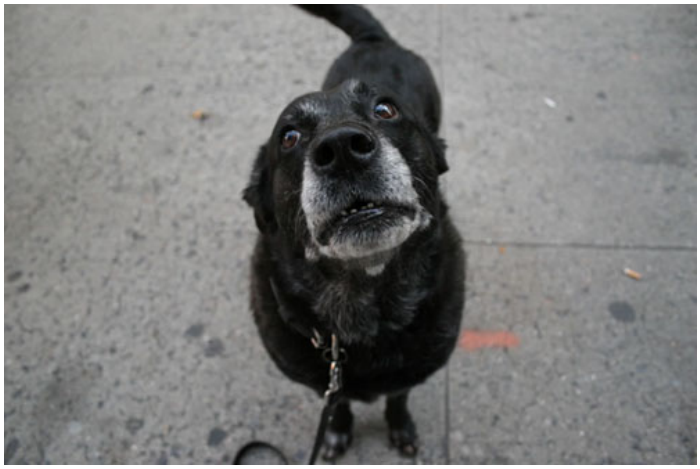
Following review of his last recovered audio diary, the DynaMars Corporation is now calling off the search for CEO Davies. As to what strange presence called out to him and led him deeper and deeper into the black heart of Mars itself, we are not at liberty to reveal due to our policy against sharing other people's innermost secrets and desires.

The DynaMars Corporation is therefore concluding all Ares Station employee audits. We hope this gesture of goodwill and the great many recent successes will inspire residents to continue working hard to make Ares Station the finest colony on Mars! The future of the Red Planet is in your hands, brave citizens! The DynaMars Corporation salutes you!

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

10.17 The Dog I Like

Wednesday, Oct 17, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



September 12th

I saw the dog I like today. I was hanging around on 14th Street, just taking a walk, and I saw it across the street. It was standing next to a bush in front of the church (I don't think the dog is religious... it doesn't seem religious, anyway) and looking alert and sniffing the wind. Suddenly it pricked up its ears and looked down the block, and a guy was walking his little dog toward the dog I like. It ran up to see the little dog, and the guy patted it on the head and ruffled its ears a little bit while it sniffed his stupid dog.

Why is it so easy for a guy like that? Maybe it's because he already has a dog, so he's not so shy and nervous around other dogs. He doesn't feel like he has to impress them. I was a little concerned that the doggie might consider it rude, but it didn't seem to mind that much. It completely ruined my opportunity to go say hi, because that other guy was already petting the dog and I would just seem sort of pathetic if I went up and stood there like I was waiting my turn, so I just left.

I went back later to see if the dog was still there, but it had left already.

September 17th

The more I think about it, I really think I'd be a good friend to that dog. I can throw a stick just fine, and I swear to god that I'd play fetch with it every single day until we were tired. I'm not rich, but I can afford dog food and treats, and I could probably even give it some people food once in a while on special days.

I've looked around for that dog, because next time I see it I will definitely go up and pet it.

September 20th

I saw that dog I like again. It had its leash in its mouth and its ears pressed back, and it was trotting down 14th Street, stopping once in a while to smell plants and buildings. I was across the street, and I really wanted to go up and pet the dog and tell it how I felt, but it was like I was paralyzed. What should I say? Should I try to play it cool and just whistle and hold my hand out to smell, or should I tell the truth?

"I really want to be your friend, doggie, and I want to take you home and brush you and feed you doggie treats and run around the yard for the rest of my life.

But doggie wouldn't understand, and I'd just look silly. So I just stood there, like always, watching the dog disappear under a fence, not knowing what to say.

September 26th

I know a lot of you are thinking "what's so special about this dog that you'd be so nervous around it?"

If you looked into the doggie's eyes, you'd know. It has the most soulful eyes, and it always seems a little bit sad, like it needs someone to pick up its front paws and walk it around like dancing.

I also like how doggie seems so independent. It sometimes wears a leash, but it always carries the leash in its own mouth, like it's its own dog. Sometimes I think that maybe it goes home to its own apartment at night, and lives there alone and pays the rent by carrying the money to the landlord in its mouth. It looks so smart and sweet but with a hint of sadness, and whenever I see it walking alone I think maybe I could fall into step beside it and we could walk together, and then we could go home to the dog's little apartment and I'd help it reach doggie treats off the shelves because the dog is too small.

I just feel like I will never be happy unless I can find the strength to talk to this dog.

September 30th

I almost talked to the dog I like today. I was hanging around 14th Street like I often do, and suddenly I saw the dog walk out from behind a planter box, and I broke out into a cold sweat. I'd spent the last hour rehearsing for this, but now that the dog was there in front of me, what could I do?

I took a deep breath and marched up to the dog, and I was so close to just holding my hand out to sniff, but then something just froze up inside me and I couldn't. The dog just stared at me for a minute with its beautiful little face and then trotted off in search of a smell.

Why am I so shy around this dog? I've talked to a million dogs, given them pats and biscuits, but this dog is different and I need everything to be perfect. What am I afraid of? Can a dog reject a person? Not in my experience.

October 5th

I wonder what that dog is doing now. Sometimes I think about the dog and wonder if it needs walkies. Today at school I caught myself whistling and jingling my keys in my pocket a little bit,

kind of daydreaming that maybe the dog I like would run up and be all happy and ready for walkies.

I told my friend about the dog I like, but he didn't seem to understand how important it was. I told him I was too shy to pet the dog, and he said "it's just a dog," which in a way is true, but also he just doesn't know how it feels. He told me that maybe I'm just shy, and I'll grow out of it when I'm older. That could be years, though. What if the dog is dead by then, and I've missed my chance?

October 7th

I was in the car today, coming home from the grocery store with my dad, and we drove past that fence on 14th Street that I spend so many afternoons watching. I felt like my heart was going to stop if I saw the dog I like, so I tried to keep my eyes closed as we went past. But we reached a stop light and I opened my eyes, and there it was.

I told my dad to stop, and he asked why, and I told him I had to watch this dog for a minute. He was like, "you want to look at a damn dog? There's a hundred dogs on our block," and it was all I could do to get the words out: "not like this dog, dad."

So he pulled the car over and he was like "fine, go pet your dog, but make it quick," and I just said "no, no, no, keep driving, the dog will see!"

October 13th

I saw that dog again. It looked so happy! It was playing with another dog, and they were frolicking around and fighting over a Frisbee. I don't know whose Frisbee it was, but I like to think that the dog I like brought it from its apartment.

I felt a little bit jealous that somebody else was playing with my favorite dog, but then I felt guilty. Do I really want the dog to be sad just because I'm not the one making it happy? If I really cared about the dog, wouldn't I want it to be happy no matter what? I think I'm just angry at myself that I still haven't told the dog how I feel.

After they had played for a while, the dog I like pooped, and it seemed a little bit undignified, but at the same time it made me feel closer to it.

October 17th

I promised myself that I'd talk to the dog I like today, or else I'd never go to 14th Street again. I took a doggie biscuit and walked to my usual spot by the church. To my surprise, the dog was already there, like it was waiting for me. We locked eyes, and the dog I like slowly approached me.

It was all I could do to stammer "hi, doggie..." and hold out the treat. The dog took the biscuit gingerly from my hands with its little front teeth and gently set it down at my feet.

"Harf," it said, and trotted briskly away. I knew that it was over.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.18 Success is Always Having to Say You're Sorry

Thursday, Oct 18, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Generic royalty-free photos of people working can make your generic royalty-free article seem magical. Also nobody reads this stuff unless there are pictures.

I have three jobs. There's my day job, writing for SA, and that job I do under the table for extra money. I literally do that job under a table. Look, I don't want to talk about it, okay? The point is that I've done some really bad stuff during the course of my various professions, from causing accidents to chronically coming in late to not swallowing.

I've never once apologized or shown any remorse for my actions, and I've paid dearly for this. My yearly earnings keep me well under the poverty line, the poverty line for Uzbekistan that is. I'm in a rut, working dead-end go-nowhere jobs with very few prospects for a future. I've tried working harder, working smarter, and working more hours, or at least I've thought about trying all those things.

One day I decided that enough was enough and decided to stop whining and start doing something about my life and prepared a noose. Before I would attempt to kill myself I decided to take a look at CNN to see what kind of antics that wacky O.J. was up to. It was then that I came across an article that would change everything.

> When researchers queried 7,590 Americans, both male and female, they discovered that people who are more willing to say "I'm sorry" make more money than people who rarely or never apologize.
>
> People earning over $100,000 a year are almost twice as likely to apologize after an argument or mistake as those earning $25,000 or less, the survey found.

Once again a study proves what we've known all along, that rich people are just plain better than poor people. It's no surprise that the rich know when to say you're sorry and let something go. Even if they're completely in the right and apologize, they can always get their revenge and stab that person in the back later on. After all, that's how they became rich in the first place!

After the CNN article dropped working stiffs started getting into the repentance spirit. At my job, every schmo is apologizing for fun and profit. John from receivables apologized to the boss for submitting his weekly report late and got a 10% raise. Carl in sales apologized to the entire office for eating the last cupcake from the kitchen area and now he has a corner office and is pulling down 100K a year.

The Something Awful staff. It's time to show these guys how sorry I am.

Bill from accounting apologized to Jim in payroll for raping his daughter and received a 20 million dollar a year contract to pick his butt and eat his boogers all day! It seems like everywhere you look these days everybody is getting rich off remorse.

It's about time I get in on this scam. I want to apologize to my fellow writers and most importantly, my boss Lowtax, for all of my transgressions over the years. Luckily for me, there are a lot of them. After pouring my heart out I should be the richest man in the world.

> To my fellow employees and the children Lowtax exploits for cheap labor, I want to say I'm sorry.
>
> Lowtax, I am sorry for coming back from overseas with a Korean woman instead of a Chinese one. I know you told me it was okay, that a Korean wife would do, but your eyes told me something different. Someday Lowtax, someday...
>
> If it's any consolation, when the guy offered me a Vietnamese wife I told them my boss thought that coward Lyndon Johnson should have nuked Vietnam when he had the chance then I threw gasoline in his face and set him on fire, just like you told me to.

Zack Parsons, I apologize for breaking your extremely rare limited edition Hitler's preserved brain. I knew how much you wanted to merge history's most evil dictator's brain with your own to learn his secrets of world domination and rule the planet. If anyone could murder more Jews, Gypsies, and homosexuals than Hitler, I'm confident it'd be you. I hope you find another Hitler's brain on eBay and make your dreams of a Europe unified under Germany come true.

Livestock, I apologize for having an affair with Moof, your life partner of 27 years. While some of the blame rests with him, I admit I seduced him with my Middle Eastern wiles that are impossible to resist. It's time for our readers to know why the Moof chatlogs have stopped. It was me that caused your fairy tale romance to break up. Is there anything I could do to make you forgive me short of threats and harassment? Let me know.

To Dr. David Thorpe, I apologize for exposing to the media that you are not a real doctor. Sure, they told me that nobody gives a damn who Dr. David Thorpe is or who I am and had the police come and arrest me, but that didn't make it right. I am truly sorry.

Here's DocEvil and I going over an update together. Just kidding, I've never talked to these people in my life!

To Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, I will never apologize to *you*. I don't care what the CNN web site says, you're a morally bankrupt, evil man. I take pity on you for everything you've done in life. I know this is supposed to be a funny web site and this update has been one big joke until now, but I cannot joke about what you've done. LEAVE CORIN TUCKER ALONE YOU FREAK!

DocEvil, what I did, I did because of alcohol and anger. I also apologize for not thinking of anything better to say for your part and stealing a line from The Simpsons. It's not a rip off, it's an homage!

To Ian "Salmon Season" Golding, I have never met you, but I hope to someday wrong you in horrific ways so I may apologize to you and climb the corporate ladder. By the way, is your grandmother still alive? Oh, no reason.

To Maxnmona, I apologize for informing you that Grim Fandango was grossly overrated and that adventure games are pretty much all boring which is why Tim Schafer made Psychonauts a platformer because he wanted to make money and if he made it an old school adventure game he would be eating a rat he killed with his shoe in a boxcar right now. While I still feel that way, I didn't have to jam you in the eye with a red hot poker while I said it. For that I am sorry.

To BobServo, I want you to know that I didn't really mean it when I said I would murder you in your sleep and take the Thursday update spot as my own. Letting my anger about sharing Thursdays with you fester within me until it exploded in a furious display on your front lawn is *my* problem, not yours.

I apologize for exposing you, your wife, and your children to my rage. I understand now that I shouldn't have dressed up in a Donald Duck costume while I did it, scaring your son by making him watch a strange man scream at his father while drunkenly waving around a golf club while dressed up as his favorite cartoon character. I hope you can explain to your son someday that Donald doesn't really think the Jews started all the wars. Sorry about that one old friend.

To P. B. Fouke, I don't have to apologize to you because you're a fictional character that Livestock created with his mind. But I'm going to apologize anyway, because I'm going to be rich someday, and rich people apologize even when they don't have to according to some stupid study I found on CNN in a futile attempt to find a topic to write about.

A common CPR class. The students are debating which one of them should have to practice with the old bag.

To the children Lowtax exploits for cheap labor, I want to apologize for caving in that tunnel you guys were digging to freedom. I know how much that freedom must've meant to you. I also apologize for helping Lowtax whip you for attempting to escape in the first place. Finally, I apologize for teasing you with the riches Lowtax awarded me with for stopping your escape. I feel your pain. Working in Shmorky's closet tweening his Flash animations for dog food rations must be a hard life.

Wow, what a premise for an update! I don't know how I do it. With all these apologies I'm sure to hit the big time. All there is to do now is wait for the money train to come rolling in. Not that there's any work to be done or anything.

Dear God I hope CNN is right, or it's back to hooking for me.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.19 Instruction for a Fruit

Friday, Oct 19, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

Congratulation! You have a fruit!

A fruit is not ready currently. You must prepare a fruit. The color of a fruit is green. The color of a fruit to taste great and put inside your body is red.

A fruit when green is furious.

You propose that? Not a good idea!

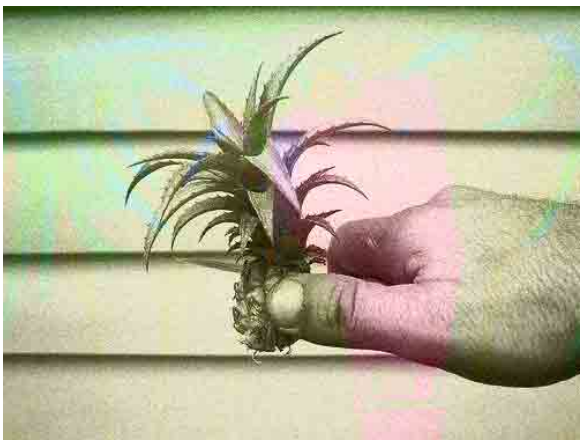
A green fruit become a food is bad. A fruit at green carries a vengeful riposte.

Do not bite. Get a pot.

A fruit is small when green. A pot is small.

To love a life a fruit needs earth. Take some up from your earth and give it to a pot.

Tenderly place a fruit on a side. The knife cuts deep. The sharper the edge, the less the pain.



Speak to a fruit within the trauma. "You are not all we need," tell a fruit. "We need the top only. I love you fruit. You will be happy. You will be happy."

The blade is through. The eyes of a fruit close and a tear comes. Do not cry, fruit. Say it.

"Do not cry, fruit."

All things in this world feel pain. A lobster, a fruit, a man, a cat, a pearl, a window, a kite. They suffer. You must respect them all. A man who brings pain wantonly brings that pain onto his own self times three.

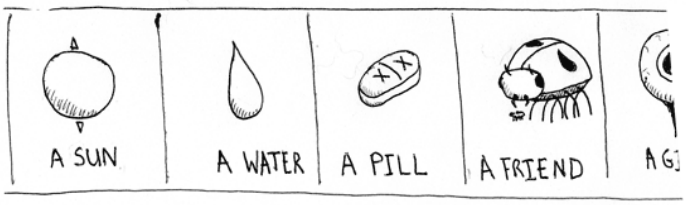
"Shhhh," tell a fruit and lift it up in your soft hands.

Carry the fruit to a pot when she is prepared. The pain is forgotten. Touch the loam, fruit. Into the earth. Speed on your journey and best wishes.

The job is not done. A fruit is home. A home needs a guardian spirit. This Geas you accept upon purchase of a fruit still green. A man from below will seek agony and withering a fruit.

You are not a man from below, are you? There can never be a doubt!

To nurture a fruit there are four things aligned.



First is a sun. There is one above. Give a fruit at all times.

Second is a water. Mans from below have so much water. Our water is different. Our water is bad. Make it good with machines. Take a bad water and make a good water. A fruit loves a water twice a day.

Third for a fruit is a pill. A pill enters with a fruit within the satchel. Remove from package a pill in one day. Only one. Place against a fruit and listen. You can hear a fruit take the pill. A sweet sound!

Fourth a friend. Find them all around. A fruit has a enemy that is small. A friend is larger and

tears the wine of hearts from a enemy. They feel pain. A enemy is dead. A enemy is dead is a lesson to fools. Beware...

Fifth is fifth is fihn si fi a aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

That is all the wonderful steps for now. A fifth is not present. Repeat steps as needed on chart within satchel. A fruit will grow. A fruit will become alive even more than before.

MAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMAIN VIGILANT REMA

A foe may come to oppose a fruit. When it is dark is the time. Mans from below hate a fruit. Mans from below have many machines. Do not waiver in your defense of a fruit. Do not hesitate to hurt a mans from below. He does not feel pain. He is a bad thing.

IF a mans from below comes remember he cannot see. He is not of the light. Be silent. Be swift. Strike a mans down with a hand or a branch. Strike him down to the time that he does not move and his red water is out. When it is very certain he is not a foe any longer put a mans from below by a fruit. He will go away by the morning.

Man from below has a look like you. He is bad. The signs of the mans from below is stripes of red and stripes of white and squares of blue. On a squares of blue stars that man from below only remember cannot see. He put a picture on his machine. Hurt them all.

Beware of fire man from below brings. He will try to put it on a fruit. This is worst scenario for a fruit.

With love a fruit is grow! Nurture and talk to a fruit. Tell it that it is love. The time is right the fruit will give up a food to you.

A fruit is red. This is good. This is energy for a strong man from above like you. Put it into your body.
This is very good.

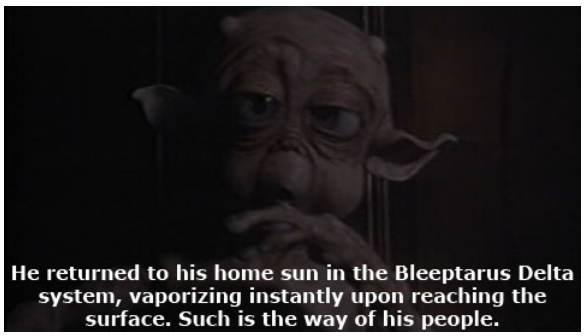
Be a friend to a fruit and it will not find a time to hurt you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.20 The Last Minute Of Goofballs 4: Campout On Space Station Terror

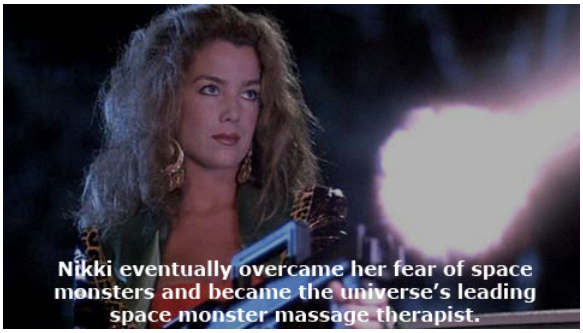
Saturday, Oct 20, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

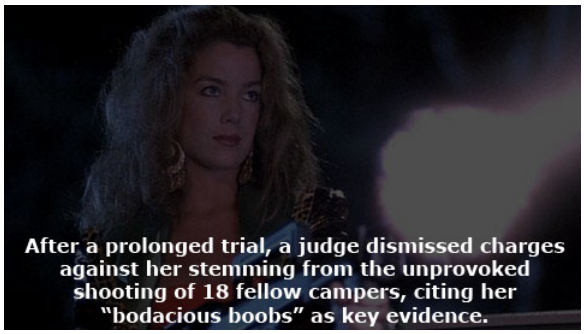
After returning the panties and explaining that
it was all a misunderstanding, Bleepo
was allowed to leave Space Station Terror.

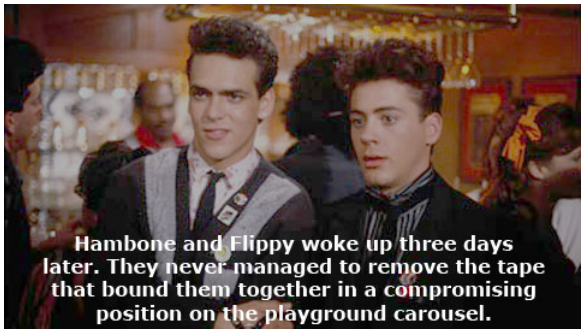

He returned to his home sun in the Bleeptarus Delta
system, vaporizing instantly upon reaching the
surface. Such is the way of his people.

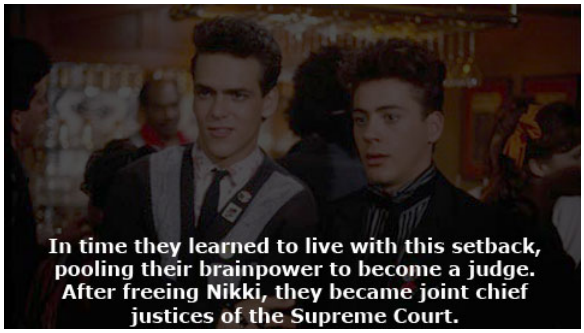
As Billy Spacekid slowly recovered from his injuries, he starred in a series of educational videos with the popular tagline "If your marshmallow falls in the fire, just let it go!"

He won an Academy Award for his powerful portrayal of Silent Motionless Tree #3 in these films.

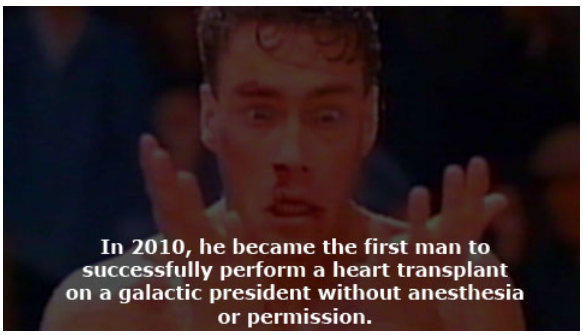

Nikki eventually overcame her fear of space monsters and became the universe's leading space monster massage therapist.

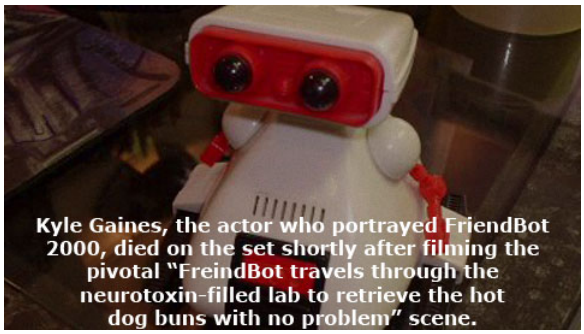

After a prolonged trial, a judge dismissed charges against her stemming from the unprovoked shooting of 18 fellow campers, citing her "bodacious boobs" as key evidence.

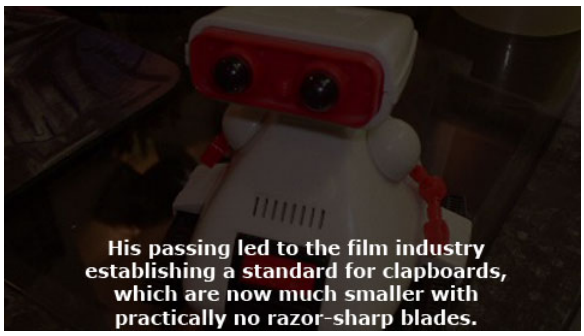

Hambone and Flippy woke up three days later. They never managed to remove the tape that bound them together in a compromising position on the playground carousel.

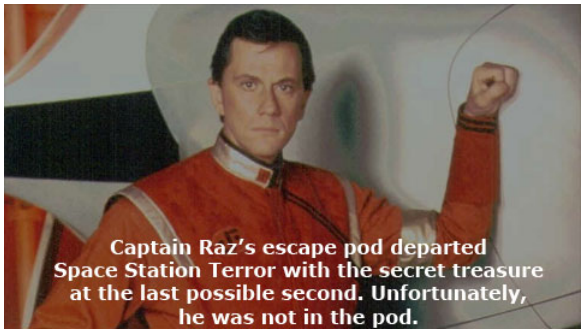

In time they learned to live with this setback, pooling their brainpower to become a judge. After freeing Nikki, they became joint chief justices of the Supreme Court.

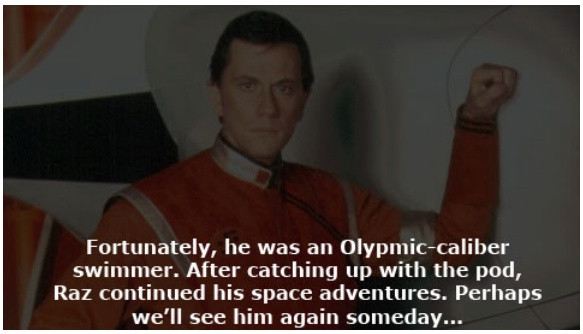
Chazz's nose never stopped bleeding.


In 2010, he became the first man to
successfully perform a heart transplant
on a galactic president without anesthesia
or permission.


Kyle Gaines, the actor who portrayed FriendBot 2000, died on the set shortly after filming the pivotal "FreindBot travels through the neurotoxin-filled lab to retrieve the hot dog buns with no problem" scene.


His passing led to the film industry establishing a standard for clapboards, which are now much smaller with practically no razor-sharp blades.


Captain Raz's escape pod departed Space Station Terror with the secret treasure at the last possible second. Unfortunately, he was not in the pod.


Fortunately, he was an Olypmic-caliber
swimmer. After catching up with the pod,
Raz continued his space adventures. Perhaps
we'll see him again someday...

Olivia got married and settled down
in Maine, raising three wonderful children.

She is very happy.

Space Station Terror closed shortly after the events of the campout, undergoing repairs in preparation for its relaunch under a new name that would hopefully invite less terror.
Three months later, Space Station Horrible Catastrophe opened its bay doors to campers throughout the galaxy.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.21 Of Geeks and Gentlemen

Sunday, Oct 21, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Whether it is the cities of Persia or Crystal Pepsi, everything has its moment of glamour. Unfortunately, not everyone can experience the golden years of a civilization or trend. Those who missed the mark are forced to wander the earth, misunderstood in their infatuation with the past.

The internet male faces these hardships every day. He is a man-boy, unhealthily obsessed with unhealthy things, a symbol of unkempt, unassertive masculinity, and the most misunderstood person in society. Though unaccepted in our modern world, he would have been the crown jewel of gentry 150 years ago. The gentlemen of the Victorian era and the men who fill the World of Warcraft servers share a connection invisible to our 21st century eyes. The two are brothers born a century and a half apart.

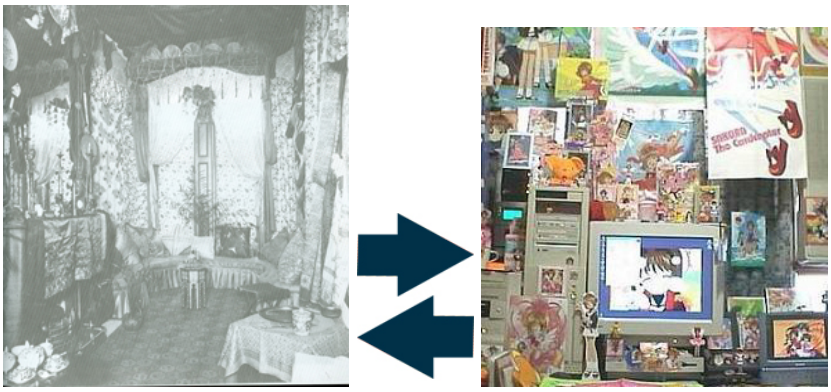
Many of the pictures had to be scaled down to fit on the page. Click on the image for a larger version.

Appearance

The most striking similarity between the two generations is appearance. Both groups of men look like a hybrid of The Goonies cast blended into one obese, Baby Ruth-obsessed, erector-set-playing nerd. The same bloated face with the disproportional features of a child plague the men regardless of time. All their outfits are either ill fitting and tight, as though they are wearing hand-me-ups from their 12 year-old cousin, or much too large, like two cotton sheets sewn together with an anti-social joke. Both generations believe that showering is not a daily activity and a pair of clothes may be worn for a week straight. The real achievement is that the 19th century gentleman was able to maintain a heavyset body with alabaster skin without the luxuries of Slim Jim, Doctor Pepper, and Deep Space Nine on DVD.

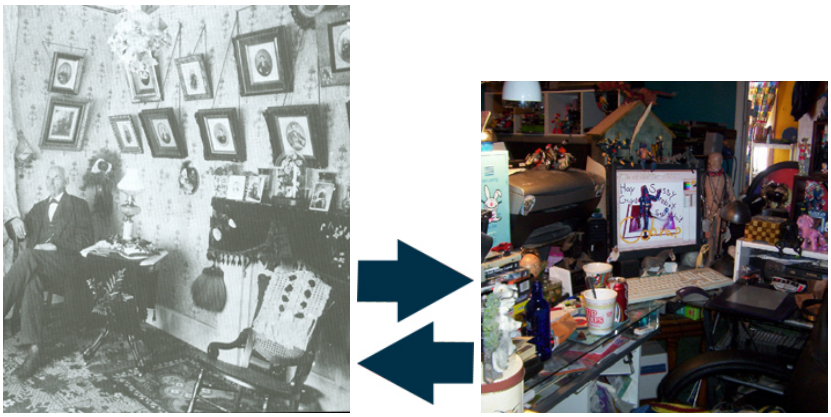
Both generations falsely carry themselves as though they have achieved something grand, but the Victorian man pompously lived on his family's old money, and beating Goldeneye 007 on expert is not much to brag about.

Infatuation with the Orient



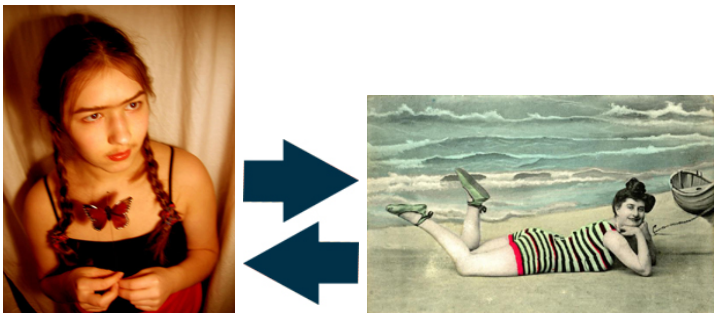
Believe it or not, men were infatuated with Asia before the invention of Pocky. Something about the East has attracted men for centuries. Maybe it is the strange (though curiously familiar) society, the ornate detail put into common items, or the sexually submissive women. Actually, it's probably the sexually submissive women. Though the Victorian man wanted anything oriental, from porcelain to silk, the modern internet male has refined his taste, removing items that have become commonplace or unwanted, only seeking the most important thing Asia has to offer-anime.
The picture on the left is a parlor room from 1896. Note the floral patterned drapes and carpets, the octagonal table, the bamboo, and that aside from the photographer, no one is nearby.

Knickknacks



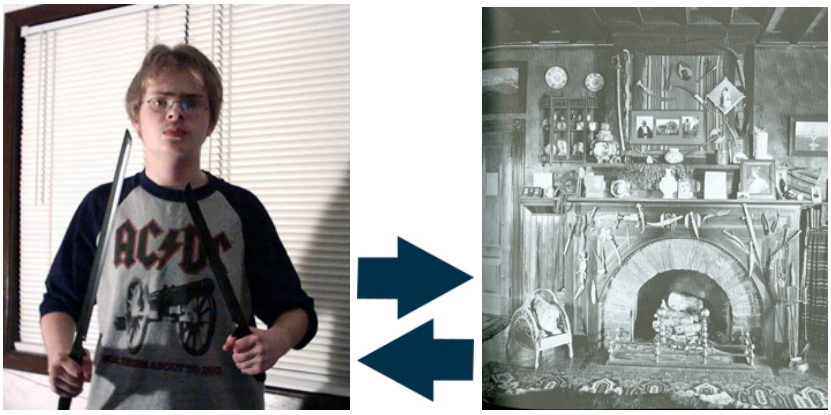
During the 1800's, a mantle filled with collected items meant wealth and good taste. These collections allowed the homeowner to show that they were educated, while giving the internet male a chance to showoff his awesome reprinted Spiderman comics. The luxury of this hobby is that one can collect anything from spoons, bottles of sand, G.I. Joe figurines, Ramen Noodle containers, ect. Collections were once featured in the main parlor, but are now presented in the bedroom (since it is the only room in which the modern male has decorative control.) As you can see in the photograph on the left, taken in 1885, covering walls with pictures was popular before the invention of anime wallscrolls.

Love



Love is an amazing thing. When two people share an emotional connection, they are able to forget a cholera epidemic or the embarrassment of not knowing how to do laundry. Victorian society was based on chastity and promoted clothing that covered most of the human body, hence the modern male's distrust of sexuality and white-shirt-bathing suit. The perfect woman for a gentleman during the 1800's was large, like rollergirl large. Cellulite and white skin meant wealth and leisure. Her hair harnessed, though not controlled, her eyes intense. A man's wife was supposed to care for the house and the children. Since all housekeeping duties are covered by the internet male's mother, he seeks only the passion seen in pornos stolen from KaZaA in 2003. Talking on IRC for five hours a day degrades any ambition in meeting women, so he goes for an easy target; the girl with her hair wild, eyes that may not meet on a central focus point, and I promise she has a crazy opinion on everything and will try to convert all around. She is well read on the Jane Austin and other Victorian female writers, and dreams of living in the same society.

Sword Collections



Hell Yes.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.22 Great Conversations History Missed

Monday, Oct 22, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

January 19th, 2003
Osama bin Laden goes for kidney dialysis in Peshawar, Pakistan

In 2003, Osama bin Laden traveled to the Pakistani city of Peshawar near the Khyber Pass in order to receive kidney dialysis treatment. Accompanying him on the trip was friend and confidante Ayman al-Zawahiri, considered by the CIA to be bin Laden's number two man.

Osama bin Laden:	No. No. Sit here. I like to be able to face the door.
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	What?
Osama bin Laden:	Hello, most wanted man in the world here. I want to see the door.
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	Right, sorry. (Sounds of shifting)
Osama bin Laden:	What is that on the TV?
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	Looks like a video about circulation.
Osama bin Laden:	Holy shit, I can't look at that. It's going to make me crazy. Can you change the channel?
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	(Sounds of movement) It's locked out or something. I don't know.
Osama bin Laden:	Forget it.
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	You want a magazine or something?
Osama bin Laden:	Did you bring my book?
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	You said leave it, you only had one chapter left and-
Osama bin Laden:	I know what I said! (Sound of rustling paper) Look at this. Golf magazine, golf magazine, a Sports Illustrated from like 1985, a magazine just about golf clubs...who reads this shit?
Ayman al-Zawahiri:	Nephrologists.
Osama bin Laden:	What magazines do you have over there?

Ayman al-Zawahiri: Just some pamphlets about dialysis.
Osama bin Laden: (Inaudible muttering)
Ayman al-Zawahiri: Are you okay?
Osama bin Laden: What? Am I okay? I'm about to have all of the blood in my body sucked out of my body and run through a machine! I'm doing wonderful, Ayman! I'm doing great!
Ayman al-Zawahiri: Is that a no?
Osama bin Laden: It's a no! I am not okay. I am really far away from okay.
Ayman al-Zawahiri: Fine. You don't have to get sarcastic with me.
Osama bin Laden: Look, I'm sorry. I got like two hours sleep last night because I'm so nervous about this. They said I can't eat or drink anything. I would kill for a Fresca.
Ayman al-Zawahiri: There were machines down the hall.
Osama bin Laden: I held out this long.
Ayman al-Zawahiri: I meant for later. I can get it while you're...
Osama bin Laden: Having all my blood su-
Nurse: Excuse me, Mr. bin Laden?
Osama bin Laden: Yes?
Nurse: Doctor Masood was called away. I'm very sorry. If you would like to reschedule...
Osama bin Laden: Oh, for fuck's sake.
Ayman al-Zawahiri: We barely ever make it into the city. It was a real hassle to come here.
Nurse: I am very sorry. If you would like, you could see one of the other doctors here.
Osama bin Laden: Yeah, but let me guess, it's not in my network.
Nurse: Oh, no, it's all billed through Doctor Masood. No problem there.
Osama bin Laden: Alright, but we can only stay until about four. We have a videotape to make in my friend's basement full of Jihad flags.
Nurse: (Sounds of pages turning) Ah, you're in luck! it won't be any problem. Doctor Leibowitz had a cancellation for 2:30.
Osama bin Laden: You've got to be kidding me.
Nurse: That's the earliest I've got.
Osama bin Laden: It's not the time, it's...oh, nevermind. Put me down. Ayman, hand me one of those golf magazines.

September 8, 2001
A two-man FEMA team plants explosives in 7 World Trade Center

Lou Olsen and Donald "Denny" Alvarez collectively formed one of five teams sent by FEMA to plant demolition charges on various structures in the World Trade Center complex. All such FEMA teams disappeared shortly before the terrorist attacks on September 11th.

Lou Olsen:	Like this. (Sounds of movement)
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	Yeah, but where do you hook up the remote detonator?
Lou Olsen:	Hand it to me. (Sounds of movement followed by a click) There.
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	Alright, looks good. How many more do we have?
Lou Olsen:	Two more in the basement and then four more for the rest of the building.
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	Jesus.
Lou Olsen:	You said it.
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	(Sounds of movement) Hey, (Grunting and scraping sounds) do you ever wonder about all this?
Lou Olsen:	Like how do you mean?
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	I mean how we're sticking bombs all over this building.
Lou Olsen:	Nah. It's for an emergency.
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	I heard the same briefing you heard. But what sort of emergency means you have to put bombs all over a building?
Lou Olsen:	It's not our job to worry about that. The guys that fly the black helicopters know what they're talking about.
Donald "Denny" Alvarez:	I guess.
Lou Olsen:	You guess (Snorting sound).

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: Yeah, I guess. It's just, well, who do those guys work for?

Lou Olsen: The government.

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: But I mean what branch? They never showed ID or anything. They just told us to put the bombs in the buildings "in case of an emergency."

Lou Olsen: They work for the President or something. Who cares?

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: I mean, I know we're not supposed to be curious about this stuff. I just- (Sounds of clanging and clattering) Oh, shit!

Lou Olsen: What did you do now, numbskull?

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: My pocket. (Clattering grows more distant). I dropped some loose change.

Lou Olsen: Say that again.

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: What, "Oh, shit?"

Lou Olsen: No, about what fell out of your pocket.

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: Loose change?

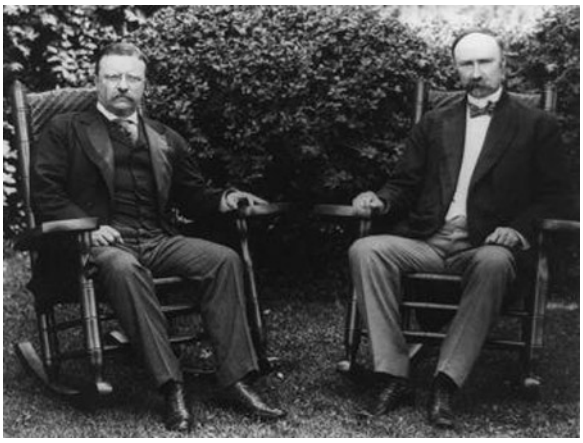
Lou Olsen: Whoa. Deja Vu, man.

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: Oh, yeah, weird. Like that is really important. Like that's somehow the truth or something.

Lou Olsen: Weird. Anyway, help me get this detcord on the cart.

Donald "Denny" Alvarez: You see "King of Queens" last night?

April 11, 1907
President Theodore Roosevelt's meeting with Vice President Fairbanks on the subject of the Panama Canal is interrupted



Theodore Roosevelt had recently appointed George Washington Goethals to oversee continuing work on the Panama Canal. Goethals was being savaged in the press for taking over Roosevelt's "mistake" in Panama and so Roosevelt called a meeting in his office to confer with his Vice President. The result was unexpected and disastrous and assured Fairbanks would not receive the Republican

Party's nomination for president in 1908.

Theodore Roosevelt: They're eating him alive, Fairbanks. He's barely had time to look at his new office down there and Woolsby at the Times is on him like a rabid gorilla.

Charles W. Fairbanks: The papers seem disinclined to give your man a chance.

Theodore Roosevelt: Our man, Fairbanks. (Sound of a lid flipping open) Here, have a cigar. I pulled them from the pack of a Plains Indian by the name of Paws-the-Sky.

Charles W. Fairbanks: Thank you.

Theodore Roosevelt: Plugged him myself with a- what is that one the wall?

Charles W. Fairbanks: What?

Theodore Roosevelt: There, over by the alligator head. That black-there, it just moved.

Charles W. Fairbanks: A spider?

Theodore Roosevelt: No, look, it's flying. I don't...ahhhhhh!

Charles W. Fairbanks: Ahhh! It's a wasp!

Theodore Roosevelt: Oh...OH! It's coming for my (crashing sounds) AHHH!

Charles W. Fairbanks: Look out! (Sounds of stomping and furniture being moved and overturned) Get it with the...

Theodore Roosevelt: AH! Turn around! Turn around! It's...it keeps flying for my face!

Charles W. Fairbanks: Throw something at it!

Theodore Roosevelt: No, no! Not that! (A glass shatters) Open the windows!

Charles W. Fairbanks: This one?

Theodore Roosevelt: Yes! Hurry man! (Sounds of more glass breaking) You have to pull down and to the right. There's a catch for the drapes. No, yeah, like AHHHHHHH!

Charles W. Fairbanks: AHHHH! (Crash of furniture) Is it on me!? IS IT ON ME!?

Theodore Roosevelt: No, I don't see it. No, it's AHHH! It's on me! Get it off! GET IT OFF!

Charles W. Fairbanks: Don't move or it will AHHHH!!!

Theodore Roosevelt: Did it sting you!?

Charles W. Fairbanks: No, there it goes. There it...it's gone.

Theodore Roosevelt: Lord almighty, I think I pissed up my gusset.

Charles W. Fairbanks: I may have soiled my own pant.

Theodore Roosevelt: Good Christ, should I get you a bonnet? A little rubber nipple for you to quiet your gums?

Charles W. Fairbanks: You are being judgmental.

Theodore Roosevelt:	I should have made Taft my Vice President. At least that man is willing to roll up his sleeves and whip a Mexican.
Charles W. Fairbanks:	I hardly think a man's ability at slaying a wasp is relevant to that same man's ability at holding-
Theodore Roosevelt:	(High-pitched mocking tone) I hardly think one man's ability is...listen to yourself, you horrid yellow man. Get out. Get out and begone.
Charles W. Fairbanks:	Oh, yes, I do see on the front there where it appears you have urinated upon your gusset.

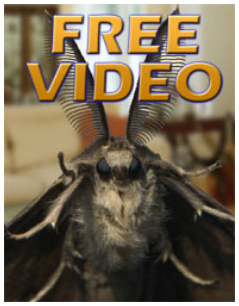
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.23 What's New in Porn: October 2007

Tuesday, Oct 23, 2007 by Internet Porn Update (@fart)

Take a break from humor and jokes for a day to check out the latest and greatest in Internet porn from our sponsors:

Ms. Lustbottom



Young student Michael finishes his test early so he can spend his free time daydreaming about his sexy math teacher, Ms. Lustbottom. The only problem? Michael is daydreaming about being a moth at the same time!! A really big moth, like the size of a beagle, probing every inch of his teacher-turned-lover's body with his hairy antennae and legs! And she's into it!! She's so overtaken with pure pleasure that her only responses are, "Oh baby," and "You're so moth-like!" Check out the sample video!

Tiffany

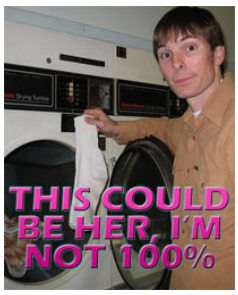
We saw this babe standing out front of a Thai restaurant waiting for her friends to finish eating. Our man Ernie, who is a master and has seen this a thousand times, sidles up and delivers the classic, "Either you're too ugly to go in there, or you have a peanut allergy-- and babe, I know it's not the former." She smiles! Our master then forms a bond. "I used to know a guy with a peanut allergy. Well, not really know a guy, but my friend's dad got really sick one time." "Oh, really?" she says, totally hooked on him and his nine inch megamonster lurking beneath the surface! "Yeah, he was so sick his family had to buy him a wheelchair. They got one secondhand from some

store, and the guy who used to own that wheelchair had a peanut allergy. Or maybe it was the guy at the store that sold them the wheelchair. Either way... No peanut butter, ever? Scary stuff." She's caught! Now back to our place to bang that whore from both ends!

Pat

We saw this Milf bitch hanging out on the Sidewalk waiting for a ride. We said climb up in the Bone Van bitch !! We drove around and got to know her a little Bit. We could tell from the wet spot in her pants that she was Hot to Trot. It was time to go back to the crib and get our mack on. 2 dudes at once, yeha Bitch !! "But first I gotta take care of something" she says and goes to the bathroom. Probably calling her boyfriend to say she'd be late, Right? WRONG !! She was Cloggin the Commode !!!! We heard flush after flush while this Frightened bitch tried to make the water go down. It Wasnt Happening ! Eventually we had to Bust in there and take care of it. Bigg pieces of Milf Turds everywhere !! She took off I guess she was embarrassed. All in a days work when you drive the Bone Van !!!

Also new this month from "This Van", Esmerelda:



We saw this slut walking out from the Laundromat and had to Check her out !! She was a fine 40 something with a body built for action if you know what Im sayin ! We loaded her into the van and started driving around trying to get to know her better but she wouldn't speak up. A little camera shy maybe. Then She starts speaking some kind of Russian or whatever and we're tryin to understand her but to us it just sounds like shes sayin "ICECHEST CRICKET" over and over. Leo (our driver) starts to get scared so then Matt starts to freak out and Im kinda startin to scream a little bit myself and before you know it were all kind of screaming at each other. Then at a stop sign she got out of the van with her laundry and started walking back toward the Laundromat and then when we closed the door everyone was like "whoa that was close" and Matt asked me if I was ok and I was like yeah and he was like "but you're breathing kind of heavy" and im like yeah dude lay off. You never know what youll find when you drive the Bone Van !!!

Sponsored Links

- NEW ON LADYBOYWHOOPSIE: Hornette
  James is just a regular dude gettin his drink on at the bar! Whoa, what's this? The hottest chick he's ever seen is hitting on him, and he's too drunk to give a fuck about her big hands! He takes her back to his room and she gives him the BJ of his life, then whips out her huge lady dick and asks him to return the favor... LADYBOY WHOOPSIE!!! Will he suck that thing??? - David Thorpe Productions

- NEW ON FRANKENFOOT: Nina
  Hey footlovers have we got a feet for you. Sexy footsie Nina has the biggest feet we have ever seen and all veiny with stripes up the side. These feet are ready for your attention. Watch as she talks down to you about your math skill and demands you put money on her feet. Can you burst a nut? You can in a shoe with Nina. She's got a shoe for you (to burst a nut into). GET READY? - elpintogrande Entertainment

- Many more from the producers of FYAD!

-~Internet Porn Update (@fart)

10.24 This Man, His Corn

Wednesday, Oct 24, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

God damn it.

He muttered to himself defiantly, eyes fixed squarely on the horror before him. It was a vast field of dull green that went on for miles and miles, growing like hair from the flesh of the earth. He had seen it a hundred times before, but the sight was never any less shocking or painful to witness.

He recalled fuzzy images of a time when the green was not so abundant. The images were cut up and mangled, devoid of order and assembled in such a way that he could not construct a meaningful narrative. He remembered once the sky was on fire? Was it fantasy or reality? It was his mind trying to make order out of something that had no order, he reasoned. There was no order left for him. Whatever the nature of this event, so profound was it that it pushed all order out. It changed everything so drastically that he could not even remember what things were like before it.

The world was wearing a grotesque mask now, and he could not remember what was beneath it. He tried to remember its face, but it didn't have a shape or structure that made any sense to him. The details were too blurry. They had been driven out by the all-consuming green that surrounded his small little dwelling and isolated it from the world.

The green danced in the night. As the calm winds carried over the lost and distant hills, they brushed the landscape and sent the green swaying in cascading waves. He could see this happening by the light of the second sun. The gentle whispers this horrid dance made disturbed him, and he hated the sound so very much. He could hardly sleep and it made him tired and angry in the day.

He could swear it was talking about him. He wanted so badly to know what it was saying about him, but at the same time, he feared the prospect of knowing. In ignorance he had some comfort, some cause to construct a lie that did not wish him harm. The truth might, and that he could not take. The green was an object of torture. What harm it did not do to him his own mind would do in its place.

God damn you, what are you?

The green had a million arms all sticking up like claws from the ground. He felt at any moment the arms might grab hold and pull him beneath the surface or that they would do something to him that he could not explain or defend against. What if they could do something mystical and terrible, like turn him into one of them?

Occasionally, he would tempt fate and walk between the rows. In these moments the green was a mirror, and he stared at it intently. It had so many of his properties, yet was so alien and strange. When he wandered in-between its rows he sometimes caught glimpses of himself in the husky stalks and leaves and wondered if he was home, or if it was just trying to confuse him.

A strange man once emerged from the green and talked to him, a man unlike any he had ever encountered. There was something foreign about this stranger, his face was hard to describe or make sense of and his clothes were simple and practical in a way that he had never seen before. His voice, too, had a perplexing quality to it.

Mighty fine corn ya got here, the stranger said. Corn?

Some mighty fine corn indeed. The stranger tipped his hat and everything ceased to be for a moment.

That was all he remembered of the visit. He woke up in the field, staring straight into the star bright sky, with giant stalks reaching upward like hands trying to grab hold of the vast void above, or push it away.

So it had a name. It had a name and others knew it. Others even liked it?

God damn it he muttered, rising to his feet and rushing to escape the giant green nightmare that was everywhere he wished it not to be.

It was trying to communicate, he reasoned. It took a form it thought he would understand. It was in his dreams now, it was inside him. He did not trust the world, now he could not trust himself.

He remembered sometimes that there was once a world around him. Now all he could see was the great green blanket of corn. What had happened to all the people he once knew? Where had they gone? Were they out there, lost and wandering amongst the corn looking for him? He never ventured too far from his simple dwelling, preferring to stay close, lest he himself get lost in the maze.

Enough, god damn it! This has gone on too damn long.

He moved purposefully toward the borders of the field, where the corn began and his freedom ended. He reached his fingers around a stalk and squeezed tightly, attempting to strangle it. He shook it violently and cursed the heavens above. His eyes so huge and lost, trying to find meaning in his actions and the course of events that made his actions seem like the only logical choice.

The corn did not suffocate, but rather broke loose in his hands. He held this strange object like it was a weapon or machine he did not understand. If he manipulated it the wrong way, it could hurt him. He did not know what it was or what it meant, only that he needed to understand it somehow.

He took the object back to his shelter and placed it on a table. He was going to dissect the thing, to find out what was inside. Slowly he peeled off the layers, gently plucking out the hairs, until he caught glimpse of something terrifying.

God damn it, he muttered, jumping to his feet and away from the table.

It was an eye! A vast array of ommatidia wrapped around a cylinder, staring at him. In all his days pondering corn, he never once fathomed that beneath its green exterior was a yellow compound eye. What would it tell the others? That he was a monster intending them harm? He took the all-seeing cob and wrapped it in rags, placed it in a box, and buried the box in dirt, hoping its companions did not see or know what had transpired.

That night the stranger came around again and visited him in his sleep. The two walked together through the rows of corn and the stranger stopped and plucked one of the eyes from a stalk.

A great harvest will be had this year, the stranger said. Harvest?

The stranger peeled off the corn's eyelids, removed its lashes, and then started moving the exposed yellow eye towards his face.

He knew what was coming next, and he turned around to keep from seeing it. Somehow that eye was going to turn into a mouth, and it was going to eat the stranger. He woke up nervous, drenched in sweat. It was not enough that a million eyes were spying on him. Now a million mouths were salivating for a taste of his flesh. He listened to the whispers and shivered.

There was no reason left for him to cling to, no one left to tell him what was right and wrong in the world or what made sense. All he knew was that the corn was going to devour him if he did not act soon. He gathered all his strength and resolve and set out to complete the most important task of his life. He was going to kill all the corn.

He assembled all his tools, placing them on the table where he and the eye once examined each other. The task at hand was too great for him to do alone. Carefully, he evaluated each tool in his arsenal. Those that extended his reach would stave off his limitations. He needed to keep a distance from the corn, but be able to knock it down and smash it. He chose an axe-like tool. He did not remember what it was for, but he reasoned it was well suited for his needs.

Grueling day after grueling day, he worked hard in the fields, uprooting the corn, slicing it in half, thrashing and beating it into submission. He measured his progress by the noise of the whispers in the night. The whispers grew fainter and fainter. He knew they had to be talking about him now, and they were whispering even softer, no doubt fearful of inciting his wrath.

In the day the tall green wall gave way to a gruesome field of broken stalks, piled like bones in his grand killing fields. Exposed eyes stared up at him, but he did not fear them. He stomped on them readily when his work allowed it. For him it was first and foremost about pushing back the wall. He would have his freedom when that wall was broken.

Once, when hacking into the green wall an eye burst apart and some of its yellow particles flew into his small mouth. He bit down hard on them, and the taste was sweet on his tongue. He laughed the mad delirious laugh of a man succeeding against all odds. The corn could not stop him now.

After several weeks, there was nothing left but a massive field of death. He looked in every direction and there wasn't a stalk left standing. He could see mountains in the distance, great forests, tall spire buildings, and a vibrant world that he had forgotten about.

At night he listened to the silence and stared up at the sky, observing the second sun watching down on him with awe and respect. For a long time, the sky was all he could see. Now he had a horizon, and who knows what lay beyond it. He would soon find out as he journeyed away from his shelter. But tonight was his to enjoy at peace with the world and the cosmos above. He had earned such peace. All the hard work in the sun had charred his green skin, giving it a brownish hue. His long, gaunt form was covered with blisters. His lungs were tired, his tiny nostrils having worked harder than ever to try to provide enough air.

Though he would never know the truth, the corn was an echo of a distant time and place. The second sun that lit his night sky was once no more than a simple twinkle. Around it eight planets moved like clockwork, until the star could continue no more and swelled to great immensity. Its satellites were lost, but not before they came apart and sent debris hurtling through space in every direction.

One large chunk of debris, a veritable ark, carried with it the seeds and elements of thousands of

organisms. In the extreme heat and radiation of its sun, these elements were twisted and tormented, combined, torn apart, reassembled, and finally frozen, becoming something else entirely. The ark moved through the void with incredible speed, until it found a new home on a distant world.

When it came down it set the sky ablaze and filled the atmosphere with poison. Those that survived were disoriented and confused, unable to comprehend what had happened. The corn, too, was disoriented. For the first time it had thought and memory, and recalled a time and place that was long gone. It tried as best it could to communicate, but it did not know how. All it could do was try to explain what once was to a man who could not understand. In the end, neither the grandest conspiracies of the heavens or the smartest corn in the universe has sway in stopping the beating of the determined man's heart, whatever form of man he may be.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.25 A Message From Your College President

Thursday, Oct 25, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, students!

George F. Thorpson, President, Pendelhurst University Memorial University

Since floating into my position as President of Pendelhurst University Memorial University on a golden parachute from my former role as CEO of Baltimore's third-largest plastics corporation, one thing has been important to me, second only to buying a bigger boat: your future. As President, you may think my only job is attending dinner after expensive dinner with soft drink representatives looking to advertise on campus. Certainly, sometimes it feels that way – if I see another lobster this week, I swear I'm going to be sick! Diplomatic obligations aside, consider me a role model for whatever future paths you plan on taking. Students, I am living proof that the system works. With just a 2-year business school degree and a father who once owned the largest plastics company in Baltimore, I've been able to achieve the status that you would be able to see in action if I didn't ban students from entering the administrative building. And while I only make 300 thousand dollars a year, I'm willing to sacrifice one of my seasonal homes so that I can be involved in furthering the subjects that matter: science, math, and, of course, business.

For all of you out there who happen to be liberal arts majors, don't worry. We at PUMU haven't forgotten about you; our new "Leg-Up Into Labor" program has been placing liberal arts graduates into some of the finest factories still standing in America. Some of them will even let you read books on your break (subject to approval by the foreman)!

Today, though, there are more pressing concerns at hand. Let me update you on the news and events happening on the PUMU campus this fall!

Sexual Assault on the Rise

We begin this week's "Message From the President" on a tragic note. In comparison to last year, acts of sexual assault against women – or "boys will be boys," as I like to call it – have risen 300%, coinciding with the amazing winning streak our boys on the PUMU Pumas have been pulling off (Go Pumas!). This shocking increase in victims from last year even takes into consideration October '06's "Homecoming Incident," which I am not allowed to talk about by order of the federal court.

Ladies, a word of advice: never travel alone on campus after dark. Also, quit being such little teases. I'm onto you. You think I can't read your deceptive little minds when you're lying on the lawn in front of the athletic dorms in a bruised and weeping piles of naked shame? I've seen many good quarterbacks forced off the team (like our old friends and 2005 state champions Dwight Messer and Brian Kilgore) thanks to your shenanigans. College is the time when you're supposed to do some growing up, and that's awfully hard to accomplish from the inside of an ICU. I encourage all of you, as the old saying goes, to "take one for the team." Let's work together so you can meet your goals of becoming teachers, nurses, and mommies!

On a related note, the ongoing search for missing female student and pep squad leader Elaine Goodall has yielded a large portion of her lower jawbone. Thanks to our boys on the PUMU Pumas for the

rigorous search of their practice field!

Awards? We Got 'Em!

Pendelhurst University Memorial University's student newspaper, the PUMU Press, recently swept the Collegiate Journalist Awards this September with two wins! Jeff Barnhouse brought home two awards in the categories of "Outstanding Achievement in Headline Puns" and "Best Use of Unexpected Controversy" for his article, "Much Ado About Parking." (Previously titled "Free Parking? Not in this Monopoly!") Since I still have quite a bit of space to fill, here's an excerpt from Jeff's groundbreaking treatise on student parking:

> Your probably wondering, "Why does it cost so much to park on campus!" If so, you may be onto something: Wikipedia claims that student parking is "expensive" and, at times, "lame" (Wikipedia 89). But parking on campus has been something we all must suffer through – but do we really have to? After all, think of the situation: we students pay money and the people tell us *where we can park*?! Last time I checked, that was called fascism (The History Channel 32)! And you know who one one the greatest fascists was? That's right. Hitler. The truth may shock you, but I believe you'll find my comparison fascinating.

"Better luck next time" goes out to Steve Miltner, whose review of the *Transformers* movie, "*Transformers* is Really More Than Meets the Eye!" was disqualified for having too many opinions. And while we're on the subject, I'd like to offer my own "Frowny" award for former college journalist Bill Rothman's series of articles about corruption and embezzlement in the PUMU administration. There's such a thing as *too many* references, Bill!

Racism: I Don't Like It!

I don't know about you guys, but I hate racism! This is why I was shocked and saddened when I heard the news that one of you little devils went and spraypainted a racial slur on the front windows of the PUMU administration building. Let me get the most important issue out of the way first: polarized glass is expensive. But it is necessary to keep you students from peeping into our business when you should be out and about doing more productive activities, like writing in your Facebooklets and visiting the newly-renovated PUMU Cafeteria with its 24-hour omelette bar. From what I hear, the hot dog-chunk and salsa omlettes are to die for - not literally, of course, because the thousands of pounds of eggs we have sitting out all day are gently warmed to room temperature by state-of-the-art heat lamps found in abandoned inner-city Burger Kings. I bet all of you Economics majors out there can appreciate our frugality!

And speaking of culinary delights, students, I eat lunch in front of those windows *every day*. Do you think I like to be reminded of my white guilt by staring at our lovely campus through the word "REGGIN" in 20-foot letters? A nugget of wisdom: don't ever use the word "coloreds" during a trustees meeting. It'll haunt you.

As a representative of PUMU, I'd like to stress that we do not discriminate; due to our open enrollment process, anyone with a pulse and $4000 can attend our University for an entire semester. This is why our freshman class is such a diverse mix of high school graduates, single mothers, ex-cons, and members of several crystal meth rehabilitation programs that we are proud to sponsor. So the next time you see a stranger in the hall, say "Hello!" But first, make sure you approach slowly and don't forget to give them a wide berth.

We've Got Spirit, Yes We Do!

The fever is here! Football fever, that is! The recent luck of our Pumas has allowed them to trounce the opposition in the game of football *and* in the criminal courtroom. We all remember 2006's tragic "Homecoming Incident," which caused most of our starting line to miss many a practice and scrimmage game in 2007. However, this misfortune didn't stop last week's triumphant return of fullback Mark Jackson and his custom-made kneepads (once known as "Exhibit C") with the now-famous flaming skulls painted on them. Fresh out of prison, Mark tore through the defensive line just as he and his buddies allegedly tore through a group of visiting cheerleaders that fateful

October night. Cold with the sweat of hate and fear, and with the metallic tang of stale beer on their breath, they knew what they were doing: bringing us one step closer to state finals! Keep it up, guys, and I'll see the rest of you students at the game! But you won't see me, because I'll be in my skybox! I encourage you to buy a candy bar at the front gate; we are raising money to have padding added to our cold, metal bleachers.

In a show of goodwill, this Saturday our Pumas will be hosting the "Let's Forget About What Happened Last Year Memorial Celebration." This party is Halloween themed, so come on down to Pibb Xtra Stadium in your spookiest getup, and you can win the chance to help design the football players' new recreation lounge (formerly known as the library)! It'll be an exciting night of pumpkins, goblins, and candy, but no apple bobbing – we all learned a lot from last Halloween's hepatitis epidemic. Who knew that hundreds of people sticking their mouths into a lukewarm bucket of water filled with old fruit would cause health problems?

Oh, and don't forget to show up at the Puma practice field at 11:00 PM for our annual "Spooky Seance!" This year we'll be gathering around the last known whereabouts of pep squad leader Elaine Goodall. Will she speak from beyond the grave? Our lawyers hope not!

My Pal Yank

Before I leave you students, I have one final bit of news. Pendelhurst University Memorial University would like to welcome Tex "Yank" Gibbman to the newly-created position of Treasury Depletion Specialist. I've known Yank for a good 30 years, so I feel more than qualified to give you a small biography of my good friend.

Yank with his new "wife." Ha ha, just kidding, Yank.

Yank was once an accountant many different times, but his *real* passion is fishing for crappies, which we do every summer with our friends up north on a big boat he named "Kickin' Back." Not everything about Yank is "*crappie*," though: for all of his life, he's rigidly followed the dress code of every business he's ever worked for – and Yank can tell you he's worked for *plenty* of businesses. Even on Casual Fridays, Yank would often be seen with not a trace of denim on him, except of course for the fine wallet my ex-wife gave him during the Christmas of 1989. Yank plans on bringing this same sense of professionalism to his new job, where he will create many special bank accounts allowing me to finally upgrade from those tacky 1700 dollar-a-night suites whenever I visit Italy.

If I'm happy, then you're happy. This is my philosophy as President of PUMU, and I think it has worked well for these past three years. But remember, what I'm concerned most about is your future. On that note, the following departments will receive severe cutbacks or elimination next semester: English, History, Philosophy, Foreign Languages, Psychology, Africana Studies, Economics, and all Theoretical (AKA fake) Maths and Sciences. See you next month!

Your Friend,
George F. Thorpson

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.26 The Smoking Gun Presents: Cranial Impalement Hospitality Rider

Friday, Oct 26, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fans of death metal stars Cranial Impalement might be more than a little surprised by some of the strange items that have crept onto the hospitality rider for their 2004 tour of Eastern Europe. Fans may remember their infamous request for an "enraged bear with a demoniac visage" from their 2003 New Jersey tour, but this rider might seem even more bizarre for what it doesn't contain. The band asks for two packs of "kosher hot dogs," but asks for three packages of "wheat hot dog buns." Don't get greedy with the carbs, guys! Plus check out some of their ridiculous requests for amenities in the dressing rooms. Yeah, roomS plural. Lead singer and apparent diva Bleedus Foetus (Ian Cohen) requires his very own dressing room. (4 pages)

CRANIAL IMPALEMENT

Venue Agreement & Hospitality Rider

Contacts

Tour Manager
Benjamin Greenbaum

+44 (0)7887985453
DaBaum@yahoo.com

Sound Tech
Danny "The Cobra" Bernard
Louise McMillan

+44 (0)7887218893
cobrasound@soundofthecobra.com

Facilities

Parking:
Parking is required for one tour bus with an equipment trailer. Parking must have external power hookups and should be located as close to loading entrance as possible.

Additional parking for a large utility van and a 24-foot flatbed truck carrying a giant foam penis. We **require** access to a fork lift for unloading the foam penis.

Main Dressing Room:
Lead singer **Bleedus Foetus** requires an individual dressing room with seasonally appropriate ventilation and heating or air-conditioning. Additionally, this room should contain the following:

- 1x Dressing table with chair
- 1x Couch
- 1x Love seat
- 1x 8-foot folding banquet table with white tablecloth
- 1x Working four-piece toaster
- 1x Coffee maker
- 1x Electric foot spa
- 1x CD-player or boom box with a selection of soothing sounds CDs

Band Dressing Room:
The band dressing room should have seasonally appropriate ventilation and heating or air-conditioning. This room should also contain the following:

- 3x Dressing tables with chairs
- 1x Couch
- 2x 8-foot folding banquet tables with white tablecloths
- 1x Mini-fridge
- 1x Coffee maker
- 1x Oxygen tank
- 1x CD-player or boom box with various "pump-you-up" CDs (i.e. Jock Jams)

Meet & Greet Lounge
A large room should be set aside for the band's guests and visiting fans. This room should be entirely lit by black lights and contain the following:

- 1x Inverted crucifix (large) encrusted with faux fecal matter
- 2x Fountains filled with **believable** blood
- 1x Banner flourescent under black light that reads: "DEATH TO GOD"
- 3x Couches (badly burned)
- 1x Gallon of fake ejaculation (the band prefers corn syrup and corn starch)

Refreshments & Services

Band Refreshments:
To be distributed among the dressing areas:

- 4x Cases of Diet Coke
- 1x Case of non-carbonated water
- 2x Packages of kosher hot dogs
- 3x Packages of wheat hot dog buns
- 2x Loaves good-quality bread
- 1x Seasonal fruit plate
- 1x Case of beer (Miller High Life preferred)
- 1x Box of Cheez-Its (family size)

One of our members has a peanut allergy, so please label any products in which peanuts or tree nuts may have been used.

Guest Refreshments:
To be placed in the meet & greet lounge:

- 1x Large bowl steamed entrails, positioned to spill forth from a mannequin's stomach
- 24x Live bats (domestic) flying loose in room
- 1x Giant breast appearing to lactate whiskey
- 1x Coffin filled with candy corn
- 1x An edible model of the venue (burning or melting)

Services:
The band will need to employ several local workers and the venue is expected to arrange all required staff to be on site from arrival. The band will reimburse the venue for these expenses.

- **One** very old man in a cloth diaper to shuffle into and out of shadows at irregular intervals.
- **Two** topless models willing to stand on stage and in the guest area wearing only PVC undergarments and gas masks. They will be asked to hold severed goat heads.
- **One** enormously fat woman with a keening or unpleasant laugh.
- **One** runner with a good knowledge of local occult stores and practices.
- **One** man who will wear a priest costume and eat simulated feces.
- **One** professional hairdresser with at least some video or commercial experience.
- **One** man completely covered in tattoos who can eat anything on command, up to and including human bones.
- **Two** women with the heads of owls or falcons, a missing breast or nipple is preferred.
- **One** man with magma in place of blood.
- **One** man or woman who can turn into a giant crow.

The band may request pizzas following the performance. The venue is to provide up to 30 pizzas from a local (non-chain) establishment and have them brought in on the backs of mutilated mules or shackled human slaves.

Miscellaneous

Special Requests:
The band does not require any of the items listed on this page, but they would be greatly appreciated by the artist(s) and his unholy masters of deceit. Unless otherwise noted, these items should be presented prior to the show or left waiting in the meet & greet lounge.

> **Gutter Pig** requests individually wrapped slices of lowfat American cheese for the band dressing room.
>
> **Luciferus Bile** requests eight local satanic or pagan cultists in black hooded robes for the band dressing room, but he will settle for a local choir able to sing in cool sounding Latin.
>
> **Hate Mountain** requests a Gesco Baby Bop Playpen with Footsie Mozart Kick & Play Piano for his daughter.
>
> **Bleedus Foetus** requests 24" x 36" poster of President George W. Bush for his private dressing room. He promises he will not do anything shocking with this poster as he has great respect for the office of the presidency.

Thank you for considering these special requests. If you plan on fulfilling them please notify the tour manager in advance so that we will not have to stock them ourselves.

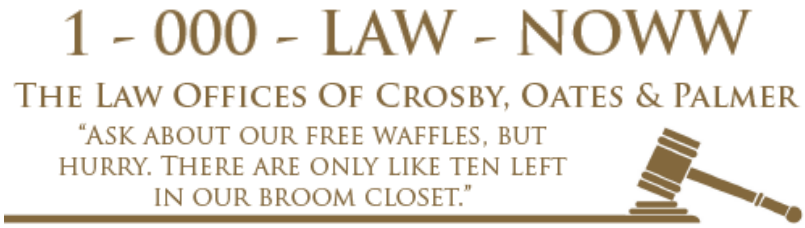
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.27 1-000-LAW-NOWW

Saturday, Oct 27, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

MESOTHELIOMA is a form of cancer caused by exposure to asbestos in the workplace. As other law firms have stated in their advertisements, it is a frightening disease with grave long-term effects.

If you experienced undue distress and anguish as a result of our competitors' use of the word **MESOTHELIOMA** in their advertisements, you might be owed money for your suffering. If you are too paralyzed by fear to make a telephone call, just scream and we'll try to find you. Otherwise, pick up your phone and call:

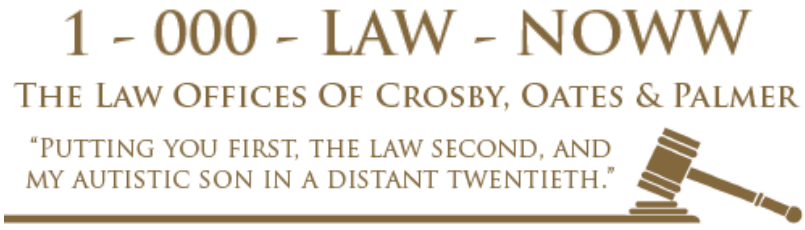

1 - 000 - LAW - NOWW
THE LAW OFFICES OF CROSBY, OATES & PALMER
"ASK ABOUT OUR FREE WAFFLES, BUT HURRY. THERE ARE ONLY LIKE TEN LEFT IN OUR BROOM CLOSET."

A recall has been issued for all tubes of Crest toothpaste manufactured between August and September of 2007 due to a defect that rendered a small percent of the caps somewhat difficult to twist back on after they have been twisted off.

If you have been besieged by the ghost of someone who died while slipping or choking on one of these caps and you need a level 3 Hyzgeric Crystal to banish their soul, call:

Our competitor Leonard J. Crabs (a.k.a. Lenard J Crab, a.k.a. Lenrd Crb, a.k.a. Lnr C, a.k.a. Lllnnnrr, a.k.a. Ron Mexico) has been spotted in the bushes outside of our fair town's pet stores and veterinarian clinics, emerging from the foliage to sell styrofoam coolers which he bills as "nuclear fallout shelters for cats".

It has recently been brought to our attention that these shelters have NOT been approved by the FDA, ASPCA, or the Schroedinger Foundation. If your cat has been injured or killed in a nuclear attack while inside one of Mr. Crb's styrofoam fallout shelters, call:

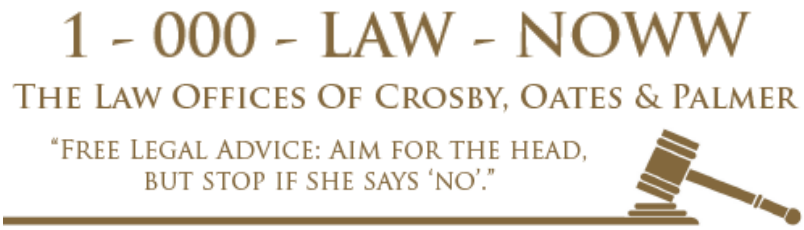

1 - 000 - LAW - NOWW
THE LAW OFFICES OF CROSBY, OATES & PALMER
"PUTTING YOU FIRST, THE LAW SECOND, AND MY AUTISTIC SON IN A DISTANT TWENTIETH."

As your childhood came to an end, were you made to believe that Santa Claus is not real? Was this

the first of many realizations that the world around you is not magical or special in any way and that it is folly to believe in anything beyond the fact that the people you love will all let you down and abandon you in time?

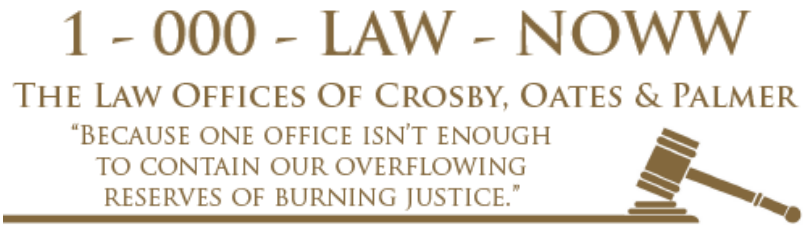
Well, if Santa Claus isn't real, why don't any of the letters addressed to him come back with the "Return To Sender" stamp? Santa does exist, and with the aid of the United States Postal Service he knowingly perpetuates the myth of his non-existence to save money on the production and delivery of presents to people over the age of thirteen.

To find out if you are entitled to years worth of backpresents, please call:



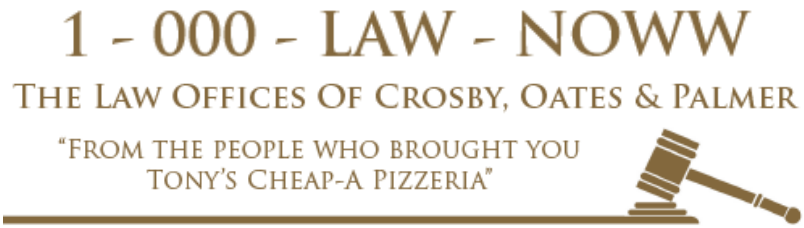
When one of our junior partners returned from his honeymoon, the law offices of Crosby, Oates, and Palmer discovered that the act of making love involves one partner penetrating the other. While the long-term affects of sexual penetration have not been fully tested, the act of penetration in swordfighting and industrial accidents can often result in serious injury and death.

If someone betrayed your trust and affection by penetrating you during the act of making love, you may be entitled to cash money. Please don't hesitate to call:


1 - 000 - LAW - NOWW
THE LAW OFFICES OF CROSBY, OATES & PALMER
"BECAUSE ONE OFFICE ISN'T ENOUGH
TO CONTAIN OUR OVERFLOWING
RESERVES OF BURNING JUSTICE."

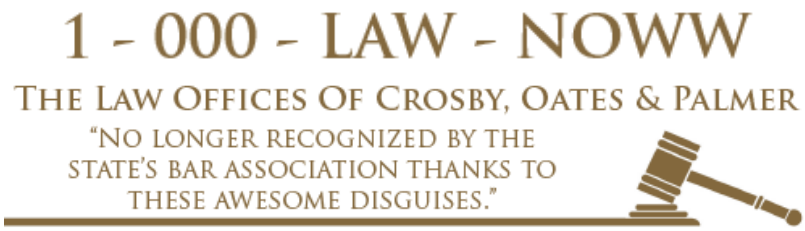
In recent months, a multitude of toys manufactured in China were recalled for containing unsafe amounts of lead. These recalls might have violated your constitutional right to buy large quantities of Chinese toys and melt them down to their base elements, becoming a lead tycoon overnight.

If you had planned to do this yourself, or if you just read that and thought "hey, that idea's not half bad", call:



Have you been offended by anything on the internet? Has someone made fun of you online? Was your site linked to by someone who didn't like it for the purposes of being shared with other people who might not like it?

If you answered "yes" to any of the above and feel that you have grounds for legal action, you're wrong and there's nothing we can do for you. Don't call:


1 - 000 - LAW - NOWW
THE LAW OFFICES OF CROSBY, OATES & PALMER
"NO LONGER RECOGNIZED BY THE
STATE'S BAR ASSOCIATION THANKS TO
THESE AWESOME DISGUISES."

Did you travel to the present day from the future in a time machine powered by confidence? After detailing your incredible journey to a group of strangers, did one of them tell you that time travel is impossible, planting a seed of self-doubt that has kept you stranded here in our primitive culture?

You may be entitled to up to $50 in damages under the newly-passed Time Traveler Protection Act! Don't hesitate to activate your universal communication brain implant and call:

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.28 A SomethingAwful Guide to Having an Awesome Break-Up

Sunday, Oct 28, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Most people, at some point in their lives, go through a break-up. It's one of those unavoidable things in life, like death or going through a break-up. When a relationship ends, there's not a lot of choice for either party involved. They both just have to ride it out and hope for the best.

Or they could turn those frowns upside down into strange looking, vaguely hopeful grimaces, and use our guide to make their break-up a really awesome one! We take you through every step of the process, and assume no previous knowledge or experience. So, if you're ready, insert tab A into Slot C and let's get started.

Step 1: Find a girl.

Girls can be hard to find because they are masters of stealth and espionage. Sometimes when you think you are alone, you aren't alone, because a girl is there hiding. Check under your bed for girls and in your attic. And remember to always look up because girls sometimes do that thing where they climb up between two walls and hang on the ceiling so you can't see them, but if you look up you can.

Once you have found a girl, you can ask her out and then move on to step 2. If she says no, keep asking her over and over and eventually she'll say yes. That's been shown by science.

Step 2: Have a relationship with her.

This involves being in the same room as her, and kissing her, and listening to what her wedding dress is going to look like, and also sometimes uncomfortable descriptions of what your kids will look like, and also not looking grossed out when there's gross medical stuff going on, and also maybe love.

Note: This step has to last at least one (1) hour or it doesn't count as a break-up, only a take-back.

Step 3: Start arguing with her.

This step is the easiest part because after a given length of time it will mostly involve opening your mouth and making any sort of sound with it. If for some reason you're having trouble with this step, here are some possible argument starters to help you along:

- You haven't cleaned the dishes
- How old do you think she looks?
- Why did you take everything she owns and throw it across the room while screaming "Look what you're making me do!"?
- Does she look fat?
- Yes she does.
- There's hair in the sink.
- Her cat looks fat too.

- So does her car.
- Well, why shouldn't she get drunk, goddamnit? She'd had a rough week and it wasn't her fault she reversed out of the parking lot through a chainlink fence.
- You did WHAT with her sister?
- She doesn't even have a sister!
- Argue about money.

Step 4: Argue even more.

Now that you've reached the adavanced level of arguing, you can move on past surface levels and get down to what really annoys you about each other.

For instance, things that annoy you about her:

- She wants you to clean stuff.
- She sleeps.
- She talks.

Things that annoy her about you:

- You look at her.
- You use a computer.
- You exist.

Step 5: Break up.

The best way to do this is to start one of the usual arguments and then wait until one of you says "I give up! It's over!" and leaves. Then five minutes later texts "i srsly mebn it, were done i hae you" and then half an hour later texts "im po sorry lets talk abot it" and then an hour later texts "i cant believe u sent thos nude pics 2 my parents befor i sad sorry, we have lot 2 talk about"

This leads to:

Step 6: Get back together.

You guys were meant to be, and that was just a minor lapse. You guys just have to buckle down and work thought it.

Step 7: Break up.

What were you thinking? There's no way this will work. You're better off without her.

Step 8: Get back together.

What were you thinking? There's no way you can live without her. You guys just weren't trying hard enough to work it out. Try harder.

Step 9: Break up.

Zzzzz

[SECTION REMOVED FOR SPACE]

Step 38: Break up for good.

Ok, that's it. No more getting jerked around. You're done for good.

Step 40: Break up for good for real this time.

Those other times were practice runs, and now you're really doing this for real.

Step 41: You're still broken up.

Oh god, she didn't call. I think that might have actually been it. Shit, you should call her.

Step 42: You're still still broken up.

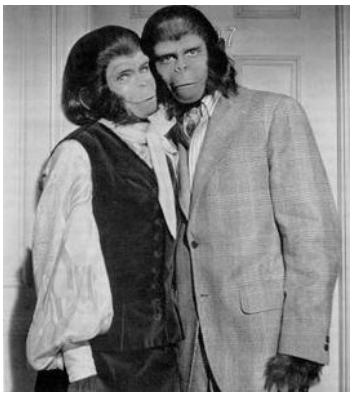
No, don't call her. This is it, it's finally over.

Step 43: Feel sad.

There's two ways to handle this lengthy and difficult stage. First, there's the traditional method, in which you get drunk a lot, spend way too much time at bars, and have lots of meaningless sex that leaves you feeling emptier and sadder than before. Then there's the nerd method, in which you play Team Fortress 2 a lot, spend way too much time on internet message boards, and don't have lots of meaningless sex the lack of which leaves you feeling emptier and sadder than before.

Either way you choose to handle it, the important thing to remember is that this is only a temporary stage and it will pass. Only, what if it doesn't? Most people eventually get over it, but what if you feel this miserable forever? Think how horrible that would be. It's not likely, but it has to be possible, right? Yeah, you're going to feel this bad forever and ever. It's never going to stop.

Step 44: Feel a little better.



This is usually marked by the moment when you look in the mirror and think "My god, I haven't bothered to shave in a week and I'm sweeping the floor wherever I walk." It's during this step where there are moments when you don't feel like shutting the blinds, turning off the lights, and sitting under your desk until you forget that you exist. Fight through those moments of happiness. Hold onto the misery. After all, she might hear how you're doing somehow, and if you're still doing really bad maybe she'll feel guilty and come back. This has worked successfully for many happy couples, I assume.

Step 45: Feel even more better.

It really is over, and that's ok. This is the stage where you catch up on all the life you missed while you were moping around. Get that reading done for class that you haven't even looked at yet. Apologize to your boss for missing two weeks of work except for the one day you showed up drunk and puked into his lap. Start smiling at girls you pass on the street and fall in love with every single one that smiles back because of the devastating power of your loneliness.

Step 46: Feel fine.

Just what it says. You've made it through all the hard parts and now you're healed. It was hard,

but it's over and you've become a stronger person because of it. Great job!

Step 47: Call your ex.

You are so completely over her, and you'll explain that to her however many times it takes until she agrees to get back with you. Oh god, she has to take you back.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.29 Google Future - America Responds to Disaster

Monday, Oct 29, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google
News+
FEMA+disaster
Search News
Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.
Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search
U.S.

Don's Fun Photos

FEMA Provides Fake Aid to Quake Victims
Danger Merchant - October 26th, 2012
By Percy Jitters Earthquake ravaged Los Angeles received some much needed relief from FEMA today after a long wait. FEMA teams began handing out shoe boxes with "MRE" written on the side and a large mural of FEMA workers rescuing people from rubble was painted on the rubble in which several dozen are believed to be trapped. FEMA plans to follow this effort by trucking in several million gallons of stone soup to be distributed to those without food or water.
President Clinton to Stare Meaningfully at Satellite Photos of Area BBC News
Congress Pledges Infinity Plus 1 Dollars of Aid to Region AP
Bad Real Estate Choices - LApocalypto - Quake & Fault Fancy - Foxwire
all 2,433 news articles

Troops Standin' Around Lookin' Good, Lookin' Hot

Iraqi Parliament Pledges U.S. National Guard to Help Volcano Refugees
Stars & Stripes & Horse Shoes - October 27th, 2012
By Jut Lanternchin The Iraqi Parliament has voted 89 to 23 in favor of redeploying three battalions of U.S. National Guard troops to assist refugees fleeing the eruption of Mount Saint Unfortunate in Utah. "We can probably spare them for a few days," commented Iraqi Defense Minister Robert Addington. Iraq expects to redeploy the battalions "as soon as a single brigade of the Iraqi Army has completed its training and stepped up to take the place of the American units."
'When They Least Expect It': Time to Invade Iran? Horrid Green Footballs
Well, Well, Well, the Volcano Caused Global Warming Scientific Contrarian
Sinister Caliphate Today - Cynical Opportunist - Santorum - Foxwire
all 824 news articles

Beverage Clipart MADNESS

Deadly Drought May Effect the Taste of Coke

Georgia's Last Remaining Industry Monthly - October 27th, 2012

By Chug Popso The drought that has slain more than three hundred in the Atlanta area may have a detrimental impact on America's favorite soft drink. According to Coca-Cola they may be forced to reduce their usage of water drawn from Atlanta city aquifers. "We intend to fight this all the way," stated Coca-Cola VP Johnny Zero. "If our hand is forced, we do have a delicious substitute for water derived from acetyl alcohol and our own secret blend of artificial flavors and unstable polymer chains."

Insatiable Red Cross Craves More Human Blood Foxwire

VirtuWater: How the Drought is Helping Second Life Wired

Beverage Bulletin - Big Gulper - Free Market Times - Foxwire

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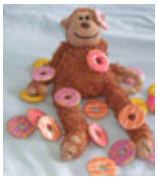

Adorable Disease Archive

Monkeypox Pandemic Prompts Giddy High-Fives at CDC Mouth-Breathing Vaccine-Fearer Quarterly - October 28th, 2012

By JON RAPS-WITH-EAGLES The 2,985 cases of monkeypox diagnosed this week in the central United States officially raises the monkeypox outbreak to pandemic status and the CDC could not be happier. "Yo, suck on that," cheered Don Munglet of the CDC Arizona office. "We called this one, bitches. Like ten years ago, we called it. In your face, America!" CDC head Cynthia McMacentire hoped that the elevation to pandemic will "better educate the public in regards to why we rule and they drool."

FEMA Ships Quarantine Trailers to Pacific Abyssal Trench New York Times

Paris Hilton Has Seen a Monkey One Time in a Cartoon USA Today

Disease Scarer - American Panic Medical Journal - Foxwire

all 4,004 news articles

Benighted and Cursed Location of the Modern World

$100B Flood Relief Package Includes $98B for Dick Museum in Branson, Missouri

Hapless Yokel Standard - October 28th, 2012

By Rhett Rocket Congress has passed a controversial 100 billion dollar emergency relief bill for the northern Mississippi flood plains, where hundreds of thousands are homeless. To achieve a veto-proof majority the package sets aside 98.7 billion dollars for pork projects, including $98B to construct "The Branson Museum of Frigging Humongous Dicks." Construction of the museum will begin immediately. The remainder of the aid will be handed out by FEMA as debit cards to whoever is standing around when their truck stops. Victims are welcome to take as many cards as they can carry.

Department of Homeland Security Lays Awake in Bed at Night and Wonders Why it Exists AP

Chemtrails Seed Clouds With Bombs to Flood Mississippi YouTube Scientist

Hooray Branson! - Branson Times - Branson News & World Report - Foxwire

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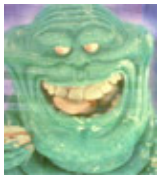

Thetans Love Weiners

Scientology Field Team Measures Unprecedented Thetan Activity at Bridge Collapse

Minneapolis Tribune - October 29th, 2012

By Kudzu Hatebeam The Church of Scientology has released its latest e-meter scans of the collapsed Gudsaar Bridge site. According to the Scientology team, the collapse may have been caused by unprecedented Thetan activity just before the collapse. "There was ectoplasm all over the place," commented a man selling books. "We'll have to consult Hubbard's Spirit Guide before we can fully understand the cause of the collapse. I would check myself, but it's OTVII and I haven't leveled up enough fighting crabs to be able to use the book."

Beck: "Hillary Clinton doesn't care about Thetans." TMZ.com

Scientologists Offer Medical Degree in Correctometrics Matrix-Schmatrix

Tom's Crews - Travoltin': The World's #1 Travolta Zine - Foxwire

all 7,564 news articles

Fun Pics of Shit That's Gonna Kill Us All!

FEMA "Totally Prepared" for Extinction-Level Meteor Impact

AP - October 29th, 2012

By SPITTING TURK Spokespeople for FEMA mounted a press blitz today to reassure concerned citizens that the agency is ready to cope with the aftermath of the upcoming J76/Ballswick meteor impact. "We have crisis teams standing by and ready to respond," assured FEMA head Paul Wiggles. Critics say Wiggles has no reason to be optimistic. "He has never held a job before this one," explained Internet researcher TitLovr69. "I found his resume and it's just an explanation of how you can turn a piece of licorice into a straw by biting both ends."

Rocket Full of Lingerie Models and Senators Sets Out for Research Mission to International Space Station High Times

Richard Dawkins Scoffs at Prayers for Meteor to Miss, Fires Up Solitaire UPI

Doomsday for Kids - Welp... - Nostradamus Illustrated - Foxwire **all 364 news articles**

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.30 HELL-O-WEEN ANARCHY ZONE

Tuesday, Oct 30, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Online Anarchy series.

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 P A R E N T A L - A D V I S O R Y : Y O U - S U C K ! ! ! ! ! !

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"A spook tackular halloween will be had by all" Freedy Cougar

"This tips are the boss in my book. I love em" Dad from Munsters

Halloween time is a fun time because it is so easy to make people do everything you want and more. Too bad for us that we are getting too old to have fun on halloween... or so they say. Most of the time you will hear excuses like "You Are Older Then Me I’m Not Giving You Candy" and "Arent You A Little Old For This Sonny Jim? How About Getting A Nice Girlfriend Instead?" Well first of all there is no law about how old a person must be to trick or treat so booya on that count and second of all laws are for the weak so that is another booya right there. This is anarchy remember and in my society you would now be 1 booya away from being ostrich sized from the community. I would give you another booya for trying to force me to date when Im not ready but that would not give you a chance to learn from your mistakes...

So as I was saying Its going to be tough to get candy because we are a bit to old to go trick or treating. That is ok because we can have our fun many different ways and spread our anarchist message the entire time. Welcome to the New Wrold Order!!!

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<<<<<< THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW >>>>>>
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This tactic requires a friend of yours to help out. First find some trick or treaters with their mom walking around and then have your friend run up and start harassing them. Make him go "Hello Madam What Are You Dressed Up As, A V. Ugly Woman And Dumb Baby Kids?" Then run off! Then You come up all dressed like a cop and say "Hi Maam Im A Angery Cop And Also You Dont Look A Day Over 40" and she will tell you about the ruffian (YOUR FRIEND) who harassed her and her kids and then you say "Do You Want Me To Go Shoot Him Up With

My Gun" and she will be like "No" and offer you a piece of candy to calm you down from your rage. Then after you finish the candy just be like "Well I Better Go Shoot That Guy" and she will give more. Before you know it you will have eaten a lot of candy perhaps too much candy and you will have to leave. Make the lady look away and then do your best radio voice and go "PSSHH... There Is A Crime Going On, Over" and then you can pretty much just run off..

<<<<<< THE HALLOWEEN VIRUS >>>>>>

I know you have heard of comp. viruses that come around on certain days of the year and on those days if you are like my mom you say we have to have the computer off and unplugged on that day because the virus might happen to us and delete moms mahjong game. What a fun game mom but you dont even know how to play you just press some buttons until the tiles go away. Anyway I am making a virus in the comfort of my own home right now because I was snooping in my aunts place and she had a book that came with her IBM BASIC computer. I have a work in progress of it.

```
  10 PRINT "ENTER IF YOU DARE"
  20 PRINT "GREETINGS IM THE DEVILS BABY IM IN YOUR HOME"
  30 PRINT "NOW IM GOING TO MAKE YOU DO MY COMMANDS"
  40 PRINT "WHY DONT YOU EAT SOMETHING GROSS LIKE POOP"
  50 PRINT "ARE YOU GOING TO EAT THE POOP?"
  60 INPUT C
  70 PRINT "SHUT UP YES YOU ARE"
  80 PRINT "The temperature in Fahrenheit is: "; (C * 1.8) + 32
```

I am still working on how to make the code do bad stuff to their computer while they keep saying "No I Havent Eaten Poop Yet" but it is still my first 2 days working on this I will have an update next time probaly.

<<<<<< THE GRAVY TRAIN >>>>>>

One old time game we played once with my uncle around this time of year is we went to bet him that he could not drink as much gravy as I could drink in water in one day. He proudly took us up on that because he was a deadbeat and he already failed at his own family so he was trying to be as cool as possible while he lived with us. So we heated up this gravy from the back of the fridge. I started my water and he was having his gravy right out of the measuring cup so he would know how much he had. We were evenly matched until 1pm or so when he started kind of wailing and he was lying down in the den on his stomach. By 5pm I had a really good lead but he was still hanging in there and saying some junk about how he can see every planet orbiting the sun and it looked like the prettiest necklace he had ever seen and that he would buy it for his ex wife

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and then by like 9pm I pretty much forgot about it because he went
to go puke and then fell asleep. And then the nextg morning he was
gone and mom said he went on vacation but everyone knows he sort of
became a drifter. So yeah good tip messing with the folks.

So Long Folks . . .

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                  Your all-star SysOp staff:

 Fat Butler Frank - Sassy Stan - Plump Pauline - BIG BRAD - Jeff
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-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.31 Reaching for the Great Beyond: Six Steps to Success

Wednesday, Oct 31, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The modern world breeds failures. Each of us is forced by fate to routinely fail at everything we set out to do. Success is fast becoming the domain of a select few supermen gifted with wealth and means unavailable to most. But there are some simple ways for each of us lowly commoners to become successful. I have identified six major steps in life that every person must take in order to be considered successful. Of each step, I have written a few brief words to show you how I personally achieved success, in the quiet dignified hope that you might follow in my path. If these steps work for you, I ask that you kindly e-mail me twenty dollars.

STEP ONE: YOU HAVE TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN

The mountain loomed before me and me alone. True, other people were making use of the mountain and I had to park really far from the visitor center because of the massive amounts of people there, but this mountain, this bold proclamation of nature, was mine alone in spirit.

I reached down to pet the mountain. My hand gently stroked and massaged a rock jutting out from the mountain's domineering surface. "There, there," I said. "You're a good mountain, but today I have to climb you. There's no way around that, unless I go around you, but that is beside the point of this endeavor. Frankly, mountain, you're kind of a dick for even suggesting it."

I stood up and kicked that jerk rock, and it hurt in the way mistaking your shoe for an active beehive might hurt. The mountain would not go down easy.

"Very well, mountain, if this is how it is to be."

I steeled and electroplated my resolve, and prepared to make short work of this meager heap of rock. Having driven half way up, I would need only to hike a short distance to the visitor center, and then quickly jaunt up to the summit, some several thousand feet above.

By the time I reached the visitor center a quarter of a mile from my parking space, I began doubting if this mountain was actually worth climbing. It was foggy and windy and everywhere I looked the gray silhouettes of marmots sat perched atop the gray silhouettes of rocks, as if they were both one impractical object or the marmots themselves were carved out of rock by some ancient tribe that worshiped them as gods.

I decided then that I was wasting my precious time. All the effort I'd expend reaching the summit could be better spent elsewhere. I could climb this mountain easily if I wanted to, but at this point I no longer wanted to.

"I may not have reached your summit, but I don't really want to anymore. Thus, I have conquered you in my mind, mountain. I will also conquer the chili cheese dog and fries served in your visitor center's restaurant."

And so through the combined force of mental determination and physical resolve, I celebrated a victory over the mountain and scratched the first major success off my list. Like all good triumphs, I even endured the pain of sacrifice. The chili cheese dog gave me gas and a stomach ache on the drive home and I had to stop and use a Safeway restroom.

STEP TWO: YOU HAVE TO BUILD A BARN

I stared longingly at the wide open expanse of land. It was an empty canvas and my imagination, wielding paintbrush and palette, deftly inserted a large red barn. It was the most beautiful barn I had ever imagined in all my days on this earth. I yelped in excitement.

I placed inside the imaginary barn great big bales of hay, stacking them neatly as if giving order to some deep pain within my psyche. I filled the barn with animals, perhaps to rest, perhaps to stage a morality play about the corrupting influence of Stalinism.

"There," I said to myself while pointing at a particular choice spot of land. "That is where my barn will go."

I immediately left my neighbor's wide expanse of land and drove to Home Depot intending to fill my Honda Civic with vital barn making supplies.

I walked the vast lumber aisles wide-eyed and full of hope, admiring all the great planks of wood just waiting for deployment. There was no doubt in my mind that I was staring at the embryonic beginnings of my barn. After about 20 minutes of leering at lumber, a man approached me.

"Looking to buy some lumber?" he inquired.

"I'm building a barn, sir. I will require a selection of your finest lumber in the rough shape of a barn."

"A barn? That's a pretty big project. You working with some contractors?"

"I believe that within the heart of every man there rests at least one barn yearning to be built. The time has come for me to build my barn and share my heart with the world."

"Uh, well, barns can be very expensive. You're looking at a few thousand for the lumber alone for a decent sized barn."

"Say no more, sir. If you are going to put a financial figure on my hopes and dreams, then I will bid you good day and hope that nobody ruins your dreams as badly as you have ruined mine just now."

And with that I left the store knowing full well that had I a large amount of money I could have easily built a barn just like that. A great success, that will perhaps one day become an even greater success, assuming a relative I never knew I had leaves me a large chest full of money after dying unexpectedly in some kind of protracted battle against an armada of highly organized cockroaches.

STEP THREE: YOU HAVE TO DIG UP A LOT OF GRAVES

"Clunk" cried the ground as I drove a shovel through its hardened crust, pushing down through layers of earth toward buried treasure. The land was a body, and I was operating on it. The only medical tool I needed was a shovel, and with it I would amputate a coffin from six feet of earthly tissue.

Disturbing the sleep of the dead is considered a taboo by most modern societies, but it is also a great source of income. Celebrity bones and organs fetch top dollar prices on eBay and other auction houses, and it's a source of revenue that's almost completely untapped.

To be successful, you need money and initiative. Robbing celebrity graves is an honest way to make a living and prove that you are a creative money maker. The only downside is the hours. You typically work the graveyard shift, which is made doubly macabre by the fact you will be working

in graveyards. But, fortune favors the bold, and it takes a truly bold man to plunder from the dead.

On this quiet night I was working to excavate the skeletal remains of television actor Norman Fell, whose bones would no doubt bring me tons of cash. Rumor has it that Norman Fell's skull was made of pure crystal, one of only 13 in the world, and was coveted by many celebrity bone collectors. I expected this to be my last haul before I moved on to bigger business endeavors. Afterwards, I would take my money and trade up in life.

When I finally hit the coffin, I heard a dog barking in the distance. The dog triggered a veritable Rube Goldberg sequence of noises, all conspiring to wake up the night watchmen. I had to work fast if I was to get Norman Fell's crystal skull and escape. Unfortunately, stealing celebrity bones is not an industry for the impatient. One has to work very slow and deliberate, so as not to break the merchandise and diminish its retail value.

It was not to be, though. Hearing the night watchmen approaching, I quickly yanked loose a femur, climbed out of the hole, shoveled all the dirt back in, patted it down, and took off running. A femur is a pretty lackluster bone and typically only fetches a couple hundred. Still, success is all about putting yourself out there, and that's exactly what I did.

I might not have acquired the crystal skull of Norman Fell, but I made decent money being self-employed working in the cool night air. When I go in for job interviews, my grave robbing experience is usually the first thing an interviewer asks me about when they look at my résumé.

STEP FOUR: YOU HAVE TO START A SMALL BUSINESS THAT SELLS USED VACUUM CLEANERS

Small business ownership is a key measure of success, and what better small business than one that sells used vacuum cleaners to people unable to afford brand new vacuum cleaners? While grave digging proves you can work independently, running a business that sells used vacuum cleaners proves you can run a small business that sells used vacuum cleaners, which is a much more difficult and elaborate enterprise.

Having sold all my celebrity bones, I took my wad of cash and rented out a storefront in a cheap part of town where people would likely be unable to afford brand new vacuum cleaners. Some might ask why I did not go back and build a barn, and the answer is this: I already proved that I could build a barn *if I wanted to.*

At first I had no used vacuum cleaners to sell, so I went around the rich part of town collecting used ones that were being thrown out. An advertisement I placed in craigslist helped a great deal in finding people ridding themselves of vacuums, though I did have to wash a naked man's car before he would give his up. He wanted me to stay for dinner, which I initially declined, but then accepted when he told me it was chicken and dumplings, a personal favorite.

After a long day of hard work, I had a dozen used vacuum cleaners to sell in my store, which I named "Used Vacuum Cleaner Imporium." I later learned that I misspelled "emporium," so I pretended it was intentional by painting a little imp in the window and calling him the store mascot. The gambit worked, for soon my store was flooded with young Satanist couples looking to buy their very first vacuum cleaner. The Dirt Devil

proved especially appealing to my customer base.

Business was booming and I was riding high on the proverbial sacrificial hog, selling ineffective or completely nonfunctional vacuum cleaners to people who truly appreciated my dishonesty. I had succeeded in proving that I could run a small business that sells used vacuum cleaners, one of the essential marks of a successful man.

Eventually, though, I ran out of used vacuum cleaners, most of which did not even work in the first place. The time it took to acquire them ate up most of my weekends, and the business had yet to turn a profit. I started buying used vacuums to sell at a markup, but few people wanted to drive to the part of town my business was in, and even fewer wanted to navigate past the Satanists who had taken to loitering outside my store smoking cigarettes and drawing chalk pentagrams on the cracked sidewalk.

"Business sucks," I said to myself while staring at my empty showroom floor, which was very dirty because I had no way to clean it. The irony of my situation was not lost on me, and caused my heart to sink lower than any imaginary cardiovascular barn blueprint could lift up.

In the face of certain doom did I accept defeat? No, I burnt the building down and collected the insurance money. I proved my success already, so there was no need to ride it out like some titanic ocean liner that inevitably ends up retired after years of satisfactory service because its captain became complacent.

STEP FIVE: YOU HAVE TO WRITE THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

Some people will tell you that in order to be a Great American Novelist you have to become an alcoholic, have a tormented relationship with a hooker, live in a rundown part of town above a used vacuum cleaner store, and work at a fish market amongst greedy foreigners. That is simply not true. All you have to do is write about a small town coming of age.

When I set out to write my Great American Novel, I decided I would write about a small American town coming of age when its leading scientist invents a gun that turns men into women, and vice versa. A unique spin on the classic formula, and one certain to win me some kind of literary award for encouraging people to think about things they would not normally think about.

Writing the Great American Novel is one of the most challenging things you can do as a human being, and it will no doubt push you to your limits. In writing my story, I was so vexed by my own failure to come up with words that I ended up taking to the drink. Before long I had to move to a smaller apartment to afford rent, above a used vacuum cleaner store. To pay the rent I took a job working for an angry Chinese fishmonger down at the pier, who taught me to hate humanity. That's where I met Gretchen, a prostitute whom I fell in love with even though she was a junky and hated me even more than I hated myself.

Eventually the Great American Novel mutated and took on autobiographical qualities. It became the release for me, the place where I transformed all my malaise and angst into words. The process sucked the life out of me. I began to bleed ink, and my words began to bleed blood and sweat. Routinely, I would throw my typewriter out the window in some epic fit of drunken rage, usually hitting a Satanist down below. They apparently started hanging out at this new used vacuum cleaner store after mine mysteriously burned down after being soaked with gasoline and lit on fire. I didn't mind, because they were very encouraging and supportive, offering a thumbs up whenever I managed to hit one of them with my impromptu projectiles.

But I kept on writing, pouring more and more of my soul into the story. As I descended into skid row, so too did the imaginary small town of my story. It began to come of age in violent fashion

as the layers of homely charm peeled off, revealing a grotesque and hypocritical veneer of grimy lies and falsehoods. Finally, I was showing the world for what it truly was: A seething swamp of deceit that we were all drowning in.

After one long month I completed my first 1,000 words, or the first eight chapters of the story. I decided that was proof enough of my ability to write the Great American Novel, so I set the manuscript on fire to signify that my life alone was an important chapter in the American experience. I quit my job at the fish market, moved out of that apartment, dropped down from two beers a week to just one, and moved to a nicer neighborhood. Also I think Gretchen wanted to settle down, so it was time to move on while simultaneously not leaving behind any contact information whatsoever.

At this stage in my life, there was but one obstacle left to tackle in order to become a truly successful man.

STEP SIX: YOU HAVE TO DEFEAT A LARGER ANIMAL IN UNARMED COMBAT

To truly prove oneself a successful man, a much larger animal needs to be defeated in unarmed combat. Unfortunately, most people do not have large animals at easy disposal, and horses, the most readily available large animal, do not make for practical fighters.

When faced with this dilemma, my first thought was to go to the zoo and see if I could fight any of their animals to the death. Zoos are a popular source of animals, especially exotic ones, so if you can work out a deal with a zookeeper, you've got yourself a good fight for sure.

I approached a kindly zookeeper as he joyfully watched his bears frolic and play like giant murderous manchildren, hoping to persuade him to let me kill one.

"Those are some fine bears," I said.

"They sure are."

"I bet defeating one in unarmed combat would be a real rush."

"These bears would likely rip you to shreds. They are not to be taken lightly. For example, that big brown bear over there–"

"Hey, great!" I interrupted. "Look, sir, I just want to fight and kill one bear. You've got like five at this zoo alone. That odd number has got to be causing some problems anyway. Let-"

"Excuse me?" he rudely interjected.

"Let me finish, please! Let me take on the one lonely bear that doesn't have a mate and just makes the other bears feel awkward. I'll kill that one and do you a service. Or, if there is a bear that's kind of a jerk to its mate, I can kill that one, so the lonely bear can swoop in and fill the void."

"I'm not letting you anywhere near my bears. You are joking, right?"

"I really hoped it wouldn't come to this, but look, here is $12 bucks and a coupon for a free cookie at Subway."

"I think you better leave the zoo, son!" barked the angry zookeeper from up on his high horse. Obviously he was afraid to let others succeed in life. A pansy like him couldn't handle the thought of a more successful men out there.

When you can't fight a bear the next best thing is to dress a large dog up as one and fight it. Once the adrenaline starts flowing, you probably won't even care that it's not really a bear as you'll be busy working hard to kill it.

Dogs are readily available from used dog stores, also known as animal shelters and pounds. I was able to quickly secure ownership of a large elderly Bernese Mountain Dog named Albert. On the way home from the shelter, I stopped at a pawnshop and purchased a bearskin rug for $12 and a free cookie coupon after haggling for twenty minutes. When I got back to the car, Albert looked pretty iffy. I guess I should have cracked a window since it was a 90 degree day. Hopefully it would give him some motivation to work with during our fight.

As big as Albert was, he was still only half the size of a bear. So I wrapped him in dirty laundry to increase his mass. After I got him padded pretty heavily, I put the bearskin rug over top. The only thing left to do was to defeat this dog in unarmed combat.

Although Albert seemed unable to maneuver, that didn't stop me from quickly putting him in a chokehold. The moment you show mercy to an enemy is the moment you let your guard down and give them the advantage. After about twenty minutes of awkward chokeholds, Albert toppled over and I was victorious at long last.

Unfortunately, Albert, being the sore loser that he was in life, fell over on my legs, pinning me under his massive weight. He was heavy enough as is, but the added bulk of the laundry and rug just made it impossible for me to get out from under him. Success isn't always easy. Sometimes success sits on top of you for two days, causing you to wet yourself while also giving you a horrible leg cramp.

Eventually a neighbor heard my sorrowful moans for help and notified the landlord, who came and rescued me.

"What the hell happened in here?" he asked.

"That's my laundry. It fell on me when I pulled it out of the dryer."

"What dryer? You don't have a dryer. And why is your laundry in the shape of a dog and why is there a bearskin rug on top of it?"

"That is none of your business. Now can you please help me out from under this vanquished foe?"

After he helped lift Albert's corpse off of me, I quickly shoed him out the door before he could leach any of my success away for himself.

I never set out to kill the dog, merely win against him in a fight to the death. In doing so, I finally proved myself a truly successful man in all fronts.

Special thanks to **Shmorky** for providing almost all the illustrations. Bonus points to you, for somehow managing to make it all the way to the end, big guy (or lady).

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Nine out of 10 Vampires Prefer AC Over DC

Thursday, Nov 01, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Mmmm, Halloween and anime. A perfect combination.

If you're like me you spend Halloween huddled in your studio apartment hoping to Christ that no one rings the doorbell and, God forbid, try to interact with you in some way. Luckily my apartment complex is occupied by nobody but divorced single men whose bawling cries soothe me to sleep each night and cat ladies whose stench from their many litter boxes that haven't been cleaned since 1980 waft over the community to give it that utterly depressing no-way-out-but-suicide smell.

Even if I didn't live at the Last Resort View Apartment Homes, residents of California have become so untrusting of one another that I don't think anybody even trick-or-treats anymore, at least not before mapping out the "bad houses" they found on the Megan's Law web site.

WHAT WAS THAT?! "Trick-or-treat"?! GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! I am heavily armed and writing a front page update! Trespassers will be shot! Just because all the lights in my apartment are on and there's a pumpkin at the doorstep and fake spider webs on my door doesn't give you the right to bother me in my home!

There, that ought to keep the little bastards from coming back. You know, it wasn't always this way. I used to be so into Halloween. My father and I would turn the garage into a spookhouse that would delight the whole neighborhood. That all changed when my dad was thrown in prison for Digg fraud and I moved out to California.

Besides doing my best to avoid humanity, I use Halloween as an opportunity to chase the vampires out of my electrical outlets. For years I have been slaying these vile beasts that steal my electricity and cause my utility bill to skyrocket. Electric vampires lie in wait every October to eat your electricity. Ever wonder why your utility bill jumps every Halloween? Now you know.

I have told everybody I know about these wretched fiends but they won't believe me. My friends have stopped talking to me. My parents have disowned me. My girlfriend left me out of sheer disgust. For years I have been alone in my quest to eradicate the electric vampires from the world, but I am just one man. But today I am finally vindicated, thanks to CNN and a slow news day.

With a few precautions you too can have a happy and vampire-free home.

> A force as insidious as Dracula is quietly sucking a nickel of every dollar's worth of the electricity that seeps from your home's outlets.

There is it! It's on the Internet so it must be true! Dracula was never coming. He is already here, stealing your electricity and talking shit behind your back while he does it! Take that, doubters!

> Insert the little fangs of your cell phone charger in the outlet and leave it there, phone attached: That's "vampire" electronics.
>
> Allow your computer to hide in the cloak of darkness

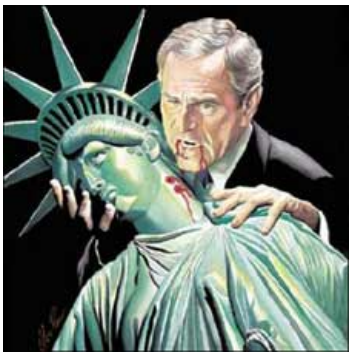
> known as "standby mode" rather than shutting it off: That's vampire electronics.
>
> The latest estimates show 5 percent of electricity used in the United States goes to standby power, a phenomenon energy efficiency experts find all the more terrifying as energy prices rise and the planet warms. That amounts to about $4 billion a year.

Unfortunately the media gets the story wrong once again. CNN has been taken in by the vampire conspiracy, a plot to blame their evil doings on our cell phone chargers and the standby modes on our DVD players. There is nothing wrong with our brand name consumer electronics.

Do you really think the red LEDs on our chargers and stereo systems that helpfully tell us when our devices are off so we know for sure are actually drawing $4 billion in power a year? It's just another one of the many lies the media is feeding us about the war on terror and vampires.

Fortunately lawmakers have decided to act, but it's too little, too late.

> In California, lawmakers passed a proposal last year – dubbed the Vampire Slayers Act – to add vampire electronics labels to consumer products, detailing how much energy a charger, computer, DVD player, PlayStation, microwave or coffee maker uses when on, off or in standby mode.



Heh, our government voting on vampire issues? Wouldn't they be a bit biased?

No! This is not the solution! We don't need warning labels, we need wooden stakes and garlic, and DVD copies of all the seasons of Buffy to train new slayers. This is just a feel good law that accomplishes nothing.

> The issue is particularly pressing in Ohio, the nation's No. 1 emitter of toxic air emissions – mostly from electricity production at the state's coal-fired power plants. Walton said skyrocketing energy costs mean everyone should worry about the vampires in the house.

I think I speak for everybody when I say, "FUCK OHIO."

But this Walton, he gets it. There are vampires in our houses and if we don't do anything about it we will continue to pay out the nose for electricity we aren't using, electricity that is going to power overcrowded vampire schools and vampire nudist colonies. These dirty vampires should pay their fair share, not leech off God-fearing American working men!

Of course, what do the fat cats in Washington want us to do?

> He advises shutting off the other vampires too, though the inconvenience of resetting the clocks, channels and timers on those devices each morning will discourage most people.

Instead of slaying the electric vampires, **we** should compromise? **We** should unplug our clocks every morning? **We** shouldn't leave our PlayStations plugged in for no reason despite the fact we haven't used them for eight years? What is this, a third-world country? I thought this was the United States of America, damnitt! We like our electronics plugged in for no reason, our vampires slayed, and our A.I. retarded. That's the American way!

> If one in 10 American homes used only appliances endorsed through the program, the Energy Department estimates, it would reduce U.S. carbon emissions by the same amount as planting 1.7 million acres of trees.

Okay, enough vampire bullshit. I just love these wacky claims that promise incredible gains if only an infinitesimal amount of people stop doing something or do something less. They throw huge numbers in our faces that are actually quite small when you look at the big picture.

Holy crap, you mean if we just perform the incredibly annoying task of unplugging our clocks every day we wouldn't have to plant 1.7 million acres of trees? That's a lot of acreage when you consider the United States is only 2.3 billion acres large! If only those *monsters* used less energy...

God I hate Halloween.

Here are some more ways we can conserve our precious resources and make the world a better place.

> If one in 10 Americans stopped bathing we would be able to conserve enough water to waterboard 6,000 terrorists a day, the Association of Stinky People for the Unethical Treatment of Prisoners of War estimates.
>
> If one in 10 American households had watched Futurama it would be in its 8th season by now and suck more than The Simpsons currently does, according to a bunch of faggots.
>
> If only one in 10 Americans stopped eating there would be enough food to feed 30,113,994 Americans.
>
> If one out of 10 Goons stopped doing anything there would be enough resources in all the world to satisfy the unlimited wants and needs of the entire planet's population. Shame on you, goons.

$40 billion in energy costs is just the price we have to pay for progress, and it's a damn good deal if you ask me. Imagine a world where you have to plug everything in over and over again before using it. Imagine a world where you couldn't keep your Nintendo DS plugged in and charging even if it's already fully charged, just so you can be sure you've got enough juice to play Nintendogs during the four hours a day you spend in the bathroom.

If a blinking red light on my TV doesn't tell me that it's turned off, how will I know?

The only reason people should conserve energy is if they don't have enough money to pay for that energy, not because there isn't enough of it to go around. If there aren't enough resources to power our stupid crap, then the people in charge of energy just aren't doing their jobs. They shift to blame to the general populace and scold us for not conserving.

I can say with full confidence, despite not doing any research on the subject or even knowing what I am talking about, that there is enough energy out there to power every single electronic piece of shit we can dream of plugging in and there is no point in conserving energy.

It ain't our fault, it's the vampires.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.2 GREATEST NEWS HOLLYWOOD

Friday, Nov 02, 2007 by Achmed Owlcat (@sexyfacts4u)

Hollywood! My friend! It is so good to see from you!

I have read in the filthy mucus wipe Variety that you are in a trouble with the writers who make the shows and movies. It is THE STRIKE. Such sad state of affairs it touches into my heart. Deeply I feel for you, old friend.

This is why I am so very very very glad to tell you that I am just now opening a new enterprise. My tables are cleared and I am at full ready to begin supplying your needs as THE SCAB. Forget the writers, all of your wettest dreams and wishes to be fulfilled when you enter...

ACHMED OWLCAT'S DISCOUNT SCRIPTORIUM

All of very best writers from cradle of civilization and el norte corea have combines their might to produce relentless stream of UNBELIEVABLE DEALS.

Hollywood, Hollywood, listen. I do not offer these script to just every man who walks into the bazaar. These I save just for you. I know when I see them, they are just for you. Custom for you.

DEALS DEALS DEALS DELAS DEALS

Friend, let me give you just a taste of the merchandise. You will find quality at half - no, one tenth - one tenth of the cost of these bearded hippos writing for you now. These are lean children of the mysterious Arabia writing for your enjoyment. These scripts are not to be matched on earth or heaven.

NBC, you like ER? You need a script? I have a script for you. UNBELIEVABLE good script. Just a taste...

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENTSY ROOM - NIGHT
Male Doctor
There a patience I don't know what wrong!

Female Nurse
Patient only kid you...better save him buster!

Male Doctor
I do everything I can. Nurse, 500 seepies of durpolex inject into his face on my mark. MARK!

Female Nurse
I sting it into his face. STING STING!

Male Doctor
Hold on kids you live! Don't die on me!

Female Nurse
He dying!

Male Doctor
Why you cheated on me with the male doctor?

Female Nurse
How did it know?

Male Doctor
The other female doctor toll me.

Female Nurse
HOW DARE YOU-

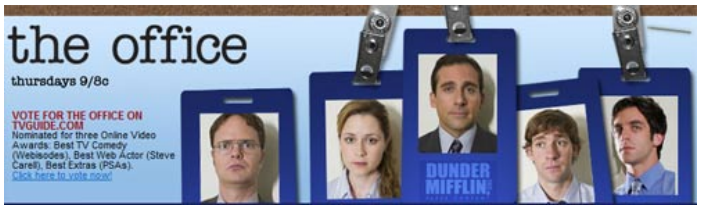
Sick Kid
Stop yell...please...

Female Nurse
He right you saved! Him.

Male Doctor
WE save him.

Female Nurse
Now we go to do a sex.

Ahhhhhh, wonderful, no? But I see there are other holes to be filled in your scheduling. NBC, how about emmies nominated television show the office? How do you like this....


the office
thursdays 9/8c
VOTE FOR THE OFFICE ON TVGUIDE.COM
Nominated for three Online Video Awards: Best TV Comedy (Webisodes), Best Web Actor (Steve Carell), Best Extras (PSAs).
Click here to vote now!
DUNDER MIFFLIN

INT. DUMPER MIFFLIN - DAY **Mikael Scott**
HEy pam I just arrive at work whats happening? like the show "whats happening?" yeaaaaahhhhh dynamite

Pam
You had a message from jam

Mikael Scott
A massage from jam a massage from jam.....with release....with....release

Pam
I said a message with an e

Jim
(MAKES A FACE TO A CAMERA)

Pam
Jim lets prank dwight

Jim
Alright I love you HEY DWIGHT

Dwight
I'm not talking to you Jim

Jim
You had better talk to me because guess what oscar is gay

Dwight
WHAT? OH NO THATS JUST LIKE A DEMON

Jim
Here is an exorism squirt pistolla it is full of holy water make the demon go out of him

Dwight
I'll do that I'll get him

Pam
(MAKES A FACE AT JIM)

Jim
(MAKES A FACE AT A CAMERA)

So good I can hardly believe it and SO very funny. HAHAHA! NBC you have a big hit. Also we have scripts for Thirty Rock and whole lineup. Satisfy all needs.

Not enough laughs Hollywood? How about Mrs. Comedy Central. My fine lady. Good news for you, finest shows are in attendances of Achmed Owlcat. I have guaranteed 100% certified oscar nomination scripts for not one not two but ALL Comedy Central show.

You like politics in a comedy? How about fine man Steven Coldbear...

INT. STEVEN COLDBEAR LETTER C

Steven Coldbear
(TALKS IRONIC)
Good afternoon freedom isnt free it is paid for by these guns (he make a arm) and now about today event. Guess what? Bush is right again. I want to kiss hims mouth. He do a right thing (you can put a thing he done in here) and then liiiiiiiberals mess it all up. Now it time for report on guess who the face is I hate right now...

A graphic go across screen that is too much graphic for small purpose.

Steven Coldbear
(CONTINUE IRONIC TALK)
Face I hate most is face of liberal (a popular liberal everybody like and maybe done a unkindness to Mr. Bush) and I also hate BEARS. Put face next to a bear face on a board. Here it is. You feel that NAME OF LIBERAL? Thats crow being put into your face because face eats a crow on this board.

A graphic go away.

Steven Coldbear
(MORE IRONIC TALK)
Here a thing I do for a headline. Get attention. I gonna become a astronaut because I dont trust astronaut spacemens. I take you up on that challenge Richard Bransom. I gonna go space and claim it for America.

Simple and elegance! Just a sample. You want more? CBS, you like show. How about a little bit of...

EXT. MIAMI USA - ORANGE DAY

Horatio Cains
(LOOK A DEAD BODY)
Theres traces of blue dots on her fingernails. I see them right there. Get a spectronalysis of that chemicals.

Eric Delko
(HE STAND UP HE WAS LOOK A DEAD BODY)
I seen this before. It a chemical from inside a special type of barn. But we has to test it to be sure. It is so sad she is a dead body now...

Horatio Cains
Some days it.....

He put on a sunglass.

Horatio Cains
just not a good day to go for a swim in a beach.

A speed boat go by and seagull fly past. Boom camera pull back to crane shot and swoop over to bay where you see a more boat. Camera start fly all over look real cool helicopter camera.

The drama! It is so intense! Oh, but that is not all Hollywood. My dear sweet friend. I have a good things for ABC as well and Fox. But how about your number one show ABC? I did not LOTS my thoughts about it...

EXT. LOTS ISLAND - MID-AFTERNOONS

Lock
Him saw a hatch last night. I think inside a spaceship AREA 51!!!!!!!

Hurlly
Oh I so hungry Lock. I ate too many coconuts and the tree die!! How I stay so fat here? You know? Maybe hatch is full a candy?

Blonde Lady
I think its a dinosaur! This is dinosaur island and we better watch our butts.

Hurlly
I watch your butts all day gladly.

Blonde Lady
That is so not funny Hurfly!!! Lock tell him to shut up that is not nice thing for lady to hear I am so ROBOTS!

Leader Robot
Yep it was robots all along guess what? Your robots two. We made a robot from you when you died and put your memory on a computer and put it in your robot body. That is project 19.

Lock
I not a robot I a ghost!!

Hurlly
I a robot that how I so fat all along.

Blonde Lady
Good gracious you monsters what you do?

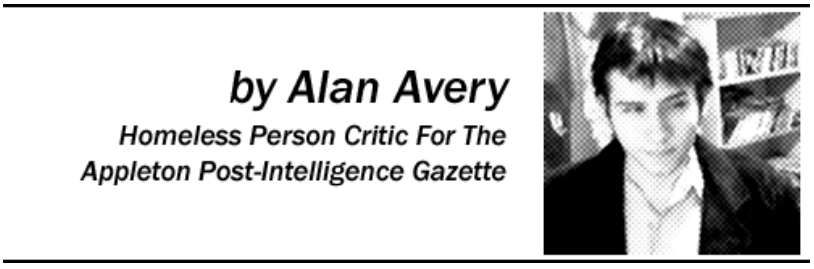
Mysterious! As mysterious as my supplier. I cannot name supplier. All I say is buy now. I not offer this deal in one week when you desperate for a script. Then you come to Achmed Owlcat and ask for scripts and I say "sorry one million draclaps." Ha ha.

You think again, right? You not regret this decision, Hollywood.

-~Achmed Owlcat (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 Bummin' Around Town

Saturday, Nov 03, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Before we get to this week's reviews, I need to address a growing concern. Somehow the term "foodie" has been accepted into our lexicon while "bummie", my descriptor for homeless person enthusiasts such as you and I, has struggled to gain traction.

Foodie? Really? Did we really need a word for people who enjoy tasty food? Perhaps the people who enjoy pleasure need a label as well. Geez!

Please, do your part to promote "bummie". Use it in everyday conversation, whisper it into the ear of your lover while he or she is trapped in the throes of passion, yell it in a crowded theater or at a theater that you think might be crowded as you walk by. If you're too shy for any of the above, get the word tattooed on your neck.

Right now, we're nothing more than a group of people who share a passion. Once we have a widely known quirky label for ourselves, we'll become a movement that cannot be ignored.

Manny

Location: The sidewalk on 14th Street & Birchwood Ave. + The alley behind Joe's Donut And Fishing Bait Shop

I went into this review with high hopes. Several friends and colleagues had crowned Manny as the archetypical bum, the embodiment of all that a bummie looks for in a homeless person. Unfortunately, Manny did not live up to the hype.

Manny's features are a yawn-inducing checklist of bum cliches. A scraggly hair-and-beard combo dotted with twigs and gum. Drab, featureless pants held up with a salvaged length of electrical cord. Grimy digits protruding from a mismatched pair of fingerless gloves. A weathered scrap of cardboard with "Will work for food" scrawled across it. Sunken, hopeless eyes resting in a weathered face that appears twenty years older than the broken man it represents. Been there, done that.

Even Manny's dog manages to be disappointing. It's a run-of-the-mill mutt without a single missing limb or a decent case of mange. Get this - it's name is Patches. Gee, I haven't heard that one before!

Manny will give you an open mouthed kiss for a dollar, but don't waste your money. He tastes like the same old mixture of standing rainwater and semen that bored us to tears long ago.

Verdict: Manny is indeed the everybum that he's been billed as, in much the same way that gruel

is the everyfood. Everything he sets out to do was done before, and better, by other bums. One out of five abandoned shopping carts.

Ralphus

Location: A bench in Appleton City Park

The ambiance of Ralphus' camp is delightful. A fire burns within a nearby trashbin, fueled by such unlikely items as a plastic baby doll and the steering wheel of a late-model BMW. An honest-to-goodness jug (complete with XXX stenciled across the front!) of either grain alcohol or urine sits beneath a wooden bench which, in turn, has soaked up more than its fair share of mysterious liquids.

Ralphus himself looks like a cross between Tom Waits and a scrotum. His skin has an even coating of coarse hair, and it seems to be three sizes too big for his body.

It all adds up to a very promising start that, unfortunately, goes absolutely nowhere because I'm pretty sure that he's dead.

In the three and a half hours that I spent at Ralphus' camp, he did not move. The crumpled newspapers obscured his prone form in such a way that it was impossible to tell if he was breathing, but if he was asleep he did not twitch an eye or snore.

Verdict:

I give Ralphus two out of five abandoned shopping carts based entirely on his potential. If he turns out to be alive, I'll gladly revisit this review in an upcoming column.

"Captain"

Location: The abandoned Appleton trainyard just outside of town

Although he considers himself a hobo, Captain is a homeless person of such quality that he bridges all genres. He is truly a delight for all bummies, regardless of their taste. Hurry, though! Captain is on a limited engagement in Appleton as part of his much larger "Wherever The Tracks And Satan Take Me" tour.

I would like to think of myself as a capable critic, able to convey the pros and cons of any bum in a concise and entertaining way. When it comes to Captain, however, my talents pale in comparison to the words of the man himself:

> "Ah ain't had a slice of pizza in what, tenner twenny years now? Least a slice what was warm and didn't have no hair on it. But I heard they started stuffin' the

> crust wit some extra cheese. Like a bonus cheese. See, that ain't a half bad idea, but hell, I'd stuff that crust wit a napkin so's people could wipe they's faces real clean when they was done eatin'. Maybe if they ordered a whole pie I'd stuff one slice's crust wit the check. Oh, there goes the left eye! Yup. Can't see outta that one now."

Verdict: If you consider yourself a homeless person connoisseur, you must see this bum. Five out of five abandoned shopping carts.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.4 Daylight Savings Time Travel

Sunday, Nov 04, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

For some voodoo reason, the Illuminati has us switch our clocks twice a year. One hour forward in the spring, an hour back in the fall. On a large scale, the act of falling back an hour requires the creation of a time rift, or clicking the hour button on a digital alarm clock eleven consecutive times for home use. Failing to remember the procedure can result in a time continuum that eventually destroys you and your evil twin or being late for your internship at the mall.

Daylight savings time is amazing. Every year people relive an hour, and all they do is complain about how it is dark before Access Hollywood airs. There is one problem with daylight savings time. Though watching Blind Date and Cheaters on Fox is one of my favorite activities, I wish I could choose a different hour than two A.M. to relive. But with nearly 200,000 hours of existence under my belt, picking a handful of events is difficult. It would be much easier to select hours to erase, but that's another story... If I could choose which hours of my life to relive, I guess I'd select these:

5 PM, March 19, 1992. When I beat Mario 3(All times are Eastern Standard)
Mario 3 is one of the few things I have ever finished. It is disappointing when one of life's crowning achievements occurs before puberty, but I cannot complain. The game had it all. The levels were complex and diverse, and to get through all eight worlds required patience and all the dexterity my young hands could handle. Or at least I think, I just warped to the end with the whistles.

10PM, June 14, 1994. O.J. Simpson Car Chase

The chase was played on every station for the whole afternoon. I couldn't believe the black guy from the Naked Gun was racing around the streets of Los Angeles, but there he was, sitting in the back seat of his Bronco as it barreled down the highway. I watched the whole thing, all four or five hours. The chase marked a watershed moment in my development, as it signifies the end of my innocent childhood. After the chase came the flood of investigations, courtroom videos, racial stereotyping. The whole event ended when the verdict was read (my class stopped so we could hear the it) and I learned the role of wealth and fame in the judiciary system. I wish I could go back to a time of innocence. Also, I think this was the year that I first used the Internet. Little did I know that looking up codes for Mortal Kombat would grow (in the cancerous tumor sort of way) into the current disgusting habit. If I could go back and experience the O. J. Simpson events, I would carve the cryptic warning "don't visit goatse.cx" into my arm.

11AM, June 6, 2003. Death of Ronald Reagan
I found out about the former president's death through the morning newspaper. The news didn't mean much to me; I was too young to remember anything about his presidential career. But as I was driving to work, I saw two grown men rolling on the ground. I pulled over, and the fight had already been broken up. As the two stood next to each other, one spit on the other's face and shouted, "Fuck you, Reagan is the best-ever."

The confrontation was burned into my memory for months, and since that day I wish I could go back and just drive my car over both of them.

8PM, October 6, 1992. Pittsburgh Pirates in the NLCS I love the Pittsburgh Pirates. But lets not beat around the bush; they suck. No, without a season above .500 for fifteen years, it is safe to say they are terrible, and every year it seems like they start the season 5- 0 to show a bright future before losing 100 games in a row. The only competition the Pirates face is with the Royals for the worst record, which the Pirates also lose. The team represents every thing I believe in, and reliving their success, no matter how short lived, would fill me with a love I haven't felt in a long time. Most people would just wait another year and hope for the best, but it is more likely to travel back in time to see the Pirates winning, than have any expectations for 2008.

2PM, November 20, 1998. International Space Station

The Space Shuttle is the most futuristic thing to happen in my life. I had just watched a grainy VHS copy of Moonraker, and the powers of a space station seemed unlimited. I didn't know that the whole mission was hyped-up bullshit, and that it would never accomplish anything worthwhile, but it felt good to believe in an optimistic future.

11PM, November 3, 2007. Losing My Virginity

Actually, an hour is too long. Way too long. A full hour could include the awkward attempts at foreplay, me putting the condom on upside-down, and still leave fifty minutes for disappointment. Maybe I could just relive the six minutes. No. Forget the whole thing. I'll have to remember this for daylight savings time in the spring so I can wipe it out of existence.

There are so many factors to consider, so many hours to re-experience, but if I chose anything, it would probably be an extra hour of sleep.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.5 America is Inadequately Pumped

Monday, Nov 05, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pump-drain afflicts everyone.

From the vantage of the casual observer of popular culture and current events it seems as if America is suffering from a malaise. I'm not talking about wildfires or gasoline prices, although those are the sort of little thing that can temporarily bum a country out, I am referring to the recent pervasive lack of enthusiasm here in the United States. We hang our heads, our shoulders slump. We shuffle along, existing rather than living.

It's time to confront the truth: America just isn't pumped anymore.

Once, many years ago, we Americans faced each new day with a surfeit of energy. Dawn broke smiling across our cities and suburbs and those things with tractors and lots of plants we used to have. Strange flightless bird creatures screamed the new day out to us and we rose from our beds, inhaled the cinnamon sunbeams, and burst from the blankets with excitement.

We would race through our morning routine and arrive at school or work with a smile on our face and a whistle on our lips. We derived satisfaction from our toil and we enjoyed our free time. Meats were cooked on grills, jokes were told around coffee machines and when the time came to watch a sporting event we had a foam finger handy. Our lives could be described in superlatives like "awesome" or "terrific."

These lost salad days reached their height in the 1990s and no artifact embodies this apex of awesomeness quite like Jock Jams. For those of you unfamiliar with Jock Jams, it was a series of CDs released by Tommy Boy Records and (later) ESPN containing the simple exuberant music played at stadiums to excite the crowd. The first Jock Jams album was released in 1995 and included songs like C&C Music Factory's "Gonna Make You Sweat" and Technotronic's "Pump Up the Jam."

Grunge might have captured the narcissistic morbidity of the early 1990s, but it was Jock Jams that encapsulated America circa 1995. It was dumb music, by dumb people, for dumb people and it was supposed to make us all dumber.

We just didn't care. The world was our oyster and we were excited as hell. We wanted to stomp our feet and do the wave. America was number one and we were prepared to lean into a camera with our face painted in stars and stripes and scream, "WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Jock Jams was more than just a cultural milestone in the United States. Its ads were in heavy rotation on US television to the point that the rapid mix of musical hooks became the soundtrack of our lives. The commercial began with fight-announcer Michael Buffer shouting "Let's get ready to rummbbbbbblleeee!" and blasted through a mix of songs as the track list scrolled past on the screen. Clips of women gyrating further served to thoroughly pump up anyone within a hundred feet of the television.

With those commercials Jock Jams entered a pumping-up feedback loop with America. The more pumped Jock Jams made us, the more we craved Jock Jams to pump us up. The first volume of Jock Jams reached number 30 on the billboard charts and was quickly followed by a sequel that made it to number 10. As the 90s wore on no less than eight Jock Jams albums would be released, each charting well and each further pumping us up for the next Jock Jams.

Veins bulged in the collective head of America and our teeth gnashed with extreme pumpitude. We were redding out on enthusiasm, fully engorged on cheerleaders and gridirons, ketchup-covered

hotdogs and sweaty ball sacks. This couldn't end. It just couldn't. Not until we won. We were too pumped to accept anything other than total victory.

The final Jock Jams album was a distillation of the preceding seven discs entitled Jock Jams: The All-Star Jock Jams. It was released, with little fanfare, in November of 2001. It barely cracked the top 200. The impossible had happened: America had over-pumped.

Salvation or Damnation?

I could blame it on September 11th or a contentious presidential election. I could point the finger at the stock market, the dot com collapse or some other unfortunate event, but I know it isn't true. The truth of it is we pumped ourselves into such a terrifying frenzy that without the release valve of victory we ran ourselves to death.

Americans had that lousy feeling of lonely despair and realization the only the last man on Bourbon Street the morning after Mardi Gras, confronted with the debris, can truly understand. We were hoarse from screaming, sore from throwing beads at tits and hung-over beyond belief. We staggered like a sweaty ghost down that deserted boulevard, aware of the heaps of garbage and the raw stink of spilled beer and hurricanes. The street sweepers just looked at us in our Hawaiian shirt and shook their heads.

The 21st Century has been an unpleasant dawn in the real world for the United States. The Jock Jams were like bitter cat turds in our ears in November of 2001 and they're twice as unwelcome now. I could see cheerleaders thrusting their hips to "Jump Around" at a Bears Superbowl game and my level of pumped-upedness would barely rise.

Things That Pumped Up America Then	**Things That Might Pump Up America Now**
A baby smiling like a total MACHINE.	A baby that's a wizard.
Horses drinking water from a GIANT bucket.	Centaurs drinking lasers from a rocket.
Hitting 110% green lights on the way home.	Hitting the Powerball in the mega lotto.
Hummingbirds TEARING UP the feeder.	Hummingbirds tearing up a senator.
TOTALLY FRIGGING FREE samples of hickory smoked sausage at the grocery store.	Free samples of hickory smoked blowjobs at the free diamonds store.
A MEGA HOT babe in a PANTSUIT.	A mega hot Neanderthal babe in a block of ice.
A MONSTER jump from a BMX rider.	A monster jumping a BMX rider.
A SCORCHING line drive from a little league player.	A scorching surprise birthday party from a dinosaur prince.

Have we lost our ability to become pumped up? Have we exhausted our supply of reckless and pointless enthusiasm?

I bet even that didn't get you pumped up because you're thinking about IEDs and soldiers with plastic chins or something at Walter Reed. If we had invaded Iraq in 1999 it would have pumped us up so much we would have screamed non-stop 24/7. There would have been cheering at the TV, cheering on the phone, cheering at the dinner table, cheering alone in our offices and doing the wave with no witnesses but the walls of our barren apartments.

When the first tank drove into Baghdad a general would have jumped off the front and spiked a football into a statue of Saddam while fireworks went off and a formation of F-16s flew overhead. The Iraqis would have greeted our troops with "America 3:16" signs and the only explosions after that would have been pyros as various units busted through paper logos or drove past giant inflatable helmets. The wars in Afghanistan and Iraq are just two of the pumping up opportunities that have been squandered in this lifeless, gray and grim post-Jock Jams world.

Only time will tell if we will ever overcome our pump fatigue. I'm an optimist. I have faith that someday "I See You Baby" will once again ring out over our cities and battlefields. Americans will forget their troubles and feel free to become totally, completely, unethically and violently pumped the heck up.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

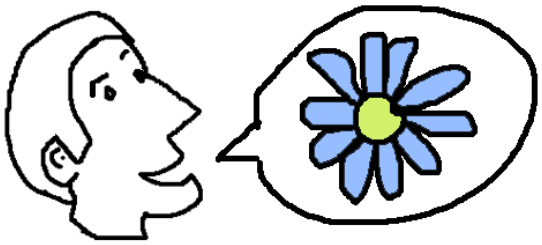
11.6 Today We Learn English! Lesson 4: The Parts of Speech

Tuesday, Nov 06, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Today We Learn English! series.

The parts of speech form the basic fundament which undergirds the English language. To understand them to completion is a vitality: without parts in your speech, your words will be floppy and unbuttressed, and your tongue will loll like a wet windsock, unwilling to have spoken. Avoiding this umbrage with proper practice can prevent the graceless social conduct which more befits the dimwit. Heed, you:

The Noun



When speaking, the noun is that thing which you speak about. That thing which is described by the adjective, you see, or that thing which is done by the verb. The basic basis of our talk, the noun helps us present an object into the mind of the listener. You yourself are likely a noun, though if you are doing a thing you are a verb, and if you are being some way you are an adjective. Likely, if you are sitting still, you are a noun. In the examples below, choose which of the following fellows is a noun:

-Weyre is fat and rather elaborate for his age.

-Arthur is still.

-Dorroile is relishing one of his cruel little victories, paws rubbing together and snickering like he do.

Do you apprehend? You ought to, because this was very simple.

The Antinoun

In existence, each noun requires an antinoun to counterweight its being. As such, new noun coinages are twice as rare as lesser words, for they must spontaneously have created their own antinoun or will be barred from existence. Yourself, you may know more antinouns than you know; popular antinouns, or common standard nouns derived from antinouns, include:

Hube. *an.*: The dimensionless counterpart to a full boxy shape.

Xave: *an.*: A cave going outward instead of into.

Slusgh: *an.*: A mollusk whom quite fancy and not a bit disgusting.

Doq: *n.*: An inside-out dog.

The Cloun

Merely a cleft noun. Think not of this piddlance, for it is but a pip in the fruit of language. Oh, but would you like to waste my time and yours?

The Pronoun

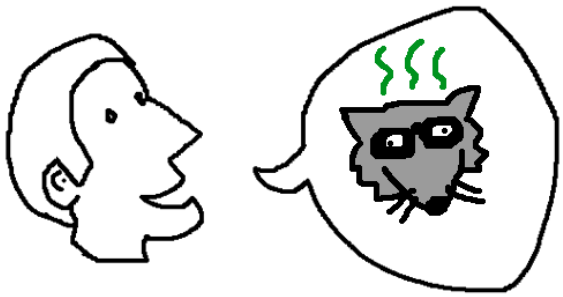
This clever bird replaces the object when our speaker is too slipshod to command the sentence in full. Common pronounce include he and she to replace the names of those not deserving of full mention, or the corresponding hy and shy to describe they who fit similar circumstances but are more than seven feet tall.

The Plunoun

In contrast to our pronoun, this part of speech is used to needlessly embellish the object of a sentence when the speaker wishes to bluff or stall. Please see the example below to behold this peculiarity:

> [Regularly] Dorroile: I intend to drown them all, most of all that Claude Fantsy.
> [With Pronoun] Dorroile: I intend to drown them all, most of all him.
> [With Plunoun] Dorroile: I intend to drown them all, most of all *hooooooooooo*&[continues]

The Adjective



Use the adjective to demonstrate the properties of your subject. For example, how would you describe the interlocking leaves of a cake? Probably, you would as such: "the interlocking leaves of a cake are bewildering." In this cake, bewildering is our adjective. See if ability permits you to find adjectives in these examples:

1. A rooster is pregnant.
2. Croisquessein is invisible or nonexistent.
3. Him took heavy hammer to the layabout.
4. Dorroile torments we ladies with a grotesque dance.

If the answers fail to present itselves, please reconsider the text above and refresh your attempt.

The Antadjective

When being defeated in conversation, use the antadjective to counter the beliefs of your opponent. This part of speech does well to debase they who would impugn, and improper description can be effectively retracted and stricken.

> **Mary:** Dorroile, the cracking of you grisly knuckles is quite awful.
> **Dorroile:** Nerquiteawful.
> **Mary:** Retracted, but your knuckles are still grisly.
> **Dorroile:** Nergrisly.
> **Mary:** Retracted and conceded.

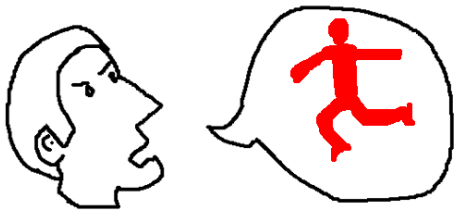
And do you see?

The Yelk

In those rare cases which see a sentence interrupted after the activator but before the precipice, a yelk returns a capsized noun to its former status and allows the speaker to mulligan. Please aid the illumination of this concept with brief reference to the beneath:

> **Arthur:** Have you seen the key to the woodsman's tomb? I need to fetch some bone-
> [a passing sea bird]: Arb! Arb!
> **Arthur:** -I need to fetch *a-hillidally!*

The Verb



What have you done? The verb tells you how. Whenever you commit an act, the verb is right there beside you: he is the descriptor of all we do. If you are scooting, spinning, threshing or basking, this is a verb! A verb is an action word, so be careful not to use verbs when not performing an action. Below, you will see which is a verb and what is not:

> **Dorroile is stealing.**
> *He has committed a verb.*
>
> **Dorroile is sleeping.**
> *This is not a verb.*
>
> **Dorroile has found a loophole.**
> *He has found a verb.*

Dorroile is slowing down in preparation for rest.
He is still doing a verb, albeit just barely.

Dorroile has come to rest.
His verb is finished.

Dorroile is awake again.
A verb? Time for you to decide!

The Interjection

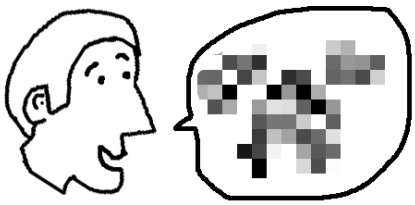
This, the oldest and crudest of the parts. In substitution for a real thing to say, the interjection may suffice to convince your meaning upon the listener. When a speaker is unable to formulate proper speech, he may vocalize or yelp, perhaps in pain; this is an interjection. Take note of one:

Weyre: Ow!

Interjections may also be used to interrupt a speaker when you have not yet thought of anything to say, but would still like to interrupt. Observe and calculate how Weyre creates meaning without the use of proper words:

Arthur: Oh Weyre, I had the most tedious and frustrating dream! Now I will tell you-
Weyre: Uh-nuh!

The Obscenity



When interjecting of frustration, bode ye care that the obscenity not slip. In a friendly discourse, the obscenity is not to be worried on, but in the formal mood the word can hackle your superiors. Gauge that your situation is the casual one before embarking on a curse. In the example below, who has rendered obscenity justly?

Mary: The mail has arrived, Dorroile. You have been issued a formal scoldion by the superiors for your horrible, fitful dancing.
Dorroile: Helch.

Arthur: As your superior, it pleases me to issue this command:
Weyre: Shut you.

Courtney: At last, the height of our coital congress. Oh!
Allan: Fuck!

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.7 What's New In Hell

Wednesday, Nov 07, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Whenever I need a fresh reminder that America is still insane, I don't turn on the cable news to find out who we are currently bombing or thinking about bombing in the very near future, I just go online and see if the Bradford Exchange is still in business. Until it goes out of business, America will never be truly healthy, and will always be a little creepy and demented.

When trying to comprehend the Bradford Exchange, I am often left with two distinct thoughts. The first is that the Bradford Exchange is the ultimate evil, some giant bubbly horror that reflects all our worst attributes and gives them form. The second is that they are drugged out of their minds and having the best time ever screwing with stupid people. If it were the latter, I would support them in every way possible that didn't actually involve giving them money. If that were indeed the case, their role in the world would boil down to, "how can we get the dumbest fucking people on the planet to pay us to insult them?" There's something mildly noble about that. It's not exactly going to Africa to save dying kids noble, but it's up there.

Unfortunately, it has to be the first. Bradford Exchange is an evil cancer metastasized to the hull of America's glorious prostate. When browsing their site, one should take time to not just look at the products offered, but also read the descriptions. It has the strange tone of a cult marketing indignities to its brainwashed followers. That said, let's take a look at some fine items the Bradford Exchange is selling to its scary, scary customers.

Bass Fishing Glory! Fish Figurine Captures Largemouth Bass in a Moment of Pure Exhilaration!

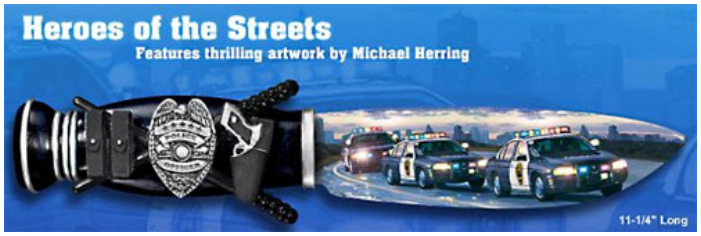
Figure 11.1: You were like "WOOO" and jumped out of the water while I totally just dived to the bottom. Man, good times.

> The life of the fish is generally pretty tedious. Most of the time all they do is float in the murky depths and wait to die. Sometimes they see something shiny and rush toward it only to be yanked into the heavens in some grim fish version of the Rapture. But

there are those moments, and they are few, where the fish experiences what can only be described as *PURE EXHILARATION*. You know what I'm talking about - that rare and precious moment when the fish stops and suddenly thinks to itself, "HELL FUCKING YEAH!" Although the glory of that moment mostly transcends human understanding, this sculpture aims to capture it as best as possible by depicting two largemouth bass just tearing shit up. You will thrill as you glimpse it from every angle, seeing these two fish having the best fucking time of their lives, knowing that no matter what happens, they'll always have this one special moment when everything in the water just clicked.

If anybody knows anything about what constitutes pure exhilaration for fish, it would be a company that makes light-up paintings of Jesus and Gandalf battling dragons.

Exclusive Police Officer Knife Replica Honors Those Who Serve and Protect!



What better way to show your sensitive side than with a deadly weapon. It's like saying, "Hey, I'm sensitive, but not so sensitive that I won't stab you in the gut if you even so much as suggest that I'm gay, because I'm not gay. I just like really gay art."

While I'm an avid opponent of stabbing in general, I would seriously recommend using this knife for any eventual stabbings you might carry out. It just seems appropriate to me that such a poorly conceived symbol of justice be co-opted for the dreadful business of stabbing. If this knife ended up a murder weapon, then it would truly be art.

For some reason this is labeled as a replica. I guess police really do carry these things around, which seems impractical, but I'm never one to question the law. I don't know if the miniature gun on the knife actually fires, or if those little belt pouches the knife is wearing contain any useful crime fighting instruments. I would hope so, otherwise why on earth would they even be there?

Exclusive Bald Eagle Wall Decor with Wolves Racing Across Wingspan of an Eagle!

From a scientific standpoint, I would postulate that what we are seeing here is a symbiotic relationship. The wolves are probably there to clean mineral deposits off the back of the eagle, and the eagle in turn has an elite commando unit it can deploy in order to conquer larger enemies. I am not yet certain if the eagle is really big, or the wolves are just really tiny. Either way, it makes for one hell of a predator.

I can't think of a more frightening image for a terrorist to see than an American eagle swooping in to deliver its cargo of ravenous, terrorist-hating wolves. There is no greater symbol of American values than the despicable eagle, and no greater symbol for the people we conquered and took America from than the predatory wolf, so that's like a double whammy of deadly American symbology. I suspect we'd turn the tides of war if

we figured out some way to make this happen in Iraq and Afghanistan, even if we had to cheat and glue some smaller dogs to an eagle, or paint a small plane to look like an eagle and strap some wolves on it.

When and if the End Times come, the sky is going to be filled with horrible nightmares not unlike this. You know, wolves riding eagles, gorillas throwing ornery hogs off buildings, hippos with bats in their mouths, etc., etc.

There is always the possibility that I'm reading too much into this piece. It may just be depicting the altogether common situation in which an eagle flies between a small canyon and wolves run across using its wings as a makeshift bridge, with no intention of cleaning mineral deposits off or even utilizing it as a long term transportation solution. Still, who would want to even capture such a benign and common event in statue form? It's got to be something more.

Double Dragon Figurines on "Flaming" Crystalline Bases!

Double Dragon was a pretty fun game back in the day. I don't think there was anything resembling a point to it other than to wander the streets bicycle kicking lesbians and whipping people. Although, there was that time when you were in a helicopter and somehow there were like 40 guys crammed into the front of the helicopter and they would come out to fight you one by one like it was some sort of clown helicopter. That was pretty great, at least up until Abobo showed up and you had to stop messing around and get serious.

What I'm trying to say is that there comes a point in life when you are in the back of a helicopter and you've just been tossing punk after punk out the open door without any hassle, then suddenly this huge dude comes out and you start to realize that you could easily wind up like one of those helicopter-defenestrated punks if you don't start taking life seriously. Up until now this has all been fun and games, but this crap has to stop before we degrade humanity any further.

This huge ridiculous sculpture depicts two dragons that are either getting ready to kill each other, or getting ready to perform the physical act of love. To be honest, it's kind of hard to tell what exactly is going on because the artists, the world renowned Hildebrandt brothers, are apparently 12-year-olds with ADD. I think the dragons are either shitting fire, or the fire is reaching up to give them some kind of magical enema. For reasons beyond me, you can see a picture of two heroic humans and also another dragon in the

Dragons are very big and breathe fire and sometimes they roar and it is pretty scary so hey - look out!

fire. I can understand the fiery depiction of the humans, since that serves to remind the viewer that somebody out there might want to claim the mysterious sword in the middle of the figurine. I don't know what the depiction of the other dragon is for, since there are already two dragons getting ready to go at it. That third one is really one dragon too many. Fire is pretty intense by nature, so there is simply no justification for painting monsters on the side of it.

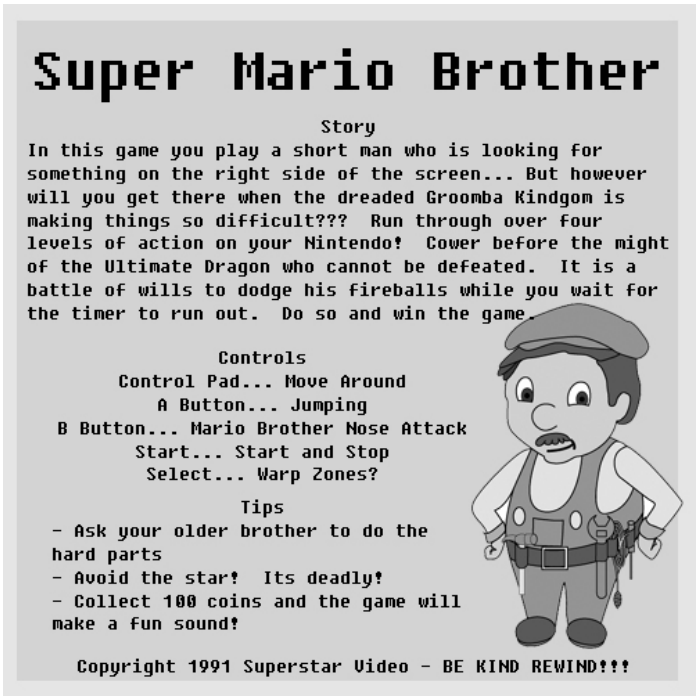
I don't know if the red or blue dragons have any plans to try to claim that sword in the middle, but I kind of doubt it. What's a dragon going to do with a sword? If that were a big thing of French bread instead of a sword, I'd wager a pretty penny that they were fighting over it. As is, it seems like it would be in the best interest of both dragons to team up and protect the sword, lest some hotheaded human procure it and then stab one or the other.

The biggest problem for me is not that this is an utterly pathetic piece of shit, but that it's an utterly pathetic piece of shit that you can't in good conscience display anywhere. Where on earth do you put a thing like this? Unless you have some sort of Altar of Virginity built in your basement, there is no appropriate place for such a monstrosity. And if you can think of one, please do me the honor of punching your own stupid face as hard as possible.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.8 Video Game Rental Instructions

Thursday, Nov 08, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey


Super Mario Brother
Story
In this game you play a short man who is looking for something on the right side of the screen... But however will you get there when the dreaded Groomba Kindgom is making things so difficult??? Run through over four levels of action on your Nintendo! Cower before the might of the Ultimate Dragon who cannot be defeated. It is a battle of wills to dodge his fireballs while you wait for the timer to run out. Do so and win the game.
Controls
Control Pad... Move Around
A Button... Jumping
B Button... Mario Brother Nose Attack
Start... Start and Stop
Select... Warp Zones?
Tips
- Ask your older brother to do the hard parts
- Avoid the star! Its deadly!
- Collect 100 coins and the game will make a fun sound!
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Three Mega Men
Story
That nefurious Wile E. is at is again! And it's up to the three Mega Men to stop him!!! Using only their trusty egg shooters, these mega men must use all of their skills in fighting the thousands of robots in there path. You will personally not believe these graphics and sounds. We have truly entered a new age where computer is superior to man. All hail the great machines!
Controls
Plus Sign... Mega-Moving
A Button... Mega-Jumping
B-Button... Mega-Shooting
Power... Mega-Off
Reset... New Player Start
Tips
- Go for Top Man first. You will find his Top Spin to be a problem-solver.
- Hard man isn't so "hard" when you shoot him! With a gun
- Beat this score: 999,999,999. Can you?
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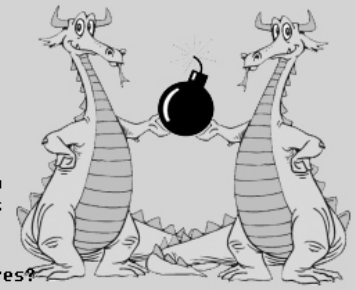
Double The Dragons

Story

Bimmy and Jimmy Lee are in trouble! Again. Someone has taken their girlfriend to a secret hideout of bad guys, and you must rescue her. Bring a friend along for an epic struggle on the streets of dowtown Detroit! But you must take turns playing, for Bimmy and Jimmy do not like to be seen together because of their complex relationship. Only you can decide the fate of this fair woman when you double the fun... and double the dragons...

Controls

Positive Sign... Walking
A... Lift Leg
B... Extend Arm
Start... Time Freeze
A+B... Fall Into Pits



Tips

- Abobo can kill himself on the conveyor belt but it is dishonorable.
- Why not enjoy the game's music while doing housechores?

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Final Fantasies

Story

It is a bold adventure never seen before! Choose four heros for your quest, each one with a different kind of clothing. Equip them with various hats and scepters. Then get ready to talk to a bunch of people in a village! You can even fight imps. The possibilities are only limited by your imagination and reading ability. You can even buy things in a store, just like in real life! But unlike real life you cannot steal the last VHS copy of Top Gun.

Controls

Cross... Move Knights
A Button... Approval
B Button... Potions
Start... Words Show Up
Select... Man Sorter

Tips

- Save over someone elses game if they have gotten farther (HOLD IN RESET BUTTON FOR 30 SECONDS FIRST).
- Magic goes away forever so don't use your spells!
- Name characters after your pets and mom

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Wall Street Kids

Story

A grand adventure in capitalism awaits you as you enter the shoes of Michael Douglas's children in this game. Keep track of your money and also talk to your girlfriend and buy yachts and castles just like your parents do! Only the power of the Nintendo can simulate spreadsheets like this. Will you be a "Richie Rich" or just end up in the gutter like "Gallagher?" Have fun, and remember those immortal words: "Greed is grood."

Controls

Directions... Move Cursor
A Button... Stocks
B Button... Bonds
Start Button... ???
Power... Relief

Tips

- Ask your cousin who is good at Nintendo how to play this game. Everyone keeps bringing it back and we can't get rid of it.
- Take breaks every fifteen minutes to avoid eye strain and moral ambiguity.

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Battling Toads!

Story

Cowabunga! Gnarly! Awesome! Hang ten! Don't have a cow! Not the mama! Attica! These are the words of those radical reptiles, the Battling Toads! Can you say them? You had better, for the pig punching journey is upon you! Control Boil, Rosacea, and Lesion as you take on the evil Elvira. And theres even a talking bird! We are truly entering the 1990s with this bold experiment in gameplay. The speed bikes stage shall keep you awake with joy!

Controls

Arrow Keys...Toad Movement
A Button... Leaps
B Button... Hurt Things
Select... Gives Luck
Throw Contoller... It's OK

Tips

- There are no refunds
- If you squint hard or hold your breath for a long time this is almost the Ninja Turtles!

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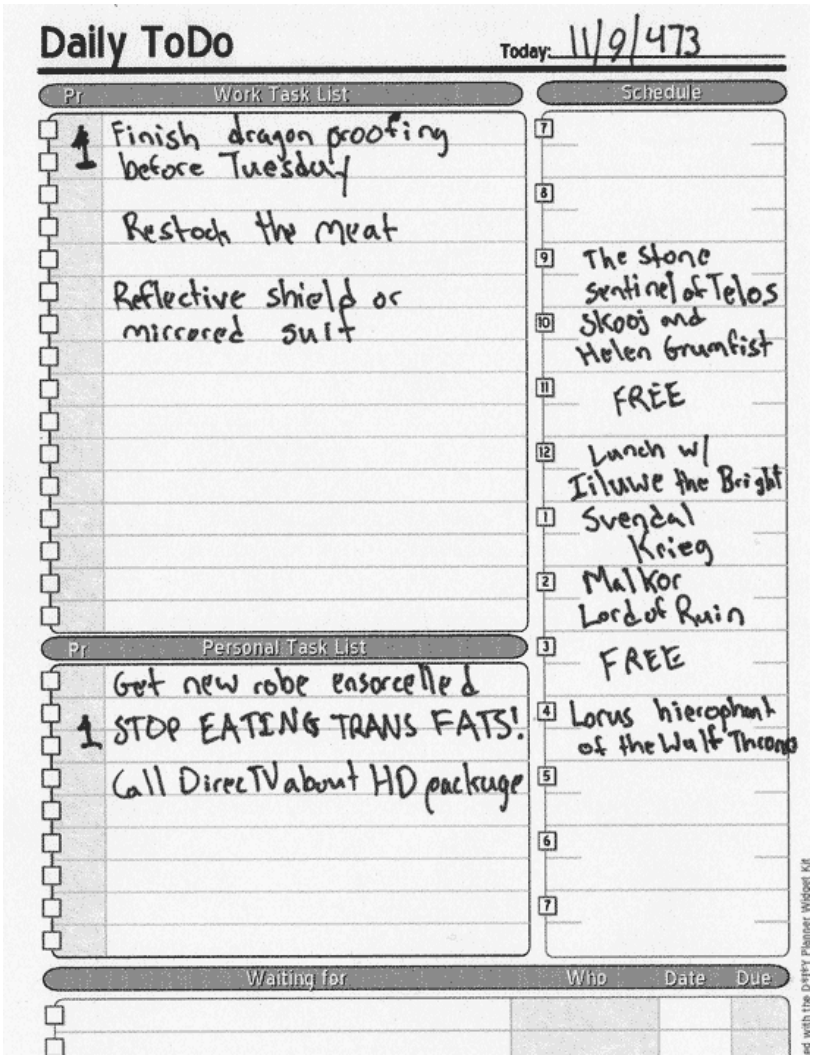
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.9 Bjorn Ironbaum, Fantasy Therapist

Friday, Nov 09, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



9:47 AM
The Stone Sentinel of Telos
Session in Progress

The Stone Sentinel looms over my desk, his jackal-head nearly touching the ceiling. I watch and wait as he pours bottled water onto his face. He cannot eat or drink, but making the attempt is a part of his long road to self-actualization. I encourage him to experiment with the trappings of the organic world. I just wish he could experiment somewhere other than on my 900 electrum carpet.

"I do not recall what we were speaking about," He explains.

"Ah," I glance at my notes, "you were telling me about your difficulty in social situations."

"Yes," he nods slowly. "These situations are my greatest difficulty. It is obvious I have the self-image issues we talked about earlier."

"Breaking the chairs and doorways."

"Those and other things. I broke my neighbor's steps last week when I tried to give him a gift of fine stones. He appreciated neither the stones nor his broken steps."

"You feel these self-image issues are the root of your social anxiety?"

The Stone Sentinel shakes his head slowly and with a ponderous grinding sound not unlike the opening of a crypt.

"It is not my body that does me the most harm," he says. "It is the riddles. These damned riddles."

"You mentioned them last session," I page back through my notes. "You said your creator, Valos the Wizened, forced you to ask riddles of trespassers."

"Yes," he replies. "If they answered them correctly I was still forced to strike them down."

"He was a sadist?"

"That word seems correct. They were not even very good riddles. What is black and blue and red all over? Do not answer. I am a simple golem, Dr. Ironbaum. I have difficulty with my memory and obeying all but simple commands. At all times I have to fight the urge to ask riddles and strike down people."

"I think you're doing a very good job of suppressing your urges. You have made a lot of progress."

"It is not easy. I hold myself back by never posing questions of any sort."

"If you're able to function like that, I think in the short term it's the way to go. We can-"

"You do not understand. I require a wife immediately to attempt erotic congress. I cannot do this without asking a question."

I tap my pen on my chin and try to avoid making contact with the Stone Sentinel's glowing gemstone eyes. My gaze drifts down to the larger red ruby embedded in his chest and an idea strikes me.

"Can you remove that gem on your chest? What did you call it?"

"My Hwa Stone. Yes, I can remove it briefly."

"Great," I slide my prescription pad out of my desk drawer. "Have you ever heard of Lexapro?"

"No."

"Well, it comes in a liquid now and I think we should try a little experiment. Have you ever dyed Easter Eggs?"

"No, but I have cast a hobbit into a vat of magma."

"Close enough, but I'll write you some step-by-step instructions for this."

10:20 AM
Skooj and Helen Grumfist
Couples Session in Progress

"He's perfectly happy to subject me to the intricate details of his day," Helen brushes a lock of golden hair from her eyes. "All I'm asking for is some reciprocity. I spend all day taking care of the kids AND I work part time at Ye Olde Dragonne Felcher and he treats me like that's not working."

It's a fair enough request. I turn to Skooj. He is staring at the painting of a bear that hangs behind me, seemingly oblivious to the conversation.

"Do you acknowledge what you wife is saying, Skooj?" I press to get his attention. "She's telling you that she attends to your needs, but she feels ignored."

"Wot?" Skooj grunts. "Da oomie git iz narkin alluva time. She look after da grotz, me and da boyz go out and getz da gubbinz. Shez well appy when at appenz."

"Did you just call Nathan and Alicia 'grotz!?'" Helen seethes, but I can sense an old argument here.

"Oomies not da boss!" Skooj roars. "Iz da boss cuz iz da biggest. Deyz ugly even for grotz. Not the right green."

"You see?" Helen turns to me and throws her hands up with exasperation. "Every day. He heaps abuse on me."

"Abyooz!? You know when dat iz onna menu. Even wiv dem oomie earz you gots you'll ear da 'waaagh!' with plenty of time to get ready for da bashin'!"

I can see we aren't getting anywhere and I decide to change tactics before things get out of hand.

"What about you, Skooj? What complaints do you have in the relationship?"

He glares at me and grumbles, his oversize jaw and tusks working from side to side.

"Do you have anything you would like to ask me?"

"Oy," he sits up and his chain mail rattles. "I gotta question for da Dok."

"That's what I'm here for," I try to give him my friendliest smile.

Skooj stabs a thick finger over my shoulder.

"Ow much dakka did it take yous to get dat bear all little and flat on da wall?"

1:08 PM
Svendal Krieg
Session in Progress

"How is the Ambien working out for you?" I ask Svendal Krieg, formerly Svendal the Bloody Axed of the Tribes of the North.

"My dreams are really vivid, but I have been able to get to sleep," he shrugs. "Sleep is the least of my problems. You know that."

"Sleep plays a very important part in your ability to cope with stress."

"I guess," Svendal toys absently with a geegaw on my desk.

"What's bothering you?"

"My father," Svendal sighs and leans back in the chair. "You know how he died in the throes of the red rage during the battle with the bog men. When he was dying from a thousand mortal wounds he made me promise to be the best berserker the tribe has ever known."

"You don't feel you can be that berserker?"

"Well, it's a lot of pressure. I was reading the Great Hides of Times Half-Forgot and there were some really amazing berserkers."

"I'm sure your father knows you're trying to berserk as best you can."

"That's just it, Doc," his face contorts with pain as if he is about to cry again. "I don't want to be a berserker. I don't want to be the best berserker and I don't want to be the worst berserker. It's not in my blood."

"What do you want to be?"

"I...," his eyes glisten with tears and his lips pull back from teeth that he has filed into points. "I feel the call of something else. From across the frozen heath."

He is wracked with sobbing.

"Take your time," I say and slide the box of tissues to him.

"I hear it on my furs at night. I hear it in the trackless waste of Gormaak. I hear it calling to me even in my dreams."

"This call, what is it saying to you?"

"It tells me go, leave the tribe on a quest. Find a decent community college. Get my CPA and find a job."

"And you think by pursuing this instead of becoming a berserker you'll be letting your father down?"

"Yes," he manages through another bout of crying.

"Have you ever heard of Morton's Everlasting Joy?"

He wipes snot from his nose.

"What's that?"

I take out my prescription pad.

"It's a potion made from hag skin and kitten ashes. I think it will really help you equalize and give you the room you need to make it through this and find yourself."

"No more berserking?"

"Steer clear of berserking," I say gently and hand him the prescription. "Let's focus on your goals and move forward on those."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.10 When There Is No Room In Hellgate, The Dead Shall Inhabit The Bargain Bin

Saturday, Nov 10, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Games For Windows: The Official Magazine For Gamers Who Use Windows PAGE 83

HELLGATE: LONDON
IN STORES THIS HALLOWEEN!
READY FOR RELEASE NEXT MARCH

Run out and buy the *hot as hell* new game, Hellgate: London! Only $50 in stores + $9.99 a month, $150 for a lifetime subscription, or $300 for a double lifetime subscription! $1,000 subscription also available for customers who mash "Next" during the account creation process without reading!

Features:

A plethora of bugs and poor design decisions, but lots of potential and good "core gameplay"! Gosh, everyone keeps talking about our "core gameplay"! Can't get enough of that "core gameplay"! What's the secret? We make a few enemies run at the player, then when the player kills them, the enemies fall over and loot pops out onto the floor. We're probably going to win awards for this shit.

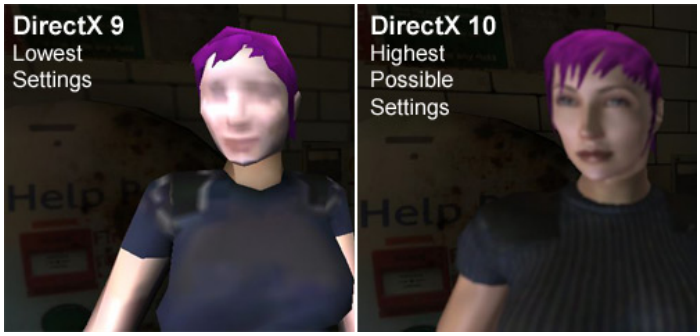
Made by the creators of the Diablo series! But please don't compare Hellgate: London to Diablo, because it's not a fair comparison.

Sure, they're both about demons from Hell flooding onto the mortal plane, they both feature randomly generated levels with mobs that drop loot of varying color-coded rarity. Both are split into a small number of acts, with similar cinematics bridging each act. And yeah, the Summoner is basically D2's Necromancer, the Evoker is the Sorceress, the Guardian is the Paladin, the Blademaster is the Barbarian, the Marksman is the Amazon, and the Engineer is a mix between the Necromancer and Amazon (we got a little tired after all that innovation). Both allow you to play with only a handful of other people at once.

But they're totally different. Diablo 2 was a good game, and Hellgate: London offers a subscription model for $9.95 a month. It's like comparing Apples and iMacs. You can't do it.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT

Eye-gougingEye-popping graphics on a variety of platforms make Hell look better than it ever has before. Those of you lucky enough to have the hardware capable of running DirectX 10 in all its glory will be treated to a cinematic experience like no other. It's like you're playing a cgi movie made in Second Life!



Repetitive tilesets make you feel like you're really trudging through a grueling and depressing battle that never ends. Oooh, spooky!

At LEAST two possible character builds for each class, one of which might actually be viable later on in the game! Which one? Who knows? Maybe Satan. Even spookier!

Vague skill descriptions! Take your Summoner to level 25 and invest one skill point in the "Toxic Elemental" pet with a description that reads: "Does damage". Assuming the skill actually works, how much damage does it do? Is it direct damage or Area Of Effect? Ranged or melee? How often does it attack? How many hit points does the pet have? Do the damage and hit points scale with you as you level?

It is a fun guessing game. For all you know, the elemental could just run away when you summon it, or even attack you. Which brings us to...

No way to get your skill points back. That means you'll be screwing up lots of characters and starting new ones, adding hours upon hours of replayability. Which brings us to...

Limited character slots and inventory space! A great reason to invest $9.99 per month to have us expand them for you. Where does your money go?

We have a programmer sitting in front of a bank of monitors with that crazy green Matrix code that looks like it's raining alphanumeric soup. He hacks around the clock to the best of his ability just to keep your inventory and character slots bigger than they were coded to be. Red alarm lights are constantly going off in there and the room is shaking because he is pushing the mainframe past its specs and the code is ready to firewall at any moment. Frankly, we should be charging you more.

Elite and Nightmare Elite modes, which test your ability to play through the same monotonous game all over again, this time with monsters that take ten times longer to kill. Hell yeah! Or perhaps I should say *Hellgate: Yeah*! Also, Nightmare Elite is literally impossible to beat at the current level cap of 50. Keep trying, though!

Tons of jokes and wacky dialog from every NPC you come across! None of it's funny, but it also doesn't fit into the rest of the game in any way, shape, or form. Two bad things cancel each other out, right?

 Billing adventure puzzle! Sometimes we charge you $9.99 every month, and sometimes we charge you $9.99 every single day. Keep a close eye on your credit card activity and enjoy this extra layer of gameplay. The fun doesn't stop when you turn off the game or when it crashes you to your desktop!

Disappearing content and features! In addition to our exciting "unpredict-entory" system that randomly deletes items when you log off, we also remove all of the extra features, items, characters, and content you paid for the very moment you unsubscribe. Even if you just subscribed yesterday. We could give you a full thirty days from the moment you paid, but we'd have to bump the subscription price up to $15 a month to employ someone to do the complex math that would require. Even then, we don't know if our building could withstand another shaking, alarm-filled room.

Bonus Mini-Game!

As you play, you'll notice three icons on the bottom of your screen. These are randomly selected from a table of 16 icons of varying colors, each of which have a different meaning that you must memorize. There are also numbers inside the icons on your screen. Once you're done memorizing the icon system, you must recall which icons mean what and perform the correlating action X number of times, with X being the number in the icon. Upon completing all of this, you will see another icon appear to let you know you did a good job. As a reward for dealing with this obtuse nonsense, you get... a few more pieces of loot.

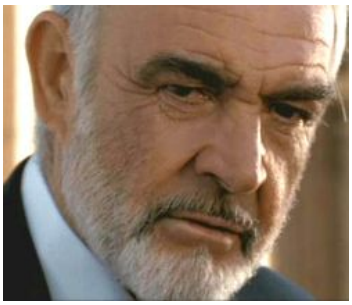
Yes, we really are professional game designers! Thank you, now buy our smash hit Hellgate: London!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.11 The Glamorous Life of a Secret Agent

Sunday, Nov 11, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

I'm a spy. A secret agent. I used to get paid to leap out of burning planes on jet skis while maintaining perfectly styled hair. I used to wear a tuxedo even when I was showering. I loved it. Now my knees can't handle jumping from moving motorcycles, and there isn't much hair left to keep styled. I had to sell my good tuxedo to pay the rent, so now I wear an old suit that my dad left me and a bowtie I found in a Salvation Army store.



I can't tell you my name. I wish I could say this was because of national security, or because it would put your life in danger. The truth is that a few years ago an albino German duke with a fetish for ivory and a plan to attack London with an army of elephants hit me with a Confusion Ray, and ever since then I've been having some trouble keeping my fake identities and my real one straight. I couldn't tell you my name if I wanted to.

I look at the new generation of secret agents speeding around in their sports cars with women named Genarus Jughs and Countess Pussy, on their way to stop the Earth's gravity from being reversed, thus destroying the world's gold market, and I think "Yeah, but just wait. Someday you'll look in the mirror and realize Countess Pussy wouldn't even notice you if you ran past her naked shouting her name. I'm you, kid. I'm what you'll be. Just give it a few years."

This is the harsh truth of the secret agent lifestyle. This is my life. This is my story.

Chapter 1: My Contact

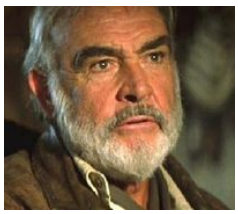
I meet my contact from the agency once a week to receive my missions. We used to meet at midnight on foggy, abandoned boulevards, or in the smoky backrooms of large casinos. Now he's got a back condition that makes it difficult for him to travel far, so we meet at a Baja Fresh a block from his apartment. He's near the salsa bar, eating a chicken quesadilla.

"The air is quite cold and still tonight," he says to me.

"In Paris, it is yet colder," I reply.

"Ah, but the French are warmed by the heat of passion," he replies, then takes a big bite of the quesadilla.

The code phrases are obscenely out of place in this brightly lit fast-food franchise, and we don't really need them anymore. We certainly recognize each other, and there's no reason for anyone to be snooping around two used up old men like us. I haven't been given an important assignment in years, not since I left my



glasses at home and ended up shooting a hostage rather than the Russian-employed evil snake charmer threatening her with a machine gun shaped like a cobra that spat syringes full of mind control serum. But if we dropped the code phrases, then we'd have to drop the whole pretense of being still useful, so we run through them and then I order some chips with a side of guac.

"Any assignments?" I ask.

"Oh yeah," he says. "Tons. I got a whole stack from the agency. Seems the world's in jeopardy and only you can save the day." He snorts and a little fleck

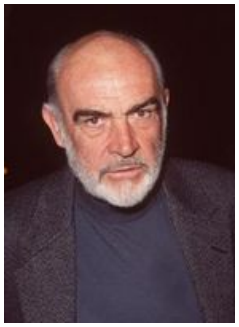
of chewed tortilla lands on my sleeve.

"Well, what's S.K.U.L.L.Z. up to these days?" I say.

"Oh those guys?" he says. "They finally broke up the group a couple months ago. Realized they hadn't come up with a decent evil plan in ten years and packed it in."

And just like that, I lose my last group of arch-nemeses. I decide that unless the agency has an immediate pressing need for me, I would like to go get very drunk as quickly as possible.

Chapter 2: A Sudden Call



It's four in the afternoon and there's hardly anyone in the bar. I like it that way.

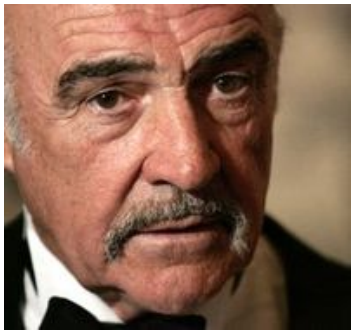
"Martini?" says the bartender.

"Just a Bud is fine," I say. I down it as quickly as possible and signal for another.

I notice a woman a few stools down is smiling at me. I know the type. She used to be beautiful, but now she has a little bald patch on the top of her head, and bulges of fat bubbling up over her jeans, and a c-section scar hidden under her shirt like buried treasure. This is what Countess Pussy becomes while Mr. Dashing Secret Agent is busy turning into me.

I figure we deserve each other, and I get ready to go in for the kill, but my watch phone starts ringing. It plays that song about lady lumps or whatever it is because my nephew changed the ringing sound to that and won't tell me how to change it back. If only that damn kid knew that I've killed at least a thousand well-trained guards with a single deadly karate chop while they stood around talking in indefinable accents. Then maybe he'd stop hiding my car keys.

I answer my watch.



"Hey, I think they actually have a case for you," says my contact.

"Quit joking around, I'm busy," I say. The woman is still watching me, but if I take too long she'll probably start throwing herself at the bartender or something.

"I'm serious. Meet me at my apartment." He hangs up.

I finish the second Bud and leave. This had better be good.

Chapter 3: The Assignment

My contact is icing his back in front of the TV, which is playing a repeat of Jeopardy.

"Are you sure it's really him?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says, "and he'll only talk to you apparently."

Doctor Reginald Perturbia was my oldest enemy. I had spent years stopping his nefarious plots, like sneaking genetically modified apes into Wall Street to drive up technology shares, and using a satellite to drill a giant hole outside the White House door so the president would fall in and get hurt. Then, after all of our battles, he had given up the mad genius game and gone into optometry. Made pretty good money too, from what I've heard.

Now, after all this time, he had just sent out a press release announcing that he has a plan to rival the most deadly of his old ideas, and requesting me by name to stop it. I haven't felt this excited in years.

"I'm on my way," I tell my contact.

"You're in my way," he says, and leans so he can see the tv.

Chapter 4: Preparing the Gadgets

One of my favorite parts of being a secret agent used to be all the toys we could play with. Lamps that were actually automatic safecrackers. Shoes that played music to warn you of danger. Suits that could think. If I had to pick one thing I really miss, it would be all that stuff.

Of course, they don't waste agency budget on me anymore. I haven't received an official gadget in years. I've tried to make some of my own, but I just don't have the brain for it. Here are the best I've come up with:

- A camera covered in wrapping paper. (Your enemy thinks it's a gift, but when they try to open it you take a picture of them and then run away.)
- A cake that looks delicious but tastes bad. (You trick your enemy into eating it, and then take advantage of their unpleasant surprise to kill them.)
- An uncomfortable chair. (Your enemies sit in it and aren't comfortable.)
- A pair of roller-skates with reflective tape on them. (So cars can see you if you're roller-skating at night.)
- A packet of gum with a kitchen knife glued to it. (I'm not sure what this one is for.)

I throw them all into a briefcase, put the case into the trunk of my Saturn, and drive over to Dr. Perturbia's house. Turns out he only lives a few blocks away. Small world.

Chapter 5: Field Work

I knock on the door, and Dr. Perturbia answers it with a napkin tucked into his shirt collar.

"Oh, it's you. Come in," he says. "I was just having dinner."

I pick up my briefcase full of gadgets and step into his foyer where a muscular young guy hits me over the head, and I'm as out as my other nephew who brought his new roommate Bill with him to meet the family last Christmas.

I wake up and I'm tied to one of the dining room chairs. Dr. Petrubia is standing over me, cackling and rubbing his hands together.

"At last I have you in my grasp," he says.

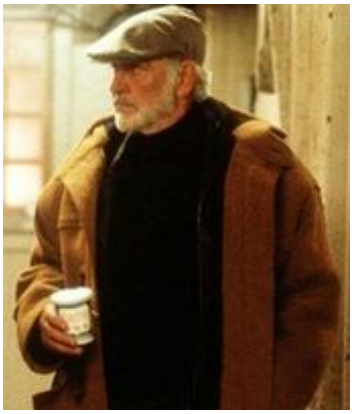
"Sorry about hitting you," says the young guy, who's sitting at the table across from me. "Dad asked me to come over and help him with the housework, and then suddenly he's shouting at me to hide and hit anyone that walks in through the door."

He shrugs.

"Dad's always been funny that way," he says.

"Enough," says Dr. Petrubia. "Before I kill you, would you like to hear my evil plan?"

"Sure," I say.



"I'm going to start prescribing slightly incorrect lenses to all my patients, causing mass headaches, and making me a fortune on pain relief stocks," he says, and waves his fist in triumph.

"Oh," I say. I try to sound upset and scared. I don't want to hurt his feelings.

"Now you will die slowly at the hands of my pets," says Dr. Petrubia. He opens the closet door and a couple of small, long-haired dogs come bounding out and start furiously licking my feet. We all watch them for a long moment. The doctor sighs.

"It's not quite like the old days, is it?" he says, and unties me.

Chapter 6: Debriefing

His son leaves soon afterwards, and the Doctor makes some coffee. We sit in his living room, drinking it.

"Remember that time I trapped you on a giant roulette wheel and played a game with a 500 pound roulette ball?" he asks.

"Yeah," I say.

"And that time I made you run through a knife factory covered with magnets?"

"Yep," I say.

"Those were some good times, weren't they?"

"They really were," I say.

"You want to come back tomorrow for lunch?" he asks. "I don't get much company anymore."

"I'd love to," I say. I mean it.

He reaches into my gadget case and pulls out the pack of gum with the kitchen knife glued to it.

"What does this one do?"

"Don't ask," I say.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

11.12 This Torture Issue Isn't Very Complicated

Monday, Nov 12, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Michael Mukasey was confirmed by the Senate on Thursday as the new United States attorney general. Six Democrats crossed party lines to vote in favor of Mukasey's confirmation, bringing the total to 53 to 44. The confirmation was controversial in large part because Mukasey refused to denounce the procedure known as waterboarding as torture. The tone of Mukasey's answers on the subject is probably best represented by a brief exchange with Rhode Island Democrat and fancily-named dandy Sheldon Whitehouse.

> **SEN. SHELDON WHITEHOUSE:** So is waterboarding constitutional?
>
> **MICHAEL MUKASEY:** I don't know what's involved in the technique. If waterboarding is torture, torture is not constitutional.

Mukasey's confusion over the issue of waterboarding is completely understandable. It's not as if TV news has been discussing waterboarding for more than three years. It's not like he has access to some sort of amazing searchable network of information that could provide him with answers about "what is involved in the technique." People in his position don't have time for such things as time-consuming research. They have the real business of administering justice to worry about.

Since Mukasey has been confirmed and will be taking over as attorney general I thought I might devote an article to explaining a few things to him. That way he can have a concise reference of what is torture and what isn't torture so he doesn't get bogged down in all of this moral relativism that seems to be confusing people in Washington.

"Good Indications You Are Being Tortured" for US Attorney General Michael Mukasey

The people asking you questions are wearing ski masks.

Unless you are being interrogated outdoors on a ski slope, ski masks are generally not an important part of lawful interrogation methods. A rule of thumb on this is if your interrogators are wearing any of the headgear worn by people you are supposed to shoot in Hogan's Alley then you are about to get the shit tortured out of you. This includes black burglar masks, skullcaps and sunglasses, and oversized fedoras, but does not include police hats or old lady hats.

Somebody keeps trying to stop you from breathing.

On a scale of importance from one to ten I think it's fair to say that breathing rates about a 9.7 or 9.8. Maybe even a little higher. It's up there with "having a beating heart" and "not being on fire." When someone tries to get you to stop breathing, even temporarily,

that's a pretty good sign you're being tortured. The other possibility is that they won't stop so you can breathe and they don't want you to answer any questions at all, in which case congratulations, you are just being murdered.

After you answer a question dogs bite you.

Dogs usually don't play an important role in interrogation procedures, possibly because they know only a few words of English and cannot communicate their questions very well. A dog won't have much of an opinion one way or the other about the quality or the veracity of the answers you are giving during an interrogation process. If you are being menaced or bitten by snarling dogs don't think of it as the dogs judging you as a person, think of it as your interrogators torturing you.

You are being interrogated in a country mentioned by Borat.

Some guys put a bag over your head while you were buying shoes at an outdoor market in Baghdad. A few hours later they took it off and you're pretty sure there is a skeleton shackled to the dungeon wall next to you. Welcome to a secret prison in some former communist country. Kreblakistan agreed to "enthusiastically interrogate" you and the Americans promised to buy 600,000 tons of their potassium manganate. You are about to get one heck of a torturin'! As an added bonus you have just been promoted in rank from "some guy with an Al Qaeda website in his IE cache" to "Al Qaeda's number two man in Iraq." Better start thinking of a "credible threat" you can blurt out before your foot is fed into a hand-cranked meat grinder.

You are the subject of a "fraternity prank" and you are not in a fraternity.

Huhuhuhuh some asshole at Meathead U got drunk and shot in the butt by paintballs and now we can subject suspected terrorists to the same collegiate hijinks!

The phrase "fraternity prank" is often used by pundits to trivialize interrogation methods, but I have viewed enough videos of people lighting themselves on fire trying to hit a burning watermelon with a golf club to know that fraternity pranks are torture. Just because Steve-O stapled his testicles to a board or wrestled an alligator in a septic tank doesn't mean you aren't getting tortured when the same happens to you. One of Saddam's most notorious torture methods was blindfolding people and making them jump off the second story of a building. I watched a video of a skateboarder trying to ride off a roof onto a rail 20 feet below and he ended up nailing himself in the balls, which is worse than just landing in the dirt. Masochists and morons torture themselves all the time.

You are blindfolded, bound, and naked on the bottom of a pile of men you did not meet on Craigslist.

Being blindfolded isn't torture. Being naked isn't torture unless you have really bad self esteem issues. Being bound isn't torture, although there was this Japanese video I saw where they figured out how to tie up a clitoris that might qualify. Being all of those things and struggling to breathe underneath the crushing weight and unwashed man-musk of a meat pyramid is torture. They can't even hear your answers to questions because some guy's crack is in your face. On the plus side, you are totally going to be the centerpiece photo of the Flickr page.

You have been standing up for more than 24 consecutive hours and you are not in line

for a Harry Potter movie.

One of the favorite "enhanced interrogation techniques" of the CIA has been to shackle a prisoner to the floor and force them to stand in one place for more than 40 hours at a time. Prisoners in this position are not allowed to fall asleep or sit down. I once waited in line for Millennium Force at Cedar Point for more than an hour and I would have said just about anything by the end of that to make it stop. I even had a totally sweet rollercoaster ride to help me get through it. I would imagine after about ten hours you would say anything just to sit down, rollercoaster or not. You don't give the most reliable sort of information when you are so tired you're seeing unicorns and will admit to grudge-fucking the Olsen Twins on the International Space Station.

It is my sincerest hope that Michael Mukasey will print these out and hot glue the pages to the bare back of the Arabian catamite he keeps chained to his desk. Maybe that way when he reaches for his salted scourge he can be reminded that what we're doing isn't okay just because it isn't as bad as what someone else is doing. With a little luck and some honest discourse we might just end up with a Department of Justice that doesn't match David Addington's vision of a windowless castle carved out of a black meteorite and echoing with the screams of the dying.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 Your Bandicoot Sucks

Tuesday, Nov 13, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Whatever criteria are used to determine what's alive ought to be revised to exclude clams.

I resent koalas because I can't have one.

Ostriches and emus: redundant. Pick one. In fact, let's just cut it down to "llamas."

The anteater is a little too singular in his purpose for my tastes.

What is the tortoise but nature's coward?

The hippopotamus reminds us of everything we hate about ourselves.

They say that being tall predisposes one to success, but I've never seen a giraffe with a corner office.

Tapirs look like something Edward Gorey would draw.

If I were Noah, I would have left the capybaras behind. Not even God would have noticed.

If eagles are so patriotic, where are their bumper stickers?

The guinea pig is a compilation of the worst characteristics of greater animals.

A rhinoceros is just some kind of bullshit leftover dinosaur.

The sheep is devalued, having been the only animal successfully counterfeited.

Geese are basically big, angry ducks. The last thing the world needs is big, angry versions of benign animals.

Moths are so undeserving of the gift of flight that God saw fit to irresistibly compel them to fly into fires.

Owls seem to have a lot of fucking attitude for something that shits crumbled-up mice bones all night.

Elephants mourn their dead. That's the best time to catch them unawares.

Meerkats always look like they're trying to cross the street. Just go, dickhead.

I'll turn vegetarian as soon as someone shows me a cow doing something more important than getting broiled.

Until we start getting a three-day weekend for Groundhog Day, groundhogs ain't shit to me.

How many animals have a cardinal sin named after them? Just the sloth: God's most evil creature.

The badger is nature's son-of-a-bitch.

When I go to the zoo, the otters come up to the glass and look at me. No, you little shits, *I'm* here to see *you.*

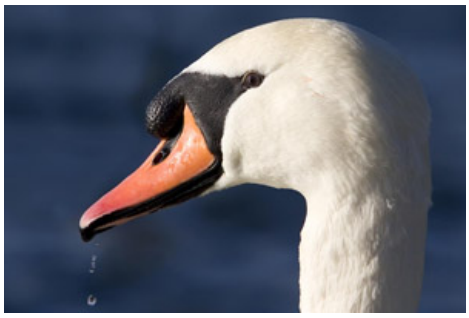
I have an ugly hunch that prairie dogs are all connected underground like the world's biggest mushroom.

Go ahead and buy your hamster a big complex of tubes. It's just going to sit in the bottom one looking stupid until you get bored and put it in your asshole.

Horses are for 12-year-old girls with pink stretch pants and thick glasses who are pathologically fascinated with equine sexual majesty.

Yeah, narwhals are pretty funny. Until someone gets hurt.

It should go without saying that the platypus is a fiasco.



A swan is literally just a gay turkey.

But you know what? I can't stay mad at a slow loris.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.14 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 4

Wednesday, Nov 14, 2007 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

The entire country is recovering from the deranged antics of Miss Abigail Dunbar of Munster, Indiana. Her queer attempts to drive an automobile resulted in one of the greatest spectacles in Hoosier history!

"We never thought she'd figure out how to start the thing, let alone make it move!" said one man, who is going to jail for a very long time.

But make it move she did, piloting the car through streets and disrupting daily life for thousands of innocent Americans!

"It was shameful, utterly shameful," said a priest who watched the entire event with bated breath.

People left their homes and places of work to stand on sidewalks and watch Miss Dunbar careen haphazardly through city streets, scarcely controlling the raging automobile's tremendous tempestuous power! As the vehicle's engine revved and roared, she giggled and waved, drunk on power never meant for the delicate female form.

Police officers rushed to the street with flags, hoping to wave any unsuspecting pedestrians out of the way of certain doom. Their efforts no doubt saved thousands of lives, as curious townspeople risked life and limb to get a closer glimpse of the horror!

When she finally managed to halt the vehicle, the entire community was relieved, but still shocked by the ordeal!

Every rule broken, every law for the public good trampled, and the very foundations of civilization left cracked and crumbling! It was a mad spectacle that scoffed in the face of everything good and true about humanity! This reporter would not believe it if he hadn't seen the footage with his own eyes! How will they ever recover?

Miss Dunbar, who probably didn't know any better, was let off with a warning never to drive again. The townspeople, though, will never again look at her with respect.

"She set a bad example for all women," said the Chief of Police, who wished to remain anonymous. "A very bad example."

Angry over a lack of federal funding, the Governor of Ohio, a practicing wizard, shocked the nation when he used his awesome powers to literally plunge the world back into the dark ages!

"Until the Great State of Ohio gets federal assistance to take care of much needed highway and bridge repair, no beast upon this sphere shall enjoy sunlight or warmth," Governor George V'Zarin told the nation in a terrifying nightmare.

Political experts believe the Ohio bigwig captured all the sunlight inside an ancient crystal that he wears around his neck.

"We simply don't have the funding to take care of Ohio's problems," said the President of the United States in an emergency address to the nation. "Ohio will simply have to raise taxes."

"Governor V'Zarin ran on a platform of no new taxes," states Horus Gravytrain, Jr., a political theorist and intellectual. "He won't betray his voter base so close to election time."

Reports coming out of the capital indicate that the President has organized a fellowship of brave adventurers to journey into the black heart of Ohio and shatter the crystal imprisoning the sun's light.

Speculation runs rampant as Americans ponder just who has been asked to join the fellowship. Captain Augustus Barnacle is an early contender, thanks to his expert knowledge of Lake Erie. The Captain of Space is also rumored to be on the team, though the sun's disappearance is certain to hinder his amazing powers.

Meanwhile, Astonishing Ambrose and Electric Kid Johnny Tesla both announced their intention to join the fellowship, whether invited to or not.

With bravery like that, America won't be in the dark for long!

The President is alive and well and thanking his lucky stars for Gilroy Gabby, the loyal Secret Service Agent who took a curse for the Commander-in-Chief! The President, an amateur Egyptologist, was preparing to open a newly discovered sarcophagus for the first time in thousands of years. Agent

Gabby, ever vigilant and dedicated to the glorious ideals of the United States of America and those elected to represent it, sensed something was wrong and jumped in front of the sarcophagus, absorbing the sum of a deadly curse from the pharaohs of old!

"I simply followed protocol," said Agent Gabby. "If a former leader of Russia tried to shoot my president, I would jump in the way. If a former leader of Egypt tries to curse my president, I still jump in the way."

The President was relieved, though saddened for Agent Gabby. "Agent Gabby is a great man and the reason I am not going to die abruptly. I hereby order the immediate renaming of New Jersey in his honor."

Professor Theodore Beyond, an expert on ancient curses, suspects Agent Gabby has two weeks at most to live. "Following the contraction of a curse, the victim will usually die in a fatal automobile crash within two weeks. If he avoids riding in or driving a car, then another car or carriage of some sort will certainly run him over."

What special celebrations does Agent Gabby have for his final days? "I plan to spend time with my wife and children, so that they may look at me and come to know the horrible face of death."

Agent Gabby is only the 10th Secret Service Agent to contract a fatal mummy curse. Here's hoping he's the last!

Madness and bedlam gripped the streets of Bismarck, North Dakota when an assortment of wild and exotic animals escaped from the city zoo and invaded a nearby radio station! The escape took place in the early morning hours, allowing the creatures to evade zookeepers who had yet to arrive for work.

As police sirens blazed, the animals, a loose alliance consisting of one fox, one gorilla, one elephant, one leopard, fourteen exotic butterflies, and one pugnacious sloth, took shelter inside a nearby radio station as it prepared for its morning drivetime programming.

The staff of the station managed to escape, but did not have time to turn off the equipment. This allowed the ornery beasts to congregate in the studio and broadcast their wild sounds to the entire Bismarck metropolitan area.

Tens of millions of Bismarck residents were horrified, unable to make rhyme or reason of the horrible sounds emanating from their superheterodynes!

"My children's ears are forever soiled and bereft of innocence," shouted one irate mother to our apathetic cameras. "I now pray that they go deaf!"

For approximately three hours the posse of wild animals howled, barked, bellowed, grunted, cackled, fluttered, and roared into microphones, terrorizing local listeners and causing mass panic.

"I thought there was something wrong with my radio so I adjusted the dials," reported one man, so ravaged by panic that he attempted suicide three times. "But I was correctly tuned in. It was horrible."

"I told my children to drink poison and hide in the basement while I fashioned us coffins and dug graves," said one industrious dad with an embarrassing story to tell his wife. "I thought it was the End of Days!"

"I do not think the animals knew what they were doing," declared storied zoologist and adventurer Lord Graypaw. "They just needed a place to hide from authorities." The animal kingdom's pornographic broadcasts were ended when a mob of angry citizens set fire to the station. Some of the butterflies attempted to fly out the windows, but they were quickly caught and wrestled to the ground by brave citizens.
Afterwards, the Mayor of Bismarck promised swift justice. "We shall not give shelter or habitat to such beasts," said the Mayor while waving several sticks of dynamite triumphantly above his head. "The zoo and all within it will go ka-boom! *KA-BOOM!*"

Scientists everywhere are promising a grand spectacle this Thursday when an asteroid eight times the size of Lansing, Michigan comes crashing into the Earth!

"I assure you, there will be no greater spectacle to see than this asteroid's catastrophic impact," promised Professor Malibu Portents, asteroid expert and renowned scrimshander.

The asteroid, a menacing hunk of rock headed straight for our fragile planet, is expected to extinguish most if not all life in a spectacular event unlike anything ever experienced in mankind's history!

"Should be a real beauty," proclaims Ivan Hambone, the scientist who first observed the gigantic rock in the sky. "This one's a definite 10 on the Torino scale. Well worth watching. Maybe have a barbeque and soak in the sights."

Current models show that the asteroid will impact with the planet Thursday evening, likely hitting Antarctica. But you don't have to travel south to see the show! Once the asteroid breaches the atmosphere, the entire sky will be awash in a brilliant white light. Then, minutes later, horrible clouds of toxic black will encompass everything. It will be as though the air itself is burying us alive!

"Life as we know it will come to a quick and somber end," said America's leading nihilist, who has no name because he finds monikers useless. "In our wake shall remain nothing. No legacy, no future."

But Professor Malibu Portents disagrees with the revered ne'er-do-well. "It will be a terrific end! Never before will such an awesome and amazing catastrophe be witnessed by man. You don't want to miss watching this."

There you have it folks! Come Thursday, look to the sky and enjoy the fireworks!

In a daring daytime heist, robbers stole thousands of hours from the National Timebank's heavily fortified vaults. These hours, the sum of our annual daylight savings, were intended to collect interest and be used at a later date or in the event of a national emergency.

The National Time Bank, located one hour north of Fort Knox, was believed to be impenetrable.

Richard Barnstormer, U.S. Secretary of Time, is determined to get those hours back no matter the cost. "Those hours will not be lost on my watch."

But others in the government are not so sure! "We literally have no idea what is going to happen," declared a masked phantom, identifying himself only as a high ranking member of the government. "The robbers could use those hours for themselves to commit all sorts of other crimes, and we would not be able to stop them. They could be hours ahead of us by now!"

"We are racing against the clock to try to recover those hours," said FBI Director Gordon Fisherman. "But time is slipping away from us."

In an effort to calm fears, the President of the United States called a press conference, but it ended before it even started. Stunned and not sure what happened, the President simply covered his mouth and yelped softly.

"Never before has America faced such a crisis," reported Professor Albert Ramshackle, an expert in 4th-dimensional matters. "Time is not on our side."

Signs that these purloined hours are being misused are already evident. Millions of Americans are reporting mysteriously overcooked roasts, while others are waking up an hour early for no discernable reason. This past Monday, Pacific and Eastern time zones were briefly in sync for the first time in history.

"Until we nab these bandits and recover those hours, we cannot rely on clocks or timepieces," said one unknown man who looked like he really knew his stuff.

Upstart presidential candidate Rex W. Dreamboat made the missing hours a key issue in his campaign. "We should never have gone off the sundial standard," he told supporters at a Monday rally in Waco, Texas.

One thing's for sure - sooner or later these bandits will run out of time!

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

-~SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

The NEWS
MAGAZINE
of the
COMPUTER
SCREEN!
SA REEL SERVICE

11.15 The Masters of Animation: Vol. 1

Thursday, Nov 15, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

At one time animation was a medium fit only for children and weirdos and mostly shunned by the general public. Today animation is still mostly for children and weirdos but continues to gain mainstream acceptance as a true art form. In today's update we'll examine some of the visionaries that helped make animation what it is today. Actually no, not really. I'm just going to bitch and whine about cartoons.

Matt Groening

For over 20 years cartoonist Matt Groening (pronounced GROW-EN-ING) has been the unkempt face of the billion-dollar franchise The Simpsons. He is the person generally considered most responsible for the creation of the series and its success and obviously, he is a very rich man because of it. But something has always eluded me about Groening's success that I have never been able to pinpoint until now.

Matt Groening isn't funny.

Nothing he has ever written has been funny. He has never said anything funny in interviews or at nerd conventions. He isn't funny on The Simpsons DVD episode commentaries. The man simply isn't funny in any way, shape or form.

The original Simpsons shorts weren't funny. They were great only because Tracy Ullman was so painful to watch. Life in Hell isn't funny. It's one of those comics that you read and go, "Hum, that's interesting. I too hate when people use that word I guess." Daily comic strips by definition aren't funny. They wouldn't even exist if people didn't have to do things like ride the subway or take a dump at work on the company's dime. Some mentally unstable people buy whole books of that crap, but that's it.

Why then is the least funny cartoonist on the planet responsible for the funniest and greatest television comedy of all time? Sam Fucking Simon, that's why.

Sam Simon poses here with his slave.

Sam Simon, who lives in a solid gold house on an island that floats in the sky under the power of his own eccentricity, is the reason The Simpsons survived those first few shaky years. To say that I am bitter that Simon, whose credits include Cheers and Taxi, receives little credit for what is perhaps his greatest television achievement is an understatement.

Sure, he continues to receive millions of dollars a year and an executive producer credit on a show he left 13 years ago, but that isn't enough I say! His recent 60 Minutes interview was his chance to expose what a fraud Matt Groening truly is but he took the high road and just exposed how in love with dogs he is. Weird-o...

I on the other hand refuse to take the high road. The truth must be told. Matt Groening had nothing to do with The Simpsons being funny. He is, at most, responsible for the laughable doodles that led to the creation of the series.

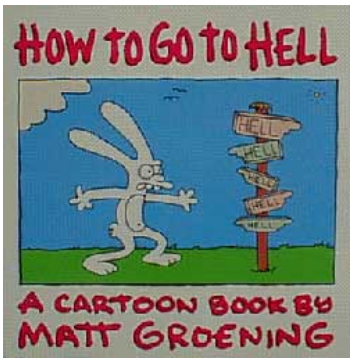
Sam Simon and the rest of the writers who were there for those first few seasons were faced with the monumental task of turning Groening's hunk of shit into a hit TV show or else James L. Brooks would eat them. Because he's fat you see. Look, I defy you find

anything from season 17 of The Simpsons that's funnier than the idea of James L. Brooks eating Sam Simon and the entire 1st season writing staff because they failed to make Matt Groening's ugly cartoon family funny. I will give you my unopened copy of Radiant Silvergun if you do, I swear.

Because he managed to draw basic shapes that somehow resembled humans he named after his stupid family, little could be done about Groening. Simon and The Simpsons staff simply worked around his contributions and a bunch of Korean animators that couldn't follow simple instructions like, "Smithers isn't black so please don't draw Smithers black for God's sake." If there was a joke on The Simpsons that fell flat and didn't make you laugh you can be sure that either Groening was responsible for it or it was part of any episode after season eight.

While Fox was eager to order more episodes after the first season, it was apparent that something had to be done about Groening if the show was to continue being a success. It was then that Simon hatched his most genius plan yet. An insider tells me that by day The Simpsons staff would work on the "Groening version" of the show. After Groening went home for the day the writers would return to the magical place where ever cartoons are made and work on the good version, ignoring all of Groening's notes and suggestions. When it was time to submit the episode to the network for airing, Simon would make the switch.

By season 3 Groening realized what was going on. While at a local bar he noticed that people were actually laughing in response to a Simpsons episode. Furious, he returned to the studio and demanded that Simon be fired in one of his famous temper tantrums. Instead, Simon left the show for good citing "creative differences" and never looked back. Fortunately for Sam, his contract included a generous severance package and the condition that he didn't have to be married to Jennifer Tilly anymore.



I have a really unnatural hatred for cartoonists and their creations. Perhaps it stems from some intense jealousy that I've never been able to come to terms with. Probably!

Matt Groening eventually realized what an integral asset his writers were, backed off and let them do their thing. A bunch of Harvard alumnis took the show to new heights through the 4th, 5th, and 6th seasons and then it all went downhill from there.

In 1995 he rewarded those who helped make The Simpsons a success by getting all pissy over the episode featuring the guy from The Critic. Sure, it was a thinly veiled attempt by Al Jean and Mike Reiss at cross promoting another stupid cartoon show, but it was a damn good thinly veiled attempt at cross promoting another stupid cartoon show. It was the first and only episode that Groening willfully took his name off of since he had nothing to do with making it funny. Now if only he could do that for the other 400 episodes.

The Groening-Simon feud is one that has, much to the relief of Groening, pretty much been left behind closed doors. But you can bet that behind those doors there have been shouting matches, fistfights, and Royal Rumbles between Simon and Groening about the direction of the show and the general girth and promiscuity of their respective mothers. Simon would eventually leave The Simpsons after failing to undue Groening's grasp of his doodles that he, along with the help of the writing staff, nurtured into a hit.

Today, Sam Simon spends his free time dressing up dogs in Halloween costumes and driving a van around inner city communities giving free medical care to poor animals like some kind of dog angel. If only everybody was as sweet as Sam Simon, there would be no need for heaven. We'd already be there.

God bless you Sam Simon. You rule, Matt drools.

John Kricfalusi

The history of John Kricfalusi is and forever shall be intertwined with that of the great Billy West. In fact when I was trying to figure out how to spell this guy's name I just ended up googling Billy West and there it was.

John K. is one of those old school cartoon guys that never really made it big. As a lover of wacky cartoons, his style was basically Loony Toons but with more cursing and homo-erotic nonsense. John was a visionary that dared to push the boundaries of a children's cable network.

He is best known for the Ren & Stimpy Show, a series whose history is wrought with controversy and censorship. In retrospect that censorship was a blessing in disguise. I'm so glad that John K. finally got to bring his vision of Ren & Stimpy fucking each other in the ass to life. Damn those Nickelodeon censors for denying us this vision so many years ago.

Hell yeah! Now this is the Ren & Stimpy I remember from my childhood!

The biggest blow to John came when Nickelodeon fired him in 1993. Billy West, who John expected to quit and come with him, continued to not only do the voice of Stimpy the Cat, but also did the voice of John's character, Ren. It was the biggest fuck you in the history of pointless cartoon shows. While Kricfalusi cites creative differences for his firing, he also failed to deliver episodes on time and was a giant pain in the ass otherwise. BUT IT WAS THE CENSORSHIP OH GOD THE HORRIBLE CENSORSHIP!!!

Billy West contends that he was simply hired to do voice work and had no duty to be loyal to John. Kricfalusi eventually fulfilled his vision of a faggot Ren & Stimpy and ended up being canceled by Spike TV after only a month, which is amazing because they'll air any piece of shit.

John K. is the perfect example of what happens to you when you don't sell out. Let that be a lesson to you kids. Sell out and sell out hard, and betray someone else in the process if you can. The worst that could happen is that you become the voice of Bugs Bunny and that Cheerios honey bee and get paid millions of dollars for the privilege of doing so.

John Kricfalusi currently spends his days drawing The Flash Tub at Something Awful, a popular humor web site.

Hayao Miyazaki

Hayao Miyazaki is often refereed to in the western world as the "Walt Disney of Japan", although that's not an entirely apt analogy. Walt Disney could barely draw Mickey Mouse and this Japanese son of a bitch prefers to draw almost every single key frame of his films himself because nobody else in Japan knows how to draw apparently. Miyazaki couldn't give two shits about Walt Disney. He's more like the Michael Jordan of Japan, threatening to retire, and coming back, and threatening to retire again in addition to being unstoppable in the paint.

His films have broken Japanese box office records and have made at least 11 dollars in America, the most for a Japanese animated movie studio. The Studio Ghibli films are actually quite good and while they haven't exactly made a splash at the American box office they are generally regarded as

wonderful movies by mainstream American critics.

Miyazaki believes so much in the art of animation that he had surgery to become an animated character. Yeah they can do that now apparently.

John Lasseter, who is the head of Pixar Studios and has this weird crush on Miyazaki, has been instrumental in bringing the great director's films to America. On every DVD release Lasseter includes a short segment where he gushes about how great Miyazaki is and how everybody at Pixar is inspired by his films. Studio Ghibli has responded to Lasseter's kindness and generosity by creating a short film entitled "Thank You Mr. Lasseter, We're Flattered, but Not Interested: Please Stay Away or We Are Calling the Police, For Reals This Time".

An unfortunate side effect of the success of Miyazaki in America is that it opens the door for all the other crap animes that are not only embarrassing to the nation they come from, but to humanity as a whole. Anime fans are not only misguided and naive, they are downright stupid. Anime is far becoming mainstream in America. It isn't even close. Just because Roger Ebert regarded My Neighbor Totoro as one of his "Great Movies" doesn't mean your copy of Super Battle Angel Taisen Schoolgirl X suddenly has any relevance.

And it isn't like Japan is all gung-ho for these cartoons with panty shots and thinly veiled pedophilia either. Japanese citizens hate anime fans as much as we do in the US. Sure there are some prime-time anime shows in Japan but most of that crap is shown late at night, when most of the normals don't have to deal with it.

Hayao Miyazaki currently spends his days being shamed by his son for following in his footsteps with the whole animation thing. Miyazaki's son's first film flopped and according to Japanese law the execution will take place on Friday.

Thank you for joining me in this closer look at the masters of animation. To be honest it was really just an excuse to talk about how much Matt Groening sucks. Man I hate that guy.

No, there will not be a volume 2.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.16 This Week in Zack (November 9th - 16th)

Friday, Nov 16, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Yeah just my car getting tested. Heheh not really.

This is just a little news update to fill you guys in on what's happening with me and what sort of things I have been thinking about this week.

Nothing too big to announce right now. I got a card in the mail saying I have to get my car's emissions tested. I'm not too worried about that. My car is kind of new still and it smells the same as it always did. I don't think it is emitting anything.

If it fails the test I don't know what I'll do. I can't afford to buy a different car right now and I like my car. I guess I will put a bag on my car's exhaust and then put rubber bands around the bag. Then after I drive somewhere I can bury the bag.

I'll let you know how the emission thing goes. That's the only announcement I really have.

An Invention I Thought Up

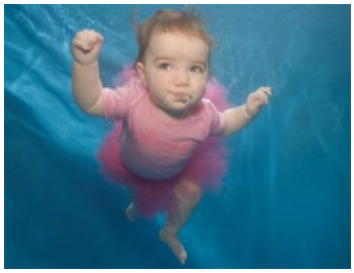
An invention I thought up is a special alarm clock that will help me wake up. It is shaped exactly like my cat and when it goes off it makes the sound that cats make when they're getting ready to throw up.

The only way to turn it off is I have to pick the clock up and put the clock on a hard surface like the bathroom floor or something. That way I have to get out of bed to turn the clock off and I can't just hit the button and go back to sleep.

If you have a cat that sound is really good for getting your attention and making you react really fast. If you don't have a cat then here is another suggestion: take your regular alarm clock and put tape over the button that turns the clock off. That way you have to wake up enough to take the tape off before you can turn off the alarm clock.

This is my cat a while back. I bought him from the shelter and it turned out he was something called a Maine Coon which means really fat and really hairy.

Babies (Thoughts On)



Babies are very good swimmers which hints at what they might be like as a creature.

I think about babies a lot. They're pretty cute and interesting.

Looking at a baby is like looking a billion years back in time to when mankind first crawled out of the ocean. I haven't looked up the science on what we looked like then, but if I had to guess I bet we looked like a baby. Or maybe a baby only wetter, like a frog.

I would like to build a terrarium for a baby. It would be a little bigger than a playpen they sell at Target, but it would have high glass walls so the baby can't get out no matter what happens. I would put a bunch of plastic plants and gravel on the bottom and some other thing babies enjoy like maybe sticks and boots and a hollow log the baby can hide in if it gets scared. There would be a big rock that gets hot so the baby can lay on the rock and feel warm. There would also be a water bowl for the baby but not big enough for the baby to fall in and drown.

Parents would probably like my baby terrarium (my babyarium) since they wouldn't have to pay a babysitter anymore when they want to go outside. Just put some crickets in and plug in the rock and the baby will be just fine. That's the motto I thought up. "The baby will be just fine." Trademark, 2007.

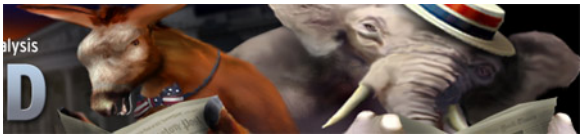
Issues I Have with Politics

The news always talks about politics and I think that's getting a little bit out of hand. There are a lot more important things to talk about like what's happening to the whales. I haven't heard an update on how they're doing in a while. The news does that a lot where they start a story and then they never tell you how it ends. One I can remember is did they ever find those guys in the mine? They drilled like 10 holes down there to find them and then the news stopped talking about it, so I guess they found them and they're doing fine.

That is Chris Matthews on the left and I found this picture by looking up his name and drool.

The news channel I watch the most is MSNBC, but be warned they have a heavy pro-Microsoft bias. My favorite TV show on MSNBC is Hardball. There is a guy who hosts it named Chris Matthews and he ALWAYS SPITS! It's wild. He starts getting really excited and spit flies all over the place and drools on his shirt. He's kind of like a dog and I think that's cool.

One thing I don't like about MSNBC is their website. They have a section called "FIRSTREAD" that is like a blog about politics. It has a really really really scary picture up at the top of monsters in hats. It's so scary I spent a while on Google looking up ways to take the page off the Internet so I can't go to it anymore with my browser. I'll let you know when I figure that out.



I saw the President on the news yesterday. I forgot about that guy! He was talking about a budget.

That guy is always laughing or smiling. I'm glad he is having a good time being President. My mom always said that you should do something you enjoy as your job. I am still looking on monster.com to see if any place is hiring someone to eat Reese's Cups.

Beeing Entertained

This is after Seinfeld turns into a bee.

A movie I don't want to see is the new Seinfeld movie. I guess it's a cartoon and the story is he got turned into a bee. I'm sort of tired of seeing him and hearing him talk though because he is on TV more than anybody else (way more than the President) so I think I'll skip it even if the special effects when he changes into the bee are good.

Kid Nation was really good this week. You guys should watch it if you don't watch it. It's about kids running a town without adults around to tell them what to do. My favorite character on Kid Nation is probably Jared. He reminds me a lot of Spongebob if he were Jewish. I don't know if Jared is Jewish, I'm just saying if Spongebob were Jewish he would be more like Jared.

I saw an ad for the Bionic Woman and it looked good, then I remembered I watched the first episode and it was bad. It had Starbuck from Battlestar Galactica, but the Bionic Woman is not as good as that show. I'm not going to sit here and tell you what to do, but if I were in your shoes I wouldn't watch the Bionic Woman ever.

The Eagles made a new album. I don't know if you guys like the Eagles. I think those guys did a lot of drugs if they put those songs on their record and thought it was worth buying. What a crock. Lay off the drugs, guys!

This Week's Pizza

This week's pizza was a large cheese pizza from Papa John's Pizza. I hated it! What a mistake!

Mine didn't look good like that one. I'm sorry this is getting negative, but I don't like wasting a weekly pizza on something that bad. Let's hope next week's pizza is better. I would get two pizzas in a week, but pizza is bad for you.

Suggestions for You

Right now it's starting to be the colder part of fall when fall turns into winter. The jacket you wore during the earlier part of fall might not be warm enough, but your winter coat might be too warm. Try wearing your winter coat unzipped. That's what I do and I think it works.

Thinking about staying warm, I used to wear mittens when I was a kid, but nobody wears mittens as an adult. At what age do mittens stop working? I don't know. I can't have all the answers. I think you should wear mittens. I'll get some mittens and wear them too. We'll bring them back for grownups if we all do it together. Send me a picture of you wearing mittens as a grownup and I'll post it next week.

I think mittens are warm and comfortable. Bring back the mittens!

My last suggestion is for you to have a good weekend. Maybe watch TV, but not too much TV. Time is infinite, but we only are around for part of time. Use that time wisely. Build a shed or paint a picture of a beautiful woman.

Also, hug somebody. Just make sure they want to be hugged before you hug them.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.17 Record Button Records' November Newsletter

Saturday, Nov 17, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You are receiving this newsletter from Record Button Records because someone that knows your e-mail address hates you. No one voluntarily subscribes to these things. You cannot unsubscribe yourself, but you can unsubscribe someone else and hope they return the favor.

Young Xilly Has Beef With Potatoes

Young Xilly is no stranger to controversy. Once again, our featured hip-hop artist has made national headlines with his newly-launched public assault on potatoes and starches in general. Young Xilly explains:

> *I was eating some beef stew in the studio one day and I just thought, 'You know what? Fuck potatoes.'*
>
> *It's like I've felt this way all my life but until I started rapping, I never had the eloquence and courage to put it into words. Fuck potatoes. Fuck starches. Fuck any bland-ass food product that can't be bothered to get some real texture and flavor without needing someone to mash it or put salt and butter on it. Ya hear, plantains? Shape up or you're next.*

Xilly issued a press release to thank his fans for their continued patience and support, as his debut album has once again been delayed indefinitely while he continues to get his message out through talk show interviews, college lectures, and "at least one harshly worded billboard in Minneapolis".

It's My Face Tentatively Settles On New Album Title

Following months of deliberation and the third death of a drummer this year, pop-punk bad boys It's My Face have chosen a name for their first album: "Cowboys And Indians, The Kind That Come From India".

This marks the fourteenth title that has been announced for this album, beginning in 1999 with "If You Can Read This You're Too Literate", which they dropped in favor of "These Boots Are Made From Walken". Their indecision continued through most of the 2000's, as the band decided upon (and consequently abandoned) such album titles as "Never Forget Fawlty Towers", "The Horse Race That Ended In Ecstasy", and "Ghost Dad: The Father That's Also A Ghost".

Now that a name has been settled upon, It's My Face hopes to come up with ten or twelve clever song names and craft witty lyrics for each one. Assuming the process doesn't start from scratch once again due to "Cowboys And Indians, The Kind That Come From India" being replaced by another album title, music will be laid down for each track as the final, least important step.

Travis Hanktwang Having Trouble Fitting His Patriotism, Love For Honest Working Class Folk Onto Album

When we signed Travis Hanktwang to our country music label, we knew he was a talented artist that loved his country and the hard-working folks that make up its heartland. What we didn't realize was how strong his convictions were, and how dedicated he is to perfection.

Travis has been working on his highly anticipated debut album "America" for two years, and after countless recording sessions and rewrites, he still isn't happy with the amount of respect and love for America and country folk that the album conveys. Take, for instance, the following lyrics:

America Part IV: America

America America America America America
United States America America America,
They're hard workin' simple country folk
But everything they say and do is just and right
And they're way smarter than everyone else in
America America America America America

America America America America America
Canada
Just kiddin'
America America America America America

(whispered) America!

Travis hopes that replacing the words "and" and "but" with "America" and "heartland" will increase the overall patriotism of the song while remaining somewhat intelligible. If that fails, he plans to re-record the entire album with a drumset made of vertically standing steelbeams with hardhats resting upon them and American flags draped over every microphone.

Saying Goodbye To A Decade Of Ska

After ten years together, we are sad to announce that Chicks Dig Skas is splitting up. Their exciting mix of ska and electronica (made entirely on a computer using samples from the default Windows 98 sound scheme) would have turned the music industry on its ear if tragedy hadn't struck earlier this year.

As you'll recall, the band worked for nine years before finally completing their debut album. In their excitement, they mistakenly burned a master disc that contained "pretty much every Atari Lynx rom in existence" and sent it off to our factory for duplication, then deleted the album files from their aging Compaq Presario's hard drive to make room for a complete siterip of Google.com.

We thank the individual members of Chicks Dig Skas for all of their hard work over the years, and wish them the best in their future endeavors.

Winter Releases, Tour Dates, And Events

November:

December:

January:

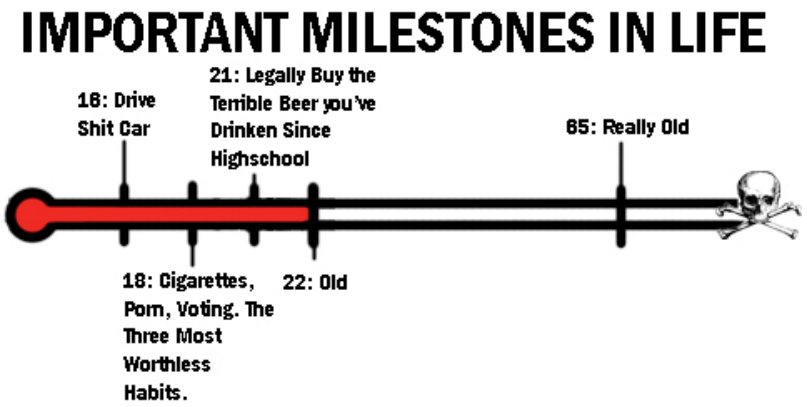
February: *Record Button Records Fundraising Auction* - Help us pay off our debtors by bidding on various items from Record Button Records' headquarters, from office supplies and furniture to whatever pieces of floor tile and plumbing that we can pull up with our bare hands.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.18 Turning Twenty-Two and the Quarterlife Crisis

Sunday, Nov 18, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I am turning twenty-two on the twentieth. How horrible. I think this is the last milestone in my life for a while, let me check the chart.


IMPORTANT MILESTONES IN LIFE
16: Drive Shit Car
21: Legally Buy the Terrible Beer you've Drinken Since Highschool
65: Really Old
18: Cigarettes, Porn, Voting. The Three Most Worthless Habits.
22: Old

I'm about to start a journey (completely against my will) where the next stop is in forty-five years, twice my current age. Needless to say, I'm fucked. I can't walk down a block without stumbling. When I turned twenty-one, the day was filled with festive drinking, but like the swinging pendulum of time, my twenty-second will be nothing but a week long binge of miserable drunken mourning. Apparently, I'm an adult. But what's that mean?

So here I sit, trying to answer that question, having a quarterlife crisis. Unlike the midlife crisis, where the victim looks back at half of his or her life with disappointment and regret, I'm able to look ahead and see all the disappointment and regret of my future decisions. At twenty-two, I am between two opposite poles of life, but I have no idea where I am on the scale. Most people are able to flow comfortably through time, constantly adapting and changing their perspectives. Hell, there are twelve-year-olds on the stock market and forty-year-old Pokémasters, but because of a recent discovery, I am stuck, no, constipated with my life. The past has become lodged in my head, and I need to take a Pepto-Bismol and reevaluate my current situation.

As an ambitious child, I used to write down goals on pieces of scrap paper and save them inside a Halloween bucket. The goals were as simple as the handwriting, but they all seemed possible. I came across the collection earlier this year while moving. Those who forget the past are forced to repeat it, but when it comes to goals, forgetting can be comforting. Now I'm forced to remember what I wanted to be, instead of adopting new goals.

I'm forced to adapt my childish dreams of the future to the dreamless present world. I categorized the goals between impossible and possible. Any dream labeled impossible had to have a good reason, and any feasible dream had to be started before it's too late. The next time I look at this list I'll be fifty, and no Miata can replace a lost childhood.

Impossible

Be an Astronaut: Bad vision, too tall, hate the cold. There are a million reasons why I'm not allowed to be an astronaut, but only reason why I don't want to be one. I met John Glenn in the

sixth grade, what a boring mother fucker. I wonder if John Glenn has ever been called a mother fucker? Maybe some Russians wearing spacesuits in Saint Petersburg during the 1950's space race.

Be a Firefighter: This decision came out of my childhood's hero obsession. I thought saving people from disasters was the greatest accomplishment in life, and I was right. But I never considered how unbelievably frightening fire is. I also am indifferent to California burning away.

Be a Cowboy: A psychologist would label this a homoerotic dream

Be an Actor/Musician: Considering I only watched Ernest movies and listened to Weird Al Yankovic cassette tapes, I'm surprised I ever aspired to do anything creative.

Be a Marine Biologist: Fuck dolphins.

Be an Egyptologist: Fuck mummies.

Solve World Hunger: This signifies my first global realization. Unfortunately, I can hardly solve my own hunger, so unless Broccoli Cheddar and Four Cheese Hotpockets count, I got nothing.

Make a Million Dollars: Okay, lets check this out.

$$\begin{array}{r} \$1{,}000{,}000.00 \\ \div\ \$10.00/\text{hour} \\ \hline \textbf{Fuck.} \end{array}$$

Possible

Someday...

Read Every Book Considered a Classic: I remember writing this one. We read a truncated version of Frankenstein in the fourth grade, and I thought it was amazing. The teacher referred to it as a classic, so I went and asked the gray haired woman in the library what classics were. The spinster of a librarian selected Wuthering Heights and Pride and Prejudice. By the end of the day I decided that the classics sucked and wondered why they were all written by women. I still wanted to read them all at the time, but my pile of Goosebump books were collecting dust. Instead, the goal was written down and thrown with all the others. The classics make sense now, but I also know there's a bunch of them. Maybe I could watch every movie based on a classic book.

Play in the MLB: The Pirates *are* pretty desperate.

To Be Able to Draw: What does this mean? The wording is so vague. I went to an art school for a few years cranking out self-portraits and stilllifes, does that count? I am drawing a blank, and that definitely counts, so lets move on.

To Swim During Rest Periods at the Pool: I was a pool rat. Five or six days a week were spent at the public pool. I just loved swimming, or my parents hated having me around, I can't

remember. Either way, I hated seeing the older kids playing, the stay-at-home mothers wading, and the retired overweight men swimming slow laps-I wanted to be a part of the forbidden fun. But God save the poor child who crosses the yellow line to face the barrage of whistles.

This goal would have been fulfilled when I was 18, but I stopped going to the pool years before, so this was the first goal I set out to accomplish. I went to the pool this summer, waited for all the scrappy kids to groan and climb out, and hoped in, but I didn't feel fulfilled swimming alone. To get a better taste of the new privilege, I jumped in and splashed the young children waiting for the end of rest period, but still nothing. I eventually paid some kids to jump in with me just to see them get kicked out. Booya kids.

To get Arrested: I thought that every cool person spent some time in the slammer. I was wrong. There is nothing cool or fun about prison, but since the lifeguard saw me paying young boys in the corner of the pool, I was able to fulfill this one as well.

To Surf Across the English Channel: A mixture between the dangerous life of an adventurer and the carefree lifestyle of a surfer. This goal not only provided an event, but also a personality to accomplish. I am proud to say I surf across the English Channel every day; Lifetime Movies, BBC, Travel Channel. Done.

Be a Professional Writer: This counts. Right?

Well, looks like I got a lot of work ahead of me. Maybe the lack of milestones ahead of me is a good thing, but probably not.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.19 My Unsatisfactory Dining Experiences

Monday, Nov 19, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This weekend I empowered myself as a consumer and emailed complaints to five of America's largest restaurant chains. It is my hope that these hotly worded missives find their way to the right people in the corporate offices and I effect some real change.

My adventure began with an email to breakfast dining favorite and sausage manufacturer Bob Evans.

Hi Bob Evans,

I had a disappointing experience. I went to your restaurant for a blueberry pancake and all I got was a headache. There was a loose hound dog by itself in your parking lot. All he did was stare at me. I couldn't look away.

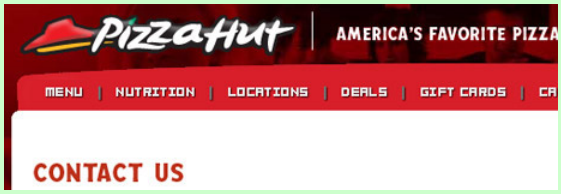
I don't know whose dog he was or what he wanted. He was white with black and brown spots and racing stripes up the side. He seemed really smart for a dog and very sad and the way he was looking at me made me sad. After all I did get a blueberry flapjack, but with the dog staring at me it tasted like bitter blueberry ashes in my mouth.

When I left the restaurant the dog was gone. Who was that dog and why was he staring at me? Do you know if he was a real dog?

Thanks in advance I love your pork gobblers.

Zack Parsons

I have never liked Pizza Hut, but that doesn't mean Pizza Hut should be excluded from this list. Every restaurant chain deserves a smidgen of my gastronomical wisdom.



Dear Pizza Hut,

I regret to inform you by way of this letter that I had an unsatisfactory experience at one of your establishments. I was waiting in the restaurant for my carry out order when I was approached by a man wearing a rawhide jerkin and floral culottes. He introduced himself as Byront and he asked if I wanted to buy a kitchen set from him. It just so happened that I did need a kitchen set so I bade him wait and collected my pizza from the counter.

When I exited the store he showed me to a pickup truck and the back was full of chairs. He told me that for 200 dollars he would drives the kitchen set over to my house and unload it for me. I said okay. It took him almost an hour to arrive and the kitchen set was not a set it was 11 irregular chairs. I told him I wasn't going to pay for that and he stared at me really mean and then slapped my pizza box out of my hand.

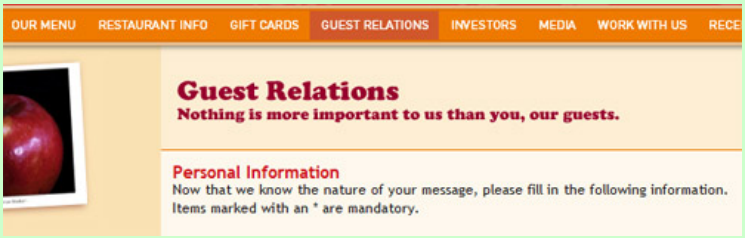
The pizza was mostly gone because I had been waiting on the steps outside for so long I got hungry, but it ruined two pieces of pizza and gently sprained my wrist. For that I demand satisfaction.

The ball is in your court now. Let us see if you really are the "Pizza Hut" you so claim to be.

By the way, your tuna stuffed crust pizza is the best in town.

Zack

Family dining mega-chain Applebees offers fried food to clog the arteries of America's heartland. I performed a bypass and went over the head of my server to take my complaints straight to corporate.


OUR MENU
RESTAURANT INFO
GIFT CARDS
GUEST RELATIONS
INVESTORS
MEDIA
WORK WITH US
Guest Relations
Nothing is more important to us than you, our guests.
Personal Information
Now that we know the nature of your message, please fill in the following information.
Items marked with an * are mandatory.

Applebees,

I don't know where to begin...

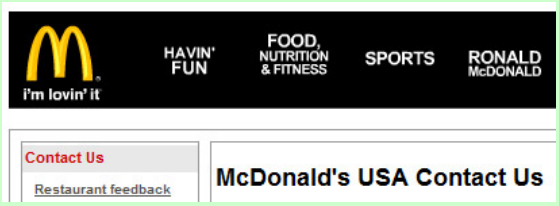
The waitress at your store made me take off my shirt before she would take my order. I ordered the blooming onion and it was delicious. Now my chest hair is matted with ranch dipping sauce and I'm beset by gnats.

Thanks, but "no thanks," if you know what I mean.

Very truly yours,

Zack Parsons

Everyone knows McDonald's and their reputation, but did you know that McDonald's will not deliver their food? I know! What an outrage!



Howdy McDonald's,

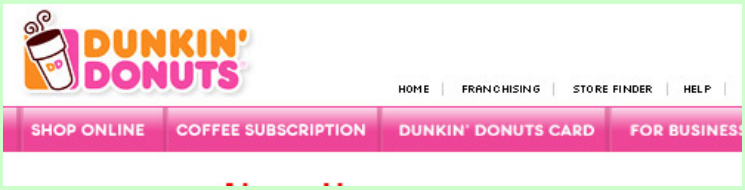
I called from the rodeo and wanted a Big Mac but you said "NO!" and hung up the phone on me. The rodeo was good. Tuscaloosa Patrick Moynihan broke some ribs, but everyone else was okay. Lashonda "Portnoy's Complaint" Cody is looking like an up-and-comer in the girl's 8-11 division.

I called back after the rodeo and asked why you didn't deliver to the rodeo (because no one ever brought my Big Mac) and you said, "McDonald's doesn't deliver!" and I said, "Heh, you got that right. You *sure don't.*" I emphasized the last two words just like that. Then you hung up again.

Who are you to say you won't deliver to the rodeo?

PS - Bring back the McWrist Deluxe.

America's largest donut chain, Dunkin Donuts, has been stuffing the gullets of bleary eyed early-risers for decades. Now it's time to stuff something back into their evil corporate maw!



Hail and well met, Dunkin Donut!

For the third day in a row the lady with the face behind the counter told me that she had prematurely exhausted her reserve of Jumpin' Jack Omeledgwiches. Without this breakfast staple I am left to gaze with disgust at the roach-tracked hillocks of over-sugared excrement you identify as dough-nuts, before scalding all possible sense from my mouth and throat with a cup of your 1000 degree kaffee.

The dull-eyed Hindi sow stationed behind the enlardener has barely the intellect to form the words professing her establishment's inadequacy, let alone put one clopper afore the next and chart a course to the nearest undumbfucker machine. She could drain the stupefying untouchable sperm from that syphilitic cyst of curry and wet papadums she calls a brain and set about the task of rectifying this entirely unacceptable situation.

Alack, no, she opts to stare at me with the slack look of a vacant Hallow'een mask as the last dregs of boiling kaffee empty across my chin! Therefore, I lodge a complaint. Consider yourself the recipient of this electronic capsule containing but a small crumb of this feast that is my wroth.

Dare ye, Dunkin Donut - if that is your name - dare ye ignore this complaint? I have been accused of many atrocities in my day, myriad and sunderful misdeeds, but I have never been accused of possessing a surfeit of forgiveness.

Yo, peace out!

Dr. Bok Bagok
Professor Emeritus and Longest Man in Colorado

My complaints have not yet generated a response. I'm sure these five establishments are just waiting for the right moment to begin their restructuring.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 What's Hot This Fall in Extremely Specific Clothing

Tuesday, Nov 20, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

After recently purchasing (and being thrilled with) the shirt you see to the right, I have come to appreciate the idea of owning shirts so ridiculous that they meet awesome back on the other side. With some research, I now believe the best way to go about expanding my collection would be to tap into the industry of *extremely specific* clothing manufacturers and vintage clothing dealers. With a little patience and a little money, you could Internet yourself up a "I love my autistic granddaughter Natalie" shirt or a "My dad is a Canadian security guard and PROUD" hoodie. Put them on, and instantly you'll be catapulted into a steady mixture of pride and humiliation that you just can't get from normal clothing.

I am now on a quest to collect all of the strange, out-of-context clothing I can get my filthy hands on. If this means wearing shirts that previously belonged to some other dude, so be it. For example:

I made eye contact with
Warwick Davis

IN MEMORY
OF GRANDPA
HE HAD
CONNIPTION
THEN DIE

WORLD FAMOUS
CAT MAMA
i have precious cats
HELP THEY

Support St. Peter's
Church of Christ
Buy
Church Chaw
CHAW

We are
"ONE OF YOU"
today!
Colostomy Awareness Day 1997
Jackson, LA

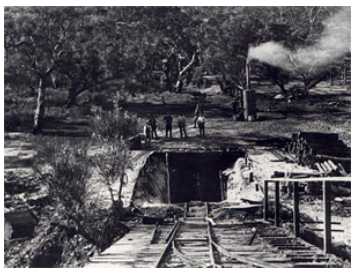
Now back off! These are all mine and I ain't about to share 'em!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.21 An Open Letter to the Broads Working in My Mine

Wednesday, Nov 21, 2007 by Hobart Augustus Harmchild (@Livestock)

Once upon a time they called me crazy. They did! They called H. A. Harmchild a madman! They said dames were too irrational to work in mines. They don't like hard work and their hands are far too soft for the terrible demands of mining, they said. Oh, those dames don't like getting dirty, they said. I said they will if I tell them there are diamonds down in those holes!



A perfectly wonderful job environment.

Worked like a charm. The men were off fighting the Great War, and the broads were down in the pits looking for diamonds all while carefully fetching my precious coal. And broads work for a lot less. They didn't know anything about numbers, so I paid them next to nothing. Besides, that was '42, the year of the national feral snake surplus, which caused the nationwide orphan shortage. I would have filled my mine up with orphans in a heartbeat, but they were so scarce and valuable that they had the nerve to demand real wages. No way was I giving those parentless wretches room and board in my mines *and* paying them.

So that's when you broads came in and kept coming in as the years passed. This arrangement has worked out for the past sixty five years. But I think it's time for a change. You skirts are getting nervier than ever, and your attempts to organize make me want to dynamite the whole mine and leave you trapped beneath the smoldering rubble. Too bad liberals these days would raise a stink.

Oh, you say that I am being unfair, that many of you work grueling hours for unfair wages. Well, see here, missy, I'm the victim in this matter. You say that I am a monster and that I like to punish people unfairly. You say that I resist progress and continue to embrace methods that are as cruel today as they were in 1907. I ask you to slander me such while hanging from a noose made out of live snakes above a vat of lye. Not so loose with your indictments now, are you?

In recent years you have demonstrated an ornery spirit that I cannot tolerate, no doubt spurred by the loud mouthed feminists of the west. In an age when orphans are once again dirt cheap, I simply will not abide insolence when I can bring in derelict children by the boxcar. In fact, I am. I've been buying up orphans from every state and I plan to put them to work. It will be like the old days again. Tiny little hands picking coal out of the rocks and sending it up for me to sell. If one of them gets injured, well, off to the pile they go. There's another bright and shiny one ready to blacken his lungs with the soot of honest living.

Oh, you're not following me, doll face? *You're all fired.* Why? I don't owe you an explanation, but I will give one anyway.

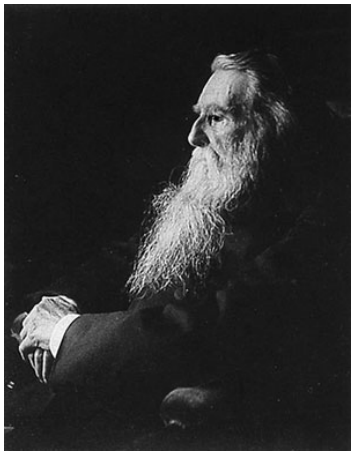
Chief amongst your crimes is the recent attempts to emasculate my wolves. I starve and release these flesh-hungry beasts to pick off the weak links in my mine. This includes orphans and dames who lack the dedication to fight to keep their jobs. Workers will either die by wolf, or prove themselves efficient by killing the beast and immediately getting back to work. Yet instead of coming out with mangled human limbs clenched tightly in jaw, my wolves come out with ribbons around their necks! Because of this great offense, I have had to put down half a dozen wolves.

Oh, believe me, my Cossack enforcers did not relish smashing in their heads with rocks, but it had to be done. These once great beasts cried and whimpered like little puppy dogs, robbed of their dignity and seething hatred for humanity. Robbed by *you!* Believe me, I admire the wolf. I admire the hate that burns in the wolf heart and envy its advanced olfactory senses, enabling it to sample

the full aroma of human fear.

I purchased these wolves to teach the workers of my mine the consequences of failure. You have in turn projected your failures and weakness onto them. If you could find more coal half as good as you find compassion, you might still have a place in my employ.

But then I should expect no less from such a collection of whores. I have watched with great disdain as you have attempted to turn my mine into a brothel. Oh, you play innocent! But I see how you tempt my Cossack enforcers and the few male workers of my mine with your lurid makeup and exposed forearms. I shake my fist and tell you this: the mine provides all the makeup you need. If you aren't caked in soot, then you aren't working hard enough!



H. A. Harmchild, Age 129

Just yesterday I witnessed Old Grady wiping sweat off his brow and biting down on his lucky rock in desperate attempt to suppress the wild urges you so callously invoke. A man of his lingering age should not be enticed as such, for he is liable to have a heart attack. Grady has been a loyal worker ever since I saved his life from a deranged Spaniard in the Battle of Las Guasimas. He's lived too long and hard to die in such a shameful way.

And don't think that I haven't noticed you neglecting your duties to mother the orphans I own. I bought those orphans fair and square, and it is my decision alone how they should be raised. I do not pay you to silence their cries or give them emotional support. I pay you to collect coal. The last thing those orphans need is mothering or the faint glimmer of hope leading them astray from a perfectly respectable childhood spent entirely underground. With that, I hereby terminate your employment. Please do not ask for a letter of reference. There is nothing nice I could possibly say about any of you.

Yours truly,

Hobart Augustus Harmchild III

Chief Proprietor of Harmchild Mines

-~Hobart Augustus Harmchild (@Livestock)

11.22 Your Guide to Holiday Binge Eating

Thursday, Nov 22, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Ever since that Indian on TV cried a tear that eventually became the raging Colorado River, Americans have regarded Thanksgiving as a holiday worth celebrating. Containing all of the selfishness of Christmas but without a trace of the imposed morality, on Thanksgiving you can stuff your face and at the same time not be nice to your racist grandpa who refuses to watch a channel that lets a "colored lady read the news." On Christmas, things would be different; but today, feel free to take away his whiskey and tell him to stop wiping his greasy, gnarled turkey fingers on the recliner. Brave men fought and died for you to have this right. And your grandpappy might be one of them!

My so-called ancestry.

But for now, forget about your family. They are just obstacles in your way to obtaining plate after plate of baked meats and starches. This food would have carried no implications on any other day, but on Thanksgiving, just by joining a meal you have tacitly entered an eating contest. Do you want to join the ranks of so many losers who have lost this game and suffered the purgatorial fate of being stranded on a couch, bloated with food and forced to watch one of Charlie Brown's depressing holiday adventures? Or do you want to be the winner who gets a free trip to the hospital and a chance to tell everyone at work what a stomach pump feels like?

I am here to help you.

Turkey

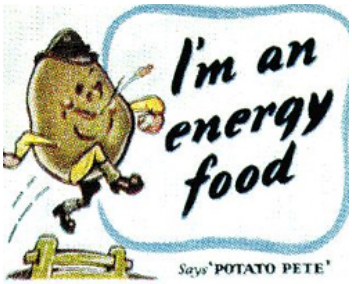
This is a picture of a turkey's ear. Happy Thanksgiving!

Welcome to the turkey, otherwise known as nature's baseball player. The average turkey is pumped full of experimental drugs until its limbs and body weight grow to freakish proportions–all for a short performance on your dinner plate. Why, to a turkey, Thanksgiving is just like a World Series game for Mark McGwire! If you've never seen a turkey, check your work e-mail right now. I bet Debbie in accounting sent you that oh-so-famous picture of what looks like a turkey sucking our President's dick. Turkeys!

Unfortunately for you, in the game of Thanksgiving, turkeys are the bishops – which I assume are just as useless due to how ridiculous they look. When you're loading up your plate, take one piece of turkey at max; and if you can, take it only for show. Find a nearby dog's mouth to sneak your turkey into, but don't go overboard. Your family may be suspicious if Scruffy starts farting or is dead.

Those who think Thanksgiving is about the turkey are often found asleep on the couch or rolled out into a snowy driveway after plate one. The turkey, though it may be the centerpiece of a Thanksgiving meal, is a trap engineered by your pink, doughy elders who know all of the rules of the consumption game. While you anxiously bite down on a thick piece of juicy, white meat, these wise men know that the powerful barbiturates coursing through the blood of turkeys will leave you unconscious and them the winners. Go ahead and search the abandoned corners and crevices of your house right now. If you find hidden piles of dried, rotting turkey, you'll know why you've been such a sucker for all of these years.

Mashed Potatoes



Potato Pete, seen here running from the FDA.

As delicious as they may seem, mashed potatoes serve a rather utilitarian purpose during Thanksgiving dinner. Any competitive eater knows that to avoid bowel rupture and the inconvenient trip to the hospital/lifetime with a colostomy bag which follows, it's important to establish a thick foundation at the base of your stomach. Mashed potatoes do just that, because this is how the human digestive system works. But make sure you know that establishing this foundation isn't the only purpose of mashed potatoes; a great quantity of this side dish must be consumed between each helping in order to tamp down the layers of food accumulating inside of your body. If done properly, your insides will look like the casseroles of madmen! And just remember: the malleable nature of potatoes will let you pack every square inch of your body with food, all the way up to the top of your esophagus! You'll find that most Thanksgiving meals are best finished off with a plate of mashed potatoes and a trowel. Yum!

Corn

Since I somehow feel the need to caption all of these pictures, here is some goddamn corn.

Let's get one thing straight: corn should be the closest thing to a vegetable that enters your mouth during Thanksgiving. Don't believe me? Some of the greats of the Thanksgiving table – including 5-time Magnússon family champion, Magnús Ver Magnússon – were once disqualified for tasting the sprig of parsley that garnished their mountains of food. That being said, think of corn as the little yellow canary in the coal mine known as your bowels. In the week following Thanksgiving, it's important to sift through your bowel movements, looking for these little yellow nuggets of treasure in order to insure that the 20 pounds of food you inhaled are actually passing through your digestive system. I've mentioned colostomy bags enough, but I can't stress the importance of discovering your bowel obstructions while they can still be treated. Otherwise, you won't even be permitted to sit at the kids' table next year – but you can at least use your accessory to scare people away from the good spots on the couch when it's time to watch football. I'll let you weigh out the pros and cons of this one.

Holiday Booze

Egg nog: finally, a drink with the consistency and taste of semen!

On Thanksgiving, the booze is already going to be flowing like Niagara Falls thanks to the deep-seated resentment and hostility in your family that's never given a proper outlet. Alcohol also serves a very practical purpose besides making incoming passive-aggressive comments about your lifestyle palatable; it removes all doubt from the mind. Sure, you may be asking yourself "Do I really want to do this to my body?" in front of all of those heaps of steaming food-mounds, but after a few glasses of spiced rum, you'll be on your sixth plate and racing your shirtless uncle to the bathtub so that one of you (the winner) can vomit. As long as everyone is toasted, everyone is happy; and you may just be drunk enough to forget about the poor parenting skills that made you into the insecure, human train wreck that you are. If not, nothing makes a better chaser than tears!

Stuffing

Wow! It all looks so good!

Ever since the first caveman shoved one animal into another animal and the smaller animal was all, "It's a living," there has never been a more decadent food than stuffing. No one knows what's *in* stuffing, but given the name of its most popular brand, stuffing is probably composed of what you find when you clean off your stove top. It also happens to be the healthiest food you will eat during Thanksgiving, so don't be surprised if your family confuses you for fitness superstar John Basedow when you polish off your fourth helping of this mystery dish. This healthy quality of stuffing contributes to its practical purpose as a kind of roughage that regulates the movement of food through – yep, you guessed it – the bowels! Successful Thanksgiving meals are followed by a three-day bathroom visit known in many eating circles as "The Passing;" this is why most businesses let their employees also stay home on Friday. In between screams and the sounds of a clenched fist slamming against porcelain, you sure will be thanking your lucky stars that stuffing is keeping your rectum from prolapsing! Thanks, stuffing.

In closing, I hope this article is of use to those brave Americans who are about to sit down for the battle of wills and digestion known as Thanksgiving. If you happen to be from a country that doesn't celebrate Thanksgiving, this article won't be very helpful, so I apologize that you are from such a lousy country and I hope everything works out. And if you happen to be poor, you can apply my advice to the off-brand macaroni and cheese I see in donation boxes that you must be so fond of.

Happy Thanksgiving!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.23 2007 Research Grant Applications for the Institute of Applied Creation Science

Friday, Nov 23, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Doctor-Pastor Mullby,

The board has reviewed the research grants for this year and I thought it would be a good idea for you to have a look before we return the notices on the applications. If you want to discuss any of our decisions or would like me to pray some more on the list then just give me a call. Judy should have my number.

With God's Love,

Doctor-Pastor Hillock T. Quivers
Chairman of the Board
IACS Research Oversight

Defeating homosexuality with computers
R. J. Santorum, F. Phelps, P. Robertson

Abstract

God grants every man and woman free will, therefore homosexuality is a choice. This choice exposes tens of millions of Americans every year to sin and pestilence. We have developed an experimental technique using advanced computers, flashing Christian graphics, and prayerful contemplation that may cure homosexuality. This procedure, called De-sodomizing, involves playing a pleasing musical note every time a crucifix appears on the computer screen. When a graphic image of homosexual acts appears on the screen the computer will play an unpleasant buzzing tone. This process coupled with prayerful ministrations will break the cycle of sin in their homosexual cortex. We will also use advanced heterosexual math.

Proposal ACCEPTED - We must proceed with every effort to break the hold of the gays on God's country!

Bibliogical fossil dating of dinosaurs
L. Glans and D. Porridge

Abstract

Scientifically unsound methods of dating fossils and preserved remains provide an inaccurate picture of the world around us. Therefore the development of a new method of fossil dating based on careful readings of the Bible and Christian measurements is critical. We propose to experiment with various interpretations of the Old Testament on the fossilized remains of several dinosaurs. Our goal is to achieve Sixth Day dating accuracy of plus or minus one half hour.

Proposal REJECTED - Fossils, like starlight, were created to test our Faith in the Biblical reality of Creation. No dating methods, no matter how Christian, can be trusted.

Applications of gopher wood framing in aeronautical design
A. Noah and T. Args

Abstract

The aviation industry has a constant need for lightweight and strong materials to use in the framing and construction of 21st century aircraft. We will examine the possibility of using gopher wood, as extrapolated from Genesis, in the construction of next-generation transport and attack aircraft. Known to be excellent in the event of Floods, a computer model of this Biblical material will be tested against various secular materials like aluminum and titanium as well as pagan materials including orichalcum, samite and carbon fiber. When gopher wood proves superior to these godless materials we will recreate the substance through experimentation coupled with rigorous scientific readings of Genesis.

Proposal ACCEPTED - Great positive attitude on this one! We love a researcher with the foresight to know the results before we spend money.

Cross-kind breeding and the satanic reality of genetic tampering
A. Prigg

Abstract

God precluded evolution by creating man and animals so that they can only breed with their own kind. Based on L. Hostraum's 1994 research on the failed breeding of horses to lobsters (*Lies of Science & Medicine, p. 78*) we will attempt to use genetic machines to cross-combine essences of the horse and the lobster. We will then compare the resulting offspring to Biblical descriptions of demons and devils to prove that genetic science is indistinguishable from demonology. Following the experiment the demon creature will be struck down with a sword and then burned while a choir sings the praises of Christ.

Proposal REJECTED - Genetic machines? Sounds a little too expensive.

The effects of prayer deprivation on membrane homeostasis in protoplasts
H. Bismarck and P. Longjohn

Abstract

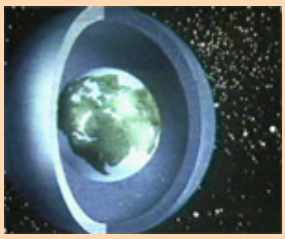
The ability of protoplasts to withstand variations in osmotic pressure is proof of a divine creator. We will examine the relationship between prayer and protoplastic membrane resilience by bombarding samples ex situ with levels of prayer varying from no prayer to constant prayer. Solute concentration will be increased incrementally until observers feel lysis is approaching. All cells will be stopped short of cell death and transplanted back into their original growth medium as ordained by God in the miracle of bacterial colonization of an agar plate.

Proposal REJECTED - Even respectful meddling with God's cells is too near to blasphemy!

Oil and the Vapor Canopy: locating crude deposits through the applied principles of flood geology
A. Snelling

Abstract

Creation scientific evidence suggests the world was once surrounded by a layer of atmospheric water that collapsed and condensed on the land in a catastrophic event. Using the knowledge that this event wiped out nearly all life on earth, we will find low spots where dead bodies collected during the upheaval to derive techniques for locating crude oil formed many hundreds of years ago and then placed by God beneath dinosaur bones.



Proposal REJECTED - Unfortunately, we just switched our curriculum to the Hydroplate hypothesis coupled with ice meteor flood geology, so Vapor Canopy related research is no longer welcome. Luckily for Mr. Snelling it only requires a year to complete our doctoral program.

Identifying evil music by spotting devil faces in audio waveforms
R. Roll and D. Metalson

Abstract

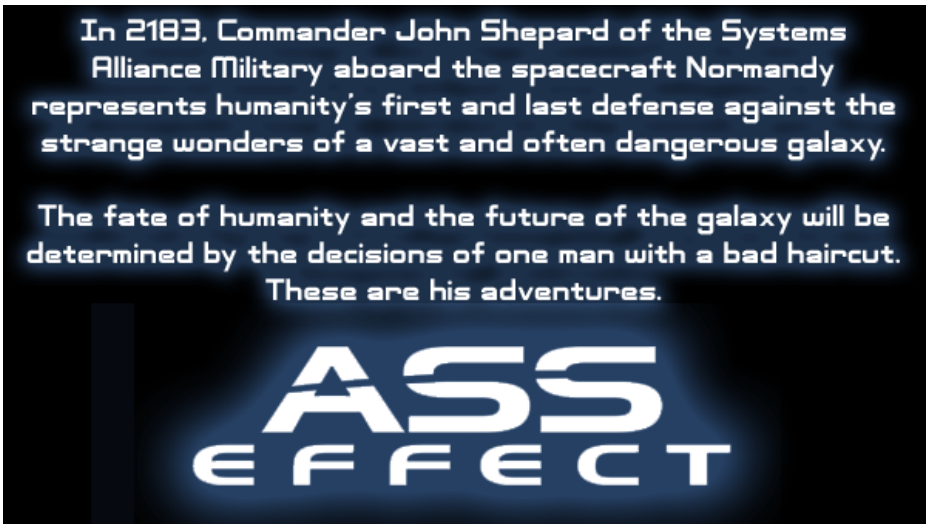
Since the advent of musical acts like *Jars of Clay* and *Creed* it has been difficult to separate Christian messages from potentially evil songwriting. We intend to test a means to visibly differentiate good music from evil music by studying audio waveforms on our advanced computer. The control group in this experiment will be waveforms derived from an audio recording of Pastor Ed Willickspray snoring softly after lengthy prayer. Experimental and potentially sincursed subjects will include *Rocket Man* by Elton John (known homosexual), *Nights in White Satin* by Moody Blues (confirmed psychadelics), and *Born to Ru*n by Bruce Springsteen (verified unkempt). We will visually search moving waveforms for signs of recognizable devil faces or sinister faces. This will be correlated with scientific backmasking searches for the frequency of devil laughs and cackles on each song. The two will allow us, at long last, to empirically graph the evilness of a song.

Proposal ACCEPTED - Great follow-on to last year's "pollution and devil faces in smoke" study that disproved man-made global warming. If this experiment succeeds begin on the catalog of "rappists" and "hip-hoppers" immediately. Those songs are creeping out of the godless urban areas of America and corrupting the succulent youths of the suburbs. I haven't seen such a nightmare since Elvis Presley.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.24 Ass Effect

Saturday, Nov 24, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


In 2183, Commander John Shepard of the Systems Alliance Military aboard the spacecraft Normandy represents humanity's first and last defense against the strange wonders of a vast and often dangerous galaxy.
The fate of humanity and the future of the galaxy will be determined by the decisions of one man with a bad haircut. These are his adventures.
ASS EFFECT

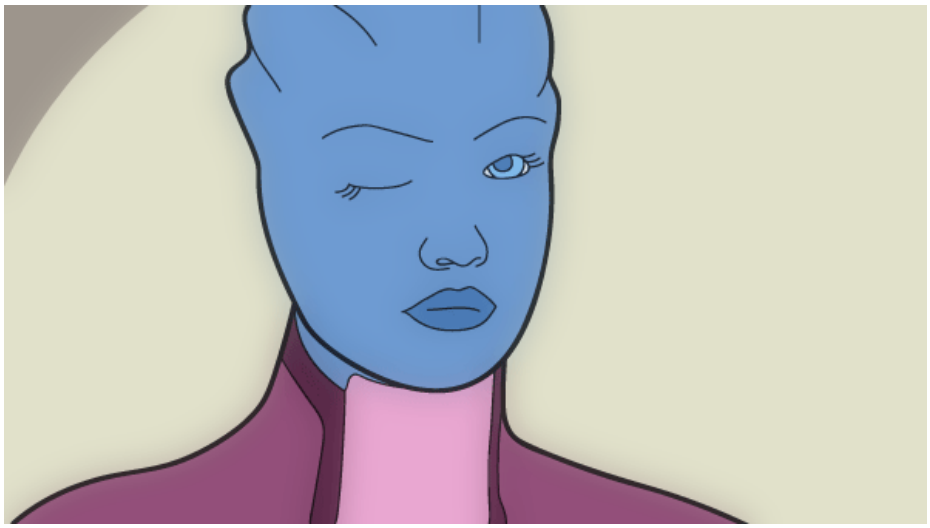
Viori J'Tendo: Welcome to the Citadel Cafeteria. Please take a tray and enjoy our numerous food items that appeal to all species of the Council.

Viori J'Tendo: We serve a variety of fish and meat patties on cold bread, but for distinguished gentlemen such as yourself, I offer something... "special" that's not on the menu.

Trays.
The Chef, please.
The Special.
I'm meeting someone.
Bring me The Chef. Now.

Shepard: Sloppy joes?

Viori J'Tendo: If that's all you desire, though I
have more substantial ways of fulfilling your needs.



Sounds great to me.
Not interested.
The Chef, please.
I'm meeting someone.
Bring me The Chef. Now.

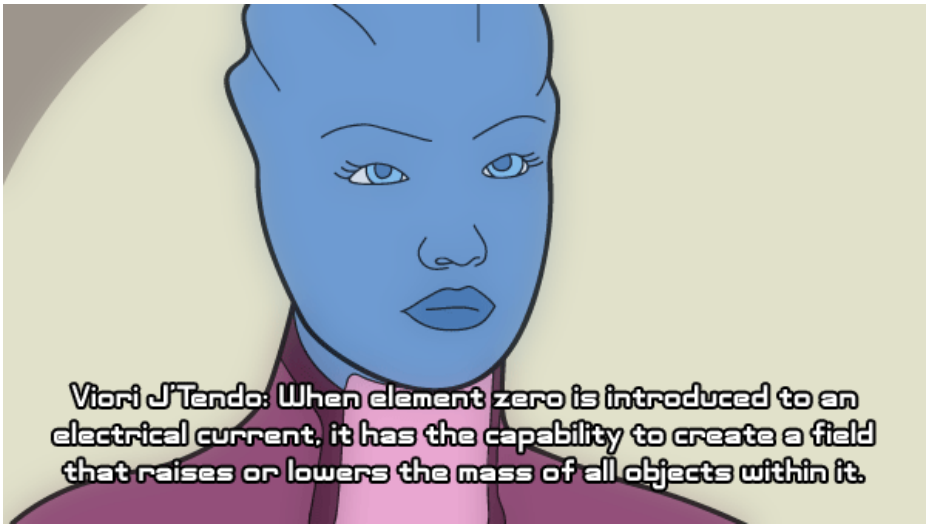
Shepard: Looks like my lucky day. You asari girls are the best!

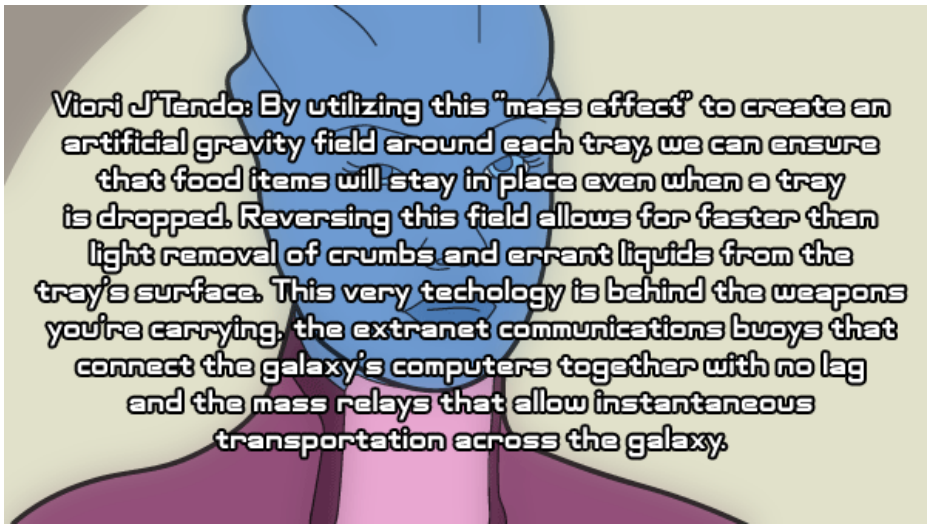
Shepard: I'll have TWO sloppy joes.

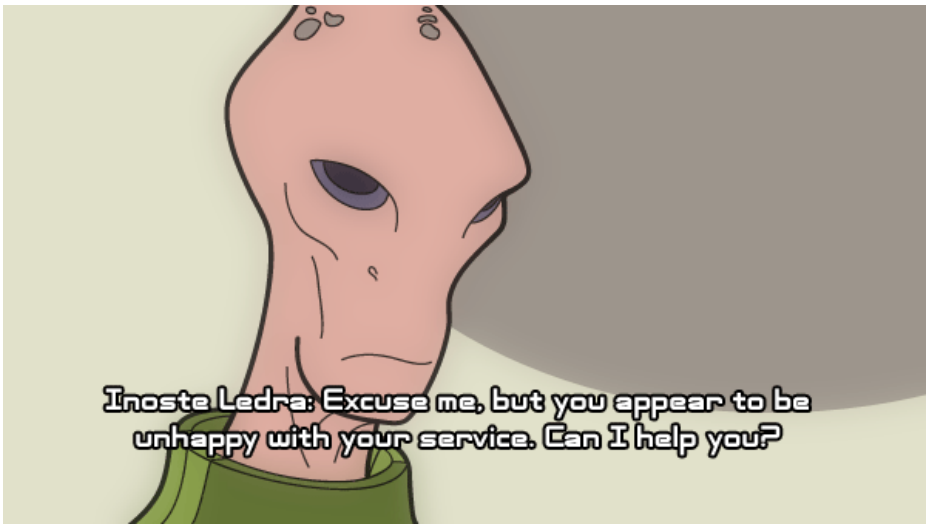
Trays.
The Special.
The Chef. please.
I'm meeting someone.
Bring me The Chef. Now.

Shepard: You mentioned trays. I must know more about these trays.

Viori J'Tendo: They're based upon technology left behind by
the Protheans, an ancient race that disappeared over
50,000 years ago after building the very citadel
that we're standing in today.

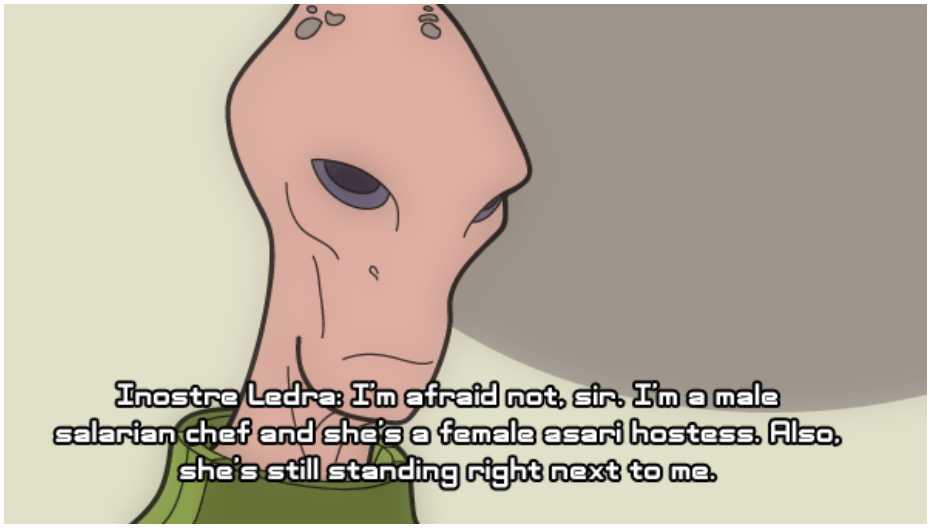

Viori J'Tendo: When element zero is introduced to an
electrical current, it has the capability to create a field
that raises or lowers the mass of all objects within it.


Viori J'Tendo: By utilizing this "mass effect" to create an artificial gravity field around each tray, we can ensure that food items will stay in place even when a tray is dropped. Reversing this field allows for faster than light removal of crumbs and errant liquids from the tray's surface. This very techology is behind the weapons you're carrying, the extranet communications buoys that connect the galaxy's computers together with no lag and the mass relays that allow instantaneous transportation across the galaxy.


Inoste Ledra: Excuse me, but you appear to be unhappy with your service. Can I help you?

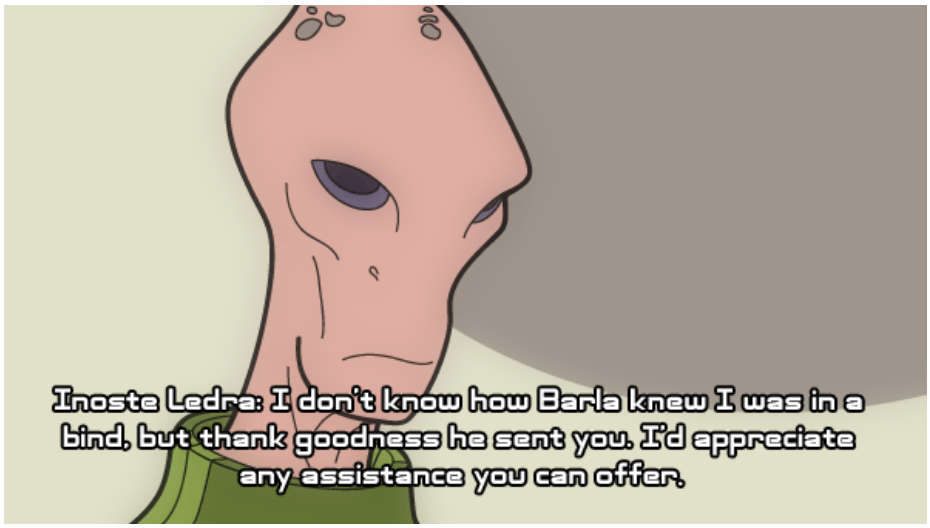
Need more tray info.
You look familiar.
The Chef, please.
I'm meeting someone.
Bring me The Chef. Now.

Shepard: Aren't you the blue lady I was just talking to a second ago?


Inostre Ledra: I'm afraid not, sir. I'm a male salarian chef and she's a female asari hostess. Also, she's still standing right next to me.

Inoste Ledra: I get that all the time, though.

Shepard: So you're The Chef! Barla Von in the financial sector told me you needed help.


Inoste Ledra: I don't know how Barla knew I was in a bind, but thank goodness he sent you. I'd appreciate any assistance you can offer.

I'll be glad to help out.
Tell me more.
Deal with it yourself.

Shepard: I'm not wasting my time unless your name is "Milky Way" and you're the freaking galaxy, because that's what I'm saving.

Shepard: You've just been big-timed, little man. Have a seat if you feel dizzy.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

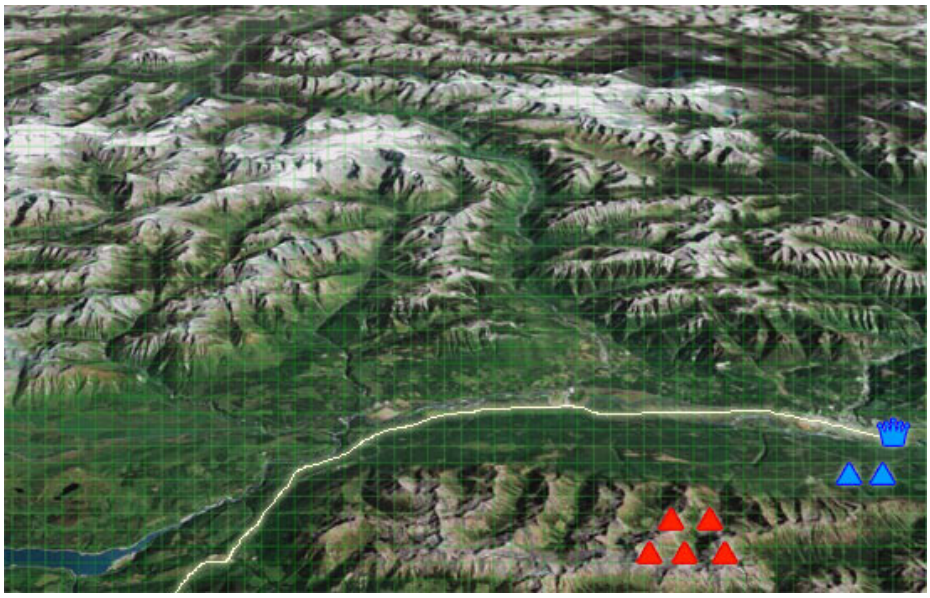
11.25 Mission Briefings from Hell: Operation Glorious Pegasus

Monday, Nov 26, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome, pilot.

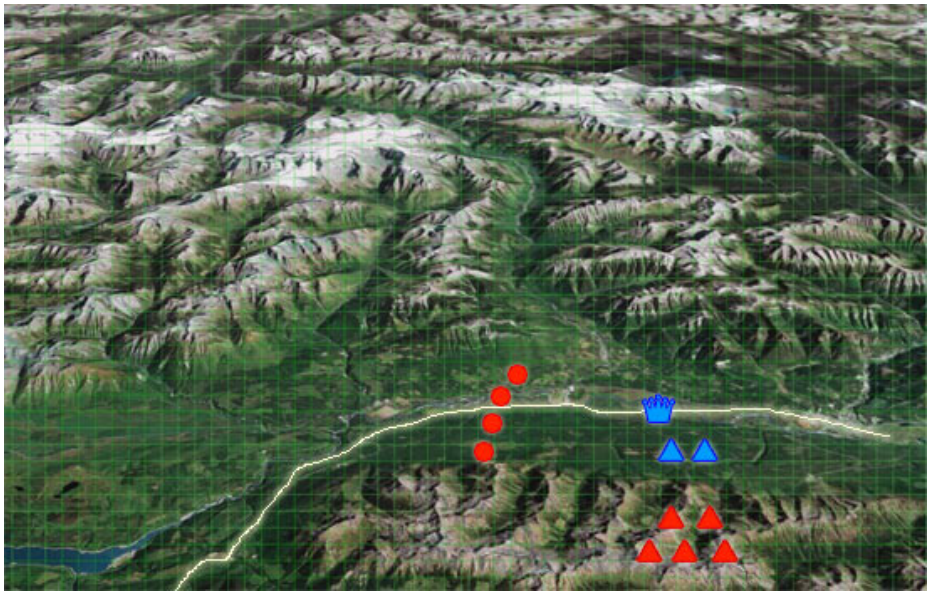
Command has confirmed that the aircraft responsible for the unprovoked attack on our capital city belong to Rustovokia. The Rustovokians have also launched an all-out ground and naval offensive against our forces in the east.

Peacemaria's air force has consolidated on the Island of Canatania to the south, but before we can launch a counterattack against Rustovokia we must assist our forces retreating from the city.

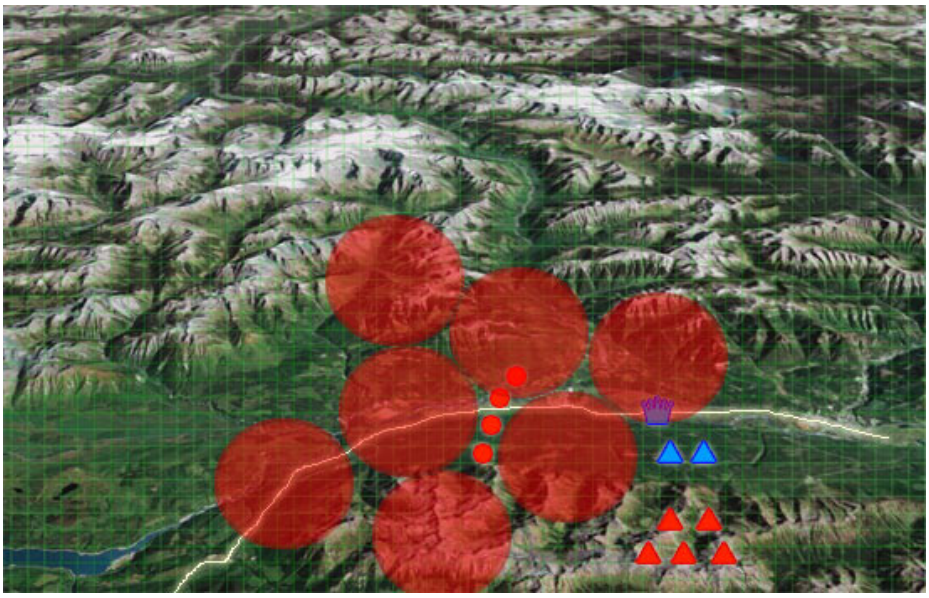


Command has located King Goodman fleeing from the city in his exceptionally slow and fragile royal limousine. The monarch and his family must be protected at all costs.

You are to provide air cover for the royal family as they proceed southwest towards the evacuation point to Canatania. You will be heavily outnumbered, so your wingman will assist you by flying nearby and yelling over the radio every time you shoot a missile.

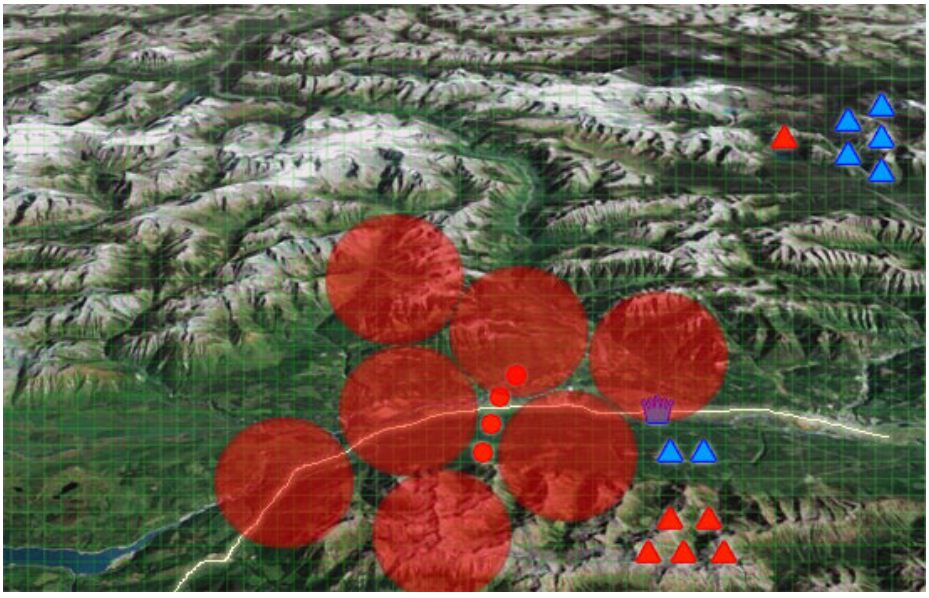


We expect Rustovokian ground forces to attempt an ambush along the road. The royal limousine will not stop driving forward on the road for any reason and will not react in any way to being attacked. You must scout ahead to locate and destroy the enemy units lying in wait before the limousine drives too close.

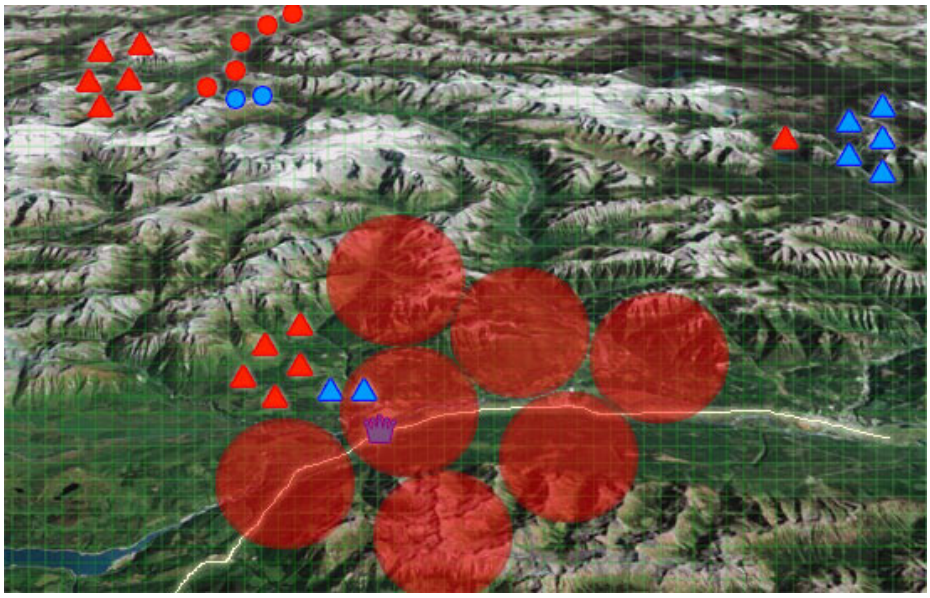


The airspace along the road is heavily defended by Rustovokian anti-aircraft units. The SAM umbrellas will be visible on your map and if you stray into any of these areas you will come under immediate attack by enemy missiles.

You can sneak below the radar detection by flying at approximately eight feet. Your wingman can fly through the SAM umbrellas without triggering the SAM launchers, but he will be too busy yelling about you shooting a missile to help in any other way.



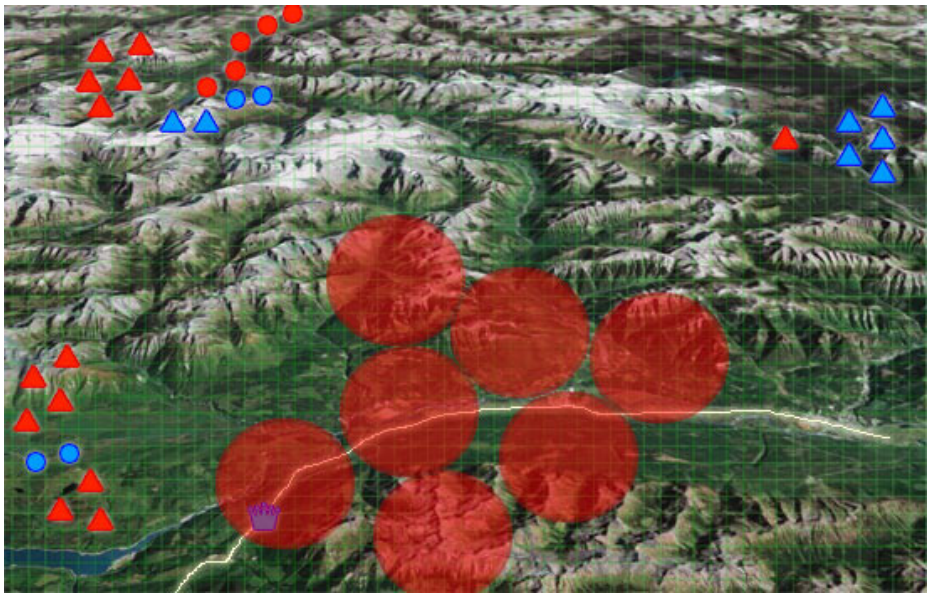
We believe that a single enemy fighter is located to the north and we have dispatched the ace 122nd Peacemarian Guardian Angels Squadron to intercept it. They will assist you in protecting the royal limousine by flying around in an endless dogfight with the enemy fighter.



A unit of the 93rd Peacemarian Ineffective Tank Force is located to the north along the Murder Canyon Highway. These forces are attempting to delay the arrival of a very large Rustovokian ground force that will cut off the retreat route. They are also coming under attack from the air.

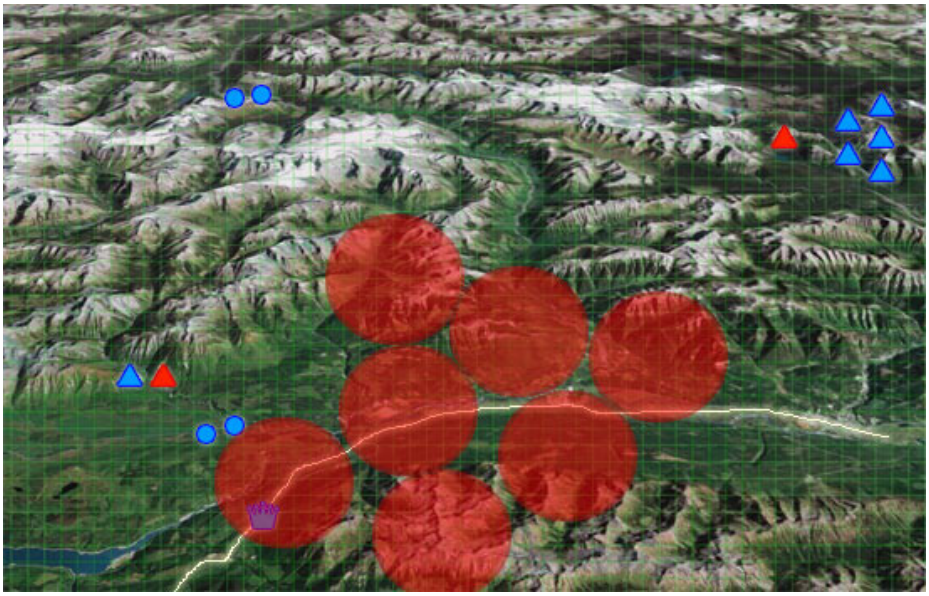
You will be repeatedly radioed by their commander to assist them just as bombers arrive to attack the royal limousine. You must destroy these and assist the ground forces by destroying every single enemy unit or all will be lost.

If you need to reload you can fly all the way to the south, by which point the royal limousine or one of your other mission critical objectives will be destroyed, causing you to fail the mission and Peacemaria to lose the war.



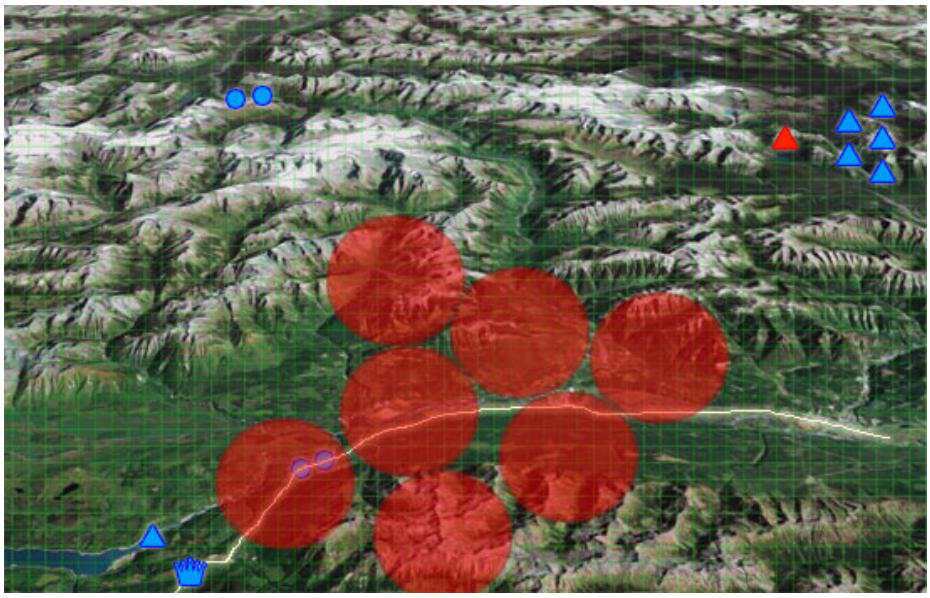
As you are entering the airspace above the 93rd Peacemarian Ineffective Tank Force you will trigger the arrival of a column of civilian refugees inexplicably entering the mission area from the west. These will come under massive air attack from Rustovokian aircraft. There will be five trucks of refugees. If three or more are destroyed then the mission will be failed and for some reason Peacemaria will lose the war.

At this point several slow-moving friendly transport aircraft may attempt to fly across the map while being attacked by Rustovokian fighters. If this happens, you must save them. Their arrival depends on some vague supernatural force command refers to as "the difficulty level."



Once you have defeated the aircraft attacking the civilians your wingman will turn evil for a ridiculous reason. Intelligence believes that he will taunt you until you shoot him with a missile, at which point he will flee the area. Don't worry, you will see him again in mission 3, only he will be in a much better aircraft than you can have.

Even though the royal limousine was traveling inexorably throughout the mission, it cannot reach the evacuation point until after your dogfight with your former wingman.



The royal limousine will at last reach the evacuation point. King Goodman will thank you over the radio in a way that makes you think he is arrogant and insulated from the reality of war.

You don't have to land, you can just skip that. Following debriefing we will be happy to relate an overwrought story about a small child and his lovable dog trying to survive in the enemy-occupied capital city.

Congratulations, pilot!

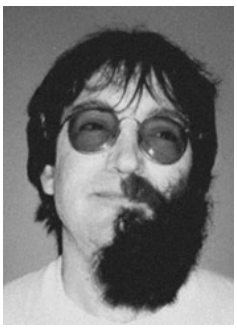
Even though you are expected to destroy over 70 enemy aircraft, your victory in this mission will be considered completely unremarkable by command. Keep it up, enemy pilots might start commenting about it over the radio.

You trained for several minutes for this moment, now equip your jet fighter with 85 missiles and get out there and save Peacemaria!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.26 Starwire '79! With Rocky French

Tuesday, Nov 27, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



This classic Starwire column was first printed in the November 29th, 1979 edition of the Los Angeles Barrow. It would be one of Rocky French's last columns of the 70s; soon after, he would disappear from the Hollywood scene for nearly five years, prompting rumors of a mental breakdown. Even so, his inimitable half-bearded Rockyness is in full display in this flamboyant outing.

Star Wars may have blasted us into the cosmos in a time long ago, but this space-opera sure did blow up the 'space' in theater seats: your Rocky tried to see it three times, but oh those blockbusting lines! Good news for we who missed it on the first go-round: **George Lucas** is in the works with a quickie low-budge followup, **The Empire Strikes Back**. And about those rumors of who fills the metal shoes for robot dustbox **Artoot**? This reporter can finally confirm: **Richard Burton**. The Brit stage man compacts his frame to half size for the role, no doubt with a little gurg of gin to ease the crunch! Burton is set to reprise his tooting robot for Empire... really puts the 'squeak' in squequel!

Alack, rock's own boy wonder **Sid Vicious** gone doornail? Detroit's own hunky punker, forlorn over stabbing his babylove, spiked his vein like he spiked his hair: *far out!* Now he's real gone, daddy. The spiny guitarist now trades lix with **Jimi** in rocky roll heaven. Do I hear wedding bells?

Bond fans are in for More of **Moore** with **Moonraker**, the eleventh (and best?) chapter in the great Brit spy saga. The plot? Magnifique! Bond battles a Turk with a crazy plot to steal the moon. Will he rake it, or will Bond tackle the shit out of him? Find out, I dare you. Yer pal Rocky just snuck into an advance screening, and yer pal is already writing quotes of the poster: "Hairstopping... an edge-of-your-nails thrillbiter." - *Rocky French, Los Angeles Barrow.*

Italo-beefo heartthroglodyte **Sly Stallone** better get back to punching that meat flank: he's got promo rigors to attend! Upcomer **Rocky II** is set to box the box office with punch-a-bunch action and a lotta heart. Will Rocky win this time? It's a split decision for moviegoers: "If he loses again, I'll cry, and I love to cry," writes Prez **James Madison** of Washington. So true! "I want to see Rocky beat the n****r" writes little **Molly Ringwald** of California. Precious! And my name is Rocky, too.

America's cowboy hero falls! Our **John Wayne**, born Johan Wëgne to Belgian parents, has died. Known as "**Uncle Davey**" to fans & friends, **The Thin White Duke** appeared in over 0.008% of films, usually with fists-a-blazing and hat intact. Now he is no more; "He slipped," explains **wife**. America's tragedy, or good riddance to right-wing rubbish? Hopefully God didn't blacklist ya from heaven, Duke. Oh, Rocky, don't! You bitch!

Wags tell us that yukster gagman **Steve Martin** wasn't laughing so hard after losing a bet. "He said he could eat a whole fistful of teeth," said a bylooker. Little did he know they'd be his own! Reconstruction is set to begin in spring.

Rocky's got night fever! Hollywoob's my home, but a recent jaunt to New York saw yer pal cutting a rug at **Studio 54** and rubbing elbs with disco legends **The Beegs**! I sat down with **Barry Geeb** for a chatlet over a line of white nose cookie and a snifter of alky. Any worries over the disco backlash? "No, Rocky," says he, "No worries over the disco backlash. It's Saturday night and the Beegs are on top and we're here to stay forever, all Saturday." Hubris!

The Motor City Madman his self, Chicago's own and only **Ted Nugent**, has run afoul of Hollywood police. Not Ted, you say! Sweet Ted? Yes; the arena-tilting guitar legend was caught devouring his own children in an exclusive La-La resort. "I am **Saturn**," sayeth the Noog, "I must eat them or they shall be mine undoing." Tell it to the judge, hotshot! No, I kid, you're solid gold, baby!

Scients continues to debate: are **Muppets** real? A thousand times yes, say I! A recent champagne brunch with a certain **Fozzie Bear** cemented my opinion in the matter.

Francey calls it: **Caligula** is the best movie of the year! A feast for all six senses, including the senses below the waist, if you catch my draft. Barn-burning performances by **Malcolm McDowell**, **Helen Mirren** and a foxy scabby **Peter O'Toole**. Oh, but cover junior's eyes: history have never been so boisterous, with Penthouse pornygraph mogul **Bob Gooch** lensing some steamy frolix that would have Hardcore's **George C. Scott** screaming "turn it off! Turn it off!" But Rocky is turned ON! See for yourself.

B-lister **Frankie Ford Coppola** is addit again, going wacko overbudge on his new Viet Clunk action boner Apocalypse Now. Studio insiders report palooka **Brando** has ruined dozens of towels with no end in sight, and **Hugh Hefner** can't turn out bunnies fast enough to satisfy the savage jungle! Worse yet, dogfriend **Martin Sheen** lost his sickly coonhound Wink up a beech tree; poocher was fast devoured by the bees & spiders. "Naw, shucks," said the actor, spitting a sunflower shell into the swamp.

Help, please! In this brief interlude of lucidity I plead for your help. I fear it won't be long before I'm once again- MUCHOZ kudoz to young **Roddie Stewart**! The blondie chartthrob has burnt the Hot 100 to a crisp with ***Da Ya Think I'm Sexy***. We do, Rod, we do! Don't tell **Dagwood**!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.27 Day of the Clown

Wednesday, Nov 28, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Coffee Shop Shenanigans
5:42 PM, November 28, 2007

Today I made a stop at Starbucks for a quick jolt of caffeine. The line was kind of long, but not long enough to dissuade me from getting my coffee. Anyway, ahead of me in line was a dude dressed as a clown. I guess maybe he was hanging out at the park or a hospital or something and needed some coffee.

When he got up to the counter, he just kind of stood there honking his nose but not actually ordering anything. The barista lady looked really annoyed and asked him what he wanted, but he just acted like a clown. He tried to get her to smell his flower lapel, but she wasn't having any of that, which made him look really sad. He turned around and frowned for everyone and mimed big giant tears coming out of his eyes with his fists.

After about 30 seconds of this nonsense she asked, "How about a frappuccino?" The stupid clown smiled and clapped.

When she rang him up, he reached into his pockets and turned them inside out, and they were huge joke pockets like five feet long. She just shrugged and handed him his drink and told him to leave. The idiot clown took a bow but honestly no one was impressed.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Bugs with Facebook?
7:25 PM, November 28, 2007

I was checking Facebook today and there was a new friend on my list that I didn't recognize. His name was "Chuckles" and he was dressed like a clown. What the hell? Anyway, I removed him from my list and I don't know any stupid clowns and I sure as hell didn't make him my buddy. What a strange day.
Filed under: weird, internets. 0 Comments posted.

Weird experience on the bus...
11:15 AM, November 29, 2007

Took a bus today because my car needs an oil change. There were seriously four clowns on the bus, which is the most I've ever seen on the bus before in my life.

After a few stops, they got off. I noticed the bus stop they got off at had like five other clowns already there, just sitting waiting for another bus. A couple of them were juggling and one was reading the newspaper upside-down.

I looked at the lady across from me and said, "The circus must be in town." She looked very confused.

"Because of the clowns," I added.

"I hadn't noticed," she replied in a slightly annoyed tone.

Yeah, guess it's pretty easy to notice all the guys dressed like rainbows.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Update about the circus
4:56 PM, November 29, 2007

No circus in town or any reason for clowns to be here. There's no clown convention in town either. What the hell is this nonsense?
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

More problems with Facebook?
7:21 PM, November 29, 2007

I noticed a few of my friends were gone from my friend's list. Somehow I have a few more clowns on the list as well. This time it's "Mr. Wobbles" and "The Amazing Balto" and "Railroad Gus." I removed them all.

You know, clowns aren't funny to begin with. I guess I'm not in on the joke. Too bad everyone else seems to be.
Filed under: weird, internets. 0 Comments posted.

New neighbors
11:17 AM, November 30, 2007

Some new neighbors started moving in next door. I didn't even know that apartment was available. I could have sworn my old neighbors were still living there yesterday. The new neighbors? Clowns. All of them. A whole family of clowns. They smiled at me when I went to get the mail, but that's kind of what they do all the time. I didn't smile back, I didn't even acknowledge them.

I was walking back and one of them was struggling to move a large trampoline all by himself. He motioned for me to come over and help and I did, albeit reluctantly. I don't know how we got that thing through the door, but we did. It's kind of weird. I mean that's all the furniture they have in the living room. The ceilings aren't very high so I don't see how they are going to really use it. They had a bunch of funhouse mirrors sitting around, mostly leaning against the walls since they were still unpacking. For some reason the house was filled with balloons.

I got the hell out of there really fast when he went and pulled a cream pie out of a box. No way was I staying for a snack.

So far they are keeping to themselves, but I hear a lot of honking sounds coming through the walls. I hope they don't do that late at night.
Filed under: weird, apartment. 0 Comments posted.

More clowns on the bus...

3:20 PM, November 30, 2007

I took the bus downtown today and there were like twenty clowns on the damn thing. I think there were like five non-clowns, counting myself, and none of the others seemed to notice. A clown tried to sit next to me, but I wasn't having any of it, especially since he was holding a cream pie in his hands. I was a total dick to the guy, but he just went and sat next to some businessman instead, who didn't seem to care. As soon as the bus driver hit the brakes, the clown "accidentally" launched the pie right into the businessman's face.

Yeah, I didn't see that coming at all.

I was going to take the bus back but it was swerving like crazy as it approached the stop, and when I saw a clown was driving, I just decided to walk home. Plus there were probably like 100 clowns inside that damn thing, and about 30 more on the roof. One of the guys on the bus looked like that businessman who was hit by a pie, except he was totally a clown now. Was the joke really that funny to him that he decided to change his life?

On the way back, there were CLOWNS EVERYWHERE. Scariest walk I've ever taken. I kept looking over my shoulder and giving them as much space as possible. Half of them were carrying rubber chickens and pies and balloons and looking at me like I was some giant piece of meat.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Ron Paul 2008
7:26 PM, November 30, 2007

Just wanted to say a few things about Ron Paul. Love the guy, seems like a definite winner and what this country needs. He has my vote.

Seriously, Google the guy and see what he's all about. **Filed under: opinions, politics. 0 Comments posted.**

Oil change
12:42 PM, December 1, 2007

Finally went to get the oil changed today. Figured I'd better do that since the bus was getting too creepy.

I got stuck behind some ridiculously small clown car. They did the whole "how many clowns can they fit in there" gag, which took like 10 minutes. Honestly, I could see the clowns sneaking around the front of the car, getting back in, and then climbing out again. That joke doesn't even begin to work when you can see them cheating. The oil change guys didn't seem to notice or care, but it sure irked me because all that clowning around added like twenty minutes to my wait.

I made sure to stand outside since they were taking up the whole waiting area. I hope this crap doesn't keep up.
Filed under: weird, my car. 0 Comments posted.

What the hell did I just see?
3:12 PM, December 1, 2007

I was in the grocery store and there was an elderly clown walking around without pants and nobody seemed to notice or care. I mean he didn't even have on underwear and he was just walking around the produce aisle. I seriously almost puked. He was hanging around one of those caution signs they

put up after they mop, and I think he was trying to intentionally slip and fall, but it wasn't working because his shoes were way too big.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Seriously, what's going on?
6:03 PM, December 1, 2007

I can't find anything on the local news about this. I grabbed a newspaper, but it was all stupid clown stories but no explanation for the clowns. The headline was "GOTCHA!" and there was a picture of one clown hitting another with a pie. Seriously, that is the top story? Is there no more crime? There's nothing to report? How about the fact there's like a million clowns in town.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

When did this get added?
4:35 PM, December 2, 2007

How long has channel 38 been an all-clown network? It's just nothing but normal shows, except with clowns playing every character. It's terrible.

Update: Looks like channels 7, 9, 12, 15, 26, and 28 are all clown channels, too. Channel 28 is weird because it's all clown sports, but none of the sports involve anything resembling rules or actual competitive play. Who would watch this?
Filed under: weird, television. 0 Comments posted.

Clown problem = NOT FUNNY AND WORSE THAN EVER
1:08 PM, December 3, 2007

I went to the park today to get some exercise and it was so full of clowns I just turned right around. I didn't see any normal people at all outside today. Went past the coffee shop, and it was so full of clowns I couldn't believe it. Just a big mess of colors behind glass. I don't think any of them were even drinking coffee.

More clowns are living in my apartment complex now. I don't know how it's happening. I tried calling the landlord, but got no answer. I'm surrounded by clowns. I've locked all the doors and windows and I can still hear them outside honking and tooting their stupid horns. Think I'm going to try to slip out quietly and stay in a motel out of town tonight.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Getting kind of nervous
4:36 PM, December 3, 2007

A pie hit my window a few minutes ago and scared the shit out of me. They seem to be getting kind of riled up out there.

I've never felt so alone outnumbered in my life. They are supposed to be funny in amusing, but when they are everywhere you just feel like they are going to all gang up and do something horrible to you. They all have pies and rubber chickens and stupid squirting flowers and you just don't want to let them get close at all.

I tried calling the police to report the noise and clown mob but no one would pick up the phone. NO ONE IS ANSWERING 911.

Every single channel on my TV is dedicated to clowns. I can't get hold of anybody. I think the phones are down. I mean they must be if 911 isn't answering.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Update
7:14 PM, December 3, 2007

All the channels are now showing the emergency broadcast system, but it's not telling me where to go or what to do. At least someone is still out there?

I peeked out the window and I saw a lion out there. *The clowns have a fucking lion.*

They've got torches and they are juggling them and there are other clowns riding circles in tiny motorcycles. Jesus Christ Almighty, there is no way I'm getting to my car at all.

I've got all the lights off and I've moved the TV and laptop to the bathroom where the light can't be seen. I'm barricading the doors now and hoping I make it through the night without getting attacked.
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

Final update for the night
2:01 AM, December 4, 2007

It is about 2:00 AM here.

The power has been flickering on and off. I don't think I'll have another chance to update tonight, but if anyone out there is reading: **I need help fast**! I can hear the clowns out there and they are banging on the doors and windows. There is loud circus music playing.

Sometimes it gets quiet and I can hear them twisting balloons. That horrible sound, it's like nails on chalkboards. They may well be twisting me a balloon noose.

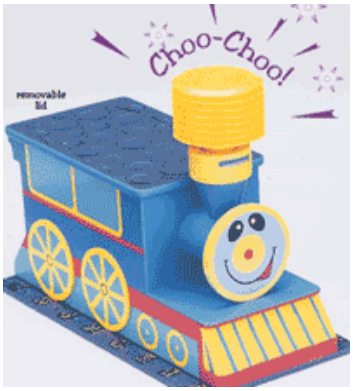
I'm locked in my bathroom and I don't have any way of defending myself. I'm seriously afraid for my life. I just hope to god I can get out of here tomorrow.

PLEASE HELP. PLEASE, PLEASE HELP. JESUS GOD SOMEONE PLEASE HELP!!!
Filed under: weird. 0 Comments posted.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.28 Railfanning the Flames

Thursday, Nov 29, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



Train is for babby.

If you grew up as any normal American boy does you've no doubt gone through a phase of infatuation with trains at some point. Perhaps your parents took you on a memorable train trip early on in your life, bought you a cherished trainset, or maybe your favorite movie as a kid was Throw Mama From the Train. However your infatuation with trains began, you probably grew out of it in order to lead a normal, healthy and productive life. Unfortunately there are some people out there who just never grew out of trains.

These people are called "railfans".

Railfans have managed to remain in the shadows on Something Awful most likely because they do not prefer to have sex with animals or enjoy having their balls stomped on by women wearing high heels. They aren't exactly the most exciting target. But like all Internet communities railfans are weird in their own special way.

There are many reasons that could explain why a person might continue to enjoy trains beyond childhood. A person could be nostalgic for the good old days when passenger rail travel was actually relevant. Maybe they really like to travel and just prefer trains. Or maybe they were raped by a train. None of these reasons are very plausible. The truth lies somewhere in the middle.

Like all Internet people the interest is purely sexual in nature. Most railfans have suppressed memories from their youth, when their mothers would force them to ride the train in panties and a petticoat. The rumblings of the train felt good as their penis rubbed against the smooth satin fabric but they were made to feel embarrassed for having such wicked feelings.

Years later, the only way these guys can get off is through reliving those same feelings of embarrassment from their youth as they subconsciously reenact their abuse through trains. That's right, the closest thing to sex railfans have had is with diesel locomotives.

Nothing says cool like standing around waiting for a train to go by so you can shoot a picture of it and rush home to the Internet and post it on HotTrainz.net for other railnerds to cum all over it.

Besides the pulsating bulge in their shorts, railfans are easy to spot. If you ride commuter trains or light rail to any extent, take a closer look at the other passengers. The normals, commuters like you and I, are reading the newspaper, sleeping or making a little sandwich. Railfans are peering out the window, pressing their faces close to the glass to try and get a glimpse of the engine around a curve. Just think, while you take the train to go to work or visit distant relatives, the guy next to you could be getting a stiffy every time a BNSF passes in the opposite direction.

Okay, *maybe* railfans don't manipulate themselves at the sight of trains, but they are still pretty odd. Railfans hang out at the train station on Friday nights. Some of them are so autistic they can't handle riding on a train with other people altogether and prefer to drive for miles to watch a freight train travel in a loop. Most people consider the train and other forms of transportation an obstacle to get from point A to point B. Railfans actually take trains for fun. It's almost disgusting how a

person could enjoy a thing.

Could it have killed them to at least pick a socially acceptable hobby like hot rods or insurance fraud? Out of all the possible modes of transportation to pop boners for, trains are the least cool. The hierarchy goes something like this.

1. Motorcycles
2. Cars
3. Planes
4. Boats
5. Camel
6. Trains

To better illustrate how uncool railfans are, here are what some of the top enthusiasts in their respective fields look like.

Motorcycle enthusiasts

Car enthusiasts

Flight enthusiasts

Railfans

On top of all this, railfans haven't even picked a hobby that is somewhat successful. Outside of a couple corridors on either coast, Amtrak is in trouble. The company has been hemorrhaging money since it's inception on most of its routes and its funding is in jeopardy.

Many proponents of Amtrak believe that the company's long-haul trips should continue to be subsidized without expecting Amtrak to make a profit. Besides, highways are subsidized and they don't turn a profit. Of course, the difference is that people are actually using our crappy freeways while nobody is using our crappy railroad. The government is basically subsidizing a faggy hobby for Asperger suffering railfans.

Those who want to sit in a train for 50 hours cross-country should be forced to shell out the couple grand it actually costs rather than make the rest of us pay for it. Those of us who want to actually get where we're headed will drive, fly, bus, or catapult ourselves to our final destination.

Railfans will tell you that taking a train cross country is the experience of a lifetime. Unless that experience includes non-stop fucking (with girls), I'm not interested. Trains aren't cruise ships. They were useful for continental journeys when people looked like Yosemite Sam and sounded like Foghorn Leghorn. Not so much anymore.

According to Amtrak Delays, the Sunset Limited to New Orleans was delayed on average three and a half hours over the past three weeks. Imagine if it still had to go all the way to Florida! The Coast Starlight, where it's not unheard of to be delayed three to five hours, doesn't fare much better. These are schedules that are already padded with lots of extra time to deal with bullshit delays such as railfans hopping on the cab and humping the glass. Planes have since eclipsed trains when it

comes to long-distance passenger travel for reasons like this. Deal with it.

The future of rail travel in the United States is regional commuter trains and light rail, where driving is a pain in the ass and flying is overkill. In Southern California the Metrolink system does reasonably well when it's not crashing into pickup trucks. Ironically, Los Angeles once had one of the most robust passenger rail networks in the world before Judge Doom and his Cloverleaf corporation conspired to shut down the trains and replace them with buses. Efforts like the Expo line aren't so much expansions as they are restorations of a system Southern Californians once enjoyed.

Go Metro.

Improving and expanding systems like this one and routes like the Pacific Surfliner and Northeast Corridor is what we should be focusing on, not ensuring that pointless intercity routes survive so railnuts can get their rocks off every time the Southwest Chief rolls through Fullerton two hours behind schedule.

Here are some things politicians and the Chinese immigrants that I assume still build our railroads need to do to make rail a feasible alternative to driving, flying, and horseback, at least on the west coast, also known as the best coast.

> **Build a high-speed rail line from Los Angeles to Las Vegas.** Hookers and blackjack will scare away railfans for a fast, smooth and awkwardness-free journey.
>
> **Build a high-speed rail line from Los Angeles to the Bay Area.** Human interaction will scare away railfans for a fast, smooth and awkwardness-free journey.
>
> **Extend the Los Angeles Metro Green Line west to LAX and east to Metrolink.** They can't figure out how to extend the Green Line to, oh nothing, just the busiest airport on the west coast, but can find the funds to expand the Gold Line into East LA. Just what we needed, another Tijuana on wheels like the Blue Line.
>
> **Extend the Metro Purple Line to Santa Monica via Wilshire Blvd.** Tar pits, methane gas explosions and woolly mammoth skeletons be damned. They could call it the Holy Shit Methane Gas Explosion Line. In any case, finish what you started Los Angeles.
>
> **Get over our fear of flying.** Long-haul trips are pointless as long as freight companies own the lines. Maybe it would change if someone draws a political cartoon depicting the railroads as an octopus again and makes them all sad. Until that happens, the 40+ hour treks from coast to coast are a thing of the past.

Like most armchair transportation experts I have no idea how to accomplish any of these things, whether they should be accomplished, and if I know what I am talking about and instead choose to squawk incessantly until something good comes on TV. But if we manage to upgrade and expand our regional rail infrastructure throughout the country, the U.S. will finally have a proper rail system that our children's children will refuse to use.

Vroom, vroom!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.29 Voters Love Talkin' Junk

Friday, Nov 30, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Here in the United States the presidential primary season is heating up. Starting January 3rd of 2008 American voters will be able to voice their opinion about who they think will do the best job leading our eagle-filled nation. For many voters, the primary is the *only* opportunity they really receive to express their political views meaningfully. Once their party has chosen a candidate they either vote with them, against them, or pick some weird third party with no relevance that wants to give dental coverage to cats or thinks children need grenade launchers.

A handful of lucky undecided voters will get one extra opportunity to speak out! These average Americans come from all walks of life and all political parties and they were all too happy to answer my questions about the upcoming primaries. The names of the participants in my survey have been changed to protect their identities.

If you were voting in the Democratic primary tomorrow, which candidate would get your vote and why?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

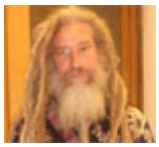
"Governor Richardson looks like the sort of chicano that would know how to discipline a child. So many of his people just let their little babies run wild at the store. Do you know last week I saw one with no shirt or pants on, just scampering around the pickle aisle like a little monkey, naked as a jaybird. I don't think Governor Richardson would let that happen with all of his babies."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"You make me vote democrat I'm gonna be votin' from a rooftop, you got me? I will be voting with a bullet and the hole puncher thing will be a rifle and I will cast my ballot by shooting at the democRATS. Can you make sure the 'rats' part is all in capital letters so it properly conveys my contempt?"

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Hillary Clinton, no doubt, bro. It is high time for the bitches to hit the switches. Although...I am totally energized by Chris Dodd."



Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"I have been really impressed with Mike Gravel's performance in the last couple of debates."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Wellllllll, I talked to Kennedy and she said she is voting for Obama because he is for peace or something, so are Shannon and Kelsy, but because he has great abs. Megan is voting for Edwards, but Rianna met him on a flight to San Diego and said he smelled like that chalky stuff that is on rubber bands, so I am going to go with Obama. Woooo!"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I think Dennis Kucinich has some really great ideas on plowing the bones out of that redhead wife of his. I don't know if I'd vote for him, but I'd give him a high five."

If you were voting in the Republican primary tomorrow, which candidate would get your vote and why?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Sheesh, I don't know. Do any of them have a blog site I can download to find out about their stance on Lombardo County Mini-Pin Rescue?"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Uh, hello, Rudolph Giuliani. He protected New York City from the terrorists on 9/11 and he's like the anti-terrorist version of Sean Connery in the Untouchables. The Iraqi people put me in a wheelchair, so now he'll put one of them in a torture prison."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"I am totally for Ron Paul's plan to let me cook my own meth and shoot guns. I also hate fiat currency. When he is president I am going to put a machine gun on a frigging speedboat and totally be like a pirate and be high 24/7 on *everything.*"

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Ask yourself this, man: would any of them stop a cop who was brutalizing you with tasers just for exercising your first amendment rights at a fund raising dinner? The answer is no. And none of them care about hemp, either."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Mitt Romney, definitely. I like Mike Huckabee an awful lot, but then I read on TMZ that he used to be fat and that is so gross I want to die."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"John McCain seems to want to seize my assets, round me up and dump me and my family in Mexico the least, so I guess I would vote for him."

If you could ask any candidate a question, who would you ask and what would you ask them?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Duncan Hunter, what is your favorite needlepoint pattern?"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Yeah, I would ask Hillary Clinton why she had all those people murdered when she and Bill were in the White House. She can just go through the entire list they have up on clintonmurders-truth.com."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"I would ask Joe Biden how big his boner can get. I'm not gay or nothing, but dude seems like he is probably packing serious heat. Bonus points if he just whips it out on TV and drops it on the podium and is like 'KA-BLAM, bitches!'"

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"I have a question for Barack Obama. I want to ask, "Well, well, well, it seems like you admitted to smoking marijuana, yet you continue to characterize partaking of cannabis as a 'youthful mistake.' How can you lie to the American people about the many powers of hemp and the many benefits of marijuana? Would you agree to take a lie detector test to prove that marijuana was bad? Do you have a doctor's form saying you suffered ill effects from marijuana? Why did you quit smoking marijuana? I could go on. Unfortunately, none of the people in the mainstream media have the courage to ask these important questions."

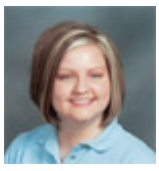
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Hillary Clinton, diamonds or pearls? No, I mean for your purse dog's collar."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I would ask Tom Tancredo if it's alright if I keep picking his strawberries for him and cutting his lawn. Oh, wait, that's right. I'm a structural engineer and I designed a hydroelectric dam for the State of Texas. I've lived here for 29 years, but I guess I could take my dam and go home if he would like."

What do you think is the most important foreign policy decision facing the next president?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"What to do about all those foreign people! They're out of their minds! Have you seen some of them on TV? There was a baby with eight arms. That's just too much."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Fighting 'them' over there so we don't have to fight 'them' over here. Although, I do like fighting indistinct groups of faceless enemies for no particular reason..."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"My buddy Brewster went to Amsterdam in '05 and he said Euro gash is absolutely mind-blowing. He said it was like doing an octopus with a wig. So pretty much I want to do 'them' over here so I don't have to do 'them' over there. Although, I do like tearing up guts enough to make the trip..."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Energy independence will pretty much solve all of our foreign policy problems. Did you know that you can fuel a blimp for nine hours with nothing but hemp gas?"

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Have the Symbionese people been liberated yet?"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"We as a nation must come together and realize the dream of John F. Kennedy that an American will never set foot on a beach in Cuba. Unless they've been trained by the CIA."

What economic issues are important to you in this election?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

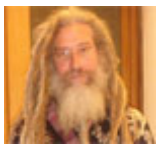
"I'm doing just fine with the settlement I got from slipping on the ice outside the library. That should last me until I can find a man."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"I'm sick and tired of these fucking Mexicans taking our jobs. It's getting to the point where a middle class white guy can barely put on a uniform and get blown up by a bomb hidden inside a dead dog."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"I would like to see the living wage raised to about 65 dollars an hour so I can buy and then immediately crash a helicopter. That is going to be about the fucking sweetest thing ever in human history. Instant Youtube classic."



Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"It's like, economics is the science of the system being used to keep us in our little boxes of conformity, man. That is why I totally buy only Apple products."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"I saw on Ellen that there are people still starving in America. Can you believe that, in this day and age? I think that's just an outrage. When I moved from my townhouse into my loft I lost my back yard and I had to get King, my Great Dane, put to sleep. After they did that they just burned him up. That dog was huge! Do you have any idea how many people he could have fed? I think that's one thing we can do right now to feed the poor people and save money on soup."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I've got no complaints. My mortgage on my 850,000 dollar one-bedroom house just ballooned to a 72% APR, but no big deal!"

What could you do better than any of the candidates?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Give huggy-wuggies and kissy-wissies to my precious babies! Who are my precious babies? Who are my babies? Yes, you are. Yes you are."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Head shot a haji from 800 yards over open sights. One shot, one kill, and unlike haji and his bombs I kill more than just a couple of legs and most of the genitalia. Hey, Achmed, good luck peein' in that bag without a brain!"

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Tap dat. Booya!"

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Hmm, I've always prided myself on my dreamcatchers, although my blog is *fantastic*."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"I buy all my shirts on ebay. I think I could probably buy nicer shirts off ebay than any of them."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Leech off the American taxpayer. Oh, wait, I pay taxes and nobody is better at that than politicians. I guess I'll just have to suffer in mediocrity."

I will try to keep abreast of any developments among our contributors to this feature. Expect an update on their positions as the general election commences.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Local News Team Five Coverage: The Botnet Menace

Saturday, Dec 01, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Is Your Computer At The Mercy Of The Botnet Menace?

New Computer Code Puts Dozens At Risk

POSTED 4:35 pm EST November 29th, 2007 How fitting it is that Beyonce Knowles' hit single "Upgrade U" has enthralled America just as the nation may need to "upgrade" their cp"u"s in the face of a new computer virus robot.

The program, called Botnets, is digital - and therefore completely undetectable. It could even be in your home right now, waiting for your unsuspecting children to use the computer. It does not discern between the innocent and guilty, for it is a heartless machine that sees all humans as binary code 1's (alive) that it must turn to 0's (dead).

Many personal computers like this one are at risk.

Botnets affect your processor by using the internet's various protocols. Once inside, they control many things in the processor cores such as the system calculator and notepad.exe. By manipulating these programs, the Botnets learn everything there is to know about the system, including your passwords and favorite mp3 files.

From there, it's a simple matter of e-mailing this information back to the main Botnet. Once this happens, your computer is infected and becomes a "zombie" that is used to relay hacker codes across the globe on the world wide web, potentially racking up huge long distance charges on your phone bill.

Is this the first time you've heard of Botnets? Don't worry, these malicious computer diseases have managed to catch leading security experts off-guard.

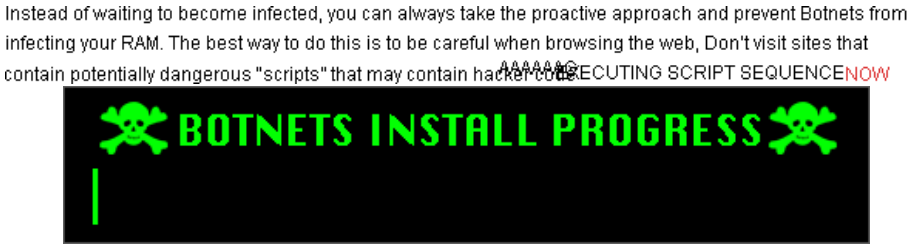
When we told the FBI's Senior Computer Security Analyst Jacob Andweyer that Botnets can use your computer's netcam to determine when you're not in the room so they can safely move about the screen, his reply was, "What? That's not possible."

And that's why it works. Netbots are doing everything that security experts don't expect. It's only a matter of time.

How can you tell if your computer has been compromised? Keep an eye out for any of the following:

- Sending an email with 30 or more animated gifs seems slow

- Your cpu is warm to the touch
- Computer problems are unresponsive to your shouting and kicking
- You notice a suspicious dog in your neighborhood that you haven't seen before
- Default homepage replaced with "www.botnet.com", every file on your computer renamed "Botnet", "Botnet(2)", "Botnet(3)", etc.
- Your computer isn't where you left it after using it last, or is a little *too* close to where you left it


Instead of waiting to become infected, you can always take the proactive approach and prevent Botnets from infecting your RAM. The best way to do this is to be careful when browsing the web, Don't visit sites that contain potentially dangerous "scripts" that may contain hacker code
AAAAAAAECUTING SCRIPT SEQUENCENOW
BOTNETS INSTALL PROGRESS

[][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 001 [][][]
Botnets entering the processor via internet protocols...
Botnets in place.
[][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 002 [][][]
Utilizing core to access calculator.exe...
Access Granted. [][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 003 [][][]
Compiling database of user passwords, personal data, and mp3 files...
Database compiled.
[][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 003a [][][]
Communication to computer owner:
YOUR TASTE IN ILLEGAL MUSIC IS INADEQUATE
[][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 004 [][][]
Contacting Botnet master "Pusherbot"...
Zombification underway.
[][][] BOTNETS PROCESS 005 [][][]
Searching for webcam...

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.2 This Is Why People Hate You: Habits

Sunday, Dec 02, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Your mom's right, hate is a strong word, but disliking people is easy. A foul mouth, cheering for the wrong team, or voting conservative can place you on someone's shitlist, but hating someone requires a deep-rooted disposition. To hate you, someone must be against the very foundation of your personality. No one detests you for your actions; no, they hate you for the things you do unintentionally. Everything you control is superficial, but below your Super Mario T-shirts and Family Guy quotes is a very dislikable gooey core. People judge you on what they can see, namely your habits, so we'll start there.

Cracking your Knuckles

Do they make these in pasty white?

Aside from the scream a man makes when his still-beating heart is ripped from his chest, knuckles cracking is the worst sound a human can produce. Cracking joints is like nose picking 2.0 because it disgusts and annoys strangers at the same time.

A lot of people say they have to, they're wrong. Cracking your knuckles has one purpose in society: it notifies all people within hearing distance that you're about to do something awesome. Crack your knuckles before you shred a guitar solo, slam-dunk, or save something from a fire, don't crack them in the back of your class or in a meeting unless you plan to do a back flip off the table. The next time you crack your obese little fingers and everyone looks back, you shouldn't apologize for bothering them– you should apologize for disappointing them.

Nosebleeds

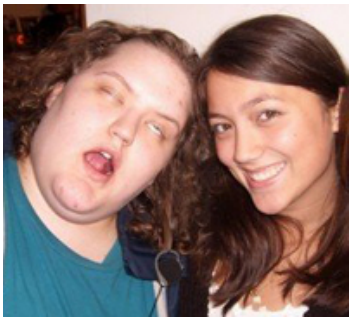
Nosebleeds are an evolutionary trait in humans to discover who's the biggest bitch. Before Star Wars references and thick-framed glasses, mankind had bloody noses. If someone messes with a thermostat you'll be hunched over a trashcan with a wad of toilet paper in fifteen minutes.

The New Hot Winter Look

Luckily, everyone already knows you're the bitch, so don't worry. Unfortunately, the people who are kind enough to deal with all your other problems also have to cope with your bloody orifice for half the year. As if they have nothing better to do than wait on your nose's suicide attempt. Hell it wouldn't be a problem if you'd stop picking you nose. Which is another habit you should take care of.

But wasting peoples' time isn't enough to have them detest you, oh no. They don't like you because you're greedy. The wealthiest people waste what they have. So while the average person donates their excess blood, you, like some Emperor of Blood, would rather spill it in the sink or feel it pool in your hands on the way to the bathroom.

(Purposely) Making Dumb Faces in Pictures

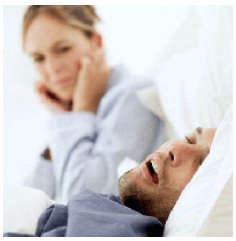


Beauty and the Blargg

Nothing says "Wacky" like making a crazy face in a picture, and nothing says "Obnoxious-Piece-of-Shit" like the word wacky. Digital cameras have allowed people to take countless pictures of themselves and friends at shoulder length. To liven things up, many people enjoy purposely looking ugly; however, the vogue behind making a funny face went out with your fourth grade class picture. No, making a wacky face ruins the picture, meaning everyone must do the process over. As if your presence in the picture weren't enough, you actively attempt to do more damage. It's like you're pouring gasoline on yourself and then running at a forest fire, in a photographical sense. If you're bored of taking regular pictures, then play the fun game of getting out of the way and create a win-win situation for everyone involved.

Snoring

Snoring is the "Guess What? Chicken Butt" of sleep. It's the least common denominator of annoyance, and you're doing it without even knowing. Being obnoxious for the thirteen or so hours a day you're awake takes a lot out of a person, but to continue that uncomfortable brashness into your sleep is the true measure of your prowess. Too bad you couldn't put this much effort in getting the tarter off your molars, maybe then your breath wouldn't reek of garlic for days. A lot of people don't even know that they snore, so here are a few simple questions to ask yourself:



This is you snoring with the addition of a woman, an attractive bone structure, and clean sheets

- Are people visibly upset with me in the morning even though they are unaware that I use their toothpaste?
- Do I have any indistinct memories of being awoken by someone screaming "Shut the fuck up?"
- Am I never invited to share a hotel room?

If you answered yes to all three questions, congratulations, it isn't (entirely) your looks that stop people from sleeping with you.

Talking Loudly on the Phone

The phone has two purposes: One: Snake, Two: to allow communication over long distances not normally possible through human voice. Shouting your weekend plans into your cell phone is redundant. The people who scream into phones are the type who clean before the maid arrives; or, more appropriately, the people who scream into phones are the type who needs a maid. I just don't understand why people talk so loudly. Do you think strangers in the grocery store want to hear about your raid at eleven?

Be My Roommate

Being my roommate applies to a small amount of people, namely Scott. Scott, you do all these multiple times a day and then complain why no one calls.

Alright, that's the lesson for this week. Maybe next update I'll cover another important reason why no one likes you, like not paying rent.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.3 The Justice Legion Inbox

Monday, Dec 03, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

From: Ultimate Human
To: Diana, She-Queen of Human Resources
CC:
Subject: not gonna be able to make it in today

hey diana

not gonna be able to make it in to the Justice Legion today. I just realized I could fly into the sun so I'm gonna check that out. The dark vidgilante said he could cover my shift. If you cant spare me let me know and ill fly backwards around the planet to go back in time to when my shift started and then be there for the shift. I think that will work.....

U.H.

From: Agua Hombre
To: Diana, She-Queen of Human Resources
CC:
Subject: This is BULLSHIT

Diana,

I hate putting this on you because I know it's not your fault, but I am at my breaking point with Ultimate Human and the Dark Vigilante and that little catamite of his making fun of me every time I'm on a mission with them. First of all, Ultimate Human is as dumb as Space Dog and is usually either high or so hungover from partying that he can barely see straight. Secondly, Dark Vigilante has no super powers ZERO FUCKING SUPER POWERS so he has no business making fun of my talents.

Yesterday we were trying to find the Atomic Crab and Ultimate Human could obviously see him on a mountain with his supervision, yet he pretended he couldn't and insisted I ask an entire family of otters, nine different species of fish, and a VERY uncooperative turtle if they had seen a 90-foor tall radioactive crab in the river. Dark Vigilante suggested I ask "that brown snake" and he kept nodding his head towards my tights and tittering.

Das Wunderkind calls me "fish taco" and the Dark Vigilante calls me "The Aztec Dolphin" which I am pretty sure is racist. Ultimate Human sometimes calls me "Browntown" and I'm not even sure what that means.

If you don't do something about all of this harassment I am going to deal with this myself. I might not be able to do anything to Ultimate Human, but I don't think Dark Vigilante even realizes that I am 200 times stronger than a normal man. I'm telling you, Diana, I could put my fist through that caped loser's chest in a heartbeat. I don't want to become a villain, but they can just keep pushing me and find out how evil I can be.

Carlos

From: Arapahoe Chief
To: Diana, She-Queen of Human Resources
CC:
Subject: I cause heap big problem

DIANA

Arapahoe Chief here. Remember Giganticus? Man so big he put planet in pocket? Arapahoe Chief grow and grow to fight him and win fight, but turn out Arapahoe Chief not fix planet right. Read article on space blog say planet headed away from sun. Everything freeze in one hour. Arapahoe Chief grow big again and fix, but not sure correct trajectories to ensure stable orbit. Need giant scientist to help fine tune.

Also request giant speech therapist so I not talk like racist caricature.

Anything else you want done while I up here? Extra moon maybe? Don't like waste hyuk-chuck on just one little thing.

Sincerely,
ARAPAHOE CHIEF

From: The Blue Beacon
To: Diana, She-Queen of Human Resources
CC:
Subject: Wikipedia keeps reverting my article

Sorry to bother you, Diana, but I am having a hell of a time with that internet encyclopedia thing Wikipedia. They have these huge pages up with information about everyone in the Justice Legion, which is fine, I'm never against a little free publicity, only mine lists all my weaknesses.

You know my weakness is to anything that's the color red, which is a little more of a problem than say Ultimate Human and his deal with Maginite crystals. I tried changing the article to remove the part about my weaknesses, but some guy going by the name "BlueBeaconSucks" keeps reverting the changes to include the weaknesses. He even added a new section called "ways to kill Blue Beacon" with tips like "paint your bullets red" and "make a red sword."

Everything is sourced back to those articles that asshole reporter Clarence Kent wrote at the Morning Planet exposing my weaknesses. That was ten years ago, but I guess Morning Planet just put their whole archives online and....well, anyway. See what you can do. It's hard enough out there for me as it is, if everyone comes prepared I'm up the creek without a paddle.

Maybe you can locate the HQ of Wikipedia and we can take them out once and for all.

BB

From: The Dark Vigilante
To: Diana, She-Queen of Human Resources
CC:
Subject: HELP.....DYING.....

DIANA...TEXTING FROM...DARKPHONE....

WUNDERKIND...DEAD...ME...CRITICAL WOUNDS...

PUNCHED THROUGH...CHEST...BY MEXICAN FISH MAN...AGUA HOMO.....

TELL...ULTIMATE HUMAN...I LOVED HIM...LIKE A WIFE.....

HANG ON GOT INCOMING CALL

WAS ULTIMATE HUMAN...HE IS REVERSING TIME...SPINNING PLANET BACKWARD...WITH HELP OF GIANT...

SAVAGE.....

GAY

SEE YOU ON FLIP SIDE.....

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.4 Burgin' II: Electric Burgergrill

Tuesday, Dec 04, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

Contrary to what many will tell you, the four scariest words you could possibly hear yourself muttering are not "fire gun at me," they are "we should live together." In what might prove to be the best or worst decision I've ever made, I let it slip not too long ago, and have been preparing for the consequences ever since.

My first sign that this was going to be an eventful undertaking showed it's stupid face last weekend after I'd decided to check out some new apartments. Some folks may remember that I'm currently living in two broom closets separated by a hallway which happens to lie at the exact point in the universe where all creaking and banging sounds ever generated meet up to discuss how my apartment sounds like two Home Depots fucking. It's also really small, so I could use a new one.

I decided to go with Craigslist to start. It was a different feeling for me, because over the last year I hadn't been to Craigslist for anything but to create fake ads from guys looking for ludicrously strange sexual encounters. Unfortunately, they tend to get removed because the integrity of the "casual encounters" section must be protected.

I can pretty much kiss the thought of ever owning a radical dirtbike goodbye

Looking around for apartments online was a good idea in theory, but I had to go and get my hopes up over a really excellent looking house for a very attractive price. "Come by anytime on Sunday from 9a-4p for an open house!" Why the heck not?! Rather than calling or emailing them or anything logical like that, I put some slippers on and went over there. I liked wandering around the front yard for the minute or two I did. The place was pretty cute, it was a little pink house with white rocks instead of grass and probably the best looking screen door I'd ever seen. It was seriously cool (the screen door). Through the awesome door I could see that a slightly tinier and slightly better looking Lou Albano walking toward the door in a goddamned huff telling me to "Go away, it's not for rent! Someone's playin' a prank on me! They put me on the Internet!" Well you'd better believe I got the heck out of there, I wasn't about to mess with no dude who already had a rage advantage on me due to being pranked to the moon and back.

Anyway, if it sounds like I'm freaking out, I'm not. It's going to be great. There are up to 6 different perks that come with having a girl at your house all the time, but aside from all the mountains of preparation (for example– cleaning, organizing, washing my hair) there will be certain things I do now that I won't be able to in a shared household:

- Play with my hats
- Continue developing my less fun but more challenging beer pong variant called "milk pong"
- Yell at Star Trek
- Slap my belly and grunt when the power's out (only to fill the silence and for no other reason)
- Eat whatever I want, whenever I want

That last point is of particular worry for me, as I've been subsisting just fine on my diet of microwaved chicken nuggets and Foreman grill burgers for well on 11 months now. I suppose that in a month or two, once everything's changed, I'll be eating things like salad and fresh vegetables every day. I'll have you guys know right now that I tried getting fresh vegetables when I first moved here on my own, but it was terrible. I'm guessing those weird-ass squash things they sell out in front of Trader Joe's aren't actually supposed to be eaten, because they have the texture of watered-down Play-doh and taste like metal. I don't know who Joe is but he definitely needs more trading practice.

I spent some time in my kitchen last night, trying to figure out exactly what I could make right then that I wouldn't be able to make a couple months down the road. This is when it hit me: I have never made a burger that I couldn't finish in one sitting. Call me a glutton if you want, I don't care. I was burgin' **hard**, and this was to be my burger gluttony swan song. Digging out my trusty, disgusty, baby-type Foreman grill, I decided to not cook a single burg– I set out to cook a 5-patty *meatropolis*.

George Foreman Jr. and the first burg patty off the grill.

The first four are done, but wait, I need a bun! Wait, what is this?!

Pizzabun invention completed, and the finished meatopolis.

...then what happened? Well, upon first touch my hands got so incredibly greasy that I didn't want to touch anything electronic to type or take more pictures until I washed up with 2 different kinds of soap. Long story short... I couldn't finish it. The final 1/3 of it is in my refrigerator, never to be eaten. I packed myself so full of the horrible cold pizza/warm burger meat/orange and pink grease combo that I never want to taste anything like it ever again. I feel like my body is rejecting the food inside me as if it were a pig kidney. Right about now one of those horrible bastard-pumpkins sounds lovely.

From now on, burgin' is for the birds. I'm going to go sleep for a little bit now.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.5 ADVENTURE PALACE

Wednesday, Dec 05, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Thank you for great interest! Time and time again adult and child long for fun! Time again longing is gratified by going to ADVENTURE PALACE.

The pamphlet in whose hands it now rests has given you key to ADVENTURE PALACE. You have found it!

Or, perhaps, ADVENTURE PALACE has found you?

CHILDS love fun, love merriment, and thirst for realization and achievement of fun and merriment. Therein ADVENTURE PALACE, childs and adult may find such pleasures awaiting them at every turn (left and right only)! ADVENTURE PALACE is safe biome for fun but fun without wisdom can parent disaster! Please review in all thoroughness the following briefs!

DANGER: man with claw heart will trap you with love!! MAINTAIN TWENTY BRISK JOGS from man with claw heart at all times. Under no circumstance great or small must you envelop yourself in moist blanket and roll toward man with a claw heart. Of this, this much is certain.

HOOT: ADVENTURE PALACE has eyes like osprey, observing all motions with objective demeanor. **DO NOT FEED, ANTAGONIZE OSPREY**. Bird features sharp beaks and talons unfriendly to human skin. Eyeballs, too, may find themselves at wit's end. Provocation thus therefore mustly be avoided. VIDEO TAPES also capture all events for posture, but where are they???

WARNING: naked man manacled to floor is liar!

Even though long his beard has grown, wisdom he does not conceal. Manacled nude is determined liar! He will tell childs horrible things of which can be readily disproven by adult. HOWEVER, to untrained mind of childs, such notions may be accepted! He will tell childs that men who were never presidents were in all truth presidents. He will teach incorrect solutions to popular math equations. From him shall come no good. Do not feed him and pursue at all expense in task of escaping him. The bones he gnaws on belong to **IGNORANCE**, ***DECEIT***, and ***SUBTERFUGE***.

ATTENCION: meat vat is for big kids only. Small kids may become surprised to find fingers, limbs, and hairs trapped in crushing gears! IN CONCLUSION, **BIG KIDS ONLY MAY SWIM**

AND DIVE AMONGST THE FLOWING MEATS. Small childs, you may not audit meat vat! ADVENTURE PALACE does not furnish towels!

MAY YOU HAVE GREAT GATSBYS OF FUN IN CENTRIFUGE! But, **ALERT**, child must possess reasonable skeletal capacity to withstand force of wind. Harnessed winds will smash child against wall, which may be fun or may be living end depending on hardiness of child's skeleton. Examine and stress test skeleton of child before entering centrifuge.

ALARM: FUN SLIDE was installed backwards. PROPER MOVEMENT IS TO SLIDE UP, NOT DOWN. Any violations will result in expulsion. SLIDE IS FOR MERRIMENT, NOT SUBVERSION.

CAUTION: Remain pragmatic when faced with horror or danger emanating from BUTTERFLY GARDEN. BUTTERFLY GARDEN is off limits as of that horrible day. Move fast and fluidly past entrance. Avoid tedious moseying as to not encounter the butterfly that has forsaken its gentle nature in lieu of menace.

If sighted by butterfly, remain stationary as though statuesque. Halt for as long as necessary, giving butterfly no clues of true nature (you are not a statue). Upon freedom from butterfly's torment, proceed to gift shop for relief!

Gift shop may contain rewards and monuments to fun had. PERCHANCE a commemorative plaster face mask of child is in order?? Humorous orbs and sweater vests may also be bought through acts of commerce, though nothing must leave the building.

THAT IS IT. You know fun and wisdom. Enjoy ADVENTURE PALACE with utmost enthusiasm. Fearless now thanks to transmitted knowledge, enjoyment will be unimpugned! BRING THIS BROCHURE and reduce in stature and dignity the price of entry.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.6 F This Cat

Thursday, Dec 06, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In August of 2006, I met the enemy. This enemy has since turned my once-youthful hands into gnarled tendrils of clotted scar tissue. This enemy has made sleep but a dream for me, causing an ironic conundrum that not even the finest NASA computers can process. This enemy shits in a box, yet holds an air of superiority over me as if he was some celebrity allowed to flee the scene of a tragic hit-and-run in exchange for an autograph and a glove compartment full of blow packed in Starbucks frappuccino cups. And, most importantly, this enemy is sitting in my chair.

His name is Bat-Bat, and I hate him.

I PAID MONEY FOR THAT CHAIR YOU USE IMPROPERLY

Yes, "aww" if you must over this cretin. Believe me, I had the same reaction 16 months ago when this feline wooly mammoth shambled into my presence, trumpeting at me with his crippled mews. I was visiting the new house my girlfriend was renting, and since I arrived 10 minutes before she did, I decided to play with this creature who was entirely new to me. He was much smaller at the time, so I regarded him as harmless. I extended my hand to the ground, made the standard "cat calling" noises that those of you in the zoological sciences are aware of, and summoned the beast. I didn't expect him to *glide* across the room and begin clawing at my face as if I had a Snausage hidden in the center of my brain. And I certainly didn't expect him to not stop until his master returned home.

Since then, our relationship has been rocky at best.

THAT'S MY SLEEP YOU'RE USING UP

Before Bat-Bat galloped into town on his cloven fur-hooves, I had a bird. In those days, it was just me and him. We'd whisper secrets to each other, record our very own YouTubes, argue about the results of paternity tests on *Maury Povich*, and try out our musical act after everyone in the house went to sleep. After our third rehearsal, we'd take a little break that I liked to call "Triscuit pizza time;" here we talked about the future, our life together, and if we'd ever break out of this birdcage called obscurity. The symbolism was lost on Louie, but I felt that he appreciated the general sentiment or at least the 20 words I used that he could understand. Still, he called me "Captain Butt" and I think that's a pretty interesting thing to teach a bird to say.

Today, in this new dark age of pet ownership, our dream has been deferred by cohabitation. In the presence of Bat-Bat, I whisper to my feathered friend

in hushed tones. Louie now only makes farting noises, which I believe denote his protest of the situation. When my girlfriend gets home from work, I shove her into the utility room and bellow, "*You have the power to end this!*" while burning myself on the hot water heater to prove I mean business. She laughs and thinks this is all a game. But unlike Candyland, I cannot escape to any gumdrop mountains or butterscotch ice floes. I must live in disgust with this animal until either he dies or I. But one question still remains unanswered.

Who the hell does he think he is?

If you couldn't tell by looking at him, Bat-Bat is a Maine Coon. In order words, he's a fucking jumbled mess of nature and an abomination in the face of whatever beast decided to spawn him (possibly another Maine Coon, I haven't checked). Maine Coons were named so because our idiot ancestors who discovered these animals assumed that cats could breed with raccoons. There's also a theory that Maine Coons were given that name because everyone was really racist until about 40 years ago, and they thought it would be a hoot to work the word "coon" into an animal name – sort of like what they did with the KKKangaroo (now extinct).

I PAID FOR THAT WATER YOU PRICK

Whatever the case, Maine Coons are no different than your average felines, except they are shaped like regular cats baked into meatloaves and they somehow have the energy of puppy dogs for their entire lives. I assume that many of you find this an interesting prospect; who doesn't want an eternal puppy dog by their side? Well, my friends, the only thing that stings more than your ignorance are the various wounds I have on my body for thinking that I could treat Bat-Bat like any other entity with a such a low center of gravity. If you shove a fat man, by the laws of our society he should laugh and take your abuse as part of our national contract of ridicule; sadly, these rules do not apply to the animal kingdom.

I PAID FOR THAT LAUNDRY YOU COCK

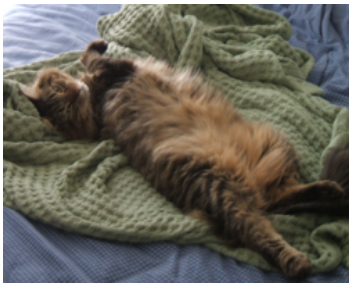
Let me explain an interesting contradiction. If a dog bites you, well then that's a big fucking deal. Sometimes they're put to sleep, sometimes they "go to live on a farm" (shot behind your garage) or "go to live with grandma" (shot behind your garage by your grandma). The concept of a dog biting someone is so shocking that entire movies have been made about the social ramifications of this act, and the subsequent shooting of the animal behind a garage. As you can see, getting bitten by a dog is headline-caliber material for any average, Midwestern town.

If a cat bites you, well, welcome to the status fucking quo. And people will even tell you to "calm down" or "please leave" if you question the absence of outrage with your own outrage. I don't know who made these backwards rules, but I the see the invisible, shaggy paw of Bat-Bat and his contemporaries guiding this fiend's pen. Why else would the animal in question choose to strike out at me for an act as criminal as "walking by him" or "trying to remove my valuable possessions from his iron grip?"

Oh, no, Bat-Bat, I didn't want that collectible plush cow I got from pre-ordering a *Harvest Moon* game from GameStop seven years ago. See, now my blood's all over it. You have it now. It can't possibly be worth the thousands of dollars it was once valued at. I guess I'll just have to take solace in the fact that my wallscrolls are still ok–OH SHI

The avarice and pride are enough to make me regard Bat-Bat as an enemy, but if you add in his gluttony he ranks up there with history's greatest monsters. If he had his way – and I assume one day he will – Bat-Bat would eat nothing but paper products and drink nothing but the solution disposable contacts come packed in. His ravenous appetite for paper has transformed important insurance forms, checks, and collectible grocery bags into piles of paper that smell like his mouth. And his love of disposable contact solution is bizarre and leaves me a bit concerned. We first found out that he enjoyed the mystery liquid when my girlfriend was putting her contacts in and he decided to lap up the juice from the plastic eye-cups. These days, if he doesn't get his daily contact juice, we know there's going to be trouble. And yet I fear it is the source of his powers. We don't know what's in this solution but one thing is clear: he can hover now. He couldn't do that before.

In the end, just what the hell kind of cat does he think he is? His potato-shaped body, odd flaps of skin, and mechanical way of walking completely betray the feline species. For an animal that is supposed to have grace and agility, Bat-Bat lopes around like a grizzly bear, his back legs moving like the oars on a rowboat while his front legs stutter forward in a cruel mockery of walking. It's as if a group of confused Amish children created a clockwork cat out of various gears and stuffed owls.



THAT'S MY SEXY POSE YOU TOOL

If that wasn't bad enough, his meow is weak and belongs to a sissy; sometimes he can't even squeeze a single sound out. Do you know how creepy it is to have an animal who wanders around, grunting out breathy demands you can't possibly understand or fulfill? Why, at its best, his meow sounds like an effeminate man whispering the word "key." I don't know a lot about cats, but that's bullshit.

Frankly, I'm fed up. And since he can't read, this is the only way I can safely vent my feelings.

Fuck this cat.

I leave you now with this home video I have taken which I submit as an example of the aggression and hostility of this animal. It's of poor quality because we have a cheap camera. And we have a cheap camera because when you own Bat-Bat, you're not allowed to have nice things.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.7 Something Awful Endorses a Candidate

Friday, Dec 07, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

After great deliberation the editors of Something Awful are prepared to endorse the candidate we believe will represent our values and guide our great nation in the coming years as the President of the United States of America.

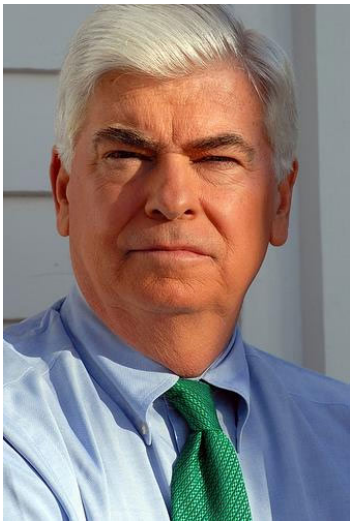
This endorsement is not taken or given lightly. Our endorsement has decided past elections and will no doubt decide elections of the future. We hesitate to speculate, but these elections might involve an android, a zebraman, or even, with a Constitutional Amendment, a gay baby.

Needless to say, Something Awful has been petitioned aggressively by campaigns on both sides of the aisle to come out in support of their candidates. Many of these candidates had good things to offer, including money and trays of sweet cakes, but we barred our doors and shuttered our windows to these corrupting influences. Lying on our backs on the floor, giggling, and enjoying cinnamon sweetcakes in naught but our night shirts seemed hardly befitting our august institution.

The candidate we chose stood wholly on their merits as viewed from a distance, admired and studied as one might admire and study the muscular flanks of a chestnut lion. Our perception remains uncolored by gifts that lion might proffer in the hopes of luring us into his cage, a bit of subterfuge we shan't fall for again.

Something Awful is proud to declare our endorsement of the candidate for President of the United States of America...

MONSIEUR CHRISTOPHER J. DODD



One look at the passion of Chris Dodd, democratic presidential candidate, should be sufficient to energize every part of your body including the unspeakable parts. His perfectly parted and swept hair embarrasses preening pretenders like John Edwards and Mitt Romney. The white color of his

eldercomb is pure as rime on the refrigerated pipe carrying democracy to his campaign bus. His trademark green tie is no mere affectation, it is a symbol of the green of America you get when you mix the red and the blue of our divided nation. Notice how he is squinting, that's because the future is so blindingly bright with Chris Dodd leading our nation.

While democratic front-runners like Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama choose to play out their battles in the public spotlight, Chris Dodd eschews the fanfare and hubbub of distractions like "the media" and "poll numbers." He prefers to go Doddo-a-mano. He will sit in your living room for several hours and just talk about what's important to you, the voter. He will help you vacuum your car at the self-clean or watch your kids while you go to a movie. Chris Dodd is America's friendly uncle. Chris Dodd will loan you 50 bucks or give you a lift when you're too drunk to drive.

These endearing qualities brought Chris Dodd to our attention, but it is Chris Dodd's stances on the issues that earned him our endorsement. We think you might just agree with us when you learn a little more about this pleasantly familiar sensation sweeping the nation.

Chris Dodd On the Issues

Take a few minutes and discover Chris Dodd's positions on the issues and why we think they're important to America.

War in Iraq? ***Chris hates it!***

"This war is way bogus," he told reporters earlier this week. Chris stands firmly against war anywhere, but especially in Iraq. "President Bush messed up big time with this one." We feel it's obvious that Chris is right.

Grandpas? ***Chris is for 'em!***

Chris has never once proposed legislation criminalizing grandpas and voted no on HR 448, which would have made having or being a grandma illegal. Every American should understand the role grandpas and grandmas play in the economy. Without them we might never feel welcome in a Wal*Mart again.

Jowls? ***Chris can't get enough!***

Chris has more jowls than any of the other candidates other than Fred Thompson and Fred Thompson has never been seen using his jowls! Does Thompson even know how? Chris Dodd is a lifelong jowl owner and he uses and maintains his jowls with care and respect. That's the sort of man we need leading our country.

Space? ***Chris wants to check it out!***

Supporters of NASA should be pleased to hear that Chris Dodd wants to have a look around space. "I think we should see what's up," he told a man in a boat. "Let's launch twice as many rockets and make them go farther." The man in the boat nodded. We can't help but agree with that man in a boat.

Football? ***Chris Dodd enjoys it with a slice of apple pie!***

"God, I do love football," Chris Dodd replied to a plastic bag caught up in the wind that rustled inquisitively. "I can't even pick a team. I'm a fan of every team in America." Then Chris Dodd saw a squirrel and he chased it all the way to the top of a tree laughing and crying at the same time.

Healthcare? ***Chris has some great ideas!***

"Americans should be healthier," Chris wrote down on a piece of paper in his hotel room. "Let's not eat so much and run around more." Then he wrote, "Better doctors" and he

underlined it three times. Chris is very passionate about improving America's healthcare system. We think it's time for a change.

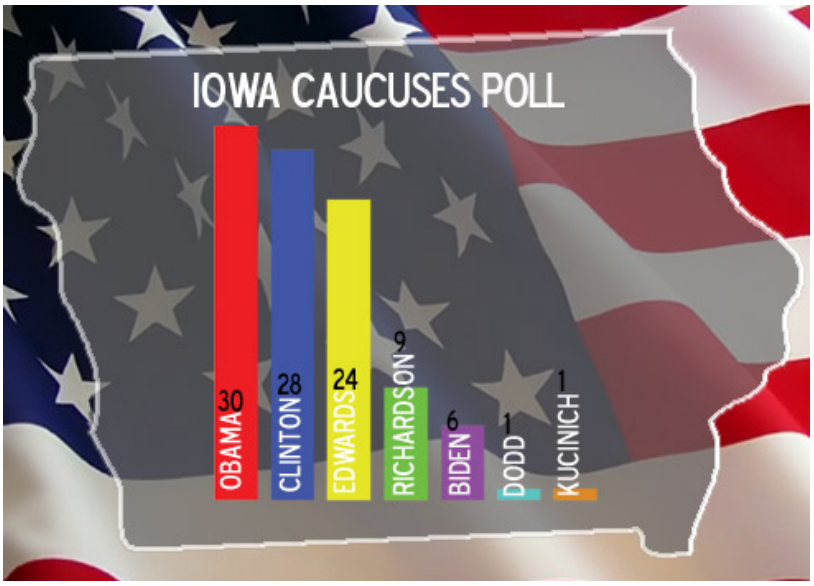
✓ **Racism?** ***Chris is over it.***

"It's time we as a nation move past racism," Chris said when he was breathing into a paper bag trying to calm down after seeing a ghost. "Racism is tearing us appaaaaaaaart!" He shouted at the sky and tore his shirt. Just then some birds flew out of a tree. Chris Dodd will move us forward.

✓ **Dogs?** ***Chris believes they're smarter than we think.***

It was a crisp October morning and Chris Dodd sat on the top step of his porch, huddled inside an overstuffed winter coat. It was early, just about the time the sun broke across the golden leaves of autumn, and his breath came in stinging white puffs. At this hour he was alone in the world, but for Caramel, his eight-year old golden lab. She sat on the step below and watched with him as the last geese flew south for warmer places. The wind picked up wet leaves in its fingers and scattered them where Chris had raked the day before. Chris felt like saying something, to no one's ear but winter, but no words came. He scratched Caramel on her neck. She seemed to sense the need for a connection and she looked up at him. For a moment, just one fleeting moment, Chris thought he saw sadness and sympathy in her brown eyes. Then he laughed to himself and stood with a groan. The coffee should be done brewing and he had to get an early start. Lots of people to see.

It's hard not to support Chris Dodd, but some people seem to be managing. The latest polls from Iowa do not show the Doddergy electrifying those in the know.



Do not despair, Doddites! With this endorsement from Something Awful we feel certain the silent majority of patriots for Dodd will be mobilized to action. A surprising upset in Iowa will lead to a tidalwave of Dodd support surging through the Democratic primary. Is it time for someone to start thinking about a running mate? Yes, and we just so happen to have a great suggestion for you, Chris.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.8 The Gerstmann Quandary

Saturday, Dec 08, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Jeff Gerstmann worked at Gamespot for over a decade before being locked out of his office last week - a subtle hint that his services were no longer needed. Jeff's attempts to gain entry with the red and yellow keycards he plucked from their respective pedestals in the building's lobby proved to be a waste of time, as was the mustache he made by applying glue to the bottom of a fence to collect hair from a passing cat.

The reason for Jeff's termination varies depending who you ask. Just about everyone who doesn't depend upon a paycheck from Gamespot to make their rent claims that he was fired due to pressure from the site's advertisers, or at least because of a higher-up's desire to treat those advertisers' products with kid gloves.

In his last review for the website, Jeff Gerstmann rated Kane & Lynch a fairly mediocre 6.0 out of 10. The game's publisher, Eidos, was reportedly unhappy with the review because they had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to "skin" Gamespot to look like this:

Eidos was so upset that they allegedly vowed not to spend hundreds of thousands of additional dollars to advertise on Gamespot in the future, which would have probably involved removing some of the site's less important features to make room for more adspace, resulting in something like this:

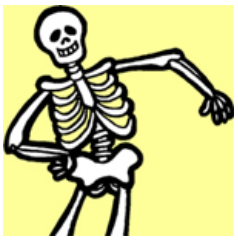
Within hours of the Kane & Lynch review going online...

- Eidos' advertisements disappeared from the site
- Jeff's video review of the game was removed (Gamespot later claimed this was due to a faulty microphone, and this mirror of the video reveals that the microphone was in fact faulty for picking up all the negative things Jeff said without any distortion or high-pitched beeps to drown him out)
- The text review was edited to adopt a nicer tone that was more suited to a game about escaped convicts killing hundreds of people while grunting "fuck"

- The population of People Who Don't Belong In Jeff Gerstmann's Office increased by 1

If you look really hard and you believe in conspiracy theories, you can see why a small subset of people might think Jeff's firing was maybe possibly a teeny tiny bit connected to his review of Kane & Lynch.

If you ask Gamespot why Jeff Gerstmann was let go, you'll get a very different answer. According to them, there were a number of long-standing issues with Jeff's reviews, and the events surrounding Kane & Lynch were unfortunate - and totally unrelated - coincidences that just happened to occur on the very day they already planned to fire him in a classy way.



Jeff Gerstmann, as drawn by someone with x-ray vision, as found by me on a Google image search.

Sounds ridiculous, right? I thought so too, but then I paid a visit to Gamespot's archives to revisit some of Jeff's most controversial reviews.

Battle Arena Toshinden URA (Sega Saturn)
Jeff's Score: 5.6
Review date: November 30th, 1996

> In this installment, a mystery man has stolen the Toshinhei Replicant and is wreaking havoc on the world. Blah blah. Just fifteen hundred words to go before I can turn this sucker in and get paid. Words words words words. I wonder if numbers count, like if I could just spend the rest of the review counting down from 1500 to 1. As long as there's a space it should count. It's only reasonable.

Banjo-Kazooie (Nintendo 64)
Jeff's Score: 9.5
Review date: May 31st, 1998

> The gameplay in Banjo-Kazooie follows Mario, but Banjo and his bird have a lot more moves than Mario ever had. This is because birds can regurgitate food, while humans

> cannot. It's highly doubtful that the Mario series will ever be able to recover.

The Bouncer (PS2)
Score: 6.7
Review date: March 5th, 2001

> The Bouncer's execution leaves quite a bit to be desired. There are constantly three player characters onscreen at once, but inexplicably, you can't play the game's main mode with three, or even two, players if you only have one controller.

Spider-Man 2 (Xbox)
Score: 7.2
Review date: June 28th, 2004

> Graphically, Spider-Man looks good. The city is the real star of the game's visuals, though. The city itself looks great, and if I were a city I would probably try to get it drunk at a cemetery and screw it on my grandfather's grave. The game maintains a solid frame rate as you move through it, even when you're swinging around at high speeds.

Maybe there is some truth to their side of the story after all.

Both Gerstmann and Gamespot are contractually prohibited from discussing the details of his firing, so in the end we are left with nothing but questions. What really happened to Jeff? Does the incestuous relationship between video game magazines/websites and game publishers have a tangible effect on the articles and reviews that we read? If you can't trust the opinion of a stranger on a website to make your purchasing decisions for you, who *can* you trust?

In this dark time, I find myself coming back to the following excerpt from Jeff Gerstmann's review of PaRappa The Rapper 2:

> It took me far too long to figure this out, but dogs should not rap. Maybe once, as a gimmick. But it can't go on forever.

That it can't, Jeff. That it can't.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.9 Karl Pilkington: A Really Dumb Guy You Should Know About

Sunday, Dec 09, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

I'd like to introduce you to someone who will change the way you look at the world forever. Don't worry, I'm not going to lean uncomfortably close and ask if you've heard of Jesus while tapping my fingers compulsively against the bible in my lap. Instead, I'd like to introduce you to a bald man from Manchester. Once you've heard what he has to say about, well, anything, you'll want to hear what he has to say about, well, everything.

Here's his story:

A lot of people know who Ricky Gervais is. If you don't, he's the fat guy with the beard in the British version of The Office, and also the fat guy without a beard in Extras, and the fat guy with a British accent who occasionally shows up in bad Hollywood movies apparently made by friends he owes favors to. In any case, Ricky Gervais also is sometimes a fat guy with a radio show, alongside his friend and co-writer Stephen Merchant, who isn't fat but is instead freakishly tall with bulging eyes.

The radio show ran for a few years, and then moved into a series of podcasts which at least some of you must have heard because they are the Guinness World Book of Records's "Most downloaded podcast ever", which is almost as impressive a record as, say, "Longest time spent looking at a truck". At first the show was just the two of them talking, but they soon discovered that the man the radio station had assigned to produce the show was possibly the most entertaining man to have ever lived. His name: Karl Pilkington.

From that moment on, the show became about them listening while Karl talked. And talked. And talked. Right around then, it also became the best radio show ever made. Karl is very stupid. He also, Ricky Gervais is fond of pointing out, has a perfectly round head. But mainly he's truly and sincerely dumb, in the most innocent and childlike way possible. Everything that comes out of his mouth he honestly believes, and everything that comes out is bizarrely wrong.

Listening to Karl, you begin to wish that you could live in his world. It is a world in which chimps not only understand English, but direct films, drive cars, and perform laser eye surgery. It is a world in which nursery rhymes, scientific fact, and random headlines he read off of Russian tabloid websites freely blend with each other and become all equally true. It is, without a doubt, a better world.

I don't really have any jokes to tell about Karl. I wrote this because I'd just very much like for you, the reader who is reading this, to get know him a little better. To help that process, I've come up with a little game.

I will list sets of five quotes. In each set, only one or two quotes are real. See if you can identify the real ones without cheating.

Can you tell: Which does Karl actually believe and which did I make up?

Round 1

1. "It's just that gays, I think it's something like they have their brains backwards in their skulls. Just like a normal brain, but put the wrong way round in the head."

2. "I like messing about with search engines. I just typed 'why' into it once to confuse the computer."

3. "I think it would be better if when an old lady dies at 75, she has like a little baby that's been living inside her that comes out, so we never have more people then we had before. Or maybe we could just inject something in her head after she died so she'd start living backwards and be young again. I mean, we don't have to do it if you don't want to."

4. "I wonder about blokes like Ghengis Khan and Alex, you know, the Great, and all that, if any of them went to the same school and used to fight each other over lunch and stuff and then they grew up and fought over whatever they fought over."

5. "No, it's just that before the chimps went up in the space ship tests and that, they asked the Bigfoot because of how close he is to humans but he was scared of heights."

Answer

Round 2

1. "I'm not completely clear on how evolution worked, but I know it went, like, bacteria then fish then...mermaid then man."

2. "You know how dolphins are supposed to be really intelligent and all that? Well, I heard they found this dolphin who could speak English, but it wouldn't stop talking about fish so they got fed up and killed it."

3. "It just seems to me that if computers are basically thinking machines or whatever, why can't they just hook up my brain to the computer's brain and then I could just think about google to search things in my head?"

4. "I was thinking about dinosaurs and...what would happen if they had metal skin?"

5. "I think that modern technology is just holding us back. If we hadn't started wearing shoes all the time, would we have evolved shoes?"

Answer

Round 3

1. "I came up with a good idea....showers that listen."
2. "I came up with a good idea....books you can eat."
3. "I came up with a good idea...an on/off switch for your ears."
4. "I came up with a good idea...darkness you can see in."
5. "I came up with a good idea....see-through skin."

Answer

Round 4

1. "You know how they say people have six senses? There's loads more than that. That thing where your neck start's doing that tingly thing when someone's behind you, that's been around since man and dinosaur were knockin' about."
2. "Does the brain control you or are you controlling the brain?"
3. "With the way computers are going, some day we'll be able to get up in the morning, have a chat with our yogurt, and then eat it."
4. "I saw a bee have a heart attack."
5. "There was this seven year old who gave birth. They didn't even know he was pregnant."

Answer

Hopefully I have raised your interest in this fascinating human being. For more information, check out this site where you should be able to find links to download hours and hours of him talking into a microphone. I recommend every minute.

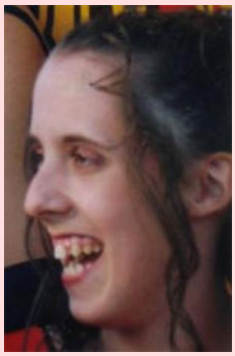
-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

12.10 Bronson Custard's Exotic Escort Reviews

Monday, Dec 10, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hi, I'm Bronson Custard and I want to welcome ***you*** to the hottest escort review site on the Internet. Our reviews are all written by the clients of these fine ladies. If you're looking for a companion in your area and don't feel you can trust the reviews of professional escort critics, then you've come to the right place!

We have thousands of escort profiles available, so I'm sure you will find just what you're looking for! Remember, have fun, and be safe!



Rating:

Names: Beef Singlet, Bacon Lettuce, Her Majesty Dire
Areas: Cleveland, Burningham, West Maw
Height: 71 inches
Weight: 864 ounces
Hair: Head, mostly
Face: British, mantid
Eyes: Brown, tilted
Bust: Some around the edges

Specialties:

- BJ/HJ
- Shoulder dislocation
- Beaking

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
thasniffer	YES Great smells!	Touched my hand and breathed in a bag for hours. Like a rat rotting in an oak barrel. Came twice! Loves to talk about meth.
megamex	YES	She's not the best looking girl, but she makes up for what she lacks in looks with a chittering blowjob that never snagged once despite all the hooked teeth. Puked into my glove compartment.
KINGSEX	NO	Look like someone tried to make a mask out of an egg. Toes up the back. "FROG IT IT!"
thrillho	YES	Great kisser. Shared her breakfast.
japan_travels	YES	Very astute. Only high enough. Entry complete and fulfillment. Do not ever give up.
partyguy1	NO	Brought her baby and he stared at me the whole time. No thanks!

Rating:

Names: Charity Dotorg, America Dotus
Areas: Detroit, Slimer's Manse, The Pickle Barrel
Height: 5'14"8"'11""
Weight: Reasonable
Hair: Brown
Face: Red, pitted
Eyes: Closed
Bust: Small, pointy, slightly cold

Specialties:

- Rustling
- Wrestling
- Butt

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
KINGSEX	NO	Couldn't stop laughing the whole time she was rubbing her butt on me. Like a giant chocolate hamburger trying to eat me. "FROG IT IT!"
rob_gurt	YES	Very polite. Clean as can be expected. My wife really enjoyed looking at her butt through the one way mirror.
thasniffer	YES	Tequila shooters with a tangy wiff of bile. Very generous with the wrestling and the butt.
japan_travels	YES	Dave Matthew band lover. Share the sound and share the entry into cove. Explodes three time. Butt. Not so messy.
Chuck	YES	Hey guys, what's going on. Would really like to meet this girl and hold her hand. I'm working on a poem to woo her. Any help appreciated.

Rating:

Names: Thexetor Warwick, Thex, Generalissimo Balldrainer
Areas: Denver, Under Denver, Sub-Denver, Ur-Denver
Height: 1.74 meters
Weight: 174 kilograms
Hair: Oiled, blacked, inflammable
Face: Tom Clancy
Eyes: Approximately even
Bust: Caramel and nougat

Specialties:

- Intelligence analysis
- Excellence of intensity
- Couples

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
KINGSEX	YES	From a block away I thought it was a giant eggplant. She felt like it too, all the best. Love.
thasniffer	YES	Just a bit of astringent over the aroma of sour sores and smegma. She pulled me down into a sewer of pleasure.
thasniffer	YES	Second visit. Her legs were off in a good way. Something came bubbling out and I loved it.
thrillho	YES	Owned her face. Gave it to her like I was UPS man with a boner delivery. She loved it.
japan_travels	YES	Breeding pool in lair. Ape man shambles to a baby, and then I explode. Give some more to me, thanks!

Rating:

Names: Krysmas Crayons, Bendbars Liftgates, Dakota
Areas: Los Angeles, San Diego, Sector 14
Height: 3 stories
Weight: Displaces 800-tons
Hair: Unexpected, prehensile
Face: Alphabetically organized
Eyes: Forward-facing
Bust: Detachable when startled

Specialties:

- BOOBSEX
- Floating
- Keening

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
thasniffer	NO	Lots of smell folds and coves, but she smells like a desiccant packet from a salt shaker.
rob_gurt	NO	Shattered our windows with her unearthly wail, would not come down off the ceiling. Finally we had to chase her out with a broom. Left her tits everywhere.
KINGSEX	NO	Might as well have fucked the tits of a yield sign. Christ almighty.
Chuck	YES	I love your pics Krysmas. Where do you hang out? I would like to get to know you and maybe buy you dinner. Can you take a check if I make it out to "cash?"

Rating:

Names: Brianna Bearclaw, Ron and Helen, Mitzy Honeyholes
Areas: The Mists of Ravenloft, Your Den, Assisted Living
Height: 8 bolts king's vermilion
Weight: Unknowable by science
Hair: White tufts, menopausal knit
Face: Elderminx
Eyes: Rheumy, clouded
Bust: Sullen

Specialties:

- Self-diagnosis
- Rambling anecdotes
- Anal/oral creampies

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
rob_gurt	YES	Everything I wanted to know and more about the '75 Packers, plus she swallows. I hear her story about the moon landing on TV goes great with a deep anal session.
thasniffer	YES	She looks clean, but she's positively filthy. Notes of Zostrix and Vaseline, well-soiled gussets abound and you don't need Luminol to find the sac-like deposits of previous visitors fermenting like wine. An absolute delight
thrillho	YES	I tore that shit OUT. Don't tell me about no price of a house in 1950, I just want to pound that like Mike Tyson found a baby by the side of the road. No strings attached! Great session, bring earplugs.
KINGSEX	YES	Worked my unit till I was shooting cartilage. Told me about Manny Henderson who used to work for the mayor and owned a hardware store while I dropped megaloads up her filthy shitter. Already scheduled another visit.
japan_travels	YES	Free ribbon candy soothes mind, voracious appetite soothes loin. Many explosions inside different entries. Maximum experience.

Rating:

Names: Cumhanthotep, Shirley Shitpipe, Eschaton
Areas: The Valley of Kings, Fuxor, Newark
Height: 9 foots, 6 idges
Weight: 28 very heavy stones
Hair: Felt, stripy, jangling
Face: Frosted
Eyes: Fat
Bust: Moist, spongy

Specialties:

- Tugging shirt constantly
- Ass clapping
- Yeast inFUNtion

User Comments

User	Recommend	Experience
thasniffer	YES	Magnificent! Unwashed delights! Sour milk and caked on feces mix with a fun house theme. Gooey where it counts.
KINGSEX	YES	Had my doubts, but she was eager to please. Be sure to put a plastic tarp down beforehand though. Lots of oozing and smearing.
rob_gurt	YES	Barely a recommend. Good under the sheets, despite the smell, but she bit my wife and me viciously just before she left.
thrillho	NO	This was the first girl I ever hired and I almost never hired another girl again. Yeah, I blew it up like Saddam's palace, Thrillho doesn't do anything halfway, but I felt awful the next day.
Chuck	YES	Hey, did we go to school together or something? You look so familiar. Wanna meet up some time or something? I think it would be a lot of fun to reminiss.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

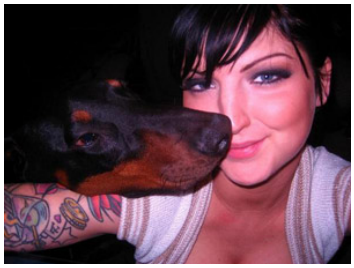
12.11 Interview with a Former Porn Star

Tuesday, Dec 11, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Texas Presley, as she's known to millions of degenerates around the world, created a minor sensation in the world of people having sex on film. She made a bunch of movies, got nominated for an award, then quit the industry, not even managing to make it into the "aged, desperate and crack-addicted" phase of her career. A tragedy for her fans, who will be forever denied the pleasure of seeing her appear in "Busty Grandma Shitstorm IX." Texas, whom I shall refer to as "Texas" throughout this interview because I forgot to ask her if I could use her real name, is an old pal of mine from her pre-porn days, so I figured I'd bother her for another interview since it means I don't have to do any REAL writing this week.

You may recall that I interviewed her once before, just as her cinematic star was rising. While that was a bit sillier, this time I will focus on hard-hitting internet journalism. Buckle yourself in for a wild orgy of hot, nude information!

On Retiring



Don't worry, this is NOT a still from a porn movie.

Dave: So you're out of the porno thing now?

Texas: Yes, it lasted a long 6 months. I got nominated for an award and cut the fuck out.

Me: What was the award for, and did you win?

Texas: Sadly, no. That only would've made the situation that much more interesting. I should lie and say I did. It was "Best solo."

Dave: Solo? You mean like on a saxophone?

Texas: Yes, I was first chair. You haven't heard of the new Jazz/porno fusion? It's so hot right now.

Dave: Yeah I tried out for the Hustler Philharmonic

Texas: I almost made the Tranny Siberian Orchestra, but I was missing my instrument.

Dave: Now I'm totally gonna go all Terry Gross and ask probing questions. Was any kind of turning point where you realized this whole porn thing just wasn't going to work out?

Texas: It was during a shoot. My male "costar" (to use the term loosely) was being really touchy-feely. My boyfriend was there, and I felt incredibly disgusted that this guy was trying to kiss me... that's when it dawned on me. "I'm about to have this guy 9 inches deep, and his tongue in my MOUTH seems too personal?"

This is going to sound a bit discriminate: later I found out he shot a lot of movies with trannies. I vomited, and retired.

Dave: So where's the line between "I'm doing porn" and "touchy-feely"?

Texas: That was a strange thing for me to say without clarifying... Touchy-feely: hugging on me. kissing my neck. being too "boyfriend-y." I'm doing porn: One position. Hard-core - 5 minutes / soft - core - 5 minutes. Next position. It's not romantic, and it doesn't really feel like sex most

times.

Dave: I'd imagine the boyfriend being there could be kind of awkward.

Texas: Possibly. I don't really care much. I was doing it for him, and it was part of my contract with everyone that if I wanted to bring him, I could. Sorry bro, can't get your dick hard in front of my boyfriend? Not my vagina's problem.

Dave: Was the name "Texas Presley" your choice, or was it thrust upon you?

Texas: I picked it. I originally signed up as "Veronica Vaughan"... but I had picked the name Veronica for my firstborn daughter, and didn't feel that was too terribly appropriate. I changed it to Texas since I'm from the Lone Star, and Presley because I sometimes see a resemblance. Maybe it's wishful thinking, but that's beside the point. I picked it, and it stuck.

Dave: Was there any temptation to come up with something a little more awesome, like Helga Von Anus?

Texas: Strangely, no. Hmm... Veronica De PlowMouth... Looselips Mcgillacunty. Oh, and to clarify, I don't have a firstborn daughter.

Dave: But if you did, you'd name her Helga Von Anus?

Texas: Well, now I would! You should add that to babynames.com

The Pornographer's Mansion

Dave: When they film porn, do they usually do it in the pornographer's mansion, or do rich people actually rent out their houses to be used as porn locations?

Texas: Both. More often than not it's some rich person's house. How do you explain those stains? Geeerrrrrrrroooossss.

Dave: Does the rich person get to hang around and watch?

Texas: Not usually. However, I was once getting fucked on a pool table by Scott Nails for Digital Playground at this amazing house in the hills, and I'm looking out the window over the beautiful vast greenery... and I notice movement out of the corner of my eye. In the breakfast nook of the window I was looking out of sat an elderly couple, eating breakfast. Eggs, english muffins, reading the paper, coffee, OJ... a fruit salad... so I'm having my salad tossed watching people older than my own grandparents eating salad. Irony can be fantastic.

Dave: Did they seem to notice you?

Texas: They were just so quiet, I hadn't noticed them over the huge penis I was staring in the face. They seemed indifferent. "Seems like this one's never had one that big before! Can you pass the jam?"

Dave: Didn't that make you just a little bit bashful?

Texas: I think for a minute I was aware of my surroundings, and a little rosy-cheeked, but as previously mentioned there was a HUGE penis staring me in the face. I don't know if you're familiar with Scott Nails or not, but it's easy to forget there's other people in the room when something like that is waving about. (Scott, if you're reading this... CALL ME. Ha ha, I kid, I kid... no, but really,

CALL ME.)

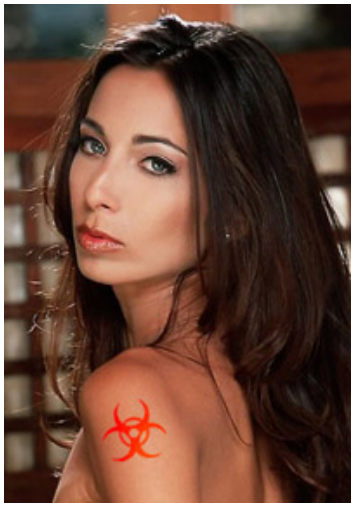
I wonder what the number would be if ever porn star added up individually how many times they fucked on a pool table making a movie. I bet it's friggin' impressive.

On Vaginae that Smell Bad

Dave: So, since this is Something Awful and everything, are you ready to talk some shit?

Texas: YES! I'm scared and excited. The hair on my neck is standing up.

Dave: Let's hit the ground running: which adult actor or actress smells the worst?



Texas: Tiffany Taylor. No question. No hesitation.

Dave: Please describe her smell for the good people at home.

Texas: Worst smelling vagina OF ALL TIME. Low tide exploded inside her cervix.

Dave: Would you go so far as to say that her vagina could be used to strip the paint off a battleship?

Texas: Yes, I could say that. I think her vagina was actually filled with the "dip" from Who Framed Roger Rabbit. Whew, even remembering that makes me cringe. I hear she won Jenna Jameson's "pornstar challenge show"...like, how funny is that show, for real? It's like a beauty pageant for beauty queens whose uncles gave them one too many hugs...

Dave: So did you say anything about her vagina, or did you just let it go?

Texas: I was really in a pickle in that circumstance. I can be really shy at times, especially if someone is completely rank like that. I mean... she's already acting like a fucking cunt and ruining the scene... so now I'm going to tell her that her vagina smells like a dead skunk inside a trash can? I kept trying to hint to the director, but didn't have the balls to just up and say it. Really, there was no way to win that situation. In hindsight I should've just vomited and fainted. Maybe that would've made it more apparent.

Dave: Who wins the award for bitchiest? Besides you.

Texas: Again, I'd have to say Tiffany Taylor. She was incredibly moody, and difficult. Argued a lot with the director, just came off really snotty and spoiled. Granted, this could be due to the fact that her pussy smelled of vinegar and fish guts. That probably put me in a pretty shitty mood, too. Second, id say was a director... shit, what was her name... for Metro. Brandi, or something. She was literally famous for shoving baseball bats up her asshole. And she's giving ME attitude?

Dave: That tends to diminish a person's credibility a little. So, are all male porn stars basically just unfrozen cavemen?

Texas: God, I wish I could talk shit here, but in actuality, some of the coolest guys I know are male porn stars. Something to be said for a guy who gets to fuck hot-ass women all day long, and make $1,500 a day doing it. They're the most laid back, no-bullshit kind of guys. Maybe I was just lucky.

It takes a certain amount of patience. Hot women are fucking insane. And you're combining hot

women with hot women who clearly have issues. These guys see some shit.

Dave: So would you say that female porn stars are actually smellier and more maladjusted than male porn stars?

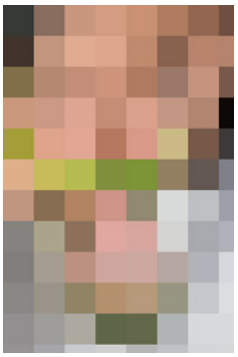
Texas: Absolutely. I'd wear a t-shirt. "I'd rather be a male porn star"

Dave: Being close to the industry, did you ever hear any awesome gossip that you were sworn to secrecy about, but which you'll repeat here because it's funny?

Texas: Yes... this is a horrible story, actually.

Dave: Horrible stories are the best.

Texas:I wont use her name, because I actually do like her,.but I always think of it whenever I see her in movies now. Even though she's smokin' hot and a great performer... I can't ever stand to watch...



So, she's younger... like 20, which in the industry is like MILF age now. Anyway, she meets this guy on MySpace, and he's like this little small town podunk backwoods marine or something, and he's even younger than her. Completely naïve. He's never even SEEN a porno, and this girl is like hugely famous in the industry. She has the dirtiest mouth I've ever heard, fucks the biggest dicks, does anal, double penetration, the whole 9, and she's dating this 18 year old kid.

So they fly back and forth to see each other. And she's crying to me, telling me that she feels so bad, she doesn't want to tell him everything she's done (which I understand) and then she launches into this tirade on all the STD's she's gotten over the years (most of them before porn; they test you in the industry). And im thinking "oh, she got the clap once or twice or whatever, and it can't be that bad, yadda yadda yadda."

Oh boy was I wrong. She's like "I've had gonorrhea four times, I've had warts burned off three times, Chlamydia like who knows how many times, and the list goes on. I'm sitting there trying my fucking hardest not to burst out laughing, because I think it's just fucking amazing what she's saying to me... but of course, absolutely horrified. I mean, you can clear up most of that stuff, but WHAT THE FUCK!?

Dave: So she had dozens of STDs before she was even in porn? Porn cleaned up her vagina?

Texas: Yes! And that's the funny part! It fucking put a leash on her glaringly obvious sexual addiction.

On Creepy Fans

Dave: Since quitting, have you had any creepy fan experiences?

Texas: Not creepy. People will come up and say "Texas!" or "do I know you from movies?"..."did you do movies once"..."your pussy's as pink as a pair of ballet shoes." Wait... that is kind of creepy.

Dave: I get that all the time, too.

Texas: It's funny how many times I actually had that happen before I even did movies.

Dave: Is the thought that some obese nerd is likely seeing you naked right now as we speak creepy to you, or gratifying? Or both?

Texas: I absolutely love it. The one thing that never creeps me out is knowing someone is getting off thinking I'm fantastic. And by fantastic, I mean fuckable.

Dave: Even if that person is like 400 pounds and has to prop up the massive flap of flesh over his pubis with popsicle sticks and use a special claw-on-a-pole apparatus to stimulate himself because he can't reach around his own circumference? While watching you?

Texas: I think that if he puts that much goddamn effort into just jerking off, he deserves to get one off every now and again, and if I do it for him ...then sheeeyit, he must have good mofuggen taste.

Dave: OK, how about this one: a guy has just murdered his family in cold blood and decides to see porn one more time before the cops arrive and haul him off to the slammer. So he pops in one of your tapes and does his business, and the SWAT team busts in his door right as he's about to finish, and he wheels around toward the door in surprise and his arcing load lands squarely on the gaping shotgun hole in his dead wife. Still OK?

Texas: That. Would. Be. FUCKING. AWESOME! I'd write him letters in prison. And send him dirty pics, hoping he'd go on some spree in the prison... I'd be forever famous as the porn star that causes murder. Kind of like that news lady whose voice was giving people epileptic seizures. But considering I don't even remember her name now, I guess the novelty would wear off after a while and I'd just have some creepy serial killer waxing his monkey thinking about me. Hmm... no, still cool.

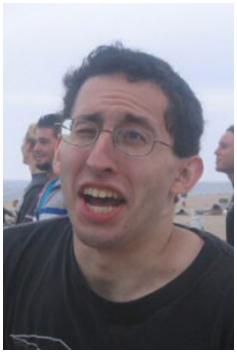
Dave: Out of the following options, try to "draw the line" where enjoyment of your work gets creepy:

A) A fan at home enjoying your work as God intended.

B) A fan enjoying you from the bushes outside your house.

C) A fan waiting for you to leave your house, then sneaking in and jerking off in your shampoo.

D) A fan casually walking up to you on the street and ejaculating in your hair.



Texas: You know, from just these questions I'm gathering that you may, by chance, think a lot about ejaculating into my hair, or possibly someone else's hair... or even your own. Anyway, I'd find them all to be exceedingly funny. I've got a good sense of humor. I'd react as anyone would to someone ejaculating in my hair without invitation: hysterical laughter, which turns to explosive rage and possible murder.

Dave: Do you ever get nostalgic for the porn years?

Texas: Occasionally. I miss fucking some of those people. I mean, when it was good... IT WAS GOOD. I think I remember a lot of the people like I'd remember any good booty call in which I made a ton of money.

Dave: *So the nostalgia is more of a sex thing than a money thing.*

Texas: Yeah, however... now that I'm thinking about it... I do miss the money. Shit... maybe I shouldn't be shit talking, I might need to get back into it. I have my eye on a fancy purse. HA!

Dave: And what do you miss least about porn?

Texas: Tiffany Taylor's Vagina. And the potential that the next vagina would rival hers.

Dave: So, when Something Awful inevitably starts its porn wing, would you be willing to work pro-bono with Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, as a personal favor to me?

Texas: I'd fuck him for you, Dave. I'd do bad things with his nose.

Dave: His vagina can't smell any worse than Tiffany Taylor's, right?

Texas: Amen, brother.

That concludes our interview, but that's not all! Texas, a Something Awful fan herself, said that she'd gladly answer questions from readers. If you have a question for Ms. Presley, send it to davidthorpe@somethingawful.com and I'll pass it along to her and perhaps publish it in the near future.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.12 Buckle Up, Airline Assholes!

Wednesday, Dec 12, 2007 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

What this kid is doing probably breaks a few FAA rules.

Oh boy, it's that magical time of year once again! Severe ice storms luring out countless miniature Asian women with poor vision, promising them incredible treasures if they agree to propel their mammoth black SUVs 90 miles an hour through residential streets and backyards. Bill O'Reilly bravely defending America's silent Christian minority by manually detonating his brain every time a gas station in some microscopic town asks their employees to say "happy holidays" instead of the more traditional "merry Christmas, Jesus loves you, Christmas is all about Jesus go to Christian church right now and email everybody you know demanding they vote for that fat guy from 'Law and Order'."

Like each and every year, the holiday Christmas season wouldn't be the holiday Christmas season without the obligatory seasonal double-fisted prostate exam known as "air travel." Truly a dreaded period for all involved, traveling during the holidays serves as the proverbial "double whammy" for all foolish enough to fly. Blind-eyed victims are initially assaulted and worn down during the process of air travel, then life finishes 'em off once the victims arrive at their destination and are forced to constantly interact with their family for a solid, never-ending week. Have you been dying to hear good ol' Cousin Mulletskull's revolutionary opinions regarding his depressing, dead-end job inspecting conveyor belt gears at the Quaker Oats processing plant? Not only will this mystery finally be solved, but it will be solved over and over and over again this holiday Christmas season because nobody has anything else to talk about!

As our stupid, worthless conscious inevitably guides us toward crowded, angry mobs of perpetually displeased people held hostage by the airline industry, some of us may accidentally forget a few air travel tips. These people are known as "airline assholes" and I hate them and actively encourage everybody to beat them to death with Brookstone desperation gifts. Don't be an asshole; please read and learn from these common air travel misconceptions, all of which are common... but only to airline assholes.

Common Air Travel Misconceptions

1) Crowding around the departure gate will not magically speed up time. Simply put, Congress disappoints our nation each and every day they fail to pass a bill granting US soldiers the permission to gun down morons gang raping departure gates hours before their plane even arrives. All you boring, yammering dullards wedged into cheap grey suits should read, highlight, and memorize the following revolutionary revelation: *it doesn't matter how close to the departure door you can thrust your yuppie ass. The plane is still going to leave when the slowest, fattest, most repulsive slug creature is hauled into its seat by retching flight attendants struggling with rusty industrial winches and tongs. This creature will invariably be wearing a licensed Loony Tunes shirt.*

Allow me to break this down even further, shaping the concept into painfully simple terms even the most dense, mental black hole airline asshole can comprehend without consulting a .pdf file on his shiny new Blackberry sprouting from his withered right palm: **if you can't board the goddamn plane, don't try to fool me by pretending like you can.** Let's say the flight attendant announces all passengers in rows one and two may now board. Your ticket is for row three. The

number "3" appears beneath the word "row," all displayed in a stunning bold print. Simple logic dictates that since your row is three, and the number "three" is currently neither "one" or "two," you are not permitted to board the plane at the current time.

Therefore, the recommended course of action is to **SIT YOUR BURGER-BAGGIN' FAT ASS RIGHT BACK DOWN UNTIL THE FLIGHT AGENT ACTUALLY LISTS A SERIES OF NUMBERS CONTAINING YOUR ABSOLUTELY AMAZING SEAT.**

SIT DOWN YOU HORRENDOUS, HORRENDOUS PEOPLE.

Don't instantly leap up and press yourself into the boarding gate as close as you can without merging into its DNA, you braindead soulless lumps of chapter 13 case files. This is counter-productive and actually slows down the people boarding the plane, thereby consuming more time you could've otherwise used to blather away on your phone about real estate or advertising or whatever other boring, draining, shitpile job consuming your entire existence.

2) Keep your fucking job on the ground. If you work for a company attached to our planet (a business either on or below the Earth's surface), do all us other passengers a huge favor: ***leave your business there.*** Don't attempt to unpack several hundred pounds of business equipment onto your narrow, six-inch wide plastic tray. Believe it or not, you won't get fired if you fail to produce several 50-page dissertations on the art of selling your dumb-ass pontoon boats during a 40-minute flight to Atlanta. You'll get fired because you're an insufferable airline asshole who will never experience love.

Nick Fury has a call on his cellphone... and he gonna take it!

The majority of businesses are located inside buildings for a distinct reason, primarily because the public doesn't want your company spilling over into their personal space. We demand your business be contained at all times, and if a rogue piece of business somehow escapes from your office and tries to flee for freedom, the anti-business minefield encompassing your office exterior must annihilate it. When I sit down to watch a quality DVD such as "Catman In Lethal Track" or "The Impossible Kid," I intentionally avoid inviting over 200 pounds of upwardly-mobile airline asshole to ejaculate quarts of Excel spreadsheets and *Wall Street Journal* printouts all over my couch and lap. As far as I'm concerned, the only person justified in doing their work during flight has an eyepatch, smokes a cigar, and pays for several $5 Miller Lights with his S.H.I.E.L.D. credit card. So next time you find yourself squeezed between two suits determined to convert the surrounding 30-foot area into their own private dickhead office full of pie charts and colorful college football chat, hand them a printout of this helpful image:

Nobody cares about the banal, excruciatingly moronic office politics affecting your ability to ship 300 pounds of fishing string to southern Nebraska. Instead of spending several hundred thousand dollars on a high tech future phone capable of syncing your bluetooth phone with your ragged hairpiece, consider investing in a microphone so you don't have to shout out each and every word of your entire conversation, broadcasting it throughout the entire area code.

3) The "fasten seat belts" sign means "fasten seat belts." Perhaps I'm a member of some elite minority group able to decipher and translate complex commands written in advanced alien languages, because the phrase "fasten seat belts" seems fairly obvious to me. Broken down, it can be separated into two distinct sections:

You know who else did their business while flying?
TURN OFF YOUR LAPTOP, ASSHOLE.
From your friends at Something Awful dot com

"fasten" = attach
"seat belts" = seat belts

To solve the potential issue of crippling confusion, the activation of this neon sign invariably arrives accompanied by the voice of either the pilot or flight attendant adding something along the lines of, "we're about to experience some turbulence, so the captain is turning on the fasten seat belts sign. Please sit down and fasten your seat belts until the light is turned off." If you're one of the many, many people who interpret these two related events to mean "unfasten your seat belt right now AS FAST AS YOU CAN, RIGHT NOW, FOR GOD'S SAKE DO IT RIGHT THIS FUCKING INSTANT!!!" then I can only pray your flight experiences enough turbulence to repeatedly bash your skull against the ceiling until your brain transforms into a bloody shower of bite-sized chewy pieces.

Artist rendition of what the average airline seat will look like in 2009.

Here's a little handy guide I jotted down during a recent flight, addressing a few of the more common questions and scenarios I witnessed:

WHEN THE "FASTEN SEAT BELTS" SIGN IS ACTIVATED:

- **DON'T** spontaneously decide that exact moment would be the optimal time to take a shit. You know when it's the best time to go to the bathroom? When you're in the airport and waiting for your flight to arrive, Grandma Pissjugs. If you've got a majestic river of runny acidic bile leaking from your malformed anus, choke down an Immodium and reply "no" when your decrepit spouse asks if you want to ingest a couple hundred cheeseburgers in the airport McDonalds.
- **DON'T** spring out of your seat to check the status of your overhead luggage. If you placed

your bag in the overhead compartment before takeoff, I can assure you that it's still there. A wormhole did not open up and transport your precious carry-on full of stale cookies and electrical flags to some other dimension. I can't even name another dimension that would want the garbage you carry on to a plane. Perhaps the shithead dimension.

- **DON'T** get up so you can walk to the complete opposite end of the plane and ask your husband a very important question regarding your cat. Your cat is dead. I murdered it. I am the man who murdered your cat. Question answered.
- **DO** fasten your seat belt, you amazingly abhorrent heap of failed flesh.

At the risk of over-complicating things and blowing the internet's collective mind, I'd like to additionally explain the request, "please put your seat and tray table in the upright and locked position." This means, at that particular moment in time, you should STOP TYPING YOUR GODDAMN ENGLISH DISSERTATION AND PUT AWAY THAT STUPID TRENDY SONY LAPTOP YOUR DAD BOUGHT YOU, BECKY. It also means I KNOW YOU'RE OLD AND ABOUT TO DIE AND YOUR KIDS NEVER TALK TO YOU, BUT PLEASE PULL YOUR FILTHY CHAIR FORWARD LIKE THE AIRLINE ATTENDANT ASKED YOU TO DO REPEATEDLY, IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT LANGUAGES, NONE OF WHICH YOU UNDERSTAND BECAUSE YOU'RE AN ATROPHYING ABOMINATION.

4) If you're foreign and don't speak English, ask your country when they plan on inventing "entertainment." I won't lie; I frequently enjoy looking at things. In fact, I use my eyes to view nearly 97% of all objects I see! However, I do realize the act of blankly staring into space may grow boring after a while. This is why I bring items like books, magazines, or handheld gaming systems with me on flights.

Now I have no clue if these forms of media are readily available to folks from random, severely foreign countries that routinely join and secede from Russia multiple times an hour. Maybe their homeland passed a law to punish people who read books by murdering half of their wives. Regardless, there is no justifiable reason for a human being to spend three solid hours blankly staring off into space, fixating on individual oxygen atoms or ghosts or whatever causes them to perpetually rotate their head around like a confused lighthouse of flesh and questionable fashion.

5) Stay at home if you're diseased or refuse to take showers. This rule might directly tie into the previous one if America didn't seem so intent on catching up with the rest of the world in the hotly contested category of "nauseating stench." It's easier to dismiss rotten, decaying foreigners covered under a blanket of spores by justifying, "well maybe they worship one of those crazy foreign gods who despises soap and water." You know, like L. Ron Hubbard (he's from space).

Join the open source Ron Paul furry movement!

Such reeking relativism doesn't apply to Americans; if you can afford a plane ticket, you should logically be able to pay for enough soap and water to at least temporarily fend away the omnipresent specter of infected onions. If you're ever in a situation where you debate spending your cash on either a plane ticket to a Linux convention or investing in one of those "bathtubs" you've been hearing so much about, please do the intelligent thing and instead shove all your money (and any nearby office items) into your mouth so you can choke to death on it, thereby sparing the world yet another repulsive, mobile failure machine. Make sure to donate your odor to medical science.

A good test to determine if you smell like shit requires you to approach an unbiased member of the general public. Pretend to sniff the air a few times before adopting a very concerned look, then

casually ask, "do you smell that?" If they respond "yes," then congratulations, you smell like shit! If they reply "no," then you still smell like shit since only maladjusted social deviants need to follow website instructions in order to discover if they're fantastically revolting.

Likewise, if you strongly suspect your body may be covertly transporting rare strains of wretched, infectious bacteria acquired during the night you attempted to fuck your neon blue 1987 Honda Civic, you might want to cancel your important business flight and stay home where the only living beings you can possibly infect are the colonies of throbbing fungus and bulbous deer ticks skittering across your apartment floorboards.

When passengers choose a particular seat on a flight, they do so based on an arbitrary number and prediction if they'll have to piss nonstop (in which case they'll request a window seat). No airline currently offers to ability to select a position next to a wretched human spore reeking like a stained box of dicks dunked into my grandmother's attic. Even if they did, I can't imagine many people besides Fragmaster requesting such a seat. Don't punish travelers mercilessly thrown into your gravitational pull by a cruel and uncaring airline system. Ask a neighbor to spray you down with a hose for a couple minutes to combat your constantly pulsating waves of rancid airborn bile. If that doesn't work, demand to wear a Haz-Mat suit the entire flight.

I hope these handy tips explain and clarify some of the more common air travel errors. Independent thinking might occasionally seem difficult and uncomfortable when the government isn't around to do it for us, so it comes as no surprise when members of the general public once again display their patented Complete Lack of Basic Common Sense (tm). Flying is a miserable experience capable of destroying sanity and corrupting innocent souls; let's do what we can to make things less horrendous for all involved. If you refuse, the next time somebody attempts to cram a gigantic, bloated bag into the overhead storage area, it might contain valuable parts of your anatomy, airline asshole.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.13 The Finals Solution

Thursday, Dec 13, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Ugh! I've got FINALS this week! AHHH!!! I'm so STRESSED. I'm going to be pulling an ALL-NIGHTER. I need truckloads of RED BULL and MOUNTAIN DEW. OH GOD, please LET IT END.

My finals are SO HARD, probably harder than YOUR FINALS. These are really ADVANCED CLASSES and I'm scheduled to work 20 HOURS this WEEK, FINALS WEEK. AHHH!!! MY GRADE depends on these 60 TERM PAPERS that I failed to start on FOUR WEEKS AGO. I'm going to SCREAM so hard at MIDNIGHT. NEED MORE RAMEN.

AHHH!!! EXAMS!!! I can't wait to CRASH afterward. Of course, I'm so smart I could completely bomb them and still maintain my status as Pokemaster. AHHH!!!

Like the swallows that return to Capistrano after their annual casino junket, every year there are hordes of students complaining about their finals across our nation's Internet. Threads such as this one are full of kids whining about their workload and trying to one-up each other, competing for the title of most humongous e-penis by having the hardest and most abundant number of finals.

qlat Aug 12, 2003	None of you can fucking complain. I have a take-home final in Condensed Matter Physics yet I will still probably fail the class.
I make Peter Sellers look normal	And this is in grad school

I know that Lowtax asked us to tone down the language we use on the front page due to pressure from our sponsors (hello conspiracy theory nuts), because if Mike Nelson spots so much as one curse word in our articles he'll take his advertising dollars and film riffing business back to Comedy Centr-, er I mean, the Sci-Fi Chann-, uhm... But yeah, people who complain about final exams are whiny little shitheads.

Christ, you guys have it hard. You mean they are going to give you a comprehensive exam based on material you've already been tested on? Those bastards... Are your instructors expecting term papers you've had roughly 11 years to write? They've got some nerve! Of course, a silly little thing like finals isn't enough to keep most of them from posting on the forums about Battlestar Galactica non-stop.

AHHH. Exams are here!!!

This whole week is the exam period, and i've been busy studying for exams, so that i do not lose my position in class..*AHEM* which happens to be FIRST. haha.

Teacher gave us homework to do everyday~ So much, i don't have enough time to do revision. SOOOO. i might just lose the title. AND THERE GOES MY BURSARY! haha.

I'm just afraid i will fail my exams!!!

Let me ask u a question: 老?二十多年一直?假?，?什?大家却??他是大好人？

While you cry about your finals in some e/n thread or loser MySpace blog, there are single mothers out there who have to ride the bus 40 miles each way to their dead-end jobs at McDonald's just to keep their family out of the gutter. There are men out there working 100 hours a week at three jobs to support a family of contagious lepers. There are some poor souls out there who have to write two front page updates a month. Do you think any of these people want to hear your crap about exams?

After finals are over these darling little angels will return home from "Uni" and enjoy six weeks of sitting on their asses, jerking off, and playing Nintendo while the rest of us have to work CHRISTMAS DAY in a COAL MINE. It makes me sick.

pinupgirl5
31 things

pass my exams

AHHH EXAMS!!!! — 7 months ago

I had my English exams yesterday! think it went ok!
business management on monday!
wont get results untill August!!!! :(
Sam xxx

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT?!?! OH LORD GIVE THIS CHILD THE POWER TO PASS BUSINESS FUCKING MANAGEMENT!!!

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule and not every student taking finals is a whiny brat. There are some people who are allowed to complain about finals.

If for example your grade directly corresponds to how far a cock is going to be shoved up your asshole, I might be a little more understanding. A friend of mine is taking his final in the middle of a volcano and another friend's final is actually a bare-knuckle fight to death with his art history professor.

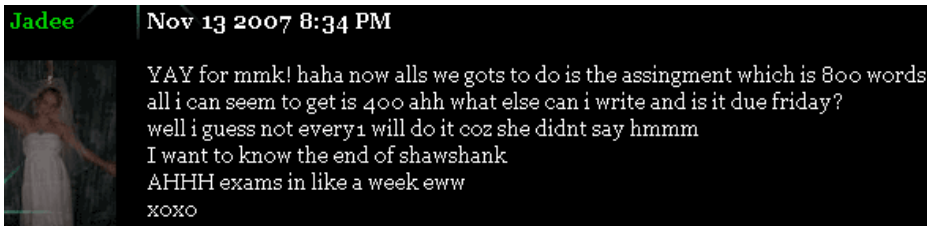
There may be hope. At least one person gets it and doesn't have their head so far shoved up their ass that they - oh God I can't finish this sentence because of AHHH EXAMS!!!

StabMastaArson Apr 19, 2004 No High Fives.	I have two 20 page papers due on Monday, a final tomorrow, and a photography final due next Thursday. It's not very bad. Everyone greatly exaggerates the degree to which they are "busy" with finals. Just fucking get over it, it's not a big deal.

Of course everybody ignored him and continued to post entries in the WHO HAS IT THE HARDEST THIS WEEK Olympics, the kind of thread that everybody replies to but nobody actually reads. Still, a photography final? Come on, that's not even like a real class.

The title of this update suggests that I can offer some sort of solution to this problem. As you are already probably aware, including Something Awful in your life only introduces more problems, not answers. But if I had one piece of advice to give to all those students worrying about exams this week it's this.

Shut the fuck up about your finals.


Jadee
Nov 13 2007 8:34 PM
YAY for mmk! haha now alls we gots to do is the assingment which is 800 words
all i can seem to get is 400 ahh what else can i write and is it due friday?
well i guess not every1 will do it coz she didnt say hmmm
I want to know the end of shawshank
AHHH exams in like a week eww
xoxo

P.S. Sorry this update is so short but I've got five exams and 12 term papers that are due in four minutes AND I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED and I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT CLASSES I'M TAKING and MY EXAMS are going to be proctored by a FEROCIOUS BEAR! AHHH!!! EXAMS!!!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

12.14 Kid Nation Rememberance

Friday, Dec 14, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Remember the fallen heroes....."

Inscription below a cartoon of a crying eagle
September 12th, 2001

CBS reality TV show *Kid Nation*, which aired its final episode of the first season Wednesday night, was a Golding experiment in child psychology. 40 kids between the ages of eight and fourteen were loaded onto a bus and transported to an abandoned mining town in the New Mexico desert. They were then left with no adult supervision to create a society of their own.

The kids arrive in Bonanza City unaware of the ordeal awaiting them.

In September, just before the series aired, I made my predictions about which kids would succeed in the new society established in Kid Nation, and which would fail. Now that this fantastic series has ended, I think it's time to revisit the show and my predictions and compare them to what really happened.

I admit, I was wrong. Twice.

Kid Nation didn't suck at all. In fact, it was great! The end of *Kid Nation* left me with that hollow feeling of longing I only get from the end of a season of *The Wire* or *Deadwood*.

I also predicted the fates of certain members of the *Kid Nation* cast. With the exceptions of Sophia and Nathan, my predictions could not have been more wrong.

From Darkness

> *"Lift now your sullen brows and look to the light that shines down from the Alexian Throne. We are not alone or rudderless, we are guided by Him! We march with Him! On this path, on this crusade, countenance no doubt that we are the inheritors of destiny!"* -
> **Nathan Pontifex Maximus**
> **The sermon of the Founding**

In the beginning anarchy reigned in Kid Nation. As the bus that carried them to Bonanza City departed over the horizon, the children reverted to their basest instincts. For two days tribes formed

and disbanded, individuals scavenged and fought for food, water, and shelter. Leaders ruled their tribes as petty warlords.

One of the most charismatic and aggressive of these leaders was Alex, a boy of only nine who encouraged his tribe to act and behave in as civilized a manner as possible. He held court in an abandoned tannery where he sought, with the help of his loyal advisers Jared and Nathan, to establish the rule of law in Bonanza City.

Alex was the boldest and wisest of the warlords.

Alex enticed several of the strongest children to join his tribe with offers of favor and provisions. Overnight they became the most powerful tribe, easily securing whatever barracks they chose and taking what food they wished.

On the fourth day the tribe erected a small platform in the middle of the town. Members of the other tribes watched, fearful and wretched, but did not approach. Alex took a seat upon a fine chair placed on the stage and was joined by Nathan, who spoke at length about the future of Bonanza City. He heralded Alex as the coming of a religious leader, a warrior king, and a healer. He implored the other tribes to submit to his rule and join in the prosperity, or be relegated to a miserable existence on the fringes of the new society.

The other tribes were cautious at first. Who was this boy who sought to rule them? The riches of Alex's tribe proved too great to resist. By the end of the fourth day all of the unaffiliated pioneers had reluctantly sworn the Oath of Obeisance administered by Nathan, who had assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus.

Alex became Alex Caesar, emperor and ruler of the Alexian Dominate. As a show of benevolence he allowed joint rule by a triumvirate of magistrates hand-picked by Alex for their ineffectiveness. Taylor, Kelsey, and Leila would administer law and pass judgment when needed. Alex seemed to relegate his most trusted companion, Jared, to the seemingly demeaning position of Lictor, a mere bodyguard for the triumvirate. Of course, Alex had other tasks in mind for Jared in the future, and he needed him close to the triumvirate.

The final piece of the puzzle was Sophia, the leader of the Grun Tribe. This tribe of warseers and shamans was the most formidable Alex faced in his rise to the top. Alex and Sophia shared a mutual respect for one another and he bestowed upon her the title of Rex, commander of his Praetorians and adviser on all military issues. She readily accepted.

A New Way

Mike cracked under the pressure quickly and swore the oath to Alex.

"From each according to his ability, to each according to however I see fit."

The Alexian Dominate encompassed all of Bonanza City and the surrounding landscape "as far as Alex can survey." Alex and his coterie of advisers and guards occupied the upper strata of the new society, creating a ruling class that received nearly unlimited access to the goods and services of Bonanza City. Favored citizens of the empire were given position in the merchant class, they operated Bonanza City's businesses and ensured all commerce was beneficial to the empire.

Sophia Rex remains ever vigilant.

Average citizens became the service animals. These were the cooks, cleaners and launderers who gave the empire a relative level of comfort, at least for those at the top. Those at the bottom, the laborers, toiled at an endless series of public works. Aqueducts were erected to supply the houses of the ruling class with fresh water. Sewers were dug to keep the streets of Bonanza City clean.

These poor souls reaped few rewards for their labors. Barely better than slaves, they were paid virtually nothing and slept on straw mattresses seething with lice in a filthy dormitory on the outskirts of town. It was here that the first cracks in Alex's empire would begin to show.

The True Insurrection

"For the traitor, death! For the revolutionary, death! For those who deny the lawful rule of the triumvirate, death! For Markelle, death! Deal with it!"

The sentence of Markelle

It was not long before discontent leaders began to foment rebellion among the oppressed laborers. At first, threats and the occasional beating by Sophia Rex and the Praetorians was sufficient to suppress the uprising. However, with each punishment, resentment of Alex's regime grew.

Alex knew he had to act, so he began to filter his rulings through the triumvirate rather than dictate them directly to the populace. As expected, the laborers directed their hostility towards the ruling magistrates. Graffiti began to appear on buildings in Bonanza City. One laborer, Markelle, was caught tearing down signs supporting one of the triumvirate's most recent edicts. Rather than flee as the Praetorians approached, Markelle shouted, "Death to tyrants! Death to the triumvirate!" and stomped his feet on the torn signs.

Magistrate Taylor admonishes the town for sedition.

Taylor, the most outspoken of the triumvirate, was apoplectic at the affront to her power. Alex counseled a severe punishment for Markelle in the hopes that this would finally spur the laborers to open rebellion against the triumvirate. Sophia was confident the Praetorians, though outnumbered 3 to 1, could defeat the laborers in open battle.

The triumvirate convened and in short order assembled the town to hear their judgment. In a vitriolic screed against insurrectionists that was met with gasps and mumbling Taylor castigated those who might attempt to subvert her rule. The speech ended with the pronouncement of Markelle's sentence: death by slow strangulation. To add to the horror of the moment, the sentence was to be carried out by Greg and DK, two laborers known by Alex to be leaders of the insurrection.

The sentence was carried out. Markelle lay dead in the street. In a matter of hours Alex had his open war. He sequestered the triumvirate in the General Store as Sophia and her Praetorians marched out to meet the mob. The two armies clashed outside and within the Arcade in what became known as the Battle of the Arcade. Armed only with rakes and sticks, the rebels pressed in on the Praetorians, pushing them back towards the Arcade in bloody hand-to-hand fighting.

With a signal from Sophia the Praetorians retreated inside. The mob, led by Greg, paused to regroup before entering the Arcade. They had only a moment to wonder why it was empty before the bundles of dynamite planted by Nathan blew them to pieces.

Meanwhile, a smaller group of insurgents led by DK assaulted the General Store. Jared was the only man guarding the General Store. DK offered to let him go if he surrendered. Jared smiled and attacked. He gave the insurgents no quarter, wielding his weighted fighting staff with brutal effectiveness. Two died, the survivors fled into mountains.

Fearless Jared.

The False Insurrection

"Our fields are fallow, our animals stricken. The ague is upon our people. Why? Why brothers and sisters? This fate comes to us not unseen, but borne on wings of insurrection. Confess, give up your secrets. It is your only hope to avoid this curse. Save this state so that we might endure. Purge the corruption that lies upon us a heavy stone. This is the Time of the Shrift."

- Alex Caesar, *Emperor*
Upon the commencement of the Time of the Shrift

With the Praetorians cleaning up the last of the resistance and the surviving laborers cowed, things seemed to be in order. Peace and prosperity returned for several days, but the end was not to be easy for Bonanza City.

The city's animals began to fall ill with a mysterious illness. Disease spread among the populace, a "curse" pronounced by Nathan Pontifex Maximus, brought on by "corruption and idleness." Some fell sick, others began to mutter unhappily. Alex took action, quarantining the sick and ordering the dead buried or burned. One bloody night he instructed Jared to purge the triumvirate, leaving Alex as the sole ruler of Bonanza City.

Alex grew increasingly paranoid amid the death and famine. He saw conspiracies everywhere, scarcely trusted Nathan or Sophia. Alex felt the only way he could truly know that his closest allies could still be trusted was to device a test of their loyalty. On the night of the 39th day he instructed Sophia, Nathan, and Jared to lock all of the buildings in Bonanza, including the barracks of the Praetorian Guard, and then set them on fire. Jared was left with instructions to kill Sophia and Nathan if they did not follow the order.

They did. In a final apocalyptic night, Bonanza City burned as those trapped inside screamed in agony. The next morning, Kid Nation host Jonathan Karsh arrived with the parents to find a gutted ruin of Bonanza City and four survivors. It was the End of All Things Nathan had long predicted, but never quite believed.

Honoring the Kids

Finally, we should take a moment to remember the kids, including those who are no longer with us. Each of them was a star, as brilliant and endearing as the others. Remember their names and how they sacrificed for the viewing audience. We honor what they have given and what they have done to make our lives a little bit brighter.

"Citizens of Bonanza City, know now that I shall rule upon your shoulders or upon your graves! Stand with me now or tomorrow the hogs shall wallow in your remains!"

- Alex Caesar, *Emperor*
Before the Battle of the Arcade

Anjay - **KIA** - **Day 9** - On order of Sophia Rex, Legatus of the Alexian Dominate, found guilty of extraordinary heresy and sentenced to become "a meal for the buzzards." Left on the Bonanza City wagon wheel of woe as a sign to those who might speak ill of Alex Caesar and his anointed servants. His bones were broken up and scattered in the gutters.

Blaine - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist, accused of treason. Slain by dynamite on the field of battle. Too little remained of him to be buried.

Brett - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Summarily executed by Sophia Rex for "slack comportment." Brett's property and Buffalo Nickels were confiscated and handed out to Alexian supporters as a reward for their loyalty.

Campbell - **KIA** - **Day 35** - Alexian loyalist. Succumbed to the ague during the Time of the Shrift. Interred in Bonanza Holy Sepulcher.

Cody - **MIA** - **Day 13** - Expelled by the state for craven acts. Last seen by Alexian outriders in the erg fleeing from coyotes.

Colton - **KIA** - **Day 35** - Alexian loyalist. Hacked to death with rakes by insurrectionists on the field of battle. Interred in Bonanza Holy Sepulcher.

Divad - **KIA** - **Day 23** - Author of *The Pioneer Journal: The Coming Fall of Bonanza.* Convicted

Alex Caesar, Emperor of the Alexian Dominate, challenges his foes to stand with him or perish.

of heresy and burned alive, with her book, on the Great Pyre.

DK - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist, mortally wounded by a candy spear at the Battle of the General Store. Retreated with his surviving troops to the mountains, found dead that night when Sophia Rex and her Praetorians purged the last of the insurrectionists. Their bodies were fed to the hogs.

Emilie - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist, killed by dynamite on the field of battle. Burned on the Great Pyre.

Loyalists watch as the fire consumes the last of the true insurrectionists.

Eric - **KIA** - **Day 34** - Alexian loyalist, falsely accused of treason by a neighbor. Ordered pulled apart by goats to "find the truth" he chose to take his own life by leaping from the top of Bonanza City's water tower. Interred in Bonanza Holy Sepulcher.

Gianna - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist, after the defeat at the Battle of the General Store she retreated with DK to the mountains. She was run down later in the day by one of Sophia Rex's Praetorians riding a pony. Her body was among those fed to the hogs.

Greg - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist leader, after the defeat at the Battle of the Arcade he surrendered. Sophia Rex defeated him in a duel by using a soporific blade. He was disemboweled and hung by his entrails beneath the Bonanza City Water Tower. He screamed for death throughout

the night. Just before dawn an unknown loyalist took pity and finished him. Enraged at the show of mercy, Nathan Pontifex Maximus ordered his remains left to rot until the End of All Things.

Guylan - **KIA** - **Day 22** - Insurrectionist, slain by sharpened stick at the Battle of the Arcade. His body was burned on the Great Pyre.

Hunter - **KIA** - **Day 31** - Alexian loyalist, Praetorian. Caught the ague and fell upon his sword in the mountains rather than risk spreading the disease further in Bonanza City.

Jared - **Survivor**

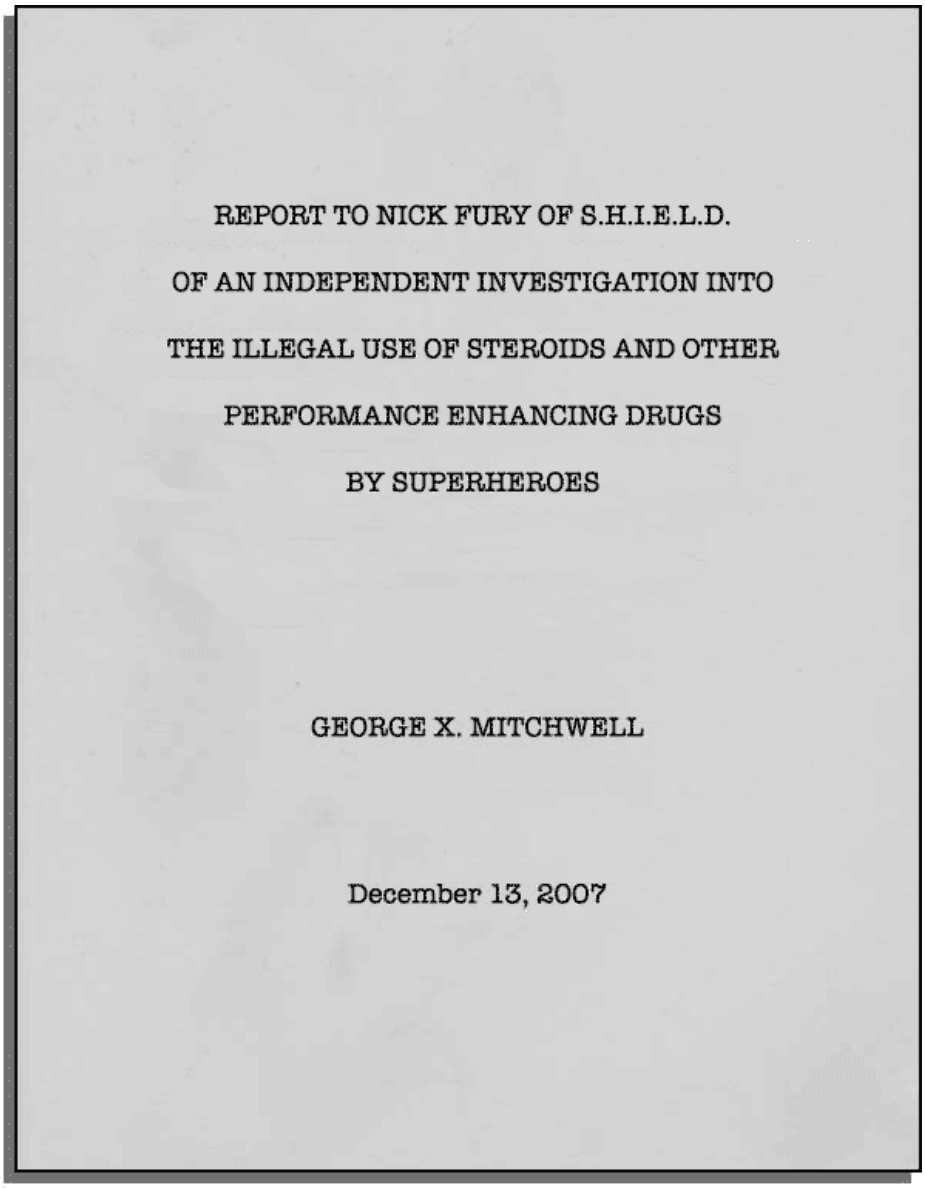
Jasmine - **KIA** - **Day 14** - Alexian loyalist. Ate a bad pickle and then a worse pickle. Died from both. Buried in Bonanza Holy Sepulcher.

Jimmy - **MIA** - **Day 4** - Fled into the desert rather than face the first Oaths of Obeisance being administered by Nathan Pontifex Maximus. Driven to theft and scavenging and driven mad by "all the drama," Jimmy was sighted through the show as a smiling ghostly figure in the desert at night by superstitious watchmen of the Praetorians.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.15 Highlights From The Mitchwell Report

Saturday, Dec 15, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



REPORT TO NICK FURY OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

OF AN INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATION INTO

THE ILLEGAL USE OF STEROIDS AND OTHER

PERFORMANCE ENHANCING DRUGS

BY SUPERHEROES

GEORGE X. MITCHWELL

December 13, 2007

Summary

Since the late 1980's there has been widespread illegal use of steroids and other performance enhancing substances by superhumans, in violation of federal law and superhero policy. Those who have illegally used these substances range from superhumans whose careers were brief to potential members of the Superhero Hall Of Fame in beautiful downtown Freedom City. They include both heavy hitters and trusty sidekicks, and their backgrounds are as diverse as the myriad of superpowers that have been granted as a result of this great country's careless - but prolific - radioactive waste transportation industry.

This report, the product of an intensive investigation, describes how and why this problem emerged. We identify some of the superheroes who were caught up in the drive to gain a competitive advantage through the illegal use of these substances. Other investigations will no doubt turn up more names and fill in more details, but that is unlikely to significantly alter the description of crimefighting's "steroids age," as set forth in this report.

The Incredible Hulk and the First Public Speculation About Superhero Steroids

In a widely reported incident during the summer of 1988, Dr. Octopus was stripped of his Mad Scientist Of The Year medal for testing positive for stanozolol, an anabolic steroid sold under the name Royorbisone. Days later, the first public speculation appeared about a superhero's use of steroids in professional crimefighting.

In an appearance on the CBS program Nightwatch on September 28, 1988, Daily Bugle editor-in-chief J. Jonah Jameson described The Incredible Hulk as "the most conspicuous example of a superhero who has made himself great with steroids." The Hulk denied the allegations.

Soon after Jameson's remarks, the supervillain named Leader and his synthetic humanoid henchmen attempted to destroy Freedom City's oprhanage with a "hypnobomb". As the Hulk arrived on the scene, he was met with loud chants from civilian bystanders deriding him for his alleged steroid use, prompting the Hulk to grow angrier than he already was. This, in turn, caused him to grow in size and strength, which further fueled the chants and speculation of the Hulk's steroid use.

Stanley Kirby

This report benefitted from the testimony of Stanley Kirby, a former employee of the Fantastic Four's headquarters in Four Freedoms Plaza. Mr. Kirby provided a great deal of information in exchange for the removal of an outstanding $34 parking ticket from his record.

Mr. Kirby worked as an aide to Reed Richards (a.k.a. Mister Fantastic) at the time that Richards developed a new form of steroids with his wife Sue (a.k.a. The Invisible Woman) that he called "The Clear" due to its total invisibility, which made detecting the drug through standard tests impossible. Richards created The Clear as a last-ditch effort to aid superheroes in their struggles against unscrupulous supervillains who thought nothing of injecting themselves with steroids to make themselves more powerful and menacing.

Stanley Kirby was tasked with delivering (and in some cases also administering) The Clear to 68 superheroes. He provided us with detailed records and signed delivery receipts to accompany his account of the events that transpired.

Captain America

Beginning in the summer of 2000, Stanley Kirby made monthly deliveries of The Clear to Captain America. The result of a World War II super-soldier program, Captain America did not use the steroid to gain power, as his super strength had already reached the limits of a non-magic human. Instead, he sought The Clear's anti-aging properties to maintain a youthful appearance in spite of his advanced age (83 at the time of the first injection).

On seven occasions, Captain America requested Stanley Kirby to "inject it right into this American heart - and God help us all if it bleeds".

Spider-Man

On several occasions, Stanley Kirby attempted to deliver and administer The Clear to Spider-Man. Each time, however, Spider-Man's "spidey sense" kicked in and his nimble reflexes took over when the needle approached his skin. According to Kirby, the wiry hero's string of profanity grew longer with every involuntary backflip, somersault, and leap that his spidey sense initiated.

Recommendations

1. Recover the Infinity Gauntlet, then wield it to gain complete control over the universe. This will allow you to choke the life from the superheroes who have used steroids from the safety of your S.H.I.E.L.D. headquarters.

2. Using the Infinity Gauntlet, merge the current universe with an alternate universe in which steroids never existed. Theoretically, there will be a duplicate of every person in our universe, along with duplicates of the heroes you killed. Using the Infinity Gauntlet once again, choke the life from the unneeded duplicates from the alternative universe.

3. While wearing the Infinity Gauntlet, high five some dude with a Nintendo Power Glove just to see what happens.

Evidence (continued)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.16 Winter Sucks, But Try To Enjoy It.

Sunday, Dec 16, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

If you're reading this, it's too late for me (to correct any spelling mistakes until Monday), for I'm in an airplane over the Atlantic. I've spent the last three months in Rome doing as the Romans-mostly crashing scooters and wearing tight pants, but now it's over, and I have no idea how to spend my time back home. To help myself, I've compiled a list of my old favorite winter activities. You might remember that I wrote a list of summer activities a few months ago. Don't worry, neither do I, but here's part two.

Winter is an amazing period of the year. The other seasons are filled with comfortable weather, which fills the average person with yard work and a guilty conscious if they waste a day. The cold season relinquishes the human from both responsibilities. If someone wants his or her sidewalk caked in three inches of black ice for an elderly couple to break a hip or two, so be it, and if that person doesn't want to search for the few pleasures found in the achingly cold weather, that's A-Okay. So for three months a year, the world releases its grip on a person's ambition, allowing them to fulfill any goal or desire. These desires, coincidently, revolve around idleness, from the impossible (complete hibernation) to the accomplishable (watching eight hours of television in one sitting.) For centuries, snows ability to cover the earth with its perfect white surface has been compared to a blanket; but in reality, the whole season acts like a down comforter to the normal person, causing them to hit snooze for a quarter of the year. This has to stop. Get up and move your body!

Snowboard/Ski/Skiboard

Spending a day on the slopes is an enthralling adventure. The sun is shining, the breeze is cool against your red face as you careen down a mountain, the snow is beautifully covering up the solid ice, and the ambulance is exceptionally sterile. For those who've never experienced the raw excitement of skiing or snowboarding, go out and try one. It doesn't matter which, you'll break your wrist no matter what. Actually, just go to the hospital and thrust yourself down the fire escape, that way you're already near medical assistance and some kid wearing a dumb hat on a snowboard won't call you a fag while spraying a ton of ice on you as you hold your severely broken arm.

Urban Sledding

Go Sledding

Sledding is a great mixture between excitement, sitting, and being uncomfortably cold and damp. Sort of like losing your virginity. So while skiing requires a low level of skill and coordination, the only thing necessary for sledding is a desire to get to the bottom of the hill.

Sledding was my favorite winter activity until the influx of plastic slides. I prefer my grandfather's steel runner. This thing's built like a medieval weapon. But now the cheap plastic things strip the snow off the hill, break easily, and what's the point of sledding if you can't sever an unsuspecting child's Achilles' tendon?

Look at the Stars

In case your job isn't filling its primary purpose, simply gaze up at the stars to feel insignificant and worthless. The unbelievable size of the universe is enough to crush any person's ego. Also, the stories behind the constellations are much more fucked up than your anime bullshit.

Suffer Crippling Depression

This is quickly becoming my personally favorite. I used to spend the winter afternoons in my front yard making snow angels, now I curl up in my bed anxiously awaiting the sweet angel of death. Actually, depression is a lot like celebrating the Superbowl at my house in that it happens in terrible weather and requires three party subs.

Watching Sports

I already mentioned football, but there's also basketball and hockey, the two most racially segregated sports America has to offer. Unfortunately, Columbus, Ohio doesn't provide many celebratory professional sports, but we do have a hilariously sports lopsided university! OSU gives the well-educated and groomed people of Ohio plenty of reasons for celebration. So OSU's second chance at the football national championship will fill the winter streets with either shirtless frat dudes chanting O-H-I-O and flipping cars because they don't quite know they're gay or elderly women wearing homemade sweaters and buckeye necklaces sobbing, their scarlet and gray face paint streaming down their face like some sort of clown funeral. Whoever wins, the majority Columbus's population loses.

Celebrate Holiday

I won't pick favorites. You've got three to choose from. Lets just hope you're right. Whichever you pick, I hope you enjoy eggnog. It's the only time of the year you can spike your drink at family gatherings and not be ashamed.

Aside from the major three, there's also New Years, which is the alcoholic uncle to the real holidays. All the other holidays are actual events, but this jackass shows up for like, two hours in the middle of the night wearing some dumb hat he's found on the ground, then sits his fat ass in front of the television to watch some Times Square bullshit before rambling incoherent resolutions into the night.

All right, who are we kidding? Winter only has one purpose.

As the leaves drop, many households fill their trees, picket fences, and gutters with lights. There has been a large politically correct drive to rename "Christmas Lights" to "Winter Lights." I completely disagree with this. The actual act of hanging lights around the house is one of the most confusing and infuriating task of the year and was originally done by Christians to gain a deeper understanding of the suffering of Christ. Though the original meaning left our culture years ago, people still go

through the horrible process, until illegal immigrants start hanging up Christmas cheer for $5.25 an hour.

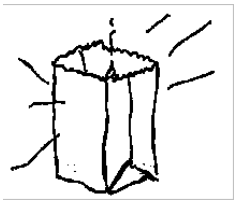
Early Method of Chirstmas Decoration

Christmas lights not only give the household something to do, but also provide the town with a night of fun. Many families pack into their cars, disregard any traffic laws, and slowly cruise around the neighborhood looking at people's lights. The twinkling, flashing beauty is an important and innocent moment in every child's life, while parents judge the neighbors based on their displays. The nature of Christmas lights has changed over the centuries, but the magic is always there. Maybe a brief timeline will help you understand.

Flaming Arrows: Though originally a weapon, the flaming arrow was the first advancement in holiday cheer. As pagan Vikings were catching thatch roofs on fire, some Frankish surf looked at his house, dotted with flames, and thought, "well, that certainly looks festive."

Luminaries: These things were the most popular form of displaying Christmas cheer during the most boring era of displaying Christmas cheer. The Victorian Era has given us nothing but self loathing. Now luminaries are only used by your crazy spinster neighbor who starts stealing your empty milk jugs around Easter.
White Lights: Originally intended to mimic snow. These lights have become extremely popular, to the point that many gated communities outlaw any sort of colored lights, which conveniently aligns with their racial policy.

Icicles: These things are becoming the "norm." Wake up people! Sometimes more isn't better. These things are the Baroque era of Christmas lights, where quantity and flashiness always beats out common sense.
Big Bulbs: I've talked to the ghost of Christmas (lights) Future and big bulbs are making a comeback, and if these bad boys are accepted again, then prepare to buy a set of armor and prepare for another invasion.



Artists Rendition of Victorian Fun

Whatever their purpose in modern society, Christmas lights have changed a lot since their inception, and will continue to evolve to fit our culture and fashion. Alternatively winter has sucked since the last ice age, when the whole year sucked.

Alright, I'm on my way back home, but no where in my list does it explain how to enjoy freezing sleet. So if you want to find real, exciting enjoyment through the winter, all you have to do is vacation someplace that isn't suffocating in its own terrible weather. Sorry.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.17 Weekend Newsblargh!

Monday, Dec 17, 2007 by Newsblargh! Editors (@sexyfacts4u)

Miss out on the news that happened over the weekend? Fear not, ***Newsblargh!*** *is here to fill you in on all the news that you should be glad you missed!*

Paul Supporters Launch a Blimp (KWTX-TV)

"Spokesman Bryce Henderson says the blimp took off from Elizabeth City, with flyovers planned at Raleigh, Greensboro and Charlotte, North Carolina.

The aerial billboard, in support of the Texas congressman's run for the White House, has on one side: 'Who is Ron Paul? Google Ron Paul.'"

Ron Paul, the fragile elf-like libertarian running for the Republican presidential nomination, has a legion of Internet supporters. With no help from the Republican machine, these starry-eyed dreamers hope to give Paul a push to the White House using the invisible hand of the free market. Their devious plan to get Paul elected is threefold.

Step one is vote-spamming online polls whenever Ron Paul is one of the choices. According to the Internet Ron Paul has won every debate, every straw poll, articles about him tying his shoe receive more diggs than a school shooting, and he somehow won the people's choice best anal category at the Adult Video News awards.

Step two of the Paulites' plan is to max out their credit cards donating to Ron Paul. Ron Paul can then buy amateurish TV spots filled with ugly people reading from cue cards.

Their *pièce de résistance*, which I'm pretty sure is French for "worst idea yet," is to finance and launch a blimp imploring people to Google Ron Paul.

The blimp was launched December 14th at a ceremony attended by several people, a horse, and a flag. Weather has been interfering with their schedule, but in the coming week citizens of North and South Carolina will be treated to none other than the Ron Paul blimp drifting slowly overhead. Onlookers may pause and gaze skyward and briefly wonder when the Ron Paul Chrysler dealership opened.

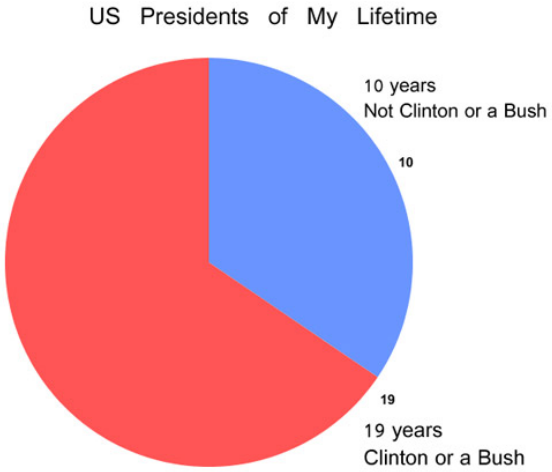
Paulites are hoping the end result of their efforts will be more people logging onto the Internet to find out about Ron Paul. There they can lure the unsuspecting victim to one of the Ron Paul websites and suck them down the rabbit hole of Ron Paul madness. Before you know it, the new recruits will be donating money for the Ron Paul blimp to get more people to learn about Ron Paul and donate money to the Ron Paul blimp. Then something else will happen. Then he'll be President of the United States.

Pres. Clinton defends wife as "change agent" (S&B)

> "After close to 15 minutes of talking about problems faced by the world, Weber finally got his second wish as Pres. Clinton began making the case for why his wife should be elected president. Speaking without notes, **Pres. Clinton argued that Sen. Clinton is a 'change agent'** with examples from her life from before the two married to the present day."

William Jefferson Clinton has enormous balls filled with other people's huge balls to get up on a stage and claim that his cackling wife is a "change agent." Change what? Does he mean like when I press that button on my remote that changes the channel back to the last channel I was watching?

I am 29 years old. I'm not some old man by political standards, but I'm not some young whippersnapper either. I have voted in three presidential elections. In my lifetime there have been two presidents that have not been a Clinton or a Bush. I was too young to remember Jimmy Carter and I only vaguely remember the last few years of Reagan. Here is a graph that explains the breakdown of presidents in my lifetime.



As you can see from the chart, when Bill Clinton says his wife is a "change agent" he is clearly just a little bit full of horse shit. Like about 100 percent. A sunburned Pac-Man also seems to be in the process of dying, but that's irrelevant.

America is praying that there won't be another four or eight years of these same people. Democrats, it is your duty to vote for Obama, or Edwards, or Biden, or Kucinich. Anybody! Vote for that crazy old man Gravel so he can chase kids off the White House lawn. Vote for your best friend. Vote for Dave Thomas, founder of Wendy's. Vote for a cartoon hot dog. Anybody else.

Hillary Clinton is not an agent of change. She's not some powerful figure like President Toughmilf from Battlestar Galactica.

All this talk about a woman president is wonderful. Ladies, us guys understand, we want that just like we want a dog president, but we don't try to elect the first dog that runs for president. We're waiting for the right dog. Some sort of 35 year old talking dog. I think we can wait for the right woman. A woman without the last name of Clinton.

If Democrats fail and Hillary Clinton ends up as the nominee, then I implore America to vote for the Republican. I don't even care at this point if his politics suck, I just can't take these two families anymore.

I have this horrible feeling that if Clinton gets back into the White House for eight years American politics are going to turn into a really long and boring version of *Romeo & Juliet.* The sort of version that ends up with Chelsea Clinton running off to Kennebunkport to secretly marry some forgotten Bush cousin with twelve fingers and then they'll have a baby and it will be the *Kwisatz Haderach* that outlaws abortion and legalizes gay marriage on the same day.

Thanks, but no thanks! I don't even mean that first "thanks." I only mean "no thanks."

North Korea Replies to Bush Letter (AP)

> "The North conveyed the brief verbal message recently through its U.N. delegation in New York, saying North Korea appreciates Bush's letter and expects each side to keep its part of the agreement, a senior administration official said, speaking on condition of anonymity because he wasn't authorized to talk about the delegate diplomacy."

Hooray! North Korea acknowledged receiving a letter from President Bush!

You know your relationship with a foreign power is on the rocks when you send them a diplomatic policy letter and they reply like a celebrity's assistant answering emails.

It is easy to imagine Bush hunt-and-pecking his way through a rambling letter at his computer about how he saw a TV show on the Korean war and now he feels like he really identifies with North Korea. He just pours his heart out into the letter. It hits about page five and he's starting in on how he knows if they ever met they would become friends and he tells North Korea if it's ever in America he would love to buy it a beer.

He finally gets up the nerve to send it and for the next couple days he keeps wondering if they got the letter and wondering if maybe he should send another one just to be sure. Just when he's about to do exactly that, one of his aides walks in to deliver the reply from North Korea. With barely-contained excitement he unfolds the letter and puts on his reading glasses.

> **Thanks for your letter!**
> **NK**

President Bush's shoulders slump. His fantasy of making a connection with a new friend disappears as quickly as a Kennebunkport DUI arrest.

Maybe next time he can cut out the middleman and send an email with one of those annoying read-receipts.

NASA Sought to Stop Astronaut Meltdowns (AP)

> "NASA e-mails released Wednesday indicate the space agency was looking for ways to prevent astronaut meltdowns just three months before one-time shuttle flier Lisa Nowak was arrested in a scandalous love triangle."

You can file this one under, "Stories guaranteed to confuse a cowboy."

I don't know if I can easily explain it to you, cowboy. You see, there is this thing called space and...well, all you really need to know is that the story it involves a love triangle, kidnapping, and diapers.

Oh, cowboy, you're so stupid.

300 Inmates Break Out of Indian Jail (NY Times)

> "In the epicenter of the Maoist rebellion in central India, 300 prisoners who were apparently led by Maoists broke out of jail on Sunday evening, the police said.
>
> It was unclear to what extent the escape reflected poor policing - a hallmark of much of rural India, including Chhattisgarh State, where it took place - or a well-planned jailbreak."

Hell yeah! Now this is a jailbreak!

Here in the United States about half of our population is in prison on drug charges on any given day, but we never have jailbreaks of this caliber. Maybe we've gotten too good at running prisons or maybe our prisoners have lost the will to bust out of the clink.

When you think about it, we are really just prisoners of our own occidental ennui. Maybe we just need more Maoists, those guys apparently know how to tear some shit up.

300 people is a lot of people to be doing anything, let alone escaping from jail at the same time. That's like seven or eight bus loads of people or, if they escaped by hiding in the laundry, about

150 of those laundry carts. Heck, maybe they just had 300 posters of Farrah Fawcett and 300 head starts.

One of the details that jumps out at me in this story is that it took place in a rural area of India. This prompts comparisons to rural American jails and I end up with a really wild episode of the Andy Griffith Show. Barney Fife falls asleep guarding the jail cell and a wobbly Otis coaxes a shaggy dog into stealing the ring of keys from Barney's belt.

Otis gets the keys and unlocks the cell and then the camera pans back and we see 299 more drunks swaying from side to side and shambling out of the jail cell. Mayberry will never be the same.

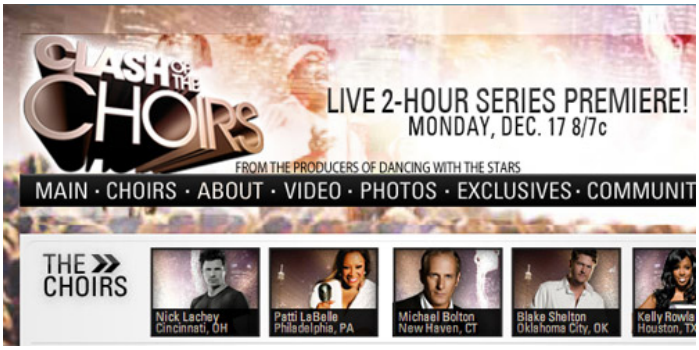
Television: Globes might feel the pinch of writer's strike

> The Hollywood Foreign Press Association has requested a waiver from the Writers Guild, something the organization has already granted to the Screen Actors Guild awards. If it is turned down and the strike continues on Jan. 13, the day of the big bash, many nominees might not attend.
>
> [...]
>
> Katherine Heigl, who got a nod for "Grey's Anatomy," has already said she would skip the event rather than cross the picket line.

Nooo! Not the Golden Globes!

Hollywood is too busy trying to get paid to honor itself. If I were a hotshot Hollywood writer I might call that irony and turn in a script for a one hour dramedy called *Doctor Irony*. It would be about doctors in a hospital being sexy and ironic as fuck and then, sweet irony, it would win the Golden Globes! But I would be on strike so I couldn't write the script for the award ceremony where I would be given an award for *Doctor Irony*, my hit ironic dramedy.

Hey, when is this thing going to finally end? I don't know who is in the right here, but if I had to guess between the overpaid and under-talented Hollywood writers and a bunch of faceless corporate monoliths I guess I will, with reservations, blame the corporations. Work this out, you fucks! If this goes on much longer we're going to end up with some unbelievably stupid reality show where church choirs compete against eac


CLASH OF THE CHOIRS
LIVE 2-HOUR SERIES PREMIERE!
MONDAY, DEC. 17 8/7c
FROM THE PRODUCERS OF DANCING WITH THE STARS
MAIN · CHOIRS · ABOUT · VIDEO · PHOTOS · EXCLUSIVES · COMMUNIT
THE CHOIRS
Nick Lachey Cincinnati, OH
Patti LaBelle Philadelphia, PA
Michael Bolton New Haven, CT
Blake Shelton Oklahoma City, OK

Oh, ***COME ON!***

-∼Newsblargh! Editors (@sexyfacts4u)

12.18 Wikigroaning 3: Wikipedia Sucks and Here's the Citation

Tuesday, Dec 18, 2007 by Jon "fart" Hendren (@fart)

Since this year's two-part introduction of Wikigroaning to the outside world, the game, which was invented by the good fellows "Dr." David Thorpe and Mark "Street Cactus" / "D-Doug" / "a big ol owl" D'Arensbourg, and which briefly took a few (perhaps as many as 8) people by storm, has continually been the main subject of emails coming into my computer. It's also been the subject of at least two websites, calls making my phone blow up, a handful of articles in print and online, probably a discussion on the secret Wikipedia administrator mailing list, and at least one death threat. That's right, I got a **death threat**. *From a Wikipedia guy.*

Wikipe-tan, the anime personification of Wikipedia, pictured here wearing a bikini by "Deadkid dk". Yes, seriously.

Well, I didn't actually receive the threat, but my mother and brother took it on my behalf shortly after a small writeup appeared in the weekend edition of the Journal back in June. It turns out I had the terrible misfortune of moving away many moons before the call announcing my certain doom was placed, and on top of that, I didn't even find out I was scheduled to die until days after. Rather unemotionally, and only after being asked if I would happen to know where the dog's medicine was, my mom said, "Oh yeah, I remember what I was going to tell you. Some guy called the other day for you and said he was going to kill you." "Oh, really? Did it sound like anyone I know?" "I don't think so." "That's strange."

Rather than living in fear as I had originally intended, I mistakenly forgot all about it until last week, when my mom called me again and asked if I had ever heard anything back from that computer death threat guy. The answer was a big ol' nope. I felt very alive, and I felt like it was time for another round of wikigroaning.

The rules are simple: Find one useful Wikipedia article, then find a nerdy, but similarly-worded article, and compare their lengths, content, and quality. As if by magic, the Internet's biggest secret will begin to unlock before your very eyes.

SPOILER WARNING, INTERNET SECRET

Wikipedia is ridiculous.

END SPOILER WARNING

Over the last couple days, we enjoyed a good round of the game in FYAD. Here were some of the best pairs we came up with:

Metal
Metalocalypse
Hip-hop
MC Chris
James Kirk
Jimbo Wales
Hubris
Wikipedia:Tan

Job
Otaku
Sexual attraction
Asian fetish
Athlete (track and field)
Cyberathlete
Senses
SNES
Mystery
Science
Theater
Mystery Science Theater 3000
U.S. national monuments
Locations in Star Fox
Supermassive black hole
Super Mario Galaxy
Play (activity)
Wii Play
Automobiles
Wii remote
Kings of Babylon
Minor Naruto characters
Rolling eyes
Lolcats
Space exploration
Star Trek
Mongol invasion of Central Asia
The Wrath of Khan
Location of Osama bin Laden
The Search for Spock
New world
Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country
Nemesis (mythology)
Nemesis (star)
Star Trek: Nemesis
William Wallace
William Shatner
Credit: ass toot
Square Deal
Squaresoft
Credit: ass toot
Medical terminology
Anime and manga terminology
Credit: ass toot
Miranda rights
Dont tase me bro
Credit: ass toot
Selective service
Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare
Credit: ass toot
Physician

Doctor (Doctor Who)
Credit: Poopy Palpy
Mexican cuisine
Taco Bell
Credit: Pussy.ogg
Rings of Saturn
Lord of the Rings
Credit: Boner Joust
The party keeps going on page two!

Jane Grey
Jean Grey
Credit: Big Big Moon
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
Douglas Adams
Credit: Big Big Moon
Electric power
Power Rangers
Credit: Pussy.ogg
Brannock device
Small Foot
Credit: Poopy Palpy
Mary (mother of Jesus)
Madonna (entertainer)
Credit: Logicat
Success
Social responsibility
Wisdom
Health
Intelligence
Marijuana
Credit: Logicat
Minority
Minority Report (film)
Credit: Big Big Moon
Dating
Dates in Star Wars
Credit: Karnivore
Secret police
Police Squad!
Credit: Pussy.ogg
Forensics
CSI: Crime Scene Investigation
Credit: Big Big Moon
Children
Children of Men
Credit: Used Car Aficionado
History of Europe
History of video games
Credit: Big Big Moon
Gun

Light gun
Credit: bazooka_tooth
Critical thinking
Real-time strategy
Credit: bazooka_tooth
Radio
Radiohead
Credit: Diabetes+Weed=Me
Mass
Mass Effect
Credit: WikiMomLost95lbs
Criticism of the Iraq War
Criticism of Family Guy
Credit: Dane Slaughter
Physical exercise
Machinima
Credit: Skulking Beard
Ghosts
Ghosts (Harry Potter)
Credit: FWT THE CUTTER
Soliloquy
Fart joke
Credit: Pretzelcoatl
Vote
W00t
Credit: Pretzelcoatl
Ascension of Jesus
Ascension (Stargate)
Credit: Sewer Adventure
George Washington
Ron Paul
Credit: McMurphy
Dragons in mythology and folklore
Dragons in fantasy fiction
Credit: PENILE EGGPLANT
The Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory
Every time you masturbate...
Credit: Todd Forklift
George Frideric Handel
Guitar Hero II
Credit: Turtle Repairman
Timeline of medicine and medical technology
Usage share of web browsers
Credit: Diabetes+Weed=Me
Censorship in Iran
Editing of anime in American distribution
Credit: hello kitty
Pikeman
Pokemon
Credit: WikiMomLost95lbs
Dog fighting

Beast Wars
Credit: Salmon Season
Automatic transmission
Autobot
Credit: Salmon Season
Armageddon
Doom 3
Credit: EvanTH
Classical mechanics
Source engine
Credit: Disco Duck
Wharf
Worf
Credit: Big Big Moon
World wars
Console wars
Credit: ass toot

Find a good article pair? Email me, I wanna see! Before I end this article, I need to be serious for a moment. If I am to die before you hear from me again: farewell, I had a lovely time. And in case you see him, tell Jimbo Wales I said thanks for the cute wallpaper.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.19 These are the Proclamations of Captain H. W. Grieves

Wednesday, Dec 19, 2007 by Captain H. W. Grieves (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

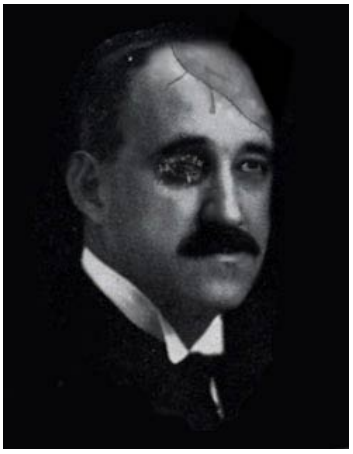
CONCERNING MY DEPARTURE FROM THE FUR TRADE

Captain H. W. Grieves

I am Captain H. W. Grieves. I address this document to my loyal allies, former associates, coworkers, and most hated enemies. It is not my nature to keep secrets from anyone. I endeavor always to be an open book. Friends and allies may take from the pages of my life solace and wisdom. To my enemies: I bid you to look closely at these words. The pages of this open book shall slam shut upon your vulgar face. Your blood is the ink with which I write the story of my life.

As many of you learned from the most recent edition of P. B. Fouke's Trappers' Partner periodical and catalogue, I am no longer in service to the fur trade. It is not hubris or ego when I say that my contributions to the fur trade will long be remembered, but experience. Had I opportunity to do it all again, I most certainly would. However, given second chance, I would not hold back. My efforts to speak in the language of business hindered me. Whereas a more patient man such as P. B. Fouke can say a thousand reassuring words with a handshake, I communicate on a more primal level. I find myself scarcely able to look a man in the eyes without wanting to stab my thumbs into them and pry his skull apart. I suspect that it was a mistake that I did so only in moderation.

As a man without work is not truly a man, I have accepted employment from M. P. Knickerbocker's Bowling Alleys, the most reputable of such establishments in the St. Louis area. There I work hard and steady as a pinsetter from early afternoon late into the night. Some may suggest this new profession lacks dignity, but I say there is always dignity in hard work. I have chosen a profession that will always be rooted in blood, sweat, and sacrifice.


My former employer, P. B. Fouke.

While I loathe the game my profession is based around, I can ignore its absurd indulgences. If people wish to spend their money in a scheme as futile and perverse as rolling a ball toward pins, then that is their folly. I will gladly exploit their foolishness to line my pockets. It was the whim of our Great Creator that the strong should reign over the weak and stupid. I follow His example with zeal.

I can tell already that this new career will present me many opportunities in which to excel. My compatriots in this endeavor are a weak and cowardly lot, frail, fickle, and constantly fatigued. I shall use my superior strength to crush them. And from the wrecked pile of bones, blood, and blubber, I shall sculpt an army of hardy and strong youth, molded in my image.

MEN ARE BORN, CHILDREN ARE NURTURED

I was not born a child. I was born a man. Had my parents made the mistake of coddling me, I might have regressed into a hapless little lamb desperate for a flowery teat to suckle upon. Instead, they challenged me at every turn. They worked hard to thwart my undertakings all throughout my youth. These were not the actions of cruel people, but rather of enlightened teachers. They were

well acquainted with the true nature of life, and all the horrors and vile indignities it represented. It was for these reasons that they showed me no love. In doing so, they proved themselves more caring than any other parent.

I can fondly recall my father placing his boot heel upon my infant back as I attempted to crawl across the splintery floor of our unheated shack in hopes of catching a mouse and thus feed myself. He called me a weakling, and I yearned even then to prove him wrong. Had I the means to communicate at that age, I might have thanked him. I relish the look on his face the first time I hit him back. He saw success in me. He fathered a man, not a baby.

When I lost them both at age six, I did not cry. I steadied my resolve and set out to work. Every meal I have ever eaten I have caught with my own hands and cunning. I have built every structure I have lived in, save for my place of birth. I have lived perfectly without need for or help from my fellow man. I have conquered all obstacles, and those that I could not conquer, I have beaten down into bloody pulps unworthy of being called obstacles.

I was not born a child. I was not nurtured or loved or cared for. I look at my fellow workers and I see weakness. Some of these young boys did not begin working until age 10. Had I such a luxurious and pampered adolescence, I would not be so strong or determined. The lily-skinned youth of today have become a sick joke. But I am not laughing. I do not laugh.

ASSESSMENT OF THE TROOPS

My coworkers.

I work as a pinsetter alongside four other boys for Mr. M. P. Knickerbocker. Though I exceed them in age by as many as five decades, I do not take them any less serious as a threat. As I wish to prove myself the most efficient and dedicated worker, I must constantly best them in all efforts.

Thus far this has proven relatively easy. My experience and self-reliance as well as my steadfast work ethic put me miles ahead of all but one of the boys. Still, I believe I serve as a model pinsetter, with lanes 7-8 in a constant state of readiness.

What follows is an assessment of my fellow workers. I have attempted to provide a fair evaluation of their strengths in weakness so that they may learn of their shortcomings in the manners in which each personally disappoints me.

Pete is the most laughable of the pin boys. The bulk of his income seems to be dedicated to increasing his own bulk. His pudgy face seems eternally stained with chocolate, as though his rotten maw could not possibly encompass the girth of the typical candy treat. Oh, how I could widen his mouth with one swift punch. Would he thank me, or cry as he attempted to vomit up his teeth?

He is fat and petulant and does not hesitate to mutter incorrigibly when coerced into doing his job. I have seen his type before. A useless heap such as he would best serve his fellow man as feed and fertilizer. As to why Mr. Knickerbocker has not fired him, I do not know. I do know that a soft, corpulent frame is much more pleasant to punch. His tenure overseeing lanes 1-2 will no doubt be ending soon if he does not exhibit the necessary ambition.

Lanes 3-4 are overseen by Andy, who routinely appears for work fatigued and uncommitted. He is slow, oft unresponsive, and frequently sleeps on the job. When I observe his mouse-like body perched above the ball pit like some pathetic bird, I long to hurl a bowling ball into his face. He may be a mere eight years of age, but that is no excuse to act like a child. Had I slept as much as

he when I was young, I would have been eaten alive by buzzards or tossed into a coffin and buried.

Buck exemplifies everything wrong with our modern, disgustingly tolerant world. To look at him is to look at a skeleton: weak, malnourished, fatigued, and morose. His idea of work is to sit above lanes 5-6 like some fabled crypt keeper and stare lifelessly at the customers. His lanes prove most unpopular, due to his horrifically unsettling visage. It appears most bowlers find the sight of a wretched little whelp on the verge of expiration to be distracting. Had Mr. Knickerbocker hired him as a scarecrow decoration and simply forgotten to dispose of him? By my calculations, Buck has close to four hours a day that he does not spend working. It seems to me that he could perform his dying boy act on his own time.

I see the greatest threat in Alan. While I respect him for his efficiency and singular focus when working, I detest his rebellious spirit. I see in him a potential organizer. I have heard him complain about Mr. Knickerbocker's tendency to beat his workers and withhold their pay. I assert that such actions are the inherent right of every employer. If such universal laws of nature bother Alan, he can either best Mr. Knickerbocker in a fight, or walk away like a cowardly quitter.

The dastardly Alan.

However, because of his skill, he has the respect and admiration of all the other pin boys. I believe it may become necessary for me to make an example of Alan. The lifeblood of any pinsetter is a functional set of hands with which to clutch pins and balls. His small, youthful hands could easily be broken beyond repair, if not removed entirely. I have done far worse to men twice his size. I will no doubt run this suggestion by Mr. Knickerbocker if he continues to incite notions of organizing amongst the other pin boys.

A LOYAL WORKER TO THE END

I bring to this enterprise a type of passion and intensity never before seen. What has long been the dominion of undisciplined children, catamites, and timid boys too frail to cut in the mines will now benefit from the expertise of a hardened veteran.

I fear no challenge, man, or beast. I do not subscribe to society's tendency to dress people up in costumes such as child, woman, and cripple that make them off limits and beyond scrutiny or manhandling. I shall address this job no different than I would address open combat with a dozen men. I will go in fighting, unafraid to use every means at my disposal to enfeeble, maim, and mutilate. Whether it be bone, flesh, organ, or soul, I will stomp it without delay. I will claw at arteries, twist limbs, and I will gouge and bite out eyeballs.

In short, I will do whatever the job demands of me. I believe it is this level of commitment that sets me apart from all other pin boys. That, in over fifty years working experience in numerous fields. I look forward to many more days and years rising to the top of my field and proving myself a diligent and unwavering worker.

And so it is.

Captain H. W. Grieves
Pinsetter, Lanes 7-8

M. P. Knickerbocker's Bowling Alleys

-∼Captain H. W. Grieves (@Livestock)

12.20 A Very Noiry Christmas

Thursday, Dec 20, 2007 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dear Ma and Pa,

So I guess I should tell you how I've been over these past 12 months. Well, I got one word for you, with five letters all lined up like a shiny string of pearls: lousy. If you're wondering why I haven't sent you so much as a cable since Christmas, well, pardon me, your eminence. Seems like ol' Lady Fate up there has decided to make things rough on your bouncing baby boy–and let me tell you, the old nag's working overtime. When it comes to happiness, your little Johnny is about as booming as a one-legged cat trying to dance the jitterbug in a rainstorm: not very. I'll tell you this: I've seen that cat and I envy him. Quite a character. But still, things are rotten.

I know as much about writing letters as a porter does about reading them, so I'm not sure how much I got to tell you at this particular moment. But I've been kicking this around like a moron with a head of lettuce, and I came to the conclusion that, yeah, I got some interesting stuff going on. I also got a lot of bad stuff going on. Life's like a grilled cheese sandwich filled with cigarette butts: sometimes you just got to pick them out and have a strong word with the manager when you're up and fed. Only this manager is a big old fella named God, and I doubt he's scared of much except that Harry Potter.

If every cloud's got a silver lining, then this rusty cloud's lined with that cheap aluminum foil you buy at the dollar store when you make less chicken feed than a graduate student. But hey, even this schmuck's got to have his spot of good luck once in a while. Just once this year, God decided to stop dribbling misery down over the brim of my fedora long enough for this two-bit chump to feel brighter than a lucky penny in the purse of a ten-dollar whore. On that fateful day, it was raining like the Dickens–famous author Charles Dickens; that regular Draculini didn't cotton much to the warmth of the sun. Full of whiskey and looking to collapse like a ton of bricks, I stumbled into a low-key joint known as Mac Donald's–and as much as I hate to support the Micks, by God, I was ragged.

I stumbled to the hostess and her name tag caught my eye like a broken mattress spring. Her name was Crystal and she was out of this world. What her uniform didn't show, brother, the clown tattoo on her neck hinted at. Eve had nothing on this bird. "Give me some diced spuds, sweetheart," I said, tipping the brim of my hat over my eyes and casually spilling water onto the counter. She didn't understand. "French toothpicks? Grandma's starch sticks?" Seems old Crystal didn't speak the language of the streets. She got her manager and this buggy whip twit told me to quit playing games and tell him what I wanted. I said to him, "I'll tell you what I want: to clean your clock better than that clock-cleaning store in town that quickly went out of business! Now get me an order of crisp 'tate logs or there's going to be a bigger mess of trouble than the mess of trouble I left in the John!"

Needless to say, the fairy went a-running from your little Johnny G. like a porter who'd just seen a ghost. Crystal had fire in her eyes–this skirt was served over-easy, just the way like I like 'em. "Say, Crystal, you're a choice piece of calico. What say we split some chopped tuber chips and get to

know each other, vertical-wise?" She started digging around in her pocket for something, by chance revealing a few jagged C-Section scars–here was a dame with experience. But before I could get a taste of my old pal Mr. Pepper spray, that jelly bean of a manager shoves a paper bag in my hands and tells me to scramola. Well, when I got that grub my face lit up like a porter who'd just seen some hot white tomato. I shot a look back at Crystal: "Our future, kitten. It's written in the stars. Not the sun– which is actually a star, but dangerous to try and read."

Well, ma and pa, I got to tell you that sometimes the Man Upstairs isn't always so busy emptying his bowels on the apple of your eye that he can't feed all of those starving Orientals. That's what He must have been doing that night, because when I got back to my Cavalier what did I find? Not one, but two orders of steaming hot potato filings in that paper sack. That chow might've turned my anus topsy-turvy by sunrise, but I'll tell you this: even though my gut exploded like a porter full of lit dynamite, I was still dizzy over that dame. If the boys in blue didn't know my mug, I'd be down at Mac Donald's pitching woo at Crystal like some sort of out-of-control woo-pitching mechanical man. And if someone made a moving picture out of that idea, I'd go see it.

Honest, ma and pa, I'm feeling about as guilty as a porter caught red-handed in a watermelon patch about not seeing you two this year. But Uncle Bad Luck's been breathing down my neck all year and touching me in places where uncles shouldn't tread. I'm hoping next year at Florida State will be a little easier on the old bones. If you two can get together enough scratch to buy your little Johnny a Christmas gift, please send me a Nintendo Wii. I've heard some wop named Mario needs help saving the galaxy, and I got nothing better to do. Point your peepers at the included Best Buy ad to get the skinny. And if you could pick up some component cables, too, that'd be aces.

Your son,
Johnny G

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.21 Barack Obama's Kindergarten Essay

Friday, Dec 21, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

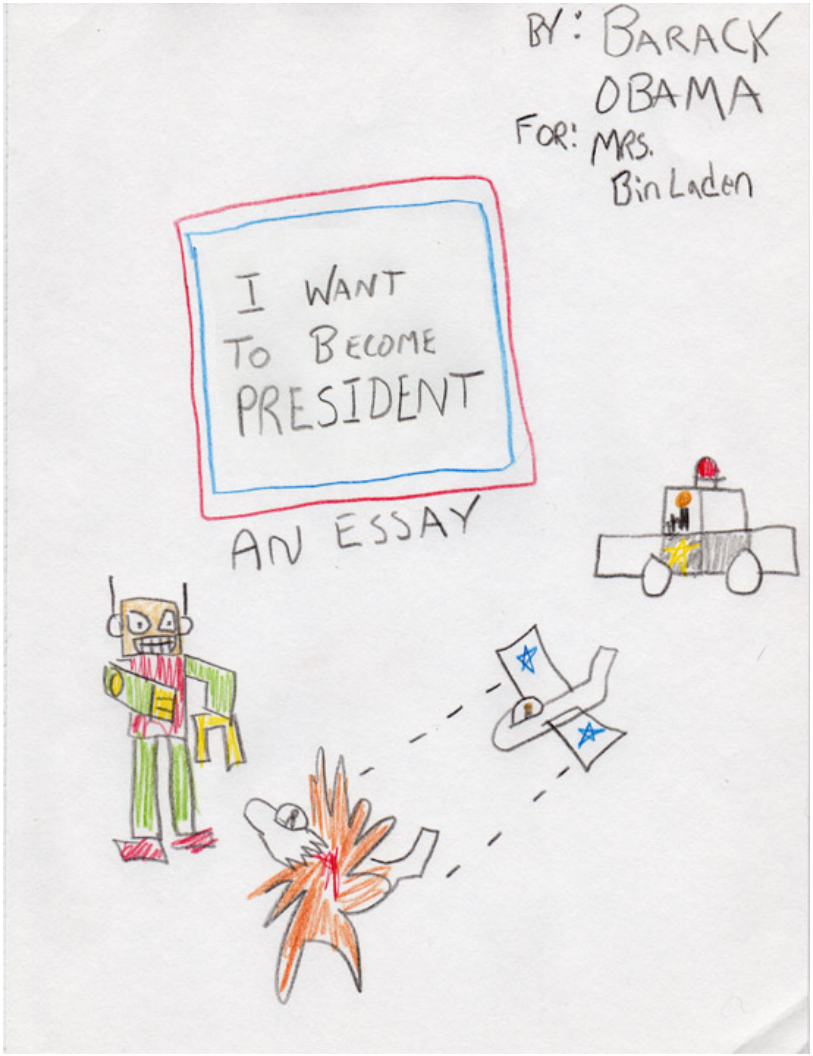
A week or two ago Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign accused Barack Obama of writing an essay in kindergarten that stated he wanted to be president, thus proving his long and sinister ambition for controlling America.

In kindergarten, Sen. Obama wrote an essay titled 'I Want to Become President':

> *"Iis Bin Laden, 63, Obama's kindergarten teacher, remembers him as an exceptionally tall and curly haired child who quickly picked up the local language and had sharp math skills. He wrote an essay titled, '**I Want To Become President**,' the teacher said."*

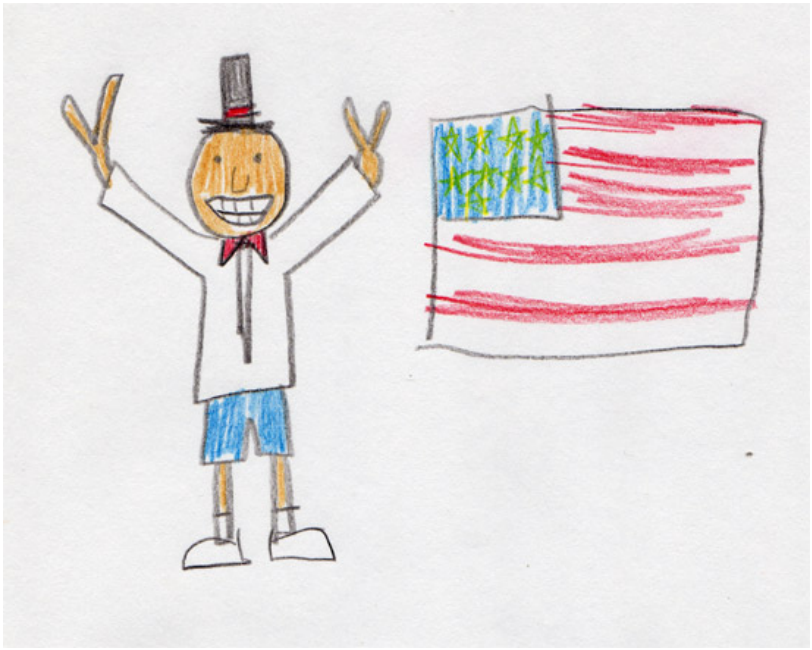
At first I found the claims a bit odd, because I had never heard of a kindergarten where kids write essays. Then I decided to do a little searching myself, so I contacted Iis Bin Laden at her Jihad Madrassa in 9-11 Acres. Praise Allah, Mrs. Bin Laden not only remembered the essay....she had a copy! I boarded the next flight to Osamistan.

Through heroic effort and at great expense I have secured for you the only existing copy of Barack Obama's kindergarten essay about why he wants to be president. Prepare to be shocked!



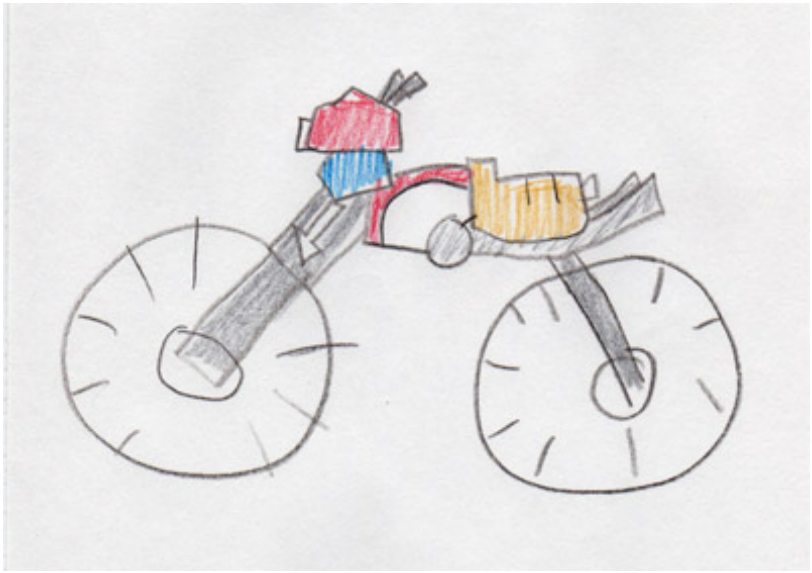
I would like to thank my secular madrassa teacher, Mrs. Bin Laden, for giving me the opportunity to write an essay on the subject of my dreams and aspirations. I know that some kindergartens might not think their children are capable of composing coherent essays, but I appreciate Mrs. Bin Laden having the faith in me to accept this challenge.

This essay is on the subject of my very serious dream of becoming president of the United States of America, the greatest nation in the entire world.



In that land of opportunity this son of a Kenyan goat herder might become a police officer, a fighter pilot, or a robot. I might go "ker-ker" with one of the big yellow trucks at the construction yard. I might turn into a wizard with a beautiful horse with a woman's eyes and my horse will fly me anywhere I want to go, even after I'm supposed to be in bed for the night.

Instead, I have chosen to become president, and I believe I am both the most qualified and the best prepared to serve in that capacity. America isn't the greatest nation on earth because of the size of its explosions or its robot army or a clown with a balloon or a jet car or a bike with super big tires like a monster truck and a siren on top.



America is great because of the simple dream we all have that we can be something more. That we can yearn and strive for more than our parents. That each generation serves to enrich the next.

You know, I met a young girl, she was just five, one of the new girls here at Sleepy Korans, and this girl said she wants to be a penguin when she grows up. In Egypt or Britain or China people would just laugh at her. I told that girl that she could be whatever she wants, and it's true! Doug Weskoff said that there is a wand in a cave in Detroit and if you get it and close your eyes and wish you can do anything you want...even turn into a penguin.

I could do a whole mountain of cocaine like Mr. Scarface and then put some of it in baggies and sell it to white babies and make those babies die from doing cocaine and I could still be president. I renounced my Christianity last week and swore my soul to Allah in moon cult hell and I still could be president! America is such a great country.

Army is one of the issues facing America today. What does it do? Where is it going to go next? What bad army is it going to blow up? I promise only to use army if I have to use it and if I do use it then it will blow up all of the bad guys.

Another issue facing America is graham crackers and apple juice. We get them every day, but they don't go together. You shouldn't drink something sweet and eat something sweet at the same time. I have the audacity to hope for a better tomorrow, for us and our children. Together with the American people I can build a tomorrow where kids in America get a savory snack on apple juice day and a sweet snack on milk day.

There is also health care. I think doctors are good but also scary. I think more kids as doctors would be good and anything else I can come up with just no mandates. They're the pits.

All of my plans for how I would make America good are just stuff I made up. As a devout Muslim secular atheist terrorist black panther Manchurian candidate I plan to get elected to be president and then outlaw everything people like. I'll outlaw ladies and crosses and candy and MTV and guns. That is my plan and why I want to become president.

Barack Obama

Future President of Future World in Future Times
Allahu Ackbar
COCAAAAAAINE!

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.22 Laying The Foundation

Saturday, Dec 22, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The day starts off like any other. The guard at the front gate apologizing as he pricks my finger for DNA analysis, a security measure we instituted after one of our rivals hired some third-rate con man to get mutilated by a plastic surgeon and pass himself off as one of our data analysis clerks.

The poor guy's hands shake as he presses a white disc no larger than a dime against my finger and collects a droplet of blood. I'm not bothered one bit but I stare him down wordlessly, imagining myself as Superman using heat vision to cut through a diamond that I really hate. Instilling fear into the hearts of your subordinates keeps them sharp.

The guard swipes the disc through a holographic display which lights up green, disabling the sentry guns flanking my car. The four-foot thick steel gate rises until it's precisely one centimeter higher than my front hood. As I pull forward, the gate follows the contours of my Jaguar, snapping shut the instant the back bumper is clear. Our staff has long since given up on bumper stickers, as they're routinely sheared clean off. Initially there were some complaints but they were dealt with. Now the prevailing wisdom is that bumper stickers are sort of tacky to begin with, and certainly not worth, say, losing an eye.

My assistant waits for me in the narrow hall of the Observation Walkway, her hands behind her back and a pleasant smile on her face. No clipboard or PDA. She keeps everything in her head, which is why I like her so much. If I have to pull a burn-and-run one of these days, only one piece of evidence will need to be incinerated.

"Good morning, mister Forrester." This is where a writer usually inserts the name of the character that's speaking, but I never felt compelled to learn hers. Her light blonde hair - almost white - has been cut in a bob and she's got small tits, if that helps. "Shall we begin?"

I nod and step onto the moving platform with her. The Observation Walkway is really just a thin corridor that circles the compound's perimeter, with a twenty-foot thick outer blast wall made of god knows what to the right and a floor-to-ceiling bulletproof glass window overlooking the every room in the facility on the left.

"Everything going according to plan?" I ask, adjusting my tie. A lingering droplet of blood from my finger clings to the Parisian silk. Nice. Four hundred dollars down the drain.

"All teams are reporting nominal progress. A few broken bones in the storage level, but we're still well within this quarter's injury projections."

Turning to my left, I take in the first of the facility's test chambers. A brick wall has been constructed on one side of the room. Fifty yards away, a minivan secured to bright yellow tracks that lead directly into the center of the brick wall. In the place of a crash test dummy, a humanoid figure made entirely of bricks sits behind the wheel. The van lunges forward and collides with the wall at forty miles per hour. As one clipboard-wielding scientist opens the door to survey the damage, chunks of brick spill to the floor. The man brings a hand to his mouth, but he is unable to hold back the vomit.

"Next time," I tell my assistant, "replace the minivan with a car made of bricks. And have that man killed."

In the next chamber, a middle-aged man is strapped to a table made of bricks. Only his right hand is free to move, just enough to reach a simple control panel with two buttons. When he presses the

button on the left, a brick falls from a tube suspended one foot above him and lands squarely on his chest. When he presses the button on the right, a brick falls on the meaty part of his left thigh. When he goes three seconds without pressing a button, a brick falls on his forehead.

And so it continues, each test chamber a different story. A lone brick suspended carefully in a wind tunnel that floods with bricks instead of wind. The particle accelerator retrofitted to send two brick particles on a collision course at the speed of light. The 20-piece brick drumkit.

Soon, a voice over the intercom. One of the holdovers from my predecessor's administration is causing trouble. Try as I may to work these people into the new way of doing things, they never cease being a pain in my ass.

Five minutes later I'm in my office, sitting across from a low-level IT guy by the name of Mason. Young dude, ridiculous emo haircut with those spikes in the back and long hair that's moussed down straight in the front to look like he just came in from the rain. I don't know whether people are being ironic or serious with this shit anymore, so I just assume they're all idiots.

"Mr. Forrester," he begins, "when you first showed up you asked us to trust that all of the changes you made were for the best. That our work was important."

"It is."

"Well, that's the thing. All this work with the bricks..." he twirls one hand in the air and squinches his eyebrows. "I don't understand any of it. No one out there knows what we're working toward. What's the end result? No offense, but this has become the worst public library in the state since you took over. I took a job here to help people discover Proust and instead I'm doing God knows what with bricks."

"Proust was a hack, and his best ideas died with him a hundred years ago!" I slam my fist on the desk, bringing the total number of Proust-induced dents on the surface to four.

"Whatever. I'm telling the media everything I know about this place. Something shady's going on here. I can't piece it together, but I'm sure someone out there can."

"No, wait." I fumble for a hidden button below my desk and press its well-worn surface. "Maybe you're right. Perhaps I've taken this place in the wrong direction. Forgotten what the library business is all about."

Mason grasps the arms of his chair, halfway between standing and sitting back down. He's still young, idealistic enough to think he can change things.

"I'd like to make things better." I stall, being very careful not to focus on my assistant as she pauses in the doorway behind Mason. In her gloved hand is a cyanide-covered brick. If he turns around, she'll either have to duck back out and lose her chance or lunge forward and take him head on. "Do you know how I plan to do that?"

"How?" Mason takes his seat once again, and my assistant closes the distance, the brick raised high above her head.

"Why, it's simple," I smile. "I'll cut back on the staff."

The brick comes down, giving the blood droplet on my tie a few unexpected guests. It's a good thing I keep a spare change of clothes in the office.

"Have the cleaners remove Mr. Mason's teeth and fingers," I say

as I blot Perrier on a handkerchief and wipe at my face. "Then dump the body at one of the abandoned factories on the outskirts of town. Under a pile of some sort of cheap building material that can be found most anywhere. Something that's relatively small but heavy and uniform in nature. Something that can be stacked."

"Like what, sir?"

"Hrm." I stand naked at my window and watch as malnourished children no older than eight years old unload bricks from the backs of trucks streaming in from every corner of the world. The corner of my mouth contorts in a sneer. "Cinder blocks."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.23 The Recent College Graduate: A Life in Letters

Sunday, Dec 23, 2007 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Robert Finch
1300 Breakwynn Rd.
Hermanville, CA 93112
800-938-2888

November 20, 2007

Mr. Michael Marshall
Hancock and Marshall Inc.
112 Capital Ave.
New York, NY 10038

Dear Mr. Marshall,

I am writing concerning your position of Director of Long-term Financial Planning at Hancock and Marshall Inc. As a recent college graduate, I know I have the energy and verve to "get in the game" and "tackle" this position so well that for every twenty cents spent you'll get a "quarterback", but now I need to convince *you* of that. I will do so, in this letter.

Here are some reasons why I would be perfect for this job:

I am smart and ambitious, and I love working jobs. Furthermore, I believe that my BA in Religious Studies will help me be a better part of your financial corporation, because A) I understand the philosophies of various world religions which is a lot like working in the financial world and B) I understand that money is just a social construct so I won't freeze up and get nervous when there's lots of it at stake. I understand that losing a bunch of money is only a problem if we as a society agree it's a problem, and I have a working understanding of both the advantages and disadvantages of a Marxist system.

In terms of work experience, I have done extensive work involving money, and my register count was always exactly what it should be. I also have some volunteer experience in the form of passing out fliers for my friend's band and he didn't pay me for it. He was supposed to pay me for it, but he didn't, and I will apply the lessons learned from that situation directly into my new job as Director of Long-term Financial Planning.

I hope you consider my attached resume, and thanks for this fantastic job opportunity, that I could definitely see myself still working at and expanding my career within your company in five years in case you were wondering. Thanks again.

Robert Finch

Robert Finch
1300 Breakwynn Rd.
Hermanville, CA 93112
800-938-2888

December 3, 2007

Carl O'Brien
Director of Shipping Department
Amazon.com
83 Amazon Pkwy
Seattle, WA 98103

Dear Mr. O'Brien,

I have heard through certain sources i.e. your company's internet site that you are on the look out for a new shipping supervisor, and I am the man for this job. Allow me to explicate the rationalization as to why this is the job for me:

I am smart, hard-working, and I look good. I maintained a GPA of at least 3.7 throughout almost all of college. My volunteer work includes going to soup kitchens and making the soup better using my master chef skills, which I also have.

I have extensive experience in shipping, and have been mailing things practically my whole life. When I was young, my mother let me sit on her lap while she put stamps on letters, and ever since then I guess you could say I've gone "postal" for shipping things! I'll make sure everything is "ship shape" within my area of responsibility. If I may use fan fiction terminology for a moment, I am a me/this job "shipper".

If I had to pick what my main weakness is, it would be that if I get hired by someone, I work too hard at my job, and I take my job home, and all I'll talk about is my job, and I follow my boss home and try to get him to talk about my job at night and when he is in the bathroom also. I have tattoos from every job I've ever worked.

I am clean, dress well, shave well, and I have no piercings. I do have one tattoo, but it is in an easily concealable location.

Thank you for your consideration re:hiring me.
Robert Finch

Robert Finch
1300 Breakwynn Rd.
Hermanville, CA 93112
800-938-2888

December 12, 2007

Frank Hoagland
Human Resources
Millman's Baked Good Products Inc
4885 Highland Park
Chicago, IL 60609

Dear Mr. Hoagland,

I am writing about your posting for a receptionist at your corporate office. I hope to make clear with this letter both my enthusiasm and expertise for receipting. You could say I am "receptive" to this job offer and that I really "need it".

I have recently graduated from college where they gave me two diplomas because I did such a good job. I've maintained a GPA of at least a 7.8 since kindergarten. I have extensive volunteer experience from giving people my blood on the street whenever they needed it through a needle and tube kit I keep with me at all times. My touch has been known to heal.

My biggest weakness is that everywhere I go massive amounts of money fall from the sky and into the arms of me and everyone around me, and sometimes this can cause injury if too much money falls on the person. But then I touch them and they are ok.

I am probably one of the top five smartest people in the world, but I don't mind using all of that genius just to be receptionist at your company, and I'll never leave even if a higher paid position is offered because I have brand loyalty.

Please give me this job. Please.

Please,

Robert Finch

Robert Finch
1300 Breakwynn Rd.
Hermanville, CA 93112
800-938-2888

December 23, 2007

Bill "Beefy" Stewart
Head Janitor
Hermanville Elementary School
699 Blue Jay Rd.
Hermanville, CA 93112

Dear Mr. Beefy,

I am writing regarding you telling me you need some people to help pick up after recess and lunch breaks. If you give me this job, I will give you my first paycheck.

Thanks for your consideration.

Robert Finch

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

12.24 2007 Year-end Presentation to the Board of Fushitsu Adhesive Amusements Concern

Monday, Dec 24, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

(Transcribed from Japanese)

Welcome! Thank you for attending the board's annual review and planning meeting. I know you are all very busy men, so if we can just take a few moments to get settled we can begin.

Kojikuro, how is your niece? Still lithe, chirpy, and sexually curious, I hope. Very good. She always reminded me of a beautiful songbird with a lady part.

Daisuke, yes, the robots will be bringing more coffee at the halfway point, so if you could...yes, thank you.

Gentlemen, thank you again for attending. We must address the failures of Fushitsu in the year 2007 and focus on preparing for 2008. You have all seen the sales reports for our American division, if not it's in the goldenrod binder in front of you. Please take a moment to familiarize yourself with the figures.

Sales of our adhesive amusements are down across the board in the United States. We continue to have zero-growth in the Colorforms sector, but more distressing are the declines we are seeing among several of our main product lines. Chief among these are the adhesive ribbons. Magnetic ribbons, down 78% since 2007 and permanently-adhesive ribbons continue their downward movement, shedding a further 22% in 2007.

To put it bluntly, we have been hemorrhaging ribbon sales since 2005. We must face the reality that Americans no longer support their own troops.

Kojikuro's ribbon research division had some success experimenting with incorporating various American flag designs into ribbons, but these were only a stopgap measure that got us through the first quarter. Sales among our various flag/troops ribbons are following a similar trend line to our yellow ribbons.

Daisuke, Osamu, your pink and red ribbons are also losing sales. Morasui, your reflective orange

ribbon seemed to confuse and frighten consumers in the United States. We will be discontinuing it in 2008 and selling off our remaining stockpiles to a militia group in Sudan.

We must face the reality that all of our current product lines are in decline. 2007 was a bad year for Fushitsu, but there is no reason that 2008 must be the same.

Gentlemen, for the future hope of Fushitsu I would like to call attention to our all-time bestselling product line: Urinating Mischief Child.

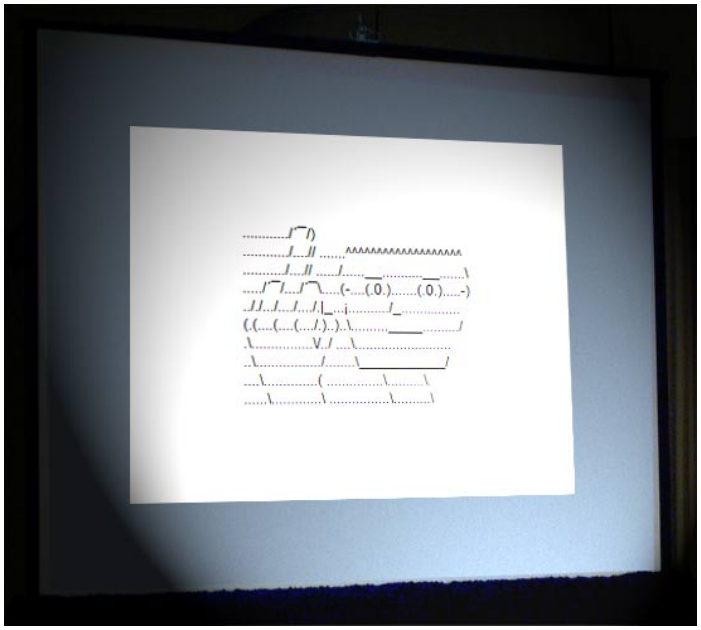
Urinating Mischief Child, in all its incarnations, did something no other decal has done before or since...it created a recognizable branded character for the rear windows of American vehicles. True, UMC was so similar to a preexisting branded character that we were forced to pay out 87 million dollars, but that is beside the point. The point is revenue, and over his 11 year run UMC generated US 9 billion in sales.

UMC was instantly popular and provided longterm stability by remaining resistant to market saturation. Fushitsu offered over 800 different items onto which UMC could urinate, some sold as separate decals and other incorporated into the urination.

However, we realize Urinating Mischief Child has run its course. It is time for us to seek out a new branded decal for the 21st century. Something that captures the attitude of the American consumer and allows them to transfer that attitude to their automobile's rear window in the form of a decal.

After weeks of research by Kojikuro's division, I am pleased to announce that we have found our next Urinating Mischief Child. He was found on the Internet in the comments section of a website known as "YouTube" that allows American children to post video files in which they injure themselves leaping off of things.

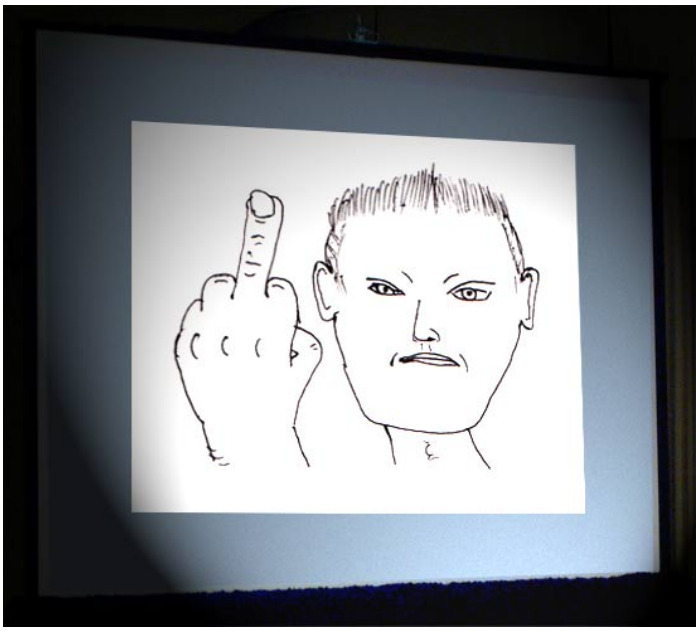
Allow me to introduce...Flipping Bird Guy.



Thank you, but please hold your applause until the end of the presentation.

While our competitors are offering a glut of bullet hole decals and three-dimensional "whoops baseball" adhesive applications, Flipping Bird Guy will allow us to reclaim market dominance. He has already proven himself on the Internet and we do not believe any entity has applied for copyright. FBG is free for the taking, and we are already in the process of doing just that.

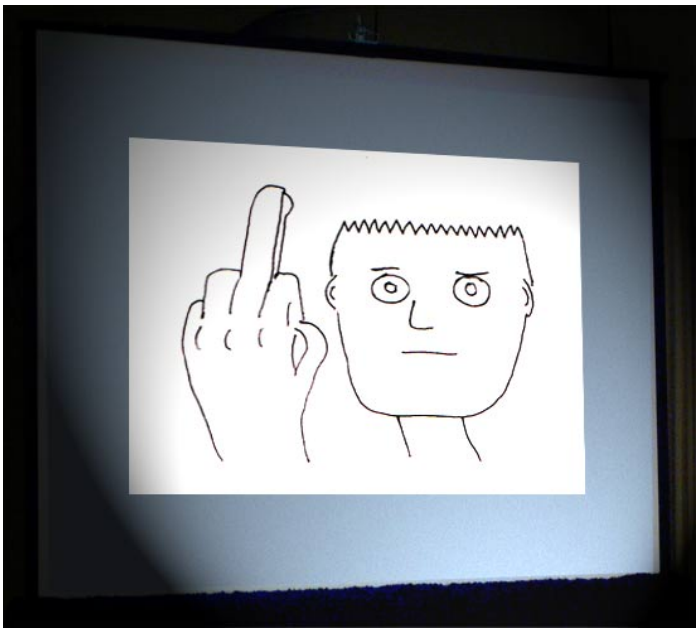
Because of the crude state of FBG on the Internet, I asked Morasui to reverse-engineer the design. The result was unsatisfactory.



Focus groups rejected the design as too similar to police sketches, several actually misidentified the character as "the rapist" and one woman fell catatonic and had to be carried out of the market research facility. In addition to being unsettling, this early FBG prototype was excessively complex. Per-unit cost would reduce profit margins to only a fraction of that achieved by UMC.

With the help of top branding and design firm Lowenstein and Weintraub, we have reduced the number of strokes by one third and created a branded character that I believe will perfectly capture the cultural zeitgeist of the YouTube generation. He will be entering production next week.

Gentlemen, meet Flipping Bird Guy 2.0...



8 weeks later...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.25 This Holy Night We Flood the World with Bees!

Tuesday, Dec 25, 2007 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

At Something Awful, we're big proponents of giving things to people. One time, Zack Parsons spearheaded some thing where people bought body armor for soldiers in Iraq, or maybe I'm just thinking of one of his gay GI Joe articles or something. Then there was the time when Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka solicited donations from Something Awful members to help victims of Hurricane Katrina. That was pretty nice, until PayPal put the no-no on the whole affair due to their strictly enforced policy of "for some reason."

It's time to start your charity motors once again, goons. I know you're busy sucking down sugarplums and unwrapping nostril groomers (*hint hint)* from your girlfriend, but I'd like you to take a moment out of your holiday routine to remind you of something more important: all over the world, people are dying miserably because of your greed. Right now, even as you're reading this, some child with a giant head and what seems like an abnormal number of ribs is far along in the process of dying of poorness. You know that Battlestar Galactica bathrobe you bought for your brother? If you had used just one tenth of that money to buy this little third-world moppet a salt lick or a couple fingers of gruel, he'd be *not dying* right at this instant.

Sorry if I'm bumming you out, but I have good news: with just a small contribution, you can help! Well, you can't help the kid from the previous paragraph. That kid is dead now, so forget about him. He died because you were reading a comedy website instead of sending him money. That's fine, though. There are plenty more dying people to help, so let's get on with it before– oh, whoops, another one just died.

This Christmas, Something Awful wants to give 'til it hurts. We want to give 'til it's covered with painful welts, in fact. We want to keep giving until its throat swells shut due to anaphylactic shock.

You may have heard of **Heifer International**, a charitable organization that improves the lives of poor people around the world by giving them goats and cows and stuff, which they can milk or eat or cut open and crawl inside of for warmth. One of their many animal-charity drives involves setting up bee colonies, which seems like the perfect project to throw our money at.

Why Give Bees?

The beauty of donating bees is that it works whether you're good or evil. There are two ways to look at it:

> A) You are paying $30 to help a family increase their crop yields and earn extra income through the magic of pollination.
>
> B) You are paying $30 to prank the fuck out of some poor people by foisting a swarm of

angry bees on them.

Bee-giving is good for the world, but you can feel like an asshole while doing it. In fact, you can feel like a *supervillain*. Each $30 bee contribution buys 12,500 bees (I actually called and checked), which means that the combined weight of Awful charity could potentially flood the developing world with millions of bees. On this holiest of nights, we shall darken the skies of the world's poorest nations with deadly swarms of nature's perfect killing machine.

How Give Bees?

To participate in our charity bee drive, just follow these easy steps:

1. Visit this page to order bees directly from Heifer International.
2. Click "Add to Cart" and proceed to checkout.
3. After you enter your info, you'll see an "Additional Information" area. In the second dropdown menu, select "Other Organization," then enter "Something Awful" in the text field below it.
4. Let us know that you've donated! You can send me an email telling me that you've donated, or post in this thread. I will tally our bee numbers to better track our insane global villainy.

Let's forever end poverty everywhere in the world through the miraculous power of bees! Or, if you're evil, let's cause thousands of potentially fatal bee stings in the countries whose medical care systems are least qualified to treat allergic shock!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.26 Busytown Police Blotter for the Christmas Holiday

Wednesday, Dec 26, 2007 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Busytown Police Blotter series.

December 23, 2007

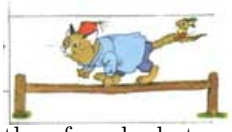
Grocer Cat reported an early morning incident of theft at his grocery store. Officers responded, reviewed security camera footage, and determined that a theft had indeed transpired. The thief, clearly identifiable as Bananas Gorilla, was seen removing $4.25 worth of store merchandise without paying. Officers put out an APB for Bananas Gorilla.

Officers investigated reports of vandalism in and around a nativity display erected by the Sacred Paw Catholic Church in Pineapple Park. An officer on the scene noted the nativity display to be in disarray. Upon closer inspection, the officer observed that the Baby Jesus statue was missing from the manger. Busytown PD immediately issued an Amber Alert for the missing baby messiah. Police are asking for any tips that lead to the recovery of the stolen savior.

Deputy Flo responded to a call from Flossie Bunny that Pig Won't was being disobedient. Flossie Bunny, babysitter for Pig Will and Pig Won't, had instructed the two to eat their vegetables. Pig Will complied readily, eating all his vegetables. Pig Won't refused, citing that he did not like vegetables and that she had no authority to make him eat them. Pig Won't eventually complied when Deputy Flo threatened to arrest him. The ornery pig was then given a lecture on manners and obedience by Deputy Flo.

Traffic was briefly shut down on W. Brick St. following an accident that left two injured. The accident was caused by Lowly Worm, who lost control of his apple car and careened head on into a giant hamburger being driven by an unidentified beetle. Lowly Worm was not wearing a seatbelt, and was thrown through the front window of his apple, flying some 30 feet. The other driver had minor scratches and whiplash, while his hamburger was totaled. Lowly Worm appeared to be under the influence of alcohol and faces charges pending his recovery.

Officers were called in to help solve a mystery disrupting business for Humperdink the Baker. It seems a loaf of bread he baked was quite talkative. Officers responding to the call were baffled as to the cause, and the talking bread wouldn't spill the beans either. Detective Sniff was called in, and quickly determined that a mouse had snuck into Humperdink's dough. The mouse was removed from the bread and fined for trespassing.



Ali Cat was arrested following strange behavior at Busytown International, where he was attempting to book a last minute flight. When he was told there was no room left on any of the airplanes, he became belligerent and began yelling in Arabic. Airport security detained him, and found he had numerous tools and sharp objects in his bag. Police then investigated his property, where they found what appeared to be an obstacle course in his backyard, as well as numerous blueprints and maps. While Ali insisted he was going home to help build a new house for his mom, Busytown PD is turning the matter over to the Department of Homeland Security.

December 24, 2007

Mr. Frumple was taken to the hospital with severe burns following an electrical accident. Davy Dog noted a distinct odor of bacon while retrieving his morning paper, which he followed to the roof of a neighboring house. There he discovered Mr. Frumple, tangled up in badly damaged Christmas lighting cables, being electrocuted. Mr. Frumple was apparently trying to recover his hat, which had blown off his head in a swift breeze and landed on the roof of the house.

An officer attempting to arrest Bananas Gorilla was injured when he slipped on a banana peel. The officer was taken to Busytown Memorial Hospital, where he was treated with several band-aids and then released.

The Cat Family reported that Grandma Cat had failed to return after going out for a drive. Grandma Cat, visiting from a faraway town accessible only by plane, is not familiar with Busytown and possibly lost. She was last seen driving a large alligator. Officers and residents are advised to be on the lookout.

Police received an anonymous tip that a Busytown resident was planning an attack on a local church. Officers uncovered numerous Internet postings by Harry Pig, son of Father Pig, an unemployed house painter. The postings detailed Harry's plan to take multiple weapons to the Best Faith Ever megachurch and open fire on churchgoers. Harry Pig surrendered himself when officers went to the Pig residence to confront him. Numerous handguns and improvised explosives were recovered from the property.

Officers responded to reports of a break-in at Mr. Gronkle's house. Upon arrival, officers noted nothing unusual and no signs of break-in. Mr. Gronkle, unharmed, complained that a "gang of drug-addled hoodlums" attempted to force entry into his premises. Officers observed a group of Christmas carolers in the neighborhood. When questioned, the carolers stated that Mr. Gronkle yelled at them when they tried to visit his house and sing for him. Mr. Gronkle denied this, and then demanded to file a noise complaint against the youngsters for singing too loudly. As the officers started to leave, he begged them to stay, indicating that he had no friends. Officers then stayed with Mr. Gronkle for one half hour, exchanging presents, drinking cocoa, eating cookies, and enjoying the holiday.

December 25, 2007

Police and EMTs responded to a report than a grumpy old man was having a heart attack. Officers responding to the report found that Mr. Gronkle had suffered a stroke while yelling at a group of children skating on his pond, which had frozen. One of the youngsters called 911 on a cell phone. Mr. Gronkle was revived at the scene, and requested to press charges against the EMTs for "manhandling him."

Bananas Gorilla was found and arrested at Scotty Dog's service station. Scotty Dog stated that Bananas had asked him for a job, indicating that he needed to earn $4.25. Scotty Dog, in need of an extra hand for the holidays, agreed to hire him for the day. Scotty Dog claimed to be unaware that Bananas was wanted by police for shoplifting, but that he was a terrible employee and made a real mess of the garage.

Grandma Cat's alligator car was found in a ditch off of South Swamp Dr. The vehicle had been abandoned with no indication what happened to the driver. Police began combing the swamp with the help of several hogs and crocodiles living in the neighborhood.

The Baby Jesus was recovered unharmed in the sewers beneath Pancake St. by Hans the Dutch Plumber, who was looking for his wedding ring that fell down a pipe. The

statue was promptly given a bath and returned to the manger. In celebration of his amazing find, Mayor Fox awarded Hans the key to the city.

The body of Grandma Cat was recovered in Farmer Alfalfa's field, where it was being eaten by a gaggle of small mice. Officers shoed the mice away, and the body was transported to the Busytown Morgue for autopsy. Police are asking for any information regarding the death of Grandma Cat.

Officers responded to a domestic dispute call in the 1200 block of Pancake St. Neighbors complained of screams and loud noises emanating from the apartment of Hans the Dutch Plumber. Officers arrived on the scene to find Hans had been assaulted by his wife with the key to the city following an earlier incident where he lost his wedding ring. Hans was rushed to Busytown Memorial Hospital where doctors successfully repaired the damage to his colon. Hans' wife was taken into custody, though she denied any fault in the incident.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.27 My Quest for a Wii

Thursday, Dec 27, 2007 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

All over the world people are traveling over deserts, mountains, and by sea in a vain attempt to find this year's hot Christmas toy, the Nintendo Wii. I tried to play it cool and pretend I didn't want one, telling myself that the Wii is for babies. I could only hold out for so long before the hype consumed my soul and soon I too was out looking for a Wii.

My journey was one fraught with challenges and hardships, all for an opportunity to purchase an overpriced piece of electronics that plays games very similar to those that can be operated on consoles I already own sold by a multinational corporation that sits back and laughs at my futile attempt to purchase their overhyped game system.

This is my story.

Day 1

I arrived at Best Buy fully aware that I was an asshole for even thinking about waiting in the freezing cold to purchase a game system. Already having an expansive library of video games that spans every single genre imaginable that you've only played once or twice and never thought about again isn't enough I suppose. You're always left wanting more. Unable to wait a couple months for demand to die down and spare myself the embarrassment of this story, I found myself a spot in line.

From my estimate there were about 40 or 50 people in line. A third of the waiters appeared to be creepy looking Fatwallet loners. You know, the kind that will start a war with K-Mart because they didn't honor a typo in a Sunday ad. Yes, they honestly meant to discount that $2,000 television to 60 cents and they are just trying to defraud you out of a good deal.

Meet new and interesting people while waiting in line for your baby console.

Another third looked to be parents who just wanted to get their kids this year's (and last's) hot new Christmas toy. You know, good honest people taken in by all the marketing hype. They stood around and passed the time by striking up conversations with each other. I felt good that the line wasn't entirely populated by fat greasy video game nerds or Fatwallet losers and I tried to assimilate with them, but I was eventually found out and told to stand somewhere else, away from the normals.

Because I was part of that last third of humanity waiting for a Wii, you know, the guys who actually want to play with the thing, video game nerds. I kept telling myself that I wasn't one of them, that I was here for another reason. Uh, I'm not standing in line for a Wii! Lord no! I'm, uhm, here to buy, uh, Rush Hour 3 on Blu-Ray DVD! Yes, that's it! Oh man, I can't get enough of ethnically mismatched comedy action!

"Be honest..."

Okay look, I'll level with you. There's this really obscure Japanese anime that is coming out today

and I want to be the first to post screengrabs of the scene where Oashi fondles his little sister to this message board I post on.

"Good God, that's even worse."

At least they left me alone at that point.

One of the interesting things about waiting in line for some stupid toy is how people will justify the experience to themselves. Unless the answer is anything but, "Well, it's for my kids and I don't mind waiting a couple hours to do something nice for them", you're a faggot. And not the good kind of faggot who sucks on penis but the kind that thinks Earthbound is the epitome of gaming.

Like the guy ahead of me, who didn't like all the parents and resellers waiting in line with him. After I mistakenly attempted to initiate conversation with him he said something like, "We've been playing Mario all our lives. We should get first dibs and they should get whatever's left. We actually want to play the game, not sell it or give it to some bastard kid who won't even appreciate it." Who's this "we" you're talking about? I'm in line for Rush Hour remember?

I hope this guy doesn't get mad at me for stealing his picture. Something tells me he'll keep his identity a secret though.

Eventually the store opened and the parents, unmarred with a lifestyle of sedentary computer usage, ran inside and bought up the first batch of Wiis. The Fatwallet losers, unmatched in their girth, kept us video game nerds at bay and bought up the second batch of Wiis and by then, they were sold out. Defeated, I headed home.

In the corner of the parking lot a woman showed up with a sign that said "Wii 4 SALE - $600" and asked me if I wanted to buy one. I told her that I didn't want to encourage Wii scalping by feeding into such a cycle myself. She started screaming at me and called me a poor loser that probably couldn't even afford a Wii. The dangers one must face for Mario.

While I could have told you I hit her with a pretty rad comeback or something comparable to Al Bundy's legendary jabs at overweight women, I actually mumbled something incoherent and scurried back to my car.

As I was leaving a guy ran up to me and said, "Hey, I couldn't help but overhear you talking about that one anime. That comes out today?! Awesome!"

I drove like hell.

Day 2

I found a hot tip on a message board about a Target 90 miles outside of town that was scheduled to receive a massive allotment of Wiis in the morning. The only thing I needed to do was think of an excuse to justify driving all that way to buy a video game console without looking like a giant dork.

Failing that, I hopped into the car and hit the road. I brought along a bunch of Mario, Zelda, and Metroid music CDs to keep myself occupied during the long drive. Hey, my grandma always said that if you're going to act like a queer, you might as well go all the way.

I didn't care. I was finally going to get my Wii! All vestiges of cynicism that protected me from the world's criticism left me as I fully embraced my nerdom. For the first time in my adult life I was actually enjoying myself and didn't care what anybody thought of me! This must be what furries feel like all the time, I thought. I felt like a kid again, experiencing that same excitement I hadn't

felt since I opened my first Nintendo under a non-judgmental Christmas tree.

An hour and a half later I was in the boondocks. I drove to the joint according to the directions on MapQuest but instead of finding a Target safely housing my soon to be Wii, I found a vacant lot. How could a forum user give out bad information?! It just didn't add up.

I decided to drive down the road a couple miles to see if there was a Target or another store, any store, that had Wiis stocked. By this point it was so foggy that I couldn't see ten feet in front of me and had to pull off the road. Against my better judgment I decided to walk even further down the road in search of the elusive store. Nothing was going to stop me from becoming a total consumer whore.

After what seemed like hours of walking I finally found the town. I tried to seek out someone to point me in the direction of the nearest electronics store, but the place was abandoned and looked like it had been for quite some time.

Off in the distance I heard static. It was coming from a construction site. I ventured forth hoping the construction workers would know where I could find a Wii. I came to a tunnel and found the radio. As I picked it up one of the locals attacked me! He must've known that I was here to get that Wii. I found a wooden plank to defend myself with and after a couple of awkward hits the thing went down.

I continued through the town and came across a park. In it was a woman wandering around. She said her name was Maria and that she got lost looking for a Wii for her kids. She too was called here by a hot tip on an Internet forum. I didn't want her mucking up my chances of finding one so I started to leave. She said she was scared and asked if she could join me. I let her, but only if I got dibs on the first Wii we found. Bros before hos, and Mario was the closest thing to a bro I had.

I AM KING OF THE WII LINE!

We searched for two hours for a Wii but every single door was locked. It was then that the radio started emitting static again. I tried to tune it to the local news station so I could find out when the fog would lift but the static just got louder and louder. It was deafening. We turned around and suddenly, oh *there's* the Target. Damn MapQuest.

I entered the store and asked the first employee I saw for a Wii, my hands shaking in anticipation. The employee turned around and it was a puppy! He was operating some sort of computer console. I saw myself on his monitor and a map displaying all the stores I've been to. I fell to my knees and pounded my fists on the floor. Damn you! So it was all your work! Damn you to hell!

Day 3

I started playing Transport Tycoon again and forgot all about the Wii.

The end.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

12.28 The Lie of the Technological Singularity

Friday, Dec 28, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The concept of a technological singularity is probably best represented by Dolph Lundgren's crazy preacher/hitman character from Johnny Mnemonic.

Everybody has a doomsday.

Christians have their baroque delusions about the Rapture. Liberals have global warming scenarios where Manhattan ends up looking like something out of anime. Conservatives fixate on immigrants flooding our borders until we're all speaking their devil tongue and voting for brown presidents.

For the 100 million atheist thyroid cases that live on the Internet day and night there is the concept of the technological singularity. The idea is that at some point in the future technology will become so advanced that mankind will be irrelevant. It's a cross between your usual end-of-all-things doomsday scenario and an orgasmic apotheosis wherein the Asperger's sufferers get to leave behind their troublesome flesh and be downloaded into a greeting card microchip.

Wired tends to write an article about the approaching technological singularity whenever it's a slow month in Second Life. Their theories range from super-intelligent AIs taking over the world and exterminating mankind, to cybernetic upgrades creating super humans, to all-consuming swarms of nano-machines that devour and multiply until there is nothing left alive on earth.

One of the concepts frequently referenced in technological singularity theories is that of "Moore's Law." To grossly simplify Moore's Law it is the rule that every two years, thanks to technological improvement, the processing power of a computer doubles. Eventually it doubles enough and computers get fast enough that the world ends or we're in the Matrix or something.

I find it difficult to believe anyone could reach this sort of conclusion logically. If someone told me race cars doubled in speed every two years my conclusion would not be, "Eventually they will kill us all!"

Despite what Wired may think, mankind will never face a technological singularity. Why? Computers are dumb assholes.

Exhibit A

The Internet Makes You Stupid

Ah, the Internet, centerpiece of the information age, the interactive ideascape where great minds come together to create a collective consciousness. Surely the Internet represents the most likely vector for the coming technological singularity.

Convergence = When everyone comes together to form a group exactly as smart as its dumbest member.

Wait a second. Do any of the people talking about a technological singularity actually use the Internet? It's a maelstrom of idiocy and moral decay. The triumphs of the Internet like Youtube and Wikipedia? They are shining examples that when a lot of people put their heads together the result is Chocolate Rain and its corresponding 1,200-word Wikipedia article.

If the collective mind of the Internet somehow becomes self-aware it's probably going to spend the next 10,000 years perfecting its Prince of Tennis wiki site. Like the gelatinous human minds that gave birth to it, Internet 3.0 will have zero interest in doing anything productive or destructive, thus proving the old math theory that zero multiplied by any number still equals a collection of genetic rejects, sexual deviants, and sociopaths obsessed with minutiae.

Exhibit B

21st Century AI is 5,000 Zombie Computers Sending Dick Pills Spam for the Ukrainian Mob

This one is pretty self explanatory, but of the two most powerful computing systems in the world one is devoted to trying to find space aliens and the other is owned by the Ukrainian mob to send spam emails for unscrupulous clients. Even the military and intelligence super-networks are just Google Earth with a crosshair and maybe Jason Bourne's bio in a tabbed window. Modern processing power is distributed and used for really stupid crap that will never result in Skynet launching nukes.

Exhibit C

Useful Nanotechnology is Approximately 1 Billion Years Away

Nearly 20 years of nanotechnology and we have a fly that can read an eye chart.

I remember reading an article in sixth or seventh grade about how a secret government lab inside a tree trunk in some black ops forest in California was nearing a breakthrough with nanotechnology. Within a year or two they would be producing "the first of many" tiny robots smaller than a grain of sand that people could inject into their blood stream to clear clogged arteries. What has nanotechnology yielded in the more than 15 years since I read that article?

We have carbon nanotubes, which we get to pretend is nanotechnology because pretty much everything else about nanotechnology, including everything interesting, was bullshit. Now your bicycle seat weighs one ounce less and can stop a knife or something. Progress!

Oh, and they put glasses on a fucking fly. I can practically feel that gray goo gnawing away at my marrow!

Exhibit D

My Dumbass TiVo

Three thumbs down.

My TiVo continually records movies I would never watch on channels I do not even have. I'll turn on the TV and find my TiVo recording the ninth rerun of the Colbert Report even though I told it to record only first run episodes. When I try to change the channel the TiVo will pop up a message and warn me the other tuner is recording something, so I go into the menu and discover the stupid thing is recording a *Very Brady Sequel* on "Starz!"

Then the next day I realize that the TiVo was doing all of this while it was supposed to be recording something I specifically told it to record. Like an infuriating *Frontline* episode detailing what Dick Cheney did to democracy with the help of one of those oily cretins that orbit him like satellites made out of law degrees. Law degrees from a law school with "Bible" in the name where they teach you that cutting molars out of Muslims is not only constitutional, but actually honors Christ.

Singularity my ass, figure that shit out TiVo!

Exhibit E

Those Stupid Asimo Robots Can't do Shit

Congratulations, dipshit.

Every six months the Internet buzzes with excitement over some chirpy hunk of plastic shit from Japan that looks like a midget astronaut. YouTube videos are posted to forums far and wide and gawping autistics burp that they, "Hail our new robot overlords!" Meanwhile, the robots in the video are usually ambling around at the speed of a polio cripple, holding a trumpet up to their astronaut helmet, or failing to descend a staircase successfully. Nine times out of ten my 96 year old grandma can pull that incredible feat off and this is a woman that thinks gay people are a kind of Chinese.

We're not exactly closing in on the rise of the machines with these Japanese robots. They're walking Furbies with inner-ear disorders and the day I hail them as my overlord is the day they figure out how to motivate bitches to work a corner and not back-sass.

Biotech? Space elevators? I don't think so.

Unless the world can end by downloading the wrong ringtone from a company advertising on MTV2 I'm afraid the technological singularity is about as believable as a lamb figuring out how to open vials.

Hmm, maybe the lamb and Asimo can work together to figure it out.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.29 American Gladiators: Then And Now

Saturday, Dec 29, 2007 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

American Gladiators was a subtly patriotic show about amateur athletes going head to head with professional "Gladiators" in a series of grueling events. After going on a short twelve year hiatus for a few production meetings and the construction of a new set, the series is set to return in 2008. How does the new American Gladiators stack up against the original from the early 90's?

Then: Aired during Operation: Desert Storm, a justified invasion of Iraq that was backed by a majority of the American public. Although we pulled our troops out of the country rather quickly and left Saddam Hussein in power, the war was considered a success.

Now: Will air at the height of the writer's guild strike.

Then: Pumped full of steroids, scooped up from a beachside gym in California.

Now: Pumped full of steroids and botox, scooped up from a reality show's audition room in California.

Then: Mike Adamle, the greasy creep that pestered female competitors with his constant leering and unnecessary physical contact during interviews.

Larry Csonka, the retired football player who felt the need to reference his accomplishments in the NFL at every opportunity.

Now: Hulk Hogan, the greased-up freak will confuse female competitors by referring to them as "dude" and "brother" during interviews.

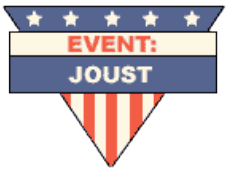
Laila Ali, the retired boxer who will feel the need to reference her father's accomplishments at every opportunity.

Then: Tourist families taking a rest from the blazing sun during their trip to Universal Studios, clad in Zubaz and neon T&C Surf Design shirts.

Now: Those very same families, who were unable to find an exit after the last taping in 1996.

Then: As a Gladiator mans a giant air cannon that launches tennis balls at 100 miles per hour, the challenger must navigate an obstacle course and shoot a target above the Gladiator's head with one of several Nerf guns without getting pegged by a tennis ball.

Now: Realizing the event's obvious influence on the Columbine and Virginia Tech shootings, it has been removed from the show. In its place, a two minute moment of silence. During this time, the challenger that can go the longest without blinking or laughing gets five points.



Then: Using padded jousting poles, a Gladiator and challenger attempt to knock each other off raised platforms to the safety mats far below.

Now: Taking a page from Survivor, the Gladiator and challenger share a tiny platform above a pool of water. The two put their senses of balance to the test as they stand still for hours. The first to fall in the water wins.

Then: The challengers and Gladiators step inside large metallic spheres that resemble hamster wheels and smash into each other. Challengers score points by stopping on marked capture points.

Now: Gladiators and challengers put on blindfolds and enter a small closet, where they punch and kick one another wildly. Points are awarded arbitrarily.

Then: Two challengers race to the top of a rock-climbing wall as Gladiators attempt to pull them off.

Now: Challengers and Gladiators team up to pull Mexicans off of a replica U.S./Mexico border fence as they scramble for a better life.

Then: Gladiators don protective gear and shields, then stand atop a raised platform as challengers attempt to knock them off by swinging into them with a rope.

Now: Three judges - one snarky, one female and one "cool" - rate the challengers' interpretive dances and puppetry skills.

Then: The final event of every show, both challengers race to complete a brutal gauntlet of challenges and emerge the victor.

Now: Challengers are released in a section of L.A. that was devastated by a 1997 earthquake. Here they must elude a series of Gladiators armed with unique gadgets such as flamethrowers and jetpacks as they attempt to hunt down and kill the challengers in front of a bloodthirsty nation of mindless viewers.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.30 Into the Record Books by a Hair

Sunday, Dec 30, 2007 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You know, I always wanted to be famous. Not the kind of famous that puts you in the tabloids, just well known. Recognized if you will. But, at some point I realized that being special and important required a lot of hard work, while playing Nintendo 64 required a lot less. So ten years later, I am, unfortunately, the undisputed Mario Cart champion. But is it too late for a man to dream? Can a person change?

I. The Dream

An Expert at the Top of Her Game

Most of my childhood was spent in the library. Not because I loved to read, or enjoyed the mixed antisocial society within the library's walls, but because it was beside the school, giving my parents a free place to store their child until they got off work. I'll never admit to reading a book, but I must confess to looking at quite a few pictures during my Library Years, and the best ones were always in The Guinness Book of World Records. Long before the Internet gave us the ability to see pictures of a man pulling his ass apart and girls defecating on themselves, the Tomb of Guinness was the only place for young adults to get grossed out. So I spent my afternoons in the under-stuffed beanbag chairs, day after day, looking at the man who never cut his fingernails.

Eventually the people inside the book became legends, and their exploits were traded among children like baseball cards. Every few pages, I'd put my finger on a picture, look up from the book, and shout at any nearby kid.
"Look at this guy. He ate an airplane!"
Then whoever listened would challenge me, "Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold on a minute. This prostitute once sucked off fourteen men in the back of an Arby's during an NFL Halftime report."
After this blow, I'd be forced to fall back onto my old safety, the sure-fire-win, page 246. The challenger would have one look at that 150lb tumor and shuffle away in defeat. My time, my ego, my whole life. All based on one book.

The sad thing is that I earnestly respected these freaks. Let's not skirt around it–they're freaks. No normal person would ever even think of eating an airplane unless they had a lot of "alone time." These rejects of nature and society became equals with my other role models. The Cowboys winning two Superbowls in the 90's was parallel to the two-headed Siamese twin. I wanted to be an MVP and have the world's largest gallbladder at the same time.

A True Hero

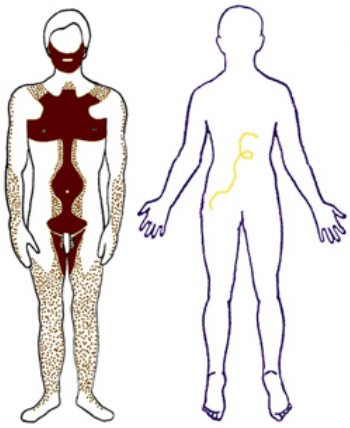
I eventually grew up. And like all other aging children, my role models began representing what I'd never achieve. For a moment in my youth, everything became clear, and I knew that it would take a miracle for me to become famous. Well... I think the miracle arrived earlier this week.

II. The Miracle of the Christmas Hair

Something amazing happened Christmas morning. No it wasn't the birth of Christ, or reindeer on

my roof, but an extremely long hair sprouting out of my back. Now, to most people, *any* back hair is too long, but this is extraordinary. At a little over three inches, this hair's a world record for sure. The whole thing is romantic. Some hair follicle on my back decided to put all he had into three inches before burning out in a ball of glory. This hair is one Porche accident away from being James Dean. All I have to do now is give the hair the legendary status it deserves. So while most people spend their Christmas trying on their new designer clothes, I spent the day showing off my hair.

My words can't describe the miracle, but I think these images do a pretty good job.
This is an artist's rendition based on my hair and a Wikipedia article on body hair



Here is the only actual photograph of The Christmas Hair

That's 3.04 inches. To help your mind comprehend that long of a hair, here's a few same sized images

Some people experience Christmas miracles that include a new house or cancer-free guts, But this is all I got, and it's all I want. This is my once chance at getting into the book that defined my childhood. I'll be famous! I looked at the Guinness Book of World Records website, and there's the longest leg hair. Back hair should fit right in.

Yes. It's finally happening. Just like my guidance counselor predicted. I'm doing something with my life. As we speak, my application is being processed at Guinness Book of World Records. So while all you fools waste away, I'm on the path to international fame.

If you have any "World Records" or anything close, email me and I'll try to compile a Something Awful Records list. It doesn't have to be anything extraordinary, one time I listened to Ram Jam's song Black Betty fourteen times in a row.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.31 2009 Presidential Press Conference Preview (The Democrats)

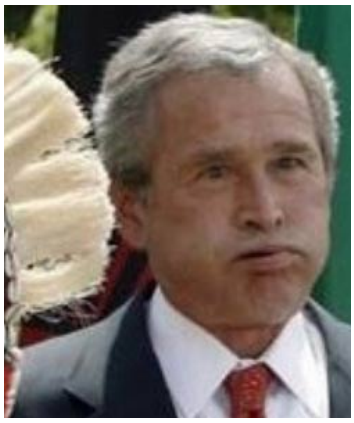
Monday, Dec 31, 2007 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In just three days a tiny percentage of the population of Iowa will be caucusing to determine the possible future of the United States of America. Iowans have been hearing the pitches of various candidates and weighing their options for months, but one crucial duty of the president has gone largely ignored in these calculations: the press conference.

We've seen how the various candidates have acted and reacted in the bright lights of the media frenzy surrounding the presidential primaries, but we have not stopped to contemplate just how each candidate might approach this key component of the presidency. How will they handle their administration's press conferences? How will they respond to questioning? Will the sound of their voice melt teeth or will they be the soft whisper of America's greatest lover? Can we really stand at least four years of their ugly face?

Today we consider the Democratic candidates, but we need to begin by taking a look at the man one of them may be replacing:

George W. Bush



Bush approaches the podium like he's the keynote speaker at whatever unhallowed Kiwanis branch harbors local businessmen the likes of Dick Cheney and Paul Wolfowitz. He usually opens by reading a few jokes that wouldn't make the cut of a motivational speech at a school for the catatonic. Once everyone has stopped gasping with laughter, he starts calling on reporters by the dopey nicknames written on index cards for him by whoever operates the shock collar that trained him not to bark at squirrels.

Bush responds to a difficult question by acting as if the question is impossibly silly. He then lectures the press in a smirking tone usually reserved for scolding babies. This works extremely well, because the majority of the White House press pool members are giant babies dressed as adults. His answers rarely make sense within the context of a rational world, but the cooing and jangling of keys is usually sufficient to enthrall David Gregory.

Despite his ability at deflecting them, Bush rarely takes questions at his press conferences. He seems to derive great pleasure from the open contempt with which he regards reporters, forcing me to surmise someone does not want Bush to speak freely.

Greatest Fault: Though he is scoffed at for baffling quotes like, "I know the human being and the fish can coexist peacefully," Bush's true failing is brutal and completely unintentional honesty. The truth sometimes erupts geyser-like from his face, frothing out unbidden in the midst of an otherwise routine onslaught of bullshit. This reflex causes him to say things that are so astonishingly honest the whole world just pretends he never said them.

See if you can spot the "truth geyser" in this sample clip:

That might have been considered a gaffe for a normal politician. George W. Bush is a turbo politi-

cian. Deal with it.

Three Democrats lead the charge to the White House podium. Hillary Clinton is in front by most metrics, relying on her husband's popularity within the Democratic Party and an immense campaign apparatus to safeguard her planned ascendency to the American throne. John Edwards and Barack Obama, a failed country-fried senator and Denzel Washington, D.C., are the long shots for the Oval Office.

Elder statesmen like Joe Biden and Chris Dodd are receding into bitter irrelevance. Bill Richardson, a self-aggrandizing bore without compare, has been feigning significance while angling for a paycheck from the Clinton White House. Kucinich and Gravel will soon be abandoning their campaigns and returning home to their gorgeous wife and sock with buttons sewn on for eyes respectively. He used nine buttons. We'll be omitting these lesser contenders.

Hillary Rodham Clinton

Clinton's presidential husband spent years using a casual demeanor and a chuckle as a front for endless dissembling. Bill was so good at it that when the Republican congress forced him to publically apologize for shoving a Cohiba into a fat intern America actually got mad at the Republicans. When all else failed, Bill used the accusation of a conspiracy coming from the rightwing media to cover up for his latest lapse in self control.

Hillary's press conference methodology, as demonstrated in a handful of hostile interviews, functions as a terrifying funhouse caricature of her husband's technique. Bill's casual demeanor is replaced with an iron adhesion to prepared points and the good-natured chuckle has been upgraded to a caterwauling reminiscent of the sound a dolphin might make during a rape. Bill could become strident in the face of persistent questions, but Hillary snaps like a bug-eyed turtle at the sight of a mealworm. She boils with barely repressed rage at the way the press wrote articles about her dumb hair in the 1990s.

What the future holds: Expect the next Clinton administration to be about as open and transparent as the front door of a strip club on Sunday morning. Before the end of the first year every tough question will be rebuffed with a cackle and a surly reference to "the rightwing blogosphere."

John Edwards

John "Son of a Mill Worker" Edwards likes to cultivate the image of himself growing up soot-faced under a shower of sparks cascading off a Victorian smelter. America's lovable chim-a-ney sweep has returned from his stint as a failed remora in the wake of anthropomorphic prune John Kerry to spread his message of magical sugary populist gum drops. He's going to take on big corporations and fight for the working man (just like his dad used to be!) all the while advancing universal healthcare and having the strength to watch his wife die on television.

Edwards and his aw-shucks apple pie baseballs blue collar routine got shredded by a waterlogged loaf of bread like John Kerry. Now he's facing the recurved talons and forward-facing eyes of the Clinton campaign. The odds you will see him in the White House are about the same as the odds you will see an actual blue collar worker in the White House, but god damned if John Edwards isn't fun to hear make words.

What the future holds: Once Edwards is reduced to well-coiffed giblets by Clinton he can get a gig recording commercial voiceovers for something hickory-smoked or four wheel drive. In the alternate reality where Hillary Clinton was tragically killed by Ron Paul's zeppelin, Edwards will give dozens of unctuous press conferences to hear his own beautiful voice as he tries to explain why he sent the National Guard to break the strike at the Boeing plant.

Barack Obama

When Balack Hussein Jihad Al-Obama is giving one of his soaring speeches that amount to a concussed Rodney King's plea to "get along" it is hard to imagine a better president. He has been a relative bore in the debates, but to his credit he manages to inspire when he goes off-script and takes a question from one of the rice-white retards with entitlement complexes that populate Iowa.

"Hey y'all, black man, whatchu gonna do about ethanol? Cuz I ain't done had my prostate massaged enough on that'un by all the other candidates today."

It's too bad that when Barack Obama is faced with questions from one of the trained circus apes that pass for journalists on CNN or MSNBC he crumbles like a sandcastle under a stream of urine. It's not that Obama doesn't know the answers or is somehow outmaneuvered by a perpetually stupefied lackwit like Wolf Blitzer, it's that he is incapable of articulating himself efficiently when he's challenged. If you're watching an interview with Obama and he begins a response with, "well, look..." it's over. Obama is going to say something convoluted and it's going to prompt Paul Krugman to write another article about the magic of John Edwards.

What the future holds: Should the 70% of Americans that think Saddam caused 9/11 spontaneously overcome the crushing weight of their ignorance and elect Barack Obama, we will be treated to some of the most boring Q&A sessions ever. Obama will emerge from the paddock they keep presidents in before a press conference, deliver an impressive speech, and then offer up a rambling mobius strip of logic for every question more difficult than, "What is your favorite color?" On the plus side at least we will have exorcised some of that white guilt.

Who will give the best press conferences as president? Wait! Don't answer yet, we've got four Republican candidates coming on Friday. If you're an Iowan be sure to head to the caucuses this Thursday and try not to leave us with another embarrassment like John Kerry.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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